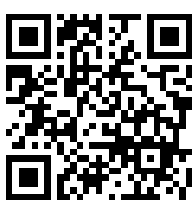
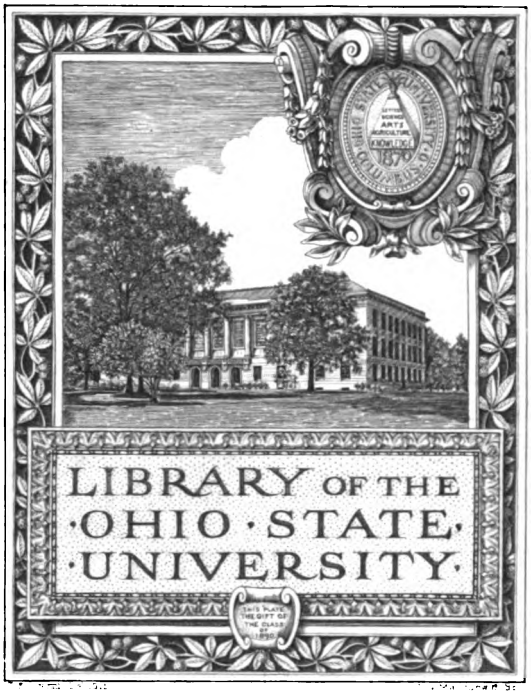
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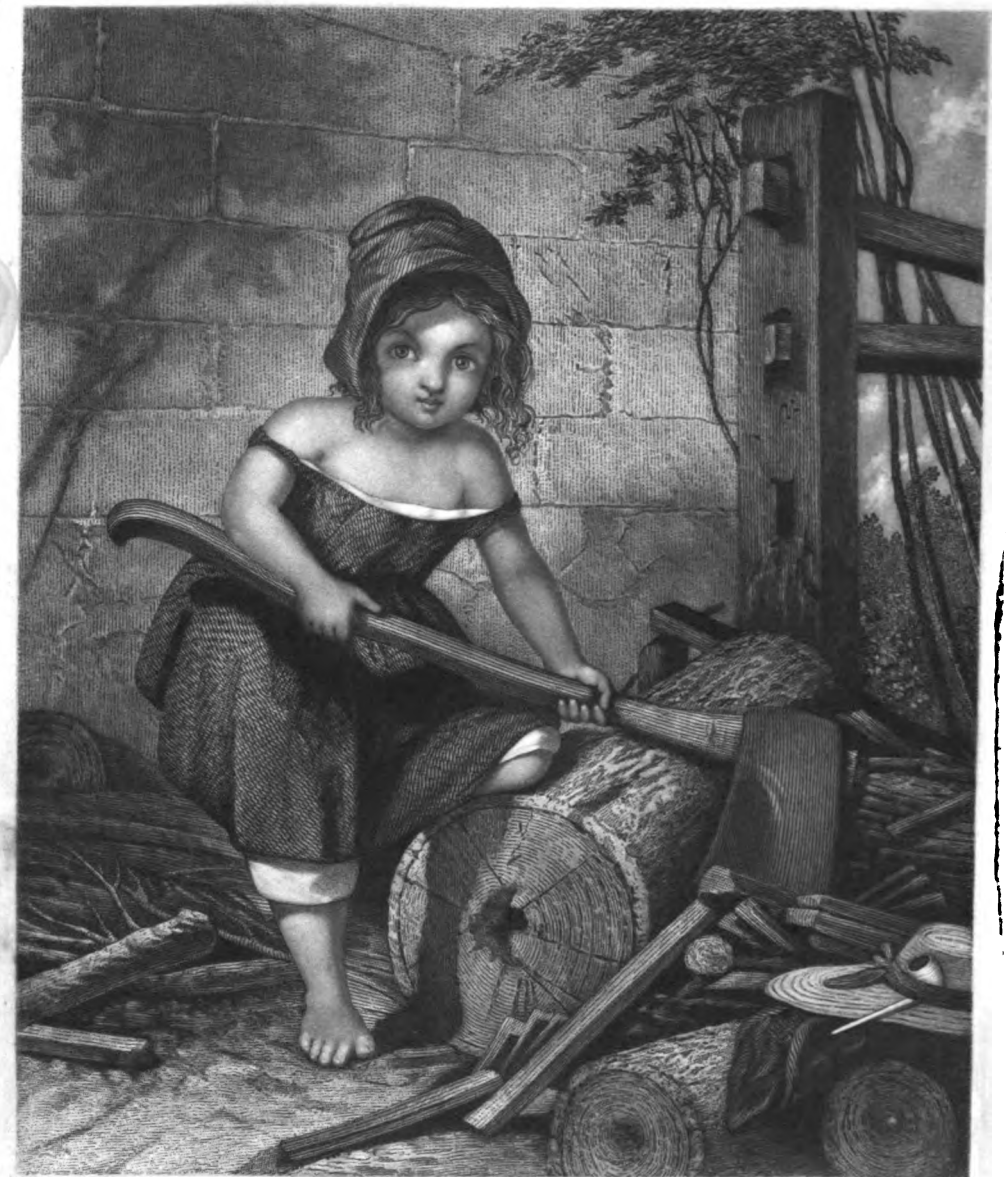
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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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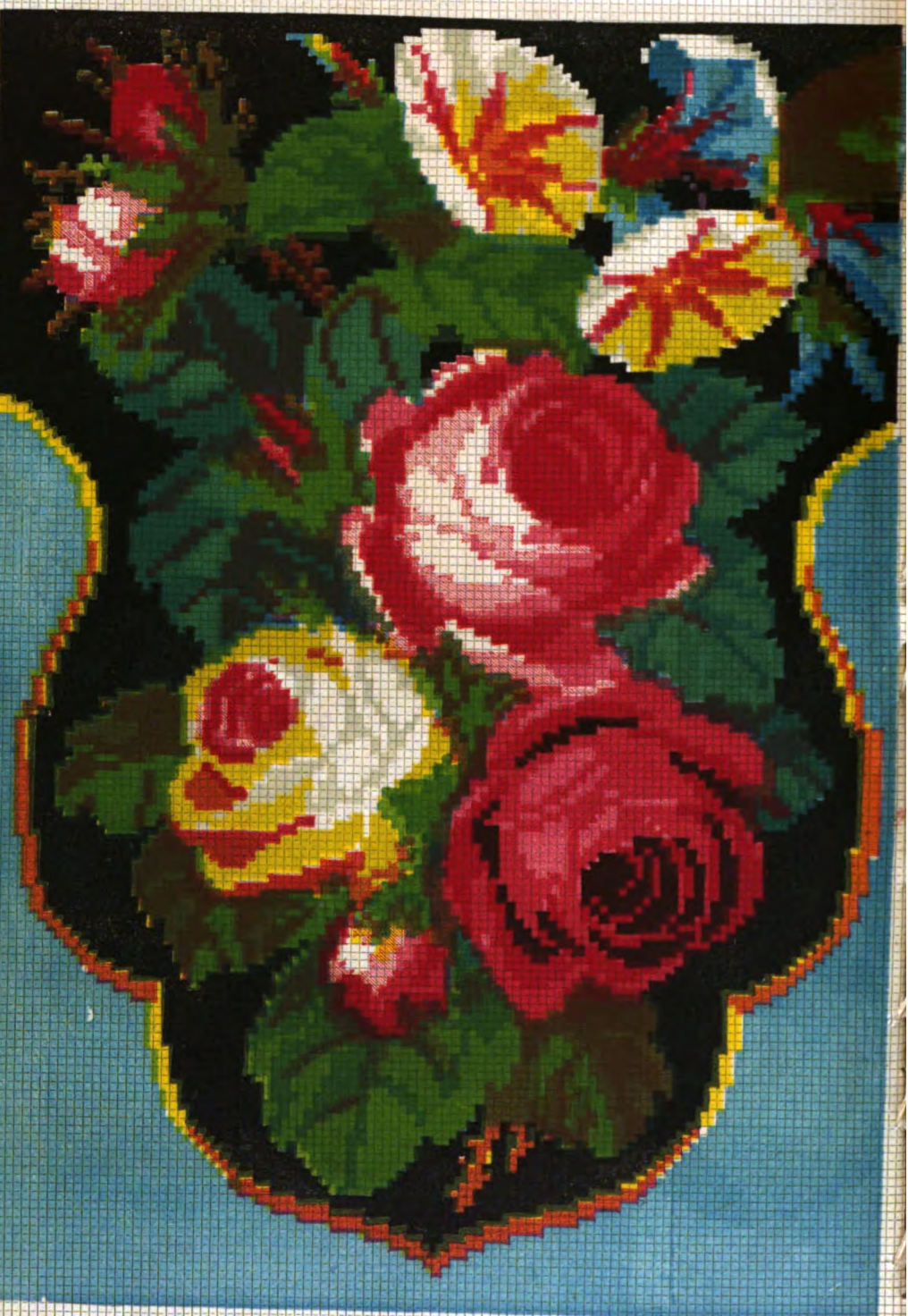
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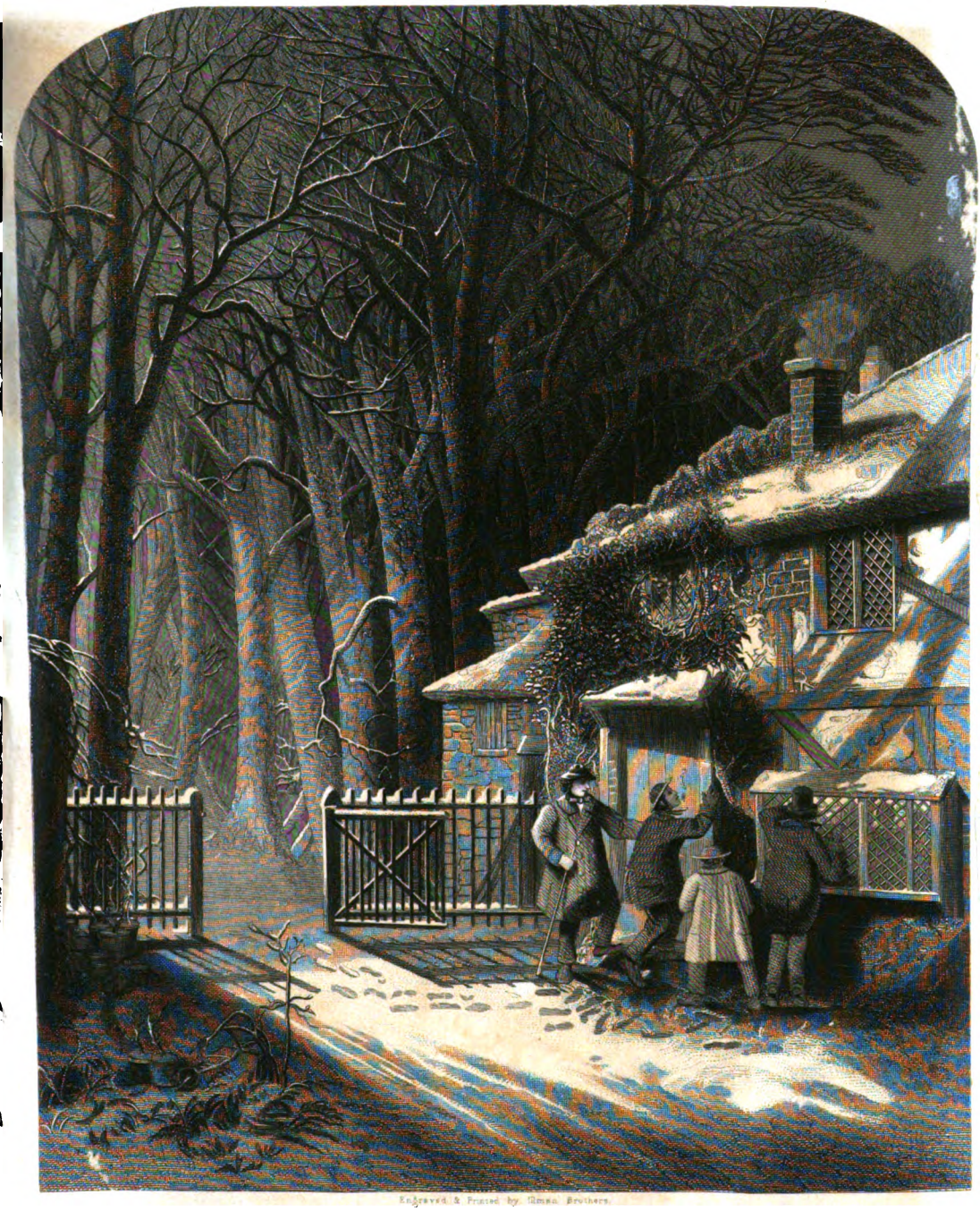


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LETTING IN THE NEW YEAR.

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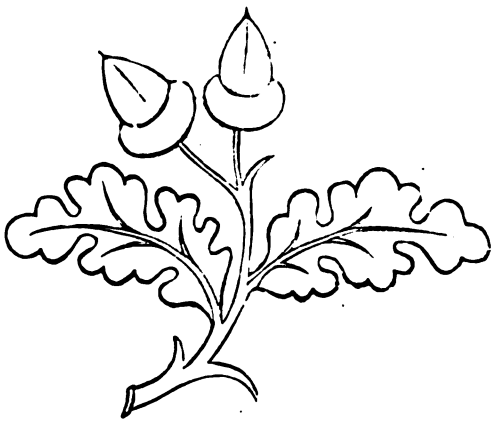
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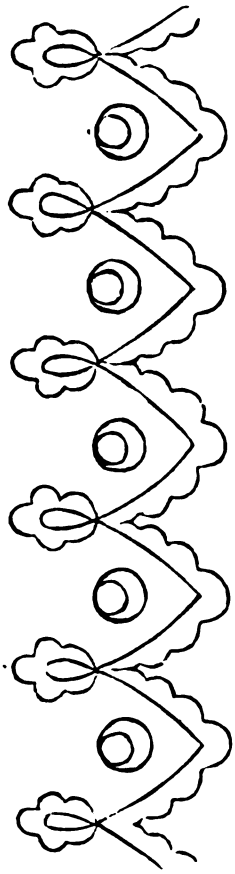
"BLESS ITS LITTLE HEART."

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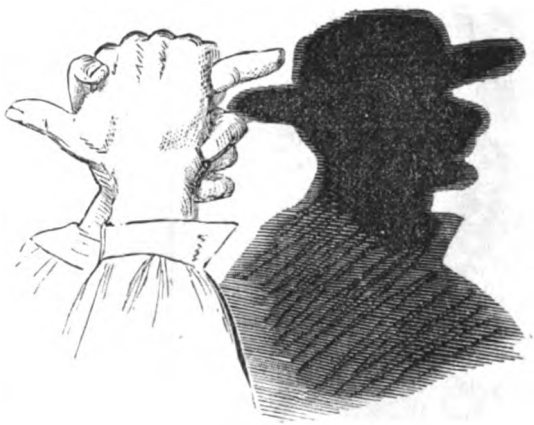
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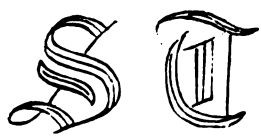
SPRIG IN EMRROIDERY.



EDGING.



THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.



INITIALS.



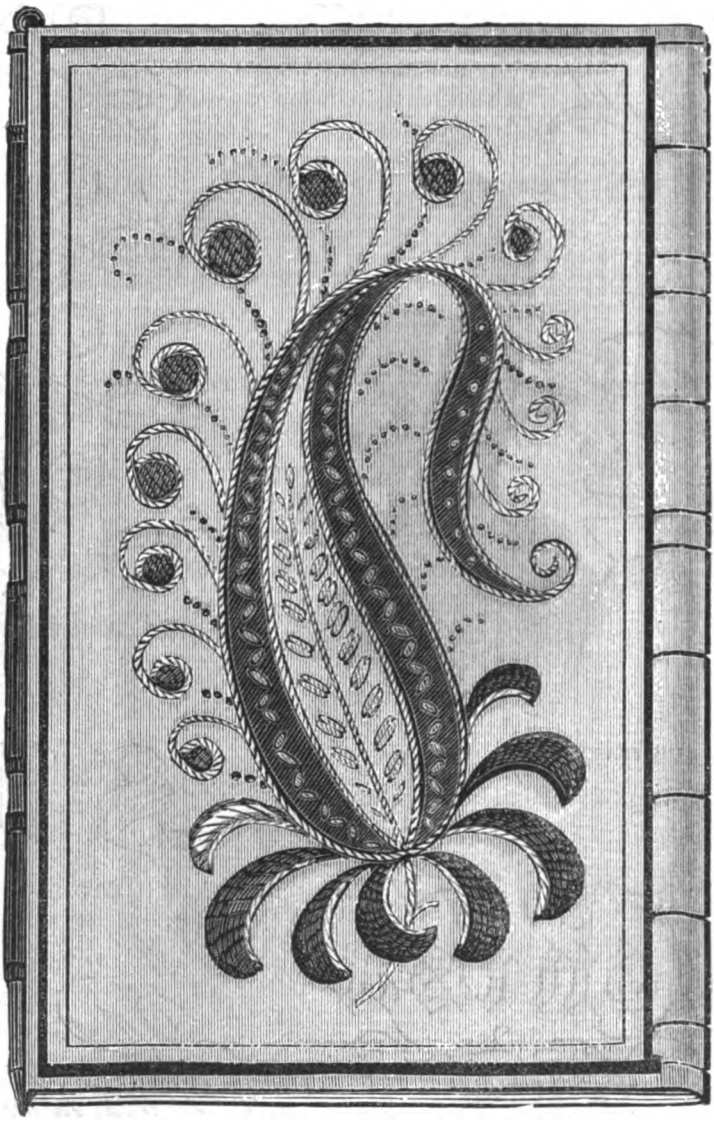
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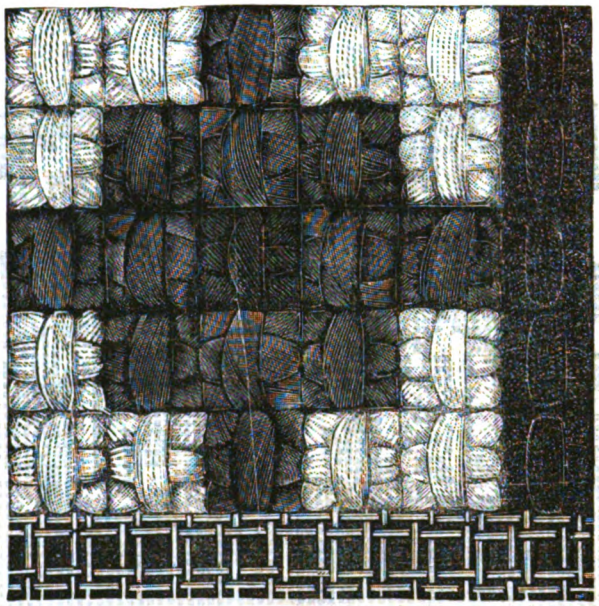
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EMBROIDERY ON MUSLIN.

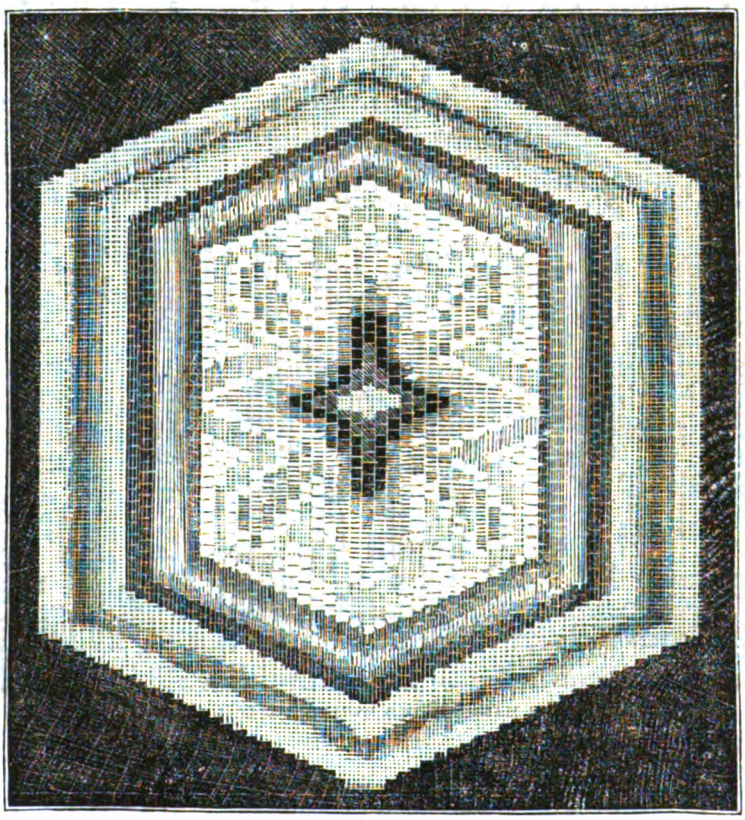


NOTE-BOOK IN LEATHER AND VELVET AND GOLD CORD.

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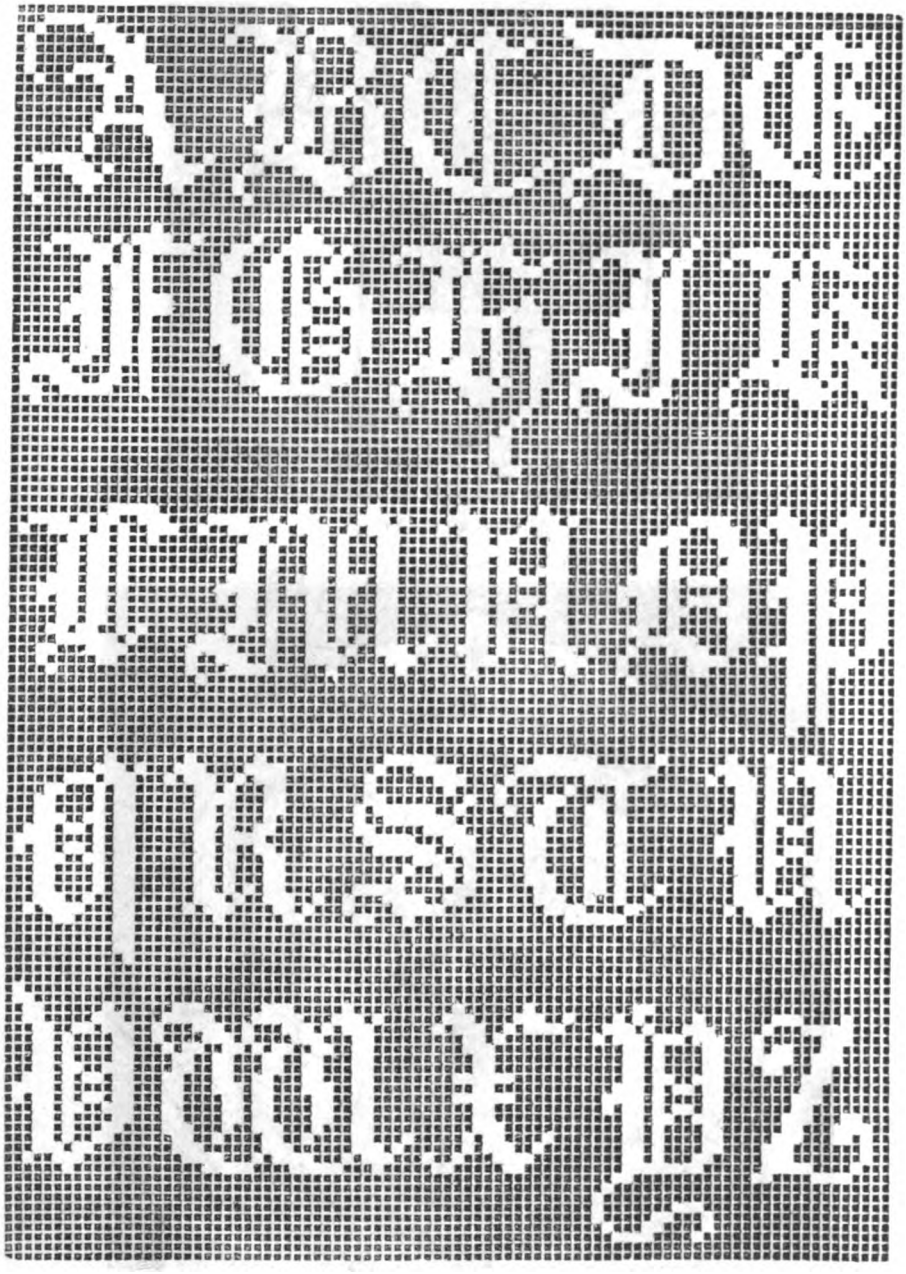


NEW CROSS STITCH.



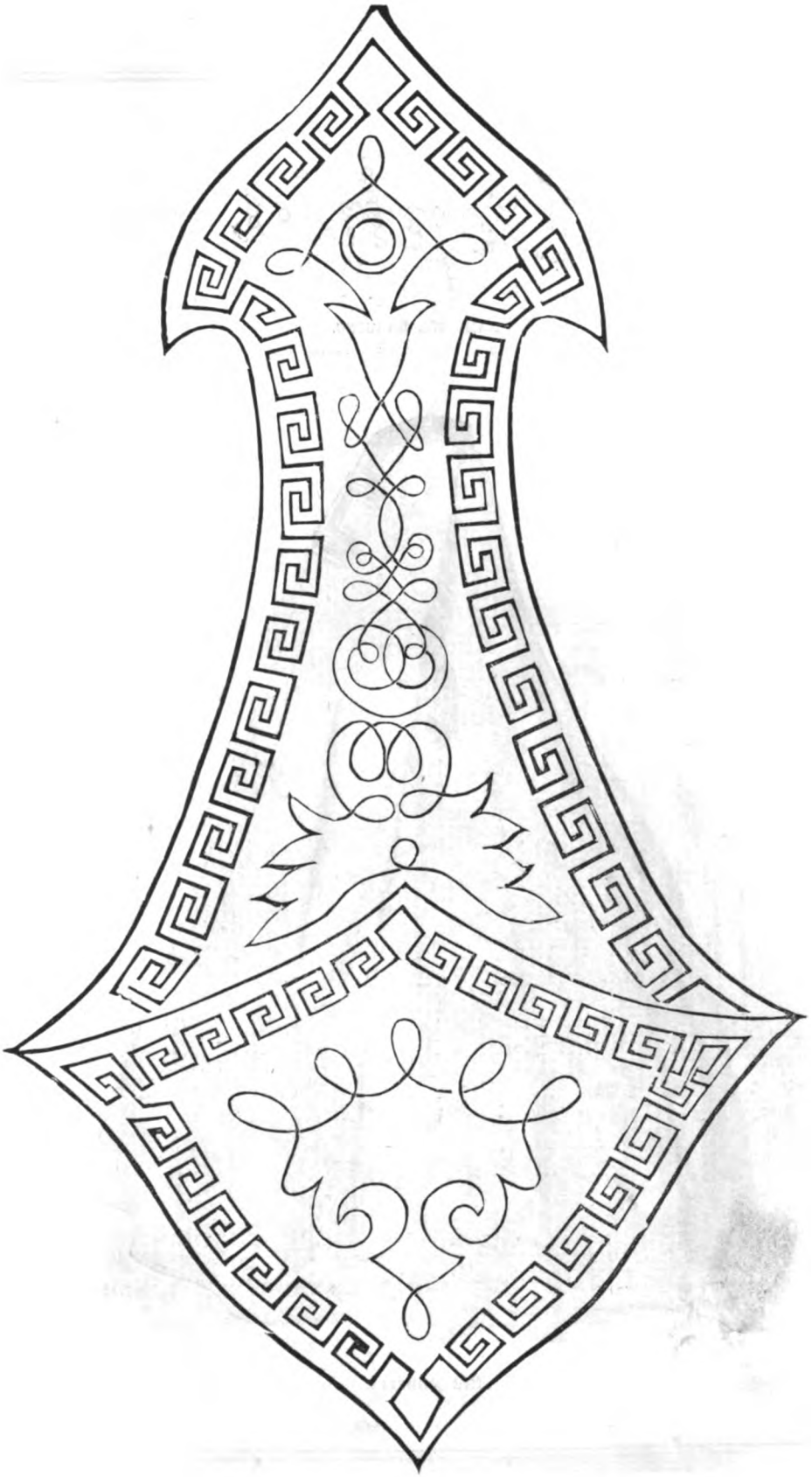
GLASS BEAD MAT.

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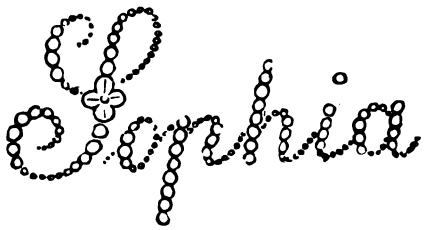
ALPHABET FOR MARKING: OLD ENGLISH CAPITAL LETTERS.

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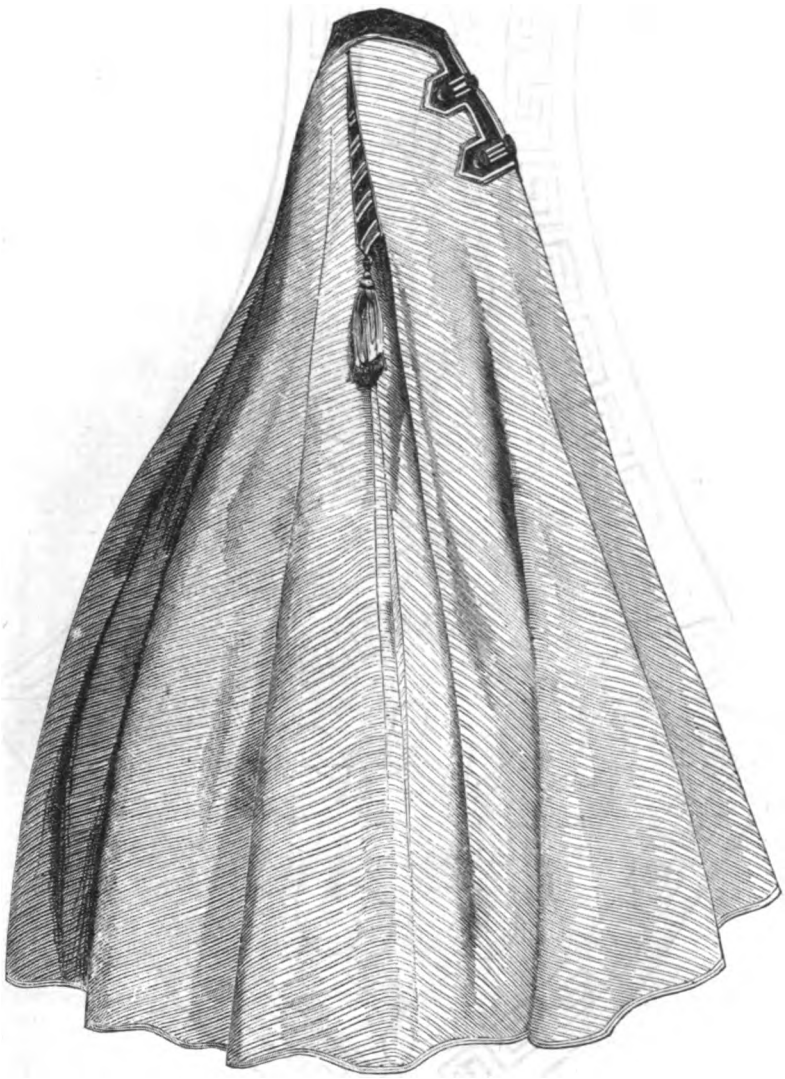


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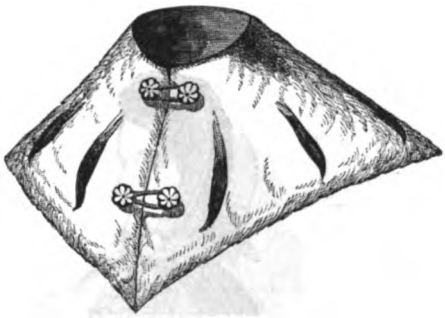


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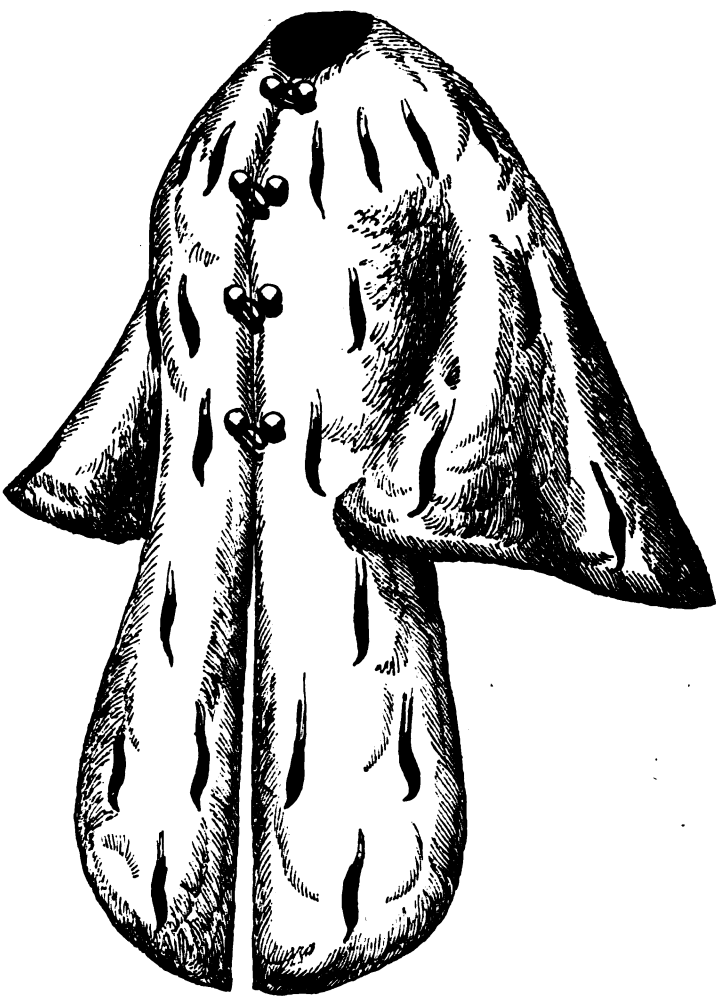


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ROYAL ERMINE COLLAR.



ROYAL ERMINE CAPE.

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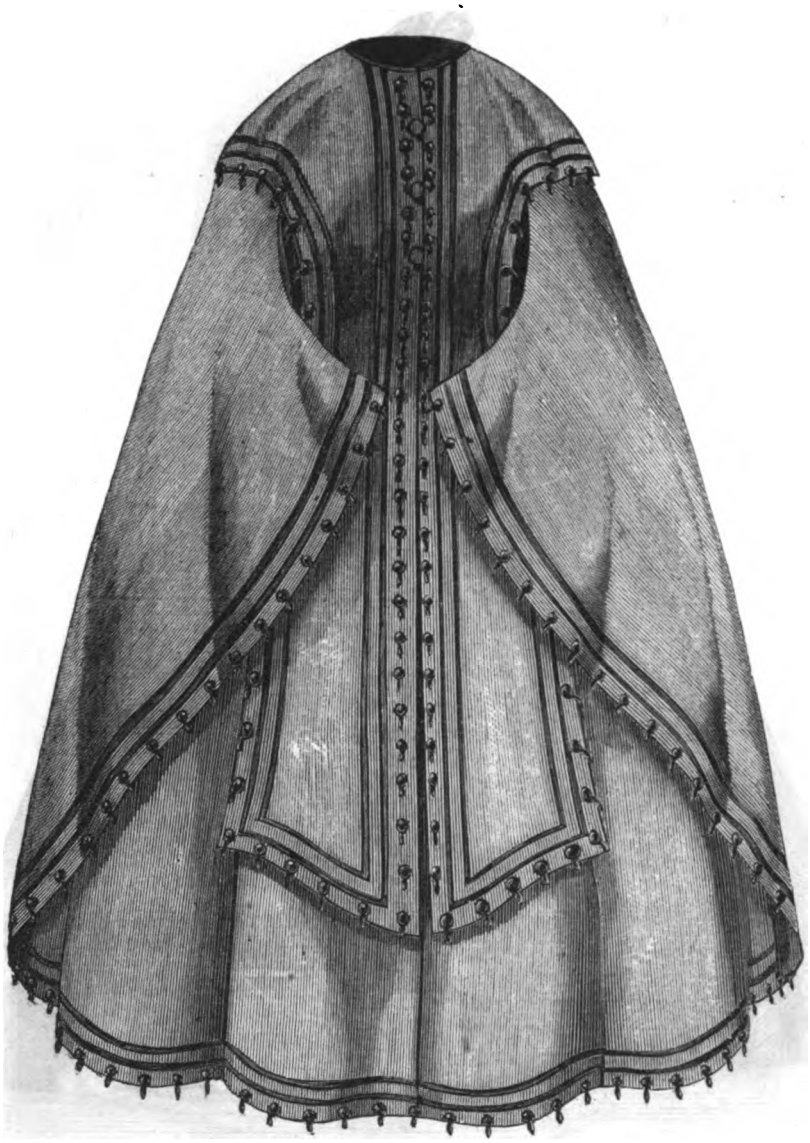
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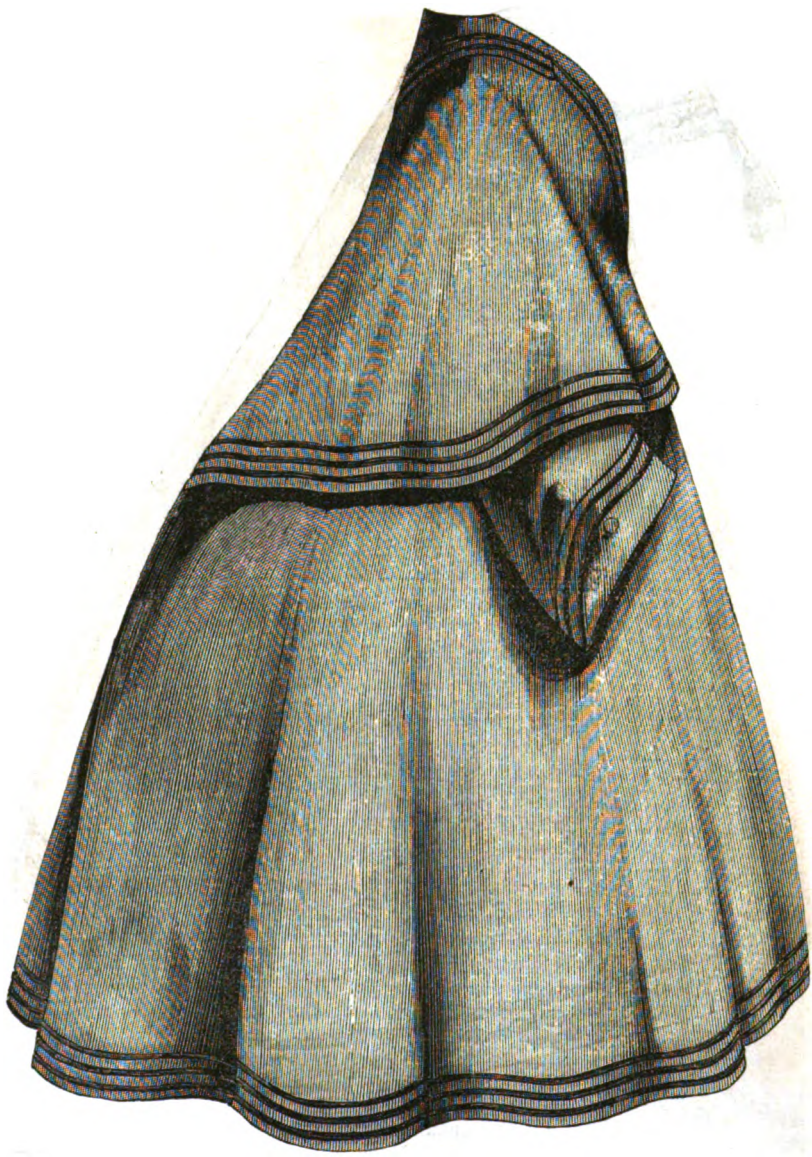
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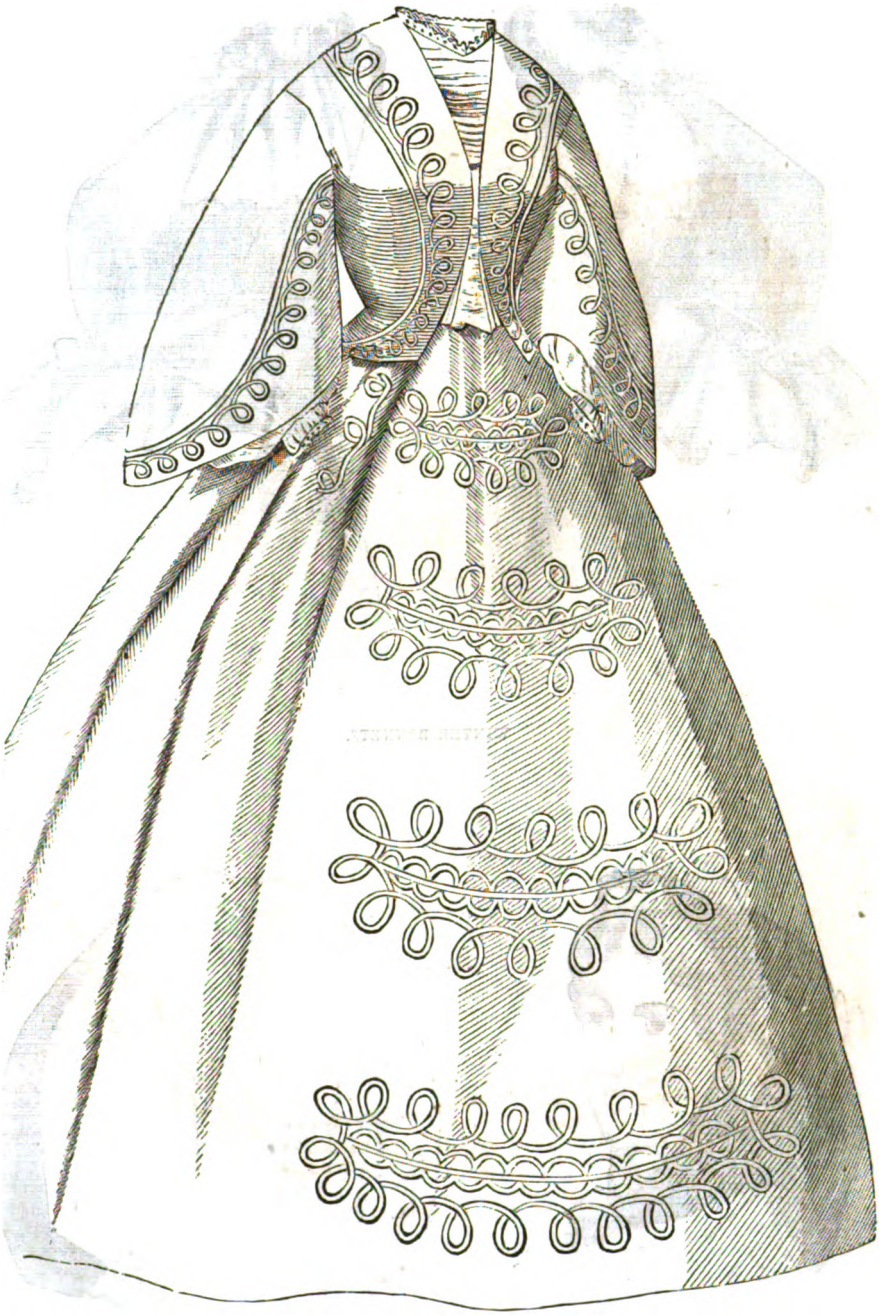
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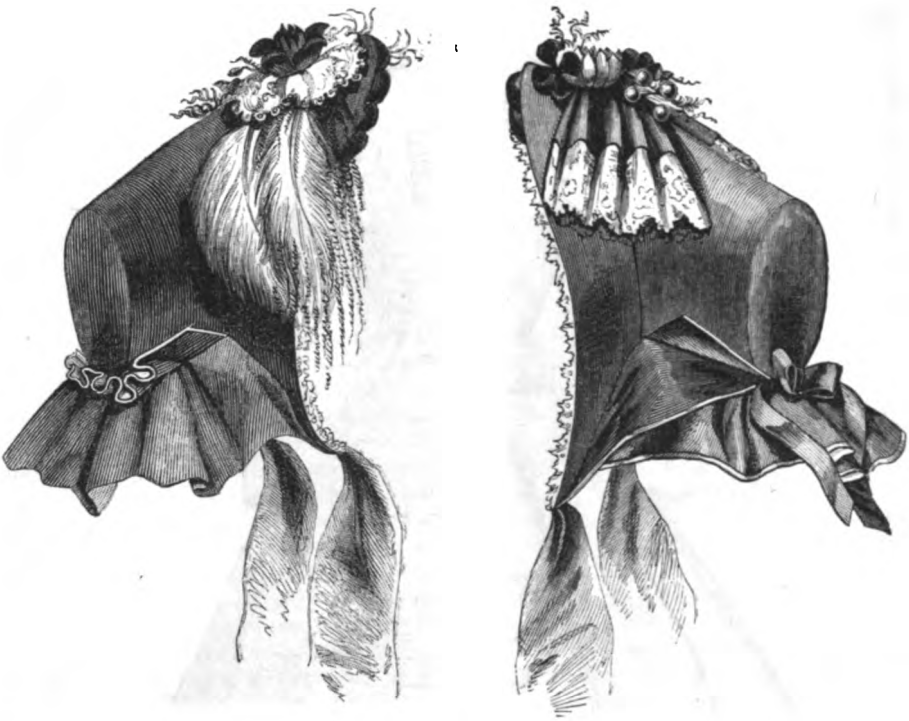
OPERA CLOAK.

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BRAIDED MORNING DRESS.

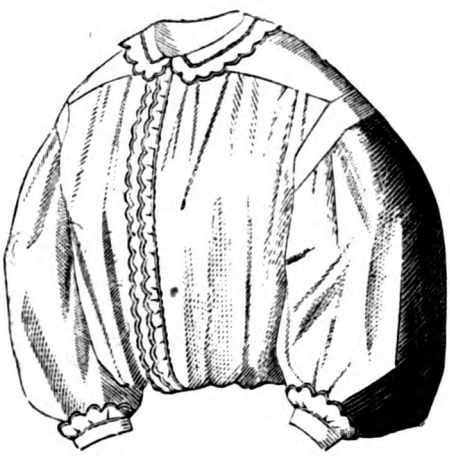
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WINTER BONNETS.



HEAD-DRESS.



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VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1862. No. 1.

THE MIRROR-ROOM.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

IT had gone to sleep in the sunshine, the old, sad-colored, wood-covered house, stained by summer showers, battered by winter storms. Down through the shadowing trees sifted, like fine gold, a rain of sunlight. The hot June day had flushed the earth with its dismaying splendors. Red, old fashioned garden roses choked the paths and perfumed the air in the rambling old garden back of the rambling old house. Fall shrubs, dusky with leafy twilights, and odorous with pale blossoms, leaned against the garden wall; and among them, with a low hum, went birds whose glittering, bright-hued wings fluttered to temperate New England strange hints of the tropics.

I had come to Silent Shades, as the old place was called, because I wanted a breathing space. I was tired of the city. The brick walls seemed to shut in my soul. The June heat stifled me. I longed for dewy grass to cool my feet; for sunsets, and singing birds, and roses.

"There is Silent Shades," my mother suggested, as I was sighing for a retreat where I could dream, be idle, and enjoy passively to my heart's content. "Your grandmother would welcome you gladly. There is your aunt Winnifred, to be sure, but you would not see much of her."

So to Silent Shades I had come. I had been here only a week, and already it seemed homelike and pleasant to me beyond any place I had ever known. I loved to roam about the rambling old rooms, coming unexpectedly, at every turn, to some quaint little nook I had never seen before; some oriel window looking out upon rare vistas of beauty; some closet that you could fancy had been built for an oratory.

One room, in particular, was my delight. The shutters were always closed. All the sunlight that was there stole in through their chinks, and only served to enhance instead of illuminate the dimness and mystery. The great, old-fashioned chairs and sofas reared their high, carven backs, and stood up tall and straight, like sentinels. A strange, mummy-like odor exhaled from the quaint Indian cabinets of sandal-wood and ivory. Above all, an enormous mirror, nearly filling one end of the apartment, lent a peculiar aspect of glamoury to the weird place, and reminded one of those magic mirrors wherein the wizards of other days were wont to reveal the secrets of many a turbulent life. In front of this mirror I used to sit, half-fancying that I saw in its depths the forefathers and foremothers of my race—young forms with roses on their brows, love-light in their eyes, youth and buoyance waiting on their footsteps—still many a year ago and cold, and sleeping well under snow-shroud or turf of emerald; but alive yet in the old mirror—moving with soft steps, gleaming with youth and beauty, love and hope.

This apartment was called the Mirror-Room.

I went in there on the June morning of which I write. The still beauty out-of-doors had overpowered me. It seemed to me that the flowers basking in the moonlight gave forth a dangerous sweetness. The sun looked at me with a warmth too burning—a passion whose blinding heat seemed fateful. I took refuge in the mystic room with its cool shadows. I drew one of the old fashioned carven chairs in front of the gleaming depths of crystal, and sat there trying to penetrate my own future—watching the shadows of my dreams come and go in the magic mirror.

Suddenly the touch of a hand startled me. I had heard no step, but the cold fingers rested on my shoulder. I felt them, through the thin muslin which I wore, like the touch of the dead. I dared not turn my head, but looking into the mirror I saw, a little above me, the face of my aunt Winnifred. It was a strange face. Every feature was high-bred and delicate. There were no wrinkles—no lines, such as Time pencils like

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monumental inscriptions to departed youth. The cheeks were as delicately rounded, the outlines all as symmetrical, as at eighteen. What made it singular was that every trace of color had been literally blanched out of it. The hair, which she wore in ringlets as had been the fashion of her youth, was white as the threads of a silver tassel. The face, even to the lips, wore a pallor like marble. Not one touch of anything but this dead white anywhere save in the eyes. They were like the sky of a winter day: light blue, clear, and cold.

I had always heard aunt Winnifred spoken of, in the family, as being, as poor Miss Flite would have said, "a little M."—not insane, but gently melancholy, silent, and singular. I had heard a youthful disappointment referred to as the cause, but the particulars of it had never been discussed in my presence. Grandmother was devoted to her, but I do not think it was pleasant to the rest of the family to meet her. At any rate, they seldom went to Silent Shades. During the week I had been there I had seen her but a few times. Occasionally, in my rambles round the house or the garden, I had met her, and she had looked at me wordlessly, as she passed swift and silent as a shadow. Once only she had stopped me.

"Child," she said, "is your name Annie?"

"Yes, aunt Winnifred," I answered, struggling to maintain my self-possession.

"Aye, aye," she murmured, "I thought so. You have Annie's face. She was the dearest of my sisters, but she stays away from me now that I am no longer happy. Good-by, good-by, Annie."

She moved away with a look and gesture of indescribable melancholy, and since then she had not addressed me. She spoke now, however. She drew a chair very near me, and sat down, and in the mirror I saw her face steadfastly watching mine. She began in those clear, slow, thoroughly lady-like tones of hers,

"What have you seen in the mirror, child?"

"My own face only, at first, and now yours."

"You *shall* see more. It is a magic mirror. I saw my destiny there once. I will tell you the story. Look steadily into the crystal while I speak, and you shall see the history reflected there. It is Hallowe'en. The house is blazing with light, all save this room; for we have invited a merry party, I and my sisters, and we are going to keep the Hallowe'en after the fashion of our Scottish ancestors. Only this room is left in darkness, save such ghostly light as the moon-rays can give, stealing through the shutters of the east window, and flashing fitfully over the depths of the great mirror. We had left it in the dark purposely, that any maiden who should be bold enough might go to it alone—in the hour between twelve and one—and, looking into its still depths, see over her shoulder her future husband's face.

"When the time came, I alone was brave enough, or reckless enough, to go. Look steadily now. You see, do you not, a young girl, clad all in white, with golden hair falling about her neck in gleams and shadows; bright cheeks and lips; eyes blue as summer violets; a tall, slender shape. Twenty-five years ago that shape of seventeen was Winnifred Thorne. I feared nothing. There was no danger I wanted courage to face. Taking a candle, which flickered in my hand, I tripped out of the gay rooms, where was light and music, and the dance was going on—along the silent passage—into this apartment. I stood before the mirror, and, combing my hair as the charm directed, began to say over the spell which was to summon the face I waited for,

> "'Three times three,
> True love come to me!'

"I concluded, and there, over my shoulder, was the face—the very face I had felt *must* be there, or none—that of the only man who had ever touched my proud, willful heart. For a single instant a vague, wild joy shook me; then suspicion darkened it. I felt a breath against my neck. I was quick-tempered, passionate. I turned angrily.

"'So you could not trust to Fate? You took this manner to ensure my seeing your face, yours only. It is worthy of you, Robert Ash.'

"I spoke the words with an accent of bitter scorn. Anger—the evil demon of the Thornes—had possession of me. Shall I ever forget how gentle he was?

"'No, Winnifred,' he said, pleadingly. 'Surely you must know I had no such motive. I do not believe, nor, I think, in your heart do you, in these spells and incantations. Had I not presented my own face there, as I did, you would not have seen that, or any other. I did not come to deceive or interrupt you. But time, with me, is precious. I must be in New York to-morrow. My sailing orders came to-night, and I could not go without one moment's quiet talk with you. I followed you here, as the best chance for it, and now you must listen to me. Winnifred, you have known, you must have known, that for three years past you have been the one thing I cared for in life. If I have not told you in so many words before, it was because I had no certain prospects to offer you.

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I did not think it honorable to strive to bind you to me until I knew when I should be able to claim you. I am going on this voyage as first mate, and when I come back I am promised a ship of my own. On that ship I want you to go with me. While I am away this time I would have you make all your preparations, for I may not be able to stay in port more than three or four days, and I want you to be all ready. *Will* you be, Winnie darling?'

"Perhaps if he had approached me more humbly—had not seemed to take my love for granted, I might have answered him differently. I longed to pledge myself, then and there, to do and be all he wished, but I could not so easily soothe my anger, pacify my clamorous pride. The evil spirit would have his wicked way. The voice in which I replied to him was sneering, I know, and very cold.

"'You make too sure of your position, Mr. Ash, quite too sure. You are asking me to hasten my preparations to marry you—you have not yet asked me whether I love you—whether I am disposed to be your wife.'

"'Forgive me, Winnifred, if I seemed presumptuous. You do love me, do you not? It had never occurred to me to doubt it. It is not possible that such love as I feel *could* be all on one side. You never could have reigned so absolutely over my heart if you had not given me an entry into your own.'

"Was the hereditary evil spirit of the proud, wicked, old Thornes holding my very soul in his grasp? I could not free myself from his power, or cast the anger out of my heart, the scorn out of my voice. I cried, stingingly,

"'You are too self-complaisant, Mr. Ash. Your power over my heart is not what you have dreamed—nor are the maidens of our race accustomed to be won without wooing.'

"Now he was roused in his turn. There was bitter irony in his voice.

"'You have convinced me of my mistake, Miss Thorne. I will not press the subject farther. True, I have loved you, and without you life must be poor and worthless to me; still, please God, I shall live it as a strong man should; or, if death comes, I shall meet him as a brave man ought. When you choose to send for me I shall seek your presence again—never before. There is the address of the firm in New York, under whose care my letters will come. Good-by.'

"He was gone. Mechanically I took up the business card he had laid on a little stand beside me, and put it in my pocket. Then, scarcely realizing what I had done, I stood and looked into the mirror. There I saw, or seemed to see him still. Look in steadily, Annie, without fear or trembling. Do *you* not see that vision? A young man, tall, well-knit, strong; with a bold, bright face? Do you see the white, broad forehead, with the short, dark curls round it—the deep, loving, hazel eyes—the clear-cut features? That is he—Robert Ash.

"I went to bed when the mirth and dancing was over, with emotions I could hardly have analyzed. I had long felt that Robert Ash loved me; still it was a deeper joy than I had ever known before to hear his own lips say so—to be called by him the chosen wife of his heart. Notwithstanding I was not quite cured of the anger which had made me answer him scornfully, and send him away from me. That I *had* done this did not, as yet, trouble me at all. He would come to bid me good-by, I made sure, before he left town the next morning; and then it would be easy enough to let him see, without sacrificing my own pride, that I was ready to do and be all he wished.

"I could not sleep with so many new thoughts and feelings fluttering like just-fledged birds at my heart. I rose early and dressed myself, and took my station at a window which commanded a view of the road by which he must approach. Hour after hour I watched, until it was time for the stage to pass on its way to New York. Toward the last my heart began to tremble lest I had gone too far; lest his parting words had a sterner meaning than I had dreamed. Yet would I not allow myself to doubt that he would seek one last farewell, however brief, until I saw his face from the stage window, and watched him out of my sight. Did you ever hear, child, what a bad omen it is to watch a loved one out of sight?

"My heart was heavy enough when he was really gone, and yet pride did not fail me, or hope cease to offer consolation. His voyage, I knew, was not to be a long one, only six months. Then, surely, he would come home. He would seek me. If he loved me as he had said, he would not let a light word part us. Once or twice I thought of writing him—just a line of invitation, which should await him when his ship came in—but I could not. My pride was not yet humbled sufficiently for that. When he came I would be kind, and he should feel that I loved him. I waited in confident expectation of that coming.

"It was past the time, at last, when I had looked for him. I could not stay at home. Suspense made me restless. I went over to call upon his mother.

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"'I suppose Robert will be at home soon?' I ventured to say, during my visit, as carelessly as I could.

"'Not very soon, I am sorry to say,' was her answer. 'I had a letter from him last week. He was in New York then, but only for a few days. He was going captain of his own ship this time, and, he had so much to see to, he thought he could not come home. It disappointed me sadly.'

"I left her soon after that. I could not stay and talk indifferently. I had need to be alone. *Now* what would I not have given if I had written him the few lines of kindness and invitation my heart had dictated? Alas! now I might lose him utterly. I had no more room for pride or temper. They had met their death. I was as meek as the meekest woman that ever sought at a man's feet for pardon. I began—it was a strange thing to do, but I took pleasure in it—to make all my preparations as for a bridal. No matter whether they were ever needed or not, there was a satisfaction in obeying him—doing just what he had begged me to do, that night. A month before his vessel was expected all was ready—my robe of gleamy satin, the misty lace of my veil, my ornaments, and my necessaries—all which was fitting for a bride who came of a good old stock. Last of all I wrote to him. My letter should be there in time. He should not come again and find no word of love or welcome awaiting him.

"On the dumb, white sheet I poured out all my heart. I begged his forgiveness for the pride and passion which had driven him from me. I told him how dearly I had loved him, and how long—how ready I was to accept my destiny at his hands, to go when and where he should say, to follow him to the ends of the earth.

"When I had sent it I felt happier. I could wait now—not patiently, though, but I kept my own counsel. No one knew the fever which rioted in my veins.

"And so the time went on, and it was Hallowe'en. My sisters were at a merry-making in the neighborhood, but I had no heart to go with them. Enough for me to stay alone, and think of the home-coming which must be near at hand now—picture the manly face which would kindle into joy and brightness over my letter; the strong arms which would hasten to enfold me, which should be my shelter all my life long; the voice which would bless me, and call me by names whose tender meanings thrilled through and through me their sweet promises of happiness.

"It was midnight at length. I heard the hall clock strike as I sat alone awaiting my sisters—I only of all the house being awake. A sudden impulse moved me. I had not thought, before, of the silent, voiceless mirror. It occurred to me, vividly as if suggested by another, to go and finish the spell, in trying which I had been interrupted one year before. I rose deliberately, and taking the candle in my hand walked toward the Mirror-Room. There, standing before the glass, I began combing my hair, and repeating the words of the spell. What did I see? Not as before a maiden's shape—my own—with tall, slight form, and golden hair falling into dusky masses. I did not see myself at all. Truly as I sit here, the turbulent, restless ocean, roaring and foaming round Newfoundland, was in that mirror's depths. I had never seen those shores—those rocks—no voice spoke to me, and yet I knew them well. Toward them was driving a helpless ship, beguiled by fogs, dismantled by storms. On its deck stood one whose face I knew. He was giving directions; ensuring the safety of others, so far as he could. I saw *that* in his eyes, on his brow, which said that he had no care for his own—he would go down with the ship. Suddenly as it came the vision faded. A sullen roar as of retreating waters was in my ears. The mirror gave back only the room, with its cumbrous, polished furniture—the young girl standing slight and still in its midst, with a candle in her hand.

"I knew then that vain had been all my attempts to atone for the sad past. I knew Robert Ash was dead. It paralyzed rather than maddened me. I went back into the sitting-room as one in a dream. Soon my sisters came home. I let them in, and listened, with an apathy which doubtless they mistook for silent interest, to their accounts of the lively evening which they had passed. I went to bed and heard, through all the November night, the north wind keening like a Banshee at my window—vainly trying to shut my eyes on a picture which would not vanish.

"There was a week after that, in which I was silent, and waited. I do not think, in all this time, I slept for one quiet hour. If I sank for a few moments into a fitful slumber, it was only to hear the more plainly the rush and roar of waters—to see the strong ship going helplessly on—to its death.

"At the week's end came a letter. Mrs. Ash, his mother, received it, and sent it over for me to read. It was from the second mate of the ship Hero, Capt. Ash, and was dated New York. It told little that I did not know before. The

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ship, lost in the fog, driven by the tempest, hurrying to its doom—had I not seen it? There were words, though, which, even in that agony, I was proud to read. When it became evident that the sole hope was in the boats, knowing that the accommodations would be insufficient for all, Capt. Ash, after providing for the women and children, had made the others draw lots for their chance. 'My own post,' he said, calmly, 'is to go with the ship.' To the second mate, who was in command of the life-boat, he had given the address of his mother. 'If you are saved,' he had charged him, 'write to her. Tell her that I died as her son should. I have no one else to mourn for me.'

"There was no message to *me*, I thought bitterly. How had she known that I had a right to read those tidings? I glanced at the carpet at my feet, where had fallen unperceived, as I opened the letter, the one so full of hope and love which I had written to *him*. Could he but have seen that, I thought, and known how I loved him, I could have borne all. The seal was broken. It had been forwarded to his mother, and she, reading it, had known that another woman's heart besides her own would be darkened forever for the sake of her dead boy. I took up the mate's letter again.

"He had seen Capt. Ash last, he said, as they stood away from the ship—on her deck, waving his hand, and shouting his last good-by to his men. He had gone down with the Hero.

"Well had he said, one year before, that if death came he would meet him as a brave man ought! I could be proud of my hero. But for me—what was left? He had not even known how I repented—how I loved him. In one hour my youth was dead. All that women ordinarily hope for in life was shut out from me, forever. Never for me would be bridal robes, pure and white as hoar-frost—never tones of husband's love—never murmuring voices of little children. Sitting there, my hands clasped on the letter, my future drifted slowly by me. My pride had wrought my doom—robbed me of all life had proffered, or fate held for me.

"Then all grew blank, and only the rush of many waters was in my ears. It was weeks, after that, before I knew what forms were at my bedside—what hands ministered to my needs. When I rose from that couch of pain and lethargy, my face was what you see it now. All the color was blanched out of it, as out of my life. I have hope, child, but not here. There is a land far beyond the sea and the waves roaring. There is no sea there, with the trouble upon it so that it can never be silent. I shall find him again there—he will know my love and my repentance.

"I told you all this because I saw the evil spirit, the curse of the Thornes, looking out of your eyes. It is easy enough to sin against hope and love—but not always easy to atone. *That* is as God wills. For me He willed that my repentance should come too late—my punishment last as long as my life. He is King of all the earth. Shall He not do what seems unto Him good?"

Her voice died away like the last notes of a dirge. I looked into the mirror still, but her face was no longer beside me. They say her strength is failing rapidly. Thank God! She will go the sooner far beyond the dash of waves upon earthly shores. Robert Ash died a hero. She shall die a forgiven penitent. There is room for both *there*.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

Now I lay me down to sleep;
  Day with all its toils is done;
Slumbrous spells begin to steep
  All my senses, one by one;
  And, until the rising sun,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Down to sleep, sweetly sleep,
  Till the rising of the sun.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep;"
  Watching o'er my slumbering here,
Through the night-time still and deep,
  Safe from every doubt and fear,
  From each danger lurking near,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Still to keep, safely keep
  Me from every danger near.

"If I die before I wake"—
  Death for us doth waiting stand—
May no fears or tremblings shake,
  Though to lead me from the land,
  He, perchance, may take my hand;
And, for our sweet Jesus' sake,
Gently, for His gentle sake,
  May He, may He hold my hand.

"I pray the Lord my soul to take;"
  White-robed, with the harp and crown,
Sweetest melodies to wake,
  Every earthly sense to drown,
  May He send His angels down;
"If I die before I wake,"
Upward flight with me to make,
  May He send His angels down.

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A NEW STORY OF CINDERELLA.

BY FANNY CAPRICE.

Hugh Elliott was at thirty still a bachelor, the natural consequence of being brought up, from his orphan infancy, by an uncle who was a professed woman-hater.

But Hugh was fortunately able to conform his practice to his uncle's preaching with little sacrifice, from the simple circumstance that his standard of womanly perfection was so high. Like Prince Zeyn Alasnam in the fairy tale, he sought for something too likely to keep him a bachelor forever. A heart virgin and fresh; a mind bright, but unsullied by worldly thoughts; a child-like faith in what is most sure to be faithless; a pure savor of goodness; an innocent, unquestioning trust and belief in everything; a soul inexperienced and true as ever Eve's in Eden: how find these among the trained and practised daughters of society, who were prematurely old in the world's ways as children, and never had a natural impulse; who smiled, and looked, and moved, pretty wonders of art that rivaled nature? And so Hugh Elliott had remained faithful to his uncle's celibate life, handsome and cold as Adonis, and unmindful of the claims "society" founded on his wealth and good family. The young girls called him a monster of indifference; the fathers of families ceased asking him out to tea: and his bachelor uncle died in the fullest confidence, and left his fine property and his entire balance at the great bank of Slocum & Co., without reserve or stipulation, to his "beloved nephew and namesake Hugh Elliott."

More for change of scene and thought than in hope of finding his "ideal woman," the young heir left his broad acres and ancestral mansion, and visited New York. Here he went, one evening, in answer to an invitation, to the house of a wealthy merchant, whose acquaintance he had made.

He found that his appearance, contrary to custom, produced no marked impression on the daughters of the house, and had leisure to reflect on the difference made by the prestige of wealth and good blood that encircled it at home. He might be handsome, but he must be nobody, thought the ladies—this modestly announced commercial acquaintance of papa's, who had so brief a claim to the hospitalities of their handsome tea-table. A clerk, a traveling agent perhaps, they received the fact of his existence with well-bred indifference, and bowed their tressy heads, and bent their snowy shoulders with cool courtesy that quite forgot him after supper. Banished to the back drawing-room, to the society of his host and a business conversation, he could see them through a narrow vista between the folding-doors, receiving "evening company" in the front one. To his critical eyes, perhaps made severer by wounded self-consequence and mortified vanity, the young men who passed in array before him seemed more than usually below the "society" standard, and quite unworthy the attentions lavished on them by the silvery voices he heard in welcome, and the tasteful toilets displayed before their languid eyes. But he remembered how often he had himself played the same *role* in a drawing-room drama, and turned away his eyes in resolute avoidance of the subject, and in search of something more interesting.

He had not far to look for a companion picture of rather a contrast to this brilliant scene in the childish figure of a young girl, an unobserved third occupant of the room, who was, like himself, a hidden but earnest spectator. She was leaning forward, intent upon the sight; her whole absorbed gaze fixed upon the shining vista and the glories beyond, with just two such wondering, wistful eyes as Cinderella might have had, surreptitiously peeping at the ball-room gayeties of her beautiful sisters.

The likeness struck Elliott in a moment. It extended even to the graceful contour of her head, the slender outline of her shape, and her simple dress, which, though neither slovenly nor scanty, was coarse, ill-fitting, and neglectfully chosen, as beseemed the character. He even caught himself looking for the pretty wonder of a foot that tradition gives the fairy-favored heroine; but his curiosity was baffled by the clumsy shoe that hid its symmetry or beauty in mystery and leather.

But he could not help following her eager gaze, or growing absent in the attempt to see if her face corresponded with his fancy; and he was half-disappointed when a chance light revealed it at last. It was a sweet and wistful,

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but not a pretty face: the coloring faint and vague; the features childish and immature; the nose of an uncertain shape that might straighten to a Grecian character, or arch into a Roman. The lips alone were lovely, soft, delicate, and arch; the eyes, beautiful beyond change, shifting in hue and varying in expression with long curled lashes and fair-veined eyelids. Her arms were full of coarse sewing-work; but the needle lay idle, and the spool had rolled away, both completely forgotten, till the emphatic voice of the mistress of the house, in entering, roused her from her dream, and she came back to life with a start and a sigh.

"An orphan child, sir, that we took to bring up for charity's sake," she said, apologetically, to her guest. "She usually sits here, with her sewing, of evenings when we are alone, and has no idea that her presence is not required in company. You will please excuse her, sir. Cindy, you may go."

Our hero sprang from his chair. "By no means, madam; not on my account, I beg." And he made a gesture of detention; but the child, lifting her eyes in one hurried look at his face, and dropping them as quickly, was gone. "Cinderella herself," he thought; "what a most extraordinary coincidence!"

It interested him so much, that he hardly attended to the apologies of his hostess. He lingered yet a few moments, hoping to see the household-fairy again, and was rewarded by her venturing back for the forgotten spool, supposing he had joined the other guests. He could see the blood burn in her clear cheek, as he kindly found and gave it to her; and he rightly conjectured that it was the first act of courtesy or kindness she had ever received in that house. Thanking him with her grateful eyes—for she was too much frightened to speak—she slipped away, and he took his leave.

A fortnight later Mr. Elliott was still lingering in the city, and a daily visitor at the merchant's house, where he went, not welcomed, yet not uninvited; but having made himself, in his quiet way, a *habitue*, that he might study the character and ponder the destiny of this new Cinderella, who always appeared during his morning calls, when he was received, *sans ceremonie*, in the family sitting-room, her childish form just visible in the dim back-ground, hemming ceaseless towels, or toiling up the seams of mammoth sheets with patient industry and unwearying sweetness, sometimes raising her soft eyes to meet the look of kind interest that called a color into her delicate cheeks, and pleasure into her expressive face. Not that there was any question of romance and sentiment of love or lovers in the matter: the girl was a mere child, fourteen or fifteen at most, younger by character and education. Hugh Elliott was the first person who had ever seemed to take this interest in her, or expressed it by look, and act, and word, as he constantly did. He seemed to her the noblest and handsomest of human beings, and if her pure young mind had ever opened to the follies and fancies of her sex, on these subjects, she would have thought it profanation to link such ideas with his image, her benefactor, her hero, her prince!

For him, he regarded her with a feeling the truest and deepest he had ever known, but as far removed from any connection with love or marriage as her own: she was to him a little princess in disguise, the heroine of a possible fairy-tale, the embodiment of the romantic visions of his boyhood; and if the thought sometimes intruded that she might also realize in her pure, fresh nature, as yet undeveloped, the lovely ideal of his later dreams, it was banished as soon as felt as selfish, absurd, sentimental. "I am too old to be fancying such things now," he said; "I am unworthy the bright ideal of my youthful imagination, even if I could find her here. I could never link my own mature and saddened life to a fresh young creature like this, it would be a base sacrifice, and I should be base indeed to plan it." So he persuaded himself that he was to be only her benefactor and father, and should be amply rewarded, well contented, with dutiful regard and grateful affection. He somehow fancied himself very old; he wore his thirty years like fifty, and gave himself elderly airs. He called Cindy "my child," and talked always to the elders in the room, and looked at them.

And Cindy, on her part, told him how her grandmother died a year ago, of consumption, leaving her an orphan, alone in the world, perfectly helpless and destitute, with nothing but this little book of her own, she said, showing with tears, from her pocket, a little Bible.

"A better gift than the fairy godmother's, my Cinderella," thought Elliott.

She owned also that she often longed to mingle with the happy young persons she saw, to talk, and laugh, and live with them, to wear such pretty garments, to have such shining hair and fair white hands, to play such thrilling music, and sing such witching songs, to dance so gracefully, and move so easily, and be so loved and admired everywhere; oh! she confessed, with

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shame and weeping, if her grandmother could but know how sinful and evil she had become, she would think her long counsel and prayers in vain, and her dying present thrown away!

Such artless confidences and innocent penitence almost brought answering tears to the fine dark eyes of her friend, and after one of them, he held earnest council with himself, and then went to the counting-house of his merchant friend, and offered to relieve him of all future trouble in the maintenance of the child Lucinda, binding himself to become her legal guardian, to support her handsomely, to educate her well, and provide for her welfare in case of his death.

"Your references?" said the merchant.

He left them, and a few days later a note came from the principal one, saying,

"DEAR SIR—Mr. Elliott is well known to our house, and his position and family are among the first here. He is able and worthy to assume the charge you name, and we will endorse his obligations to any extent.

Respectfully yours,

SLOCUM & Co."

Similar answers from equally decisive authorities followed, and the Baynton family agreed to the stroke of fortune that had suddenly befallen Lucinda.

When all was ready except her consent, her new guardian called her to a private interview in the parlor, and not to hurry or startle her too much with news so strange and unexpected, delighted her childish ears with the fairy-story of Cinderella, and showed his hidden, hitherto unsuspected love of romance, by interweaving her own history with that of her illustrious prototype, in such an inextricable mingling of truth and fiction, that no perceptions less delicate, no mind less bright than hers would have disentangled the facts, or understood them; but she comprehended the whole in an instant, and stood before him all trembling, weeping, flushing, her face quite beautiful with love and gratitude, her eyes more eloquent than the words she strove to speak.

"Hush! hush, my child!" whispered the elderly benefactor, conquering the strange thrill of joy at his heart, "and pause before you answer and decide your destiny. The first Cinderella went from a home of poverty, neglect, and misery, to a life of happiness and splendor with a handsome young prince who adored her. But in real life, the home she leaves is at least comfortable, the friends kind, the life she sees around her brilliant and gay. The new home to which she goes may be far poorer than the first she knew, and is more cheerless and gloomy; she may leave comfort for poverty, the very sight of luxury and beauty forever; she may have to work hard for her daily bread, to wear sordid clothes, to live on scanty fare, to exchange comfort and respectability for obscurity and loneliness; while the hero of the tale is but ill-represented by a man, saddened, worn, unattractive, who only asks a daughter to serve him, instead of a wife to love. A poor end to a fairy-story!—a poor prototype of one, and the heroine has but the offer of a poor palace and a poor prince! What did the second Cinderella do?"

"She went with the prince," said Cindy, with her hand in his.

In the dark, old house, which the elder Hugh Elliott had made hardly more gloomy with his funeral, a childish form flitted about and lighted its dim rooms with her gentle presence. Her sweet face softened the grim portraits on the walls; her graceful figure rebuked the stern statues in their niches; her light step sent a new, cheerful echo thrilling through the ghostly chambers; her little, busy hands altered their heavy, cumbrous garniture to less awful shapes; her gay, young life revived the languid old house; her voice and smile were like air and sunshine to its stately, silent rooms. Even Mrs. Prentice, the cross old housekeeper, could not dislike the sweet little maiden who consulted her wishes so kindly, and paid careful heed to her advice and counsel; and she learned in time to forget the prejudice she had at first conceived against the child, when she saw her fall, weeping wildly, into her benefactor's arms in the state drawing-room, on the night of their arrival, in the great shock and surprise of the coming home. The innocent affection the girl openly displayed toward her guardian was still a cause of dissatisfaction to the old housekeeper, "too young and handsome," she thought, "for such a trust;" and she disapproved very strongly of his orders for his protegee's wardrobe, for which nothing could be too rich and elegant—of the beautiful presents he liked to make her, and the mute but eloquent thanks with which she received them—of his bringing a foreign governess into the house to teach the child French and music, and of the feverish energy with which she strove to please him by her rapid proficiency in all these refining studies—of her hovering like a spirit around her guardian's chair, and anticipating his wishes by a constant, gentle ministry, as gracious and invisible as the air he breathed when he was present,

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and of her restless wearying when he was absent—of the fervent love and gratitude she felt and freely expressed in look and word, and of her growing daily more womanly and sweet in this favoring atmosphere. Worse than all, were the charmed evenings in Mr. Elliott's brilliantly lighted study, where his ward was taught to bring the tasks he superintended, and study them with his help; while the foreign governess and the native housekeeper, like a mahogany and an olive sphinx, silently potent with the consciousness of possessing the great key of a riddle, sat opposite each other before the blazing coal-fire, and played propriety with many a protesting sniff. Both were too experienced not to see to what this delightful association tended, or to recognize the titles with which their master disguised, even from his own heart, the nature of the relation that was growing up between himself and his ward. Their sharp eyes saw the glow that rose into the girl's clear cheek at the very touch of her teacher's hand, the beautiful expression that softened his dark face when it was turned toward her, and the conscious feeling that weighed down the drooping lids of his eloquent eyes, when they encountered the open, childish inquiry of hers; they saw his silky curls fanned by her innocent breath, as master and pupil bent together over the same book, the fond, unreserved affection of one, the deeper but more dangerous tenderness of the other; they heard of the idle gossip of the neighborhood, and on that hint they spake. Simultaneously with Cinderella's promotion to long dresses, and the confining of her hair, now darkening to chestnut, under a silken net, she was sent away to the fashionable boarding-school of Madame de Montanville, a Parisian exile, who received *carte blanche* as to her expenses; and her guardian, painfully awakened from his dream, lingered a few days in the altered house, and then sailed for Europe.

He had not realized how much the loving child he sent away had been to him until he lost her, and tried to fill the void she had left in his life in vain. There was no pleasure, in all the wide circle his name and wealth opened to him, so dear, so precious as that he had experienced during the past year. He felt that the occupation and interest of his life were gone. True, he could bind to his life, by a word, his pupil, but she would, unconsciously, barter away the whole happiness of her future that his might be assured. If he had but said to her, on the morning of departure, when he left her weeping in the boarding-school parlor, "My child, come back to my grim old house, and never leave it!"—she would have laid her slender hand in his again, and obeyed him—obeyed him as innocently, as trustfully, and as happily, in becoming bound to him—by indissoluble ties—as his wife, as when she had followed him before, with unquestioning faith, to the new home he had offered her. And the Tempter had whispered: "Was it, indeed, such a sacrifice?" But he had nobly withstood it—he had withstood it and gone forth alone.

He had imagined that he alone felt sorrow, and that it was only the shadow of the conflict in his nature that so moved and troubled hers. He did not dream that in this childish breast beat a woman's heart; that in her vestal soul he had awakened a feeling as deep and fond as that which swayed his own; and, going away at last, with her little slipper in his vest, jesting, to cover his heavy heart, that when he came back to find her a woman, he should seek for his fairy princess, by that token, through all the seminaries of America, bringing with him the young prince. How should he know that the childish Cinderella he left remained in a stupor of silent sorrow, very womanly and deep, weeping tears enough to have filled the companion slipper in her hand, and living, through all those dreary years, with but one thought, one purpose—to make herself worthy of him! She cultivated her talents that they might win his approval; she accomplished her mind that it might hold intercourse with his own; she rejoiced in her growing beauty because it might please his eye, and studied, with more assiduous care than the anxious vanity it resembled would have given, to surround it with all the graces and adornments his station required; she tried to learn daily, from her little Bible, how to be good enough to be worthy of him, and how to pray for wanderers by sea and land; and so, innocently, unquestioning what their relation would be, and divinely unconscious of the nature of the homage she paid him, she waited, in the bloom of youthful beauty, the coming of her prince.

Mr. Elliott was long abroad, striving, as many have done before him, to leave his private troubles where he obtained his passport, and forget his own personality among new scenes and faces. He even tried, it is thought, to hush forever one clamorous murmur in his heart by introducing a new interest and a new sorrow in its place. But the fairy talisman he wore in his breast guarded it against all soft influences; and the written scrolls, breathing a fervent language that he called gratitude, but inspiring him with a vague feeling of happi-

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ness and hope, came often enough to keep his thoughts forever where they loved to linger, and brought him nearer to the writer's heart, while divided from her by miles of land and sea, than he had been when looking in her true eyes and holding her trembling hand, unconscious of their language, still speaking to him through the exquisite, veiled tenderness of the words he read. At last, in a fit of inexpressible yearning—"for home," he said—Mr. Elliott came flying over the sunny plains of Italy, the fairy slipper tightly buttoned against his breast, the fairy missives in his *paletot* pocket—past the balls and ballets of Paris, where Cinderellas more earthly lie in wait for just such rich Americans—past the stately homes of England, which he might have entered never to come forth a single man—over the broad Atlantic, with plenty of pretty widows, on the ocean steamer, who strove to find the heart he was supposed to carry somewhere about him. Unscathed through all these perils, he came at last back to America in the very climax of a money-panic that reached even his wealthy bankers, and quite unconscious that such troubles could affect a hereditary prince.

Mr. Elliott's card went up to Madame de Montanville, and she promptly appeared in answer.

"Monsieur is probably aware that mademoiselle is not here?"

"Not here?"

"*Pas du tout.* Monsieur has probably heard, also, of the financial embarrassments—in fine the non-payments, as regards myself, of the great bankers, the Messieurs Slocums, of whom I do not receive the moneys for mademoiselle. I confide in her; I show to her *les circonstances le meme comme vous.* She write to Monsieur *et* Madame Baynton, her relatifs distant, *pour* propose to lif with them while the absence of yourself. They agree. Mademoiselle has resumed her position there, where she awaits the return of Mr. Elliott."

"Why did she not go to my house?"

"*Ah! monsieur, pas propre! Les jeunes demoiselles* must be *tres* careful! very! She attends, at present, the *toilettes* of M'lles Baynton."

With concealed impatience Elliott paid the worldly old Frenchwoman, and, suppressing indignation and reflection till a more convenient season, hurried over to the city that contained his Cinderella. Arriving there, a few inquiries at the old counting-house of Baynton & Weed convinced him that his ward, learning of his ruin, and unwilling to become a burden to him, had returned to her former station—whatever that anomalous position might be—in Mr. Baynton's family, and was once more its patient dependant.

He knocked at the well-known door, his heart beating wildly. A woman, whose figure was but indistinctly visible in the dusky hall, opened it, and ushered him into the little back-parlor he so well remembered. He saw, by a single glance, that the other rooms were brilliantly lighted for company, as they had been when he first saw them; and he turned back to find that the girl was regarding him by the bright glare of the lamps, with her heart in her soft eyes.

She wore a common chintz dress, but she wore it like a princess, and braids of glossy chestnut hair crowned her graceful little head most royally; her arms were bare and beautiful; her hands small and delicate; and his gaze wandered confusedly from the exquisite little foot, that peeped from beneath her dress, to the parted lips and watchful eyes.

They met his suddenly, and Elliott sprang forward, with all the fire and passion of youth, and took the beautiful creature in his arms.

"My poor little Cinderella!" he murmured.

She lay upon his breast, radiant and smiling with perfect content. In that moment of happiness she forgot all the pain of the past few months when his letters had ceased, his bankers refused her teacher's drafts, and, homeless and deserted, she was fain to seek the only shelter open to her, and return to a life of servitude embittered by the taunts of her protectors. But her faith in him had never faltered; she had awaited in poverty and patience the coming of her prince, and this hour was her reward!

He meant to have come for her, as a parent for his child—he meant to have taken her little hand in his, perhaps, and left a fatherly kiss upon her pure forehead, and gently welcomed her to his altered home and fortunes; but the sweet delirium of the moment had surprised him, and he looked older and sadder by many years when he remembered and released her.

"Forgive me, my Cinderella," he said, sadly; "I had forgotten that you had changed from child to woman in all these years."

Her wistful eyes looked up to him through tears, just as they had looked when he parted from her in the boarding-school parlor, four years before. "Never changed to you!" she had said to him then, and he saw it mirrored in their true depths now. He might have seen too, had he been less noble and less fond, more selfish and more vain, that the child's heart was in the woman, and that she was unchanged at least in the fervent love she bore him.

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He held her off at arm's length then and surveyed her, scanning her beautiful face that flushed and drooped beneath the scrutiny.

"Is it really you then, my fairy changeling?" he said, jestingly, to check the tears that gathered in her eyes; "let me apply a test. It is only the true Cinderella, you know, that can wear the slipper!"

He drew the little childish shoe from his breast. "Do you remember when you gave me this, my dear, and I told you I would keep it to find you by the token, and bring back the prince with me?"

"He *has* come," she said, softly, just above her breath, as she stooped and put it on. Her eyes were cast down, or she would have seen how her friend was moved by the simple declaration—how pale, how altered he grew, how sad and desolate was the tone in which at last he spoke.

"I ought to be very glad—I am. You will be placed beyond the reach of circumstances affecting my fortune, for many changes have taken place besides yours. My own position is entirely altered."

"You are married!" she said, starting; she was very pale.

"No, no; you misunderstand me," he answered, "I am not married; I shall never marry, I have no thought of it; you forget what I am, a grave, sad man, old and care-worn, and unattractive."

He stopped; something in the thought seemed to pain him; but her eyes went over his handsome countenance and elegant person, and dwelt with a sort of gentle triumph on the face and form he undervalued.

"I meant to have spoken of something very different," he hurriedly went on. "My bankers, it seems, are much embarrassed, I am probably a ruined man. I had intended, my child, to make your life a brilliant fairy-tale of happiness and splendor; I had educated you for wealth and rank; you have grown to be even more beautiful, more enchanting than I hoped; I meant to come home and introduce you to the life you are fitted to enjoy, to make you happy, my fairy princess, worthy of a prince indeed!"

"I can never be that," she murmured, through her tears.

He leaned his head against the mantle with a heavy sigh—the girl's eyes followed him wistfully, dwelling long on the noble, care worn face, every dear and well-remembered feature, aged and saddened since they parted—she went up to him, and weeping, gently laid her soft hand on his arm, and whispered in a voice that thrilled his heart,

"Dear guardian, never mind the money. I am with you again, and I can help you. I know a great deal now; I can teach, I can sing, and play, and draw, and earn more. Besides, I can keep house, you know!"

He looked down at her humble dress and soft white hands and sighed bitterly.

"You have already suffered on my account more than I like to think of." (And in confirmation, the two shrill voices of the two beautiful and unmarried Misses Baynton were heard to summon Cindy to their toilet.)

"But this was not necessary, my child, you should have gone to my house, your guardian's house."

"Madame said I must not," she answered, with a deep blush.

"And I cannot take you there then, I suppose; but I cannot leave you here, and you must be married from somewhere."

"I shall never be married, dear guardian; I shall stay with you, if you will let me."

"But your lover?"

"I have no lover; I have nobody but you in all the world."

"But the prince—the prince, you said, had come?"

She answered only with her wondering, beautiful eyes. Her guardian's dark cheek flushed, and his heart beat high, but he said calmly,

"I remember you used to call me the prince; but, my daughter, you were a child then, you ought to be wiser by this time. Think of all I told you when I adopted you, it is far truer now. I am older, graver, sadder, harsher, less lovable even, and comparatively, if not actually, poor. Would you waste your youth and beauty by my side? for you are very beautiful, and will have many admirers. You are accomplished, and will shine in society; you are happy and young, you will attract those like yourself; you are gay and full of life, and fitted to enjoy the pleasures of the world, and you shall still enter it, for you will not be poor; when I adopted you, I settled a small part of my fortune inalienably upon you, so you will still have something to keep you above drudgery, and adorn your beauty as it deserves."

"I will not have it!" she flashed out.

Tears were running down her beautiful cheeks, and her eyes were bright with love, not less than with indignation. He looked at her a long time, and at last a little light began to dawn upon this stupid man, in whom, with all manly attributes and graces, one essential element had been

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omitted: strange to say he was not vain in the least! But here were signs the dullest might read, the humblest might accept; and, forgetting forever his character of elderly guardian, Hugh Elliott, with his handsome face transfigured with happiness, clasped his gentle ward in his arms.

"You will not have the money?" he whispered, breathlessly.

"No—never!" half-withdrawing herself.

"And you will not leave me?"

"Not unless you send me away."

"Will you share it with me then?"

She raised her sweet eyes to his face, but he would not take their look in answer yet.

"Listen! With an old man, comparatively a poor man, who made a fatal mistake in taking you from comfort to plunge you into poverty, after educating you to wealth and refinement. You are young, beautiful, rich, accomplished, made for a happier future than mine, saddened and ruined as it is. I ask you, will you share it with me knowing all this? Be wise, remember I am no prince, my Cinderella!"

"You asked me all this once before," she answered, clinging closer to his hand; "and I have no better words to answer now. As I said then I must say again, I am not worthy; but if he will take me, I will go with my prince!"

A few days later, Mr. Elliott's mansion was brilliantly adorned and illuminated in honor of its owner's return, and crowds of friends resorted there to welcome him back again. Music was sounding, and light was streaming through the spacious rooms, newly ornamented with a princely magnificence, little in keeping with the rumors that had obtained circulation of his threatened losses. The brilliant throng, hardly pausing to look or admire the thousand rich and tasteful objects near them, pressed on past the singing and shining tenants of the aviary, the fountains and flowers of the conservatory, past priceless pictures, and gems of antiques, and lovely statues, and curiosities beautiful as rare, to see something rarer and more lovely, and a greater wonder still. For in the central, stately room, rich with Tyrian-dyed curtains, and fragrant with the breath of orange-flowers, in the burning blaze of light from the great chandelier, stood the bachelor master of the house, handsomer and happier than his friends had ever seen him, and, hanging on his arm, a radiant and graceful creature, whose face and dress eclipsed every beauty present. He presented her in due form.

"My ward, dear friends, and my wife!"

So Cinderella really did marry the prince, and —what is perhaps as important—the prince's bankers did not stop payment.

REJOICE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Rejoice! ye vernal hills, rejoice!
From ev'ry tow'ring height
Pour forth aloud your mighty voice
To bless the "God of light."

Rejoice! ye valleys crowned with heath,
The cradles of the rills,
That rest in "silver peace" beneath
The shadow of the hills.

Rejoice! ye giant forest trees!
Send out your vocal strains,
In melody, upon the breeze—
The Lord, Jehovah, reigns!

Rejoice! thou deep, resounding sea!
In ev'ry rise and fall
Sound forth thy chords triumphantly
To Him who governs all.

Rejoice! oh, earth! With one accord
Thy mighty anthems pour,
To bless our great Redeemer, Lord,
Till time shall be no more.

LINES TO A BRUNETTE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The midnight of her silken hair
Added new lustre to her eyes,
As the dark Heaven reveals to sight
The starry glory of the skies.

A tinge of sunshine bronzed her blood,
A woodland queen she seemed the while;
My heart waved its red wings within
The Indian Summer of her smile.

The tropic glow upon her cheek
Gleamed like a sparkling ruby there;
Her full, orbed brow rose, like the moon,
Out from the waves of raven hair.

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IT WAS THE KIND WORD THAT SAVED HIM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The car stopped, and a young man entered. He did not look to be over twenty years of age. Glances were exchanged between three or four gentlemen and ladies, from each of whom the young man received a very cold nod. There was not so much as the ghost of a smile on any one of their faces; but rather austere reproof. The new passenger flushed a little at finding so many persons in the car with whom he had some acquaintance, and all disposed to let him feel that he must keep at a distance. He sat down close beside a lady who had recognized him; but she did not address him a single word, and rather leaned away from than toward him.

"A pleasant morning," the young man said to the lady.

"Quite pleasant." She did not do so much as turn her head, but drew herself up with the air of one who felt the remark as an intrusion.

The young man said no more, but sat very still, with a gradually clouding face, and a severe, almost desperate expression passing into his tightly closed lips.

Conversation, which had been checked by his entrance, flowed on again. The gentlemen and ladies talked cheerfully together; but no one addressed a remark to the young man, who, it was evident, had some taint of bad conduct about him, which now erected a barrier between him and former friends and acquaintances.

The car stopped again, and this time a lady passenger entered. She nodded and smiled to most of those who had recognized the young man, and then, taking a seat beside him and offering her hand, which he took, said, in a kind, interested voice,

"How do you do, Charles?"

The warm blood mounted to the boy's face—he was only a boy, yet, unfortunately, with a man's freedom and self-confidence—as he answered,

"Very well, Mrs. Elder; thank you."

His eyes filled suddenly with light, and his rigid lips parted with a smile as soft and gentle as a woman's.

The other passengers, who had "cut" the young man, exchanged surprised and questioning glances.

"You haven't called to see me for some time, Charles," said the lady. "How is this? Old friends must not be wholly set aside for new ones."

"I have been neglectful, and I'm ashamed of it, Mrs. Elder," was replied, and in a way that showed the young man to be gratified by the manner in which the lady had addressed him; "and I'm going to call very soon."

"How soon?"

"This week, sometime."

"Why not say this evening? I shall be at home."

"This evening then, if it will be agreeable, Mrs. Elder."

"That's right. It will be pleasant for me to see your face again in my house, Charles. You mustn't neglect me so again, if I am getting to be an old woman. I shall grow jealous of your younger and more attractive friends."

"There is no occasion for you to be jealous of any of my young friends, Mrs. Elder. They can never take your place in my heart—never!"

The young man said this with evident feeling; then adding, as he arose,

"Good morning; I must leave you here."

And he made a sign for the conductor to stop the car.

"Good morning, Charles," said the lady, kindly giving her hand at the same time. "And don't forget that I am at home this evening."

"I shall not forget that, Mrs. Elder, you may be sure." And without even glancing toward the other passengers in the city railroad car, who had treated him so coldly, he stepped upon the platform, and thence to the street. As the bell sounded for the car to move on again, a lady turned to Mrs. Elder and said, with a very grave countenance,

"Are you aware how badly that young man has been conducting himself of late?"

"I have heard some things about him," was replied, "that cause me great pain."

"Why, he was seen actually staggering in the street no later than last week!" said the lady, in virtuous indignation.

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"Poor boy!" Mrs. Elder spoke, in a tone of deep pity.

"And worse than that! He has been seen in company with persons of notoriously vicious habits. The fact is, he is going to ruin as fast as his feet can carry him."

"I hope not," replied Mrs. Elder. "He may have gone astray from weakness—poor, motherless boy!—not, I am sure, from an evil proclivity. And now is the time to put forth a hand to save him, instead of pushing him off coldly. Are all without sin—all without some sad memory of straying—that we visit a boy's first evil ways in such stern, repelling displeasure?"

"Conduct like his," spoke up a gentleman, "must be met with disapprobation. If you smile upon him, and tolerate him, as of old, he will think his sin a light one; but if he discovers, at once, that he must lead a good life or forfeit the approval and society of the virtuous, he will be made fully aware, at the outset, of the loss or gain involved. I think, to speak freely, Mrs. Elder, that you did wrong to meet him in the free, kind way that you did, and invite him to visit you as of old."

"Do you think an evening spent with me likely to make him worse or better?" asked Mrs. Elder.

"No worse, certainly," was answered.

"Yet he might spend the evening in company with those who could not fail to do him harm."

"Yes."

"I want no other argument in favor of what I have done. It is in the quality of social life which surrounds a young man that we must look, in the main, for the causes of his elevation or depression. If, because of a single wrong step—or for many wrong steps—taken in the blind heat of youth, we thrust him out from virtuous associations, do we not make his return to right paths a thousand times more difficult? Depend upon it: these wandering ones can be reclaimed much easier by the attractive force of loving kindness, than by the stern visitation of penalties, which they may feel as disproportionate to the evil thing done."

"He can never visit my house as of old," said another of the ladies in the car, speaking in an indignant manner. "The last time I had company, he was there, and became so much intoxicated, during the evening, as to annoy every one. I was really mortified at his conduct."

It was on the lip of Mrs. Elder to say, that she trusted the lady would keep to her resolution; but she forbore.

As Charles Tilden, the young man to whom we have referred, was going home in the evening, he met a young friend, who greeted him warmly.

"I was just thinking of you, Charley," he said, as they stood with clasped hands. "There's to be some sport to-night, and you must enjoy it with the rest."

"What kind of sport?" asked Tilden.

"Billiards first, and oysters and champagne afterward—all just in your line."

"Who make up the party?"

"Harrison, Reed, and Colton for three. Fine fellows, as you can testify."

Tilden was about yielding his assent to join the party, when he remembered his promise to call and see Mrs. Elder. Then there arose a debate in his mind as to which he should forego. The visit could be paid to Mrs. Elder on almost any evening; but this convivial party must be joined to night, or not at all. The temptation to break his promise was strong. He liked billiards; and oysters and wine were strongly alluring to his sensual appetites. Still he could not satisfy his mind that it would be right to break his promise to Mrs. Elder, particularly as she appeared to be the only one of many friends and acquaintances who had not grown suddenly cold to him. As to the reason of this change he was not in ignorance. He knew that he was "getting a little astray," as he mildly termed it; but flattered himself that any serious danger was remote; and was rather more indignant than repentant at the mortifying "cuts" which he had received from certain people who had once given him freely the *entre* of their houses.

"I believe," said he, after standing silent for a few moments, "that I am engaged for this evening."

"I'm sorry for that, Charles," replied the other, in a tone of regret. "What is the engagement?"

"I promised to call on Mrs. Elder to-night."

"Oh! is that all? Hang Mrs. Elder! The idea of a gay, young chap like you giving up billiards, oysters, and champagne for an old woman's company! That is what I call rich."

Mrs. Elder and the mother of Charles had been friends in girlhood, and their friendship had continued a closely clinging bond up to the hour of Mrs. Tilden's death, which took place nearly ten years before the period of which we are now writing. Charles, who still retained a vivid recollection of his mother, knew of this warm attachment, and the knowledge of it had always served to draw him with something like

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affection toward Mrs. Elder. He loved her with a kind of filial love; for he always seemed nearer to the sainted one when by her side. Now, this light speech of his young friend, instead of producing the effect designed, wrought wholly in the opposite direction. Charles felt shocked at hearing the name of Mrs. Elder spoken so irreverently—and more particularly so at this time, when she, of all the old circle, was nearly the only one who still offered him her hand, or spoke to him in the tones of kindness and welcome.

"I shall keep my promise to Mrs. Elder," he answered, firmly.

"No! You're not such a fool as that," said the other, coarsely.

"Yes. Just such a fool, if you will," replied Charles Tilden. "My word is passed to Mrs. Elder, and it shall not be broken."

"Thank God!" said Charles, as he walked away, and the recollection of two or three evenings, like the one in view, came vividly to his mind—"thank God that I had sufficient resolution to say no! I do not think the way just safe for my feet. More than once, already, have I slipped in this way—slipped and fallen into the mire."

And he drew a deep breath, with a sense of relief.

"Ah, Charles, it is pleasant to see you here again," said Mrs. Elder, with the blandest of welcoming smiles, as she took the young man's hand that evening. "Your mother's son must not desert an old friend. How have you been during these many weeks?"

"About as well as usual," replied Charles. But Mrs. Elder, whose eyes were reading every line of his face, missed something from his countenance; and she also missed something from his voice.

"As happy as usual?" she asked.

The question, altogether unexpected, made Charles drop his eyes to the floor. Looking up in a moment, he answered,

"No; not so happy as I have been. Is it different with any, Mrs. Elder? Do we not grow sadder as we grow older?"

"Not if we grow wiser and better," she replied.

He looked down to the floor again; but made no reply.

"At your age, Charles," said Mrs. Elder, "when the feelings are warm, the appetite keen to relish every indulgence, and reason not firmly seated on his throne, there are few who do not fall into some excess. But it is a law of our being, that excesses of any kind bring punishment with them. They always leave the mind oppressed with a sense of wrong-doing, and a consciousness that something of true manhood has departed. How is it in your experience? Are my words true?"

An involuntarily sigh parted the lips of Charles Tilden as he answered,

"They are true, Mrs. Elder—true in my case; I speak it with shame." The young man lost his calm self-possession, and showed considerable agitation.

"It is not surprising then, Charles, that you grow sadder as you grow older," said Mrs. Elder, speaking with even a tenderer interest than before. "Your experience is that of every young man who has gone one step astray from the right path. The evil that entices with its offer of wild pleasure in the present, has no opiate to dull the pain of self-consciousness after the brief excitement is over."

The face of Charles was very sober. True words were reaching him with convictions. He saw in the light of another mind that was helping him to a clearer vision. Vice looked more hideous in his eyes, and more to be dreaded than it had ever done; and virtue more beautiful and more to be desired.

"Suppose you were on a journey," said Mrs. Elder, "and were to miss your way, and get into a road that seemed at first parallel with the right one, but which gradually turned until it ran in the opposite direction. When would the return be easiest? After the first few steps had been taken; or, after you had moved onward for a great while in the wrong direction?"

"Easiest after the first few steps, of course," replied the young man.

"It is just so in the journey of life, Charles," said Mrs. Elder, with impressive earnestness. "The longer your feet abide in the wrong way, the harder will it be to return. The first few steps may be easily retraced; but if you get once involved in the mazes of an evil life, you will find it hard—nay, almost impossible—to extricate yourself. See what difficulties you have already encountered!"

"I have encountered no difficulties, Mrs. Elder," said the young man.

"You forget," she answered. "When the virtuous turn from us coldly, and refuse to let us associate with them; is not that a great hindrance? Does it not push us beyond the attractive power of good, and make the attractive power of evil stronger? You must have felt this already, Charles; for I know that more than one circle of the virtuous has been closed against you."

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The young man's face crimsoned.

"I do not wish to hurt or offend you, Charles," continued Mrs. Elder. "I am only trying, as best I can, to make you see upon what dangerous ground your feet are standing. When once you comprehend this, I am certain you will start back with a shudder of fear. Already there is a shadow on your good name. Even as your feet stepped over the threshold of manhood, you let a stain appear on your garments, and it has been made visible to many who will not fail to point it out, unless speedily removed. Wash it off, my dear young friend!"

"My wise, good, true friend!" said the young man, catching at the hand of Mrs. Elder, and showing strong emotion, "I seem to hear in your voice the voice of my mother! And I will take heed to the warning words you have spoken so kindly—even as my mother would have spoken them. It was a good Providence that sent you into that car to-day. I was hurt and indignant, and growing hard and desperate under the cold repulsion with which the persons you saw there treated me. Your face, smiling on me as of old; your kind voice; the earnest pressure of your hand; the warmly urged invitation to visit you, restored me to better feelings. It was in God's mercy that I promised; for, as I walked homeward this evening, a temptation came in my way, which, except for my promise to you, could not have been resisted. It can, I trust, have no power over me again; for, through your clearer eyes, I see my danger as I never saw it before, and stand, appalled, on the very brink of an abyss, into which a single step might at any moment have plunged me."

The young man wept, and in his tears Mrs. Elder saw rainbows of hope.

"Charles," said the employer of Tilden, as the young man came into the counting-room where the latter was seated, the next morning, "I think you are acquainted with the young men who are so disgracefully exposed in to-day's paper."

"What young men?" asked Charles, with an instantly flushing face.

"Reed, Harrison, Colton, and John Warfield," was answered.

"I've heard nothing of it, sir. What has happened to them?"

"They were on a drunken frolic last night, when one of them insulted a lady, and was knocked down by her husband. He was knocked down in turn; but, recovering himself, he struck one of his assailants, and broke his arm. The final result was, an arrest of the four young men by the police, who will have to give bail this morning for their good behavior and appearance at court. Two of them, Colton and Warfield, will lose their situations, I know; and the same result will follow, no doubt, in the other cases. If either of them had been in my employment, we would have parted company here."

The employer of Charles Tilden did not know why his clerk's face turned so pale.

"You were not with them, I hope," he said, as a sudden suspicion crossed his mind.

"No, sir." And Charles looked at him steadily. "I spent the evening with Mrs. Elder."

"Ah!" the employer's countenance lighted up again. "You could not have been in safer company."

"She is a true, good woman, sir," replied Charles, speaking with more feeling and freedom than usual; "and the early friend of my mother."

"If she is your mother's friend, visit her often," was kindly answered. "Next to a mother, is the mother's friend."

"Oh! what an escape!" said Charles Tilden, speaking to himself, as he turned away, shuddering inwardly. "And it was a kind word that saved me. Had Mrs. Elder treated me like the rest, I would have been overtaken in this evil and lost. But, God helping me, I will get back into the right path and never leave it."

WE PLUCK THE BEAUTEOUS ROSES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We pluck the beauteous roses fair
From off their parent stem,
Yet never cast a thought that we
Must perish too like them;

And as we mourn the faded buds
That on our pathway lie,
We seldom think they'll bloom again
Beneath a Summer sky.

Ah! like the roses, fair and frail,
Are we upon this earth;
Some live their little season out,
Some wither at their birth;

But as their bloom again to them
By Summer skies is given;
So we shall rise above death's waves
And live again in Heaven.

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THE MURRAYS OF MURRAY HOUSE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "KATE AYLESFORD," "THE OLD STONE MANSION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

I. HOW THE NEWS OF LEXINGTON CAME TO TOWN.

EIGHTY-SEVEN years ago, at which period our story begins, Philadelphia was not the vast metropolis it is now. But it was, nevertheless, the largest city in the colonies. Its commercial enterprise, its central position, its wealth, and the refinement of its inhabitants, gave a pre-eminence to it which was universally acknowledged. It was also, what it has continued to be, the handsomest of our cities. Its wide streets, stately dwellings, and long avenues of trees, were the boast of its inhabitants and the admiration of strangers.

The morning was one in the latter half of April, and though the hour was early, the whole male population seemed to be in the streets. Something of unusual importance evidently had occurred. Men stood talking in groups, with animated gestures, or hurried almost breathlessly along, stopping now and then, where they met acquaintances, to discuss the news. At the corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, near the State House, a dense crowd had collected, which quite blocked up the highway. This crowd, however, did not seem intent on any one person: no orator was addressing it as a whole; but it was divided into a dozen, or more, groups, each listening to a different version of the intelligence, or canvassing its engrossing import. Occasionally a rush would occur, as if a one portion of this crowd had suddenly caught word of something, in another part, which it desired to hear. Additions, every moment, were being made to the mass, and from all directions. Heaving and tossing, a low hum rising from it continually, a hum which deepened and grew angrier every moment, it looked to the spectators, who watched it from the neighboring windows, like a vast ocean, gradually being lashed into fury by a rising storm.

It was at this point of time that a young man, apparently about twenty-two years of age, came walking briskly down Fifth street, looking curiously about him, in search of some acquaintance of whom he might ask an explanation of this tumult. He wore a horseman's coat, and was booted and spurred, as if he had just alighted from the saddle. In his hand he carried a light riding-whip, with which he switched his boot impatiently. Of a medium size, lithe in figure yet muscular, with a frank, intelligent, and cultivated countenance, and wearing his dress with that air of easy unconsciousness which distinguished what were then called the gentry, he attracted very general attention.

"My good man," he said, stopping, and blandly addressing one of the crowd, whose leathern apron and shirt sleeves bespoke him a mechanic, for at that day, even in America, the dress almost invariably betokened the rank in life, "can you tell me the truth of this news?" The stupid hostler, at the Black Bear, where I left my horse but now, says there has been a battle, in which our side lost a dozen or so men, and the red-coats a hundred; but he doesn't know which won."

The person addressed seemed to hesitate in what words to answer, when a by-stander, who looked like a respectable shop-keeper, interposed.

"I can tell you the full truth, sir," he said, "for I heard it read out, at the Coffee House, not ten minutes ago. There's been a fight, and the patriots have whipped."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the young man; and he added eagerly, "where did it happen?"

"At a place called Lexington, a few miles out of Boston. You see, sir, the British had word there was arms and powder hid away at Concord, and so they sent a secret expedition, the other night, to destroy them. But the patriots in the city, Adams, Hancock, and the rest, got word of Gen. Gage's design, and hurried off the news to the folk in the country. The people rose, every man taking his gun, to drive back the red-coats. Just as day broke, the grenadiers reached Lexington, where they saw a dozen or so of our minute-men hastily get together on the green. Major Pitcairn, who led the grenadiers, cried out to his soldiers to fire——"

"And did they fire?"

"They did, sir."

"What? On unresisting men, without provocation?"

The eyes of the young man flashed as he

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spoke, and he grasped his riding-whip convulsively, as if, were it a sufficient weapon, he would have liked to annihilate the enemy at a blow.

"Yes, sir, and killed several."

"Did our men make a stand?"

"They discharged a volley, and then, finding they were overmatched, retired."

"They fired back, did they? Huzzah!"

The exultation of the speaker communicated itself to the crowd, which broke into a huzzah also.

"Yes! huzzah," said the young man, "they boasted that they'd march, with a regiment, from one end of our country to the other. They've found out their mistake by this time."

"The red-coats," resumed the narrator, "hurried on to Concord, where they tried to destroy the stores; but the whole country was up; they found themselves surrounded; and they began a quick march to Boston. Our men hung on their rear, like hornets whose nest has been attacked, firing all the while. From behind barns, trees, stone-walls, and hedges, they blazed away, bringing down a red-coat at almost every shot. Old men and young boys, snatching muskets, joined in the chase. Half-way back to Boston, a couple of regiments came out to help the red-coats, or they would all have been made prisoners. As it was, they got off safe, except their killed, who were a hundred or more. Our minute-men followed them up to the last, and, as they went into Charlestown, played 'Yankee Doodle' after them."

"Well done," cried a sturdy smith, in the crowd. "And we'll hammer it well into 'em before the fight's over."

"This is important news," said the horseman. "You are certain it is true."

The shop-keeper was about to reply, assuring him that the narrative was correct in every particular, which, indeed, it was in the main, when a wild shout was heard up Fifth street, followed by that indiscriminate hurrying of feet which accompanies any sudden excitement in a large mob. In an instant, the thoroughfare in that direction, which had been comparatively deserted, swarmed with men and boys, some in their shirt sleeves, some hurrying on their coats as they ran. Windows were thrown up, yells rose on the air, nearer and louder came the tramp of the angry crowd. The object of this sudden commotion was not long in revealing itself. About six paces in front of the foremost of the mob, a young man, dressed in the height of the fashion, was seen running as if for his life. His hat was off, his powdered hair dishevelled, his ruffles rent, his coat nearly torn from his back. Close at his heels, and rapidly gaining on him, was the infuriated crowd, its hoarse cries of "Hang the traitor," lending new terrors to his flight at every step.

For the fugitive was plainly in mortal fear. His countenance was perfectly livid, and as he glanced around, in hopes to find a protection, and met everywhere the same hostile scowl, his eyes grew more and more distended. Once or twice he looked behind him, as if thinking to double on his pursuers, but the numbers swarming from every door and cross-street intimidated him. At last he spied the horseman. A sudden gleam of hope shot into his eyes. He rushed behind the young man, whom he seized by the arms, and whose person he interposed as a barrier between himself and the mob.

With a sudden jerk, however, the horseman threw off the fugitive.

"Oh! sir," cried the man, "save me." He was whiter than any sheet, and tried to cling to his protector.

"Hands off then," answered the other, sternly, and with a quick motion of his arm he threw the fugitive behind him, while, at the same time, he backed closer toward the wall. "And now, my men," and he turned to the pursuers, "what is the matter?"

"Matter!" cried the ringleader, "please your honor, there's matter enough. He's a tory, a tory spy. He says we Yankees are cowards, and that Adams and Hancock ought to be hung."

"Did you say that, sir?" asked the young man, turning to the trembling wretch; and he added in a whisper, "I believe I have met you before: you are Mr. Mountfort, an Englishman; but are you mad to talk as you do on a day like this?"

"For God's sake," cried Mountfort, not heeding this remark, "tell them anything: they'll believe you, they won't believe me. They'll tear me to pieces."

This colloquy, rapid as it was, had not tended to appease the wrath of the pursuers. They had drawn back, for a moment, but were now advancing again threateningly, and from their angry cries and angrier gestures, it was evident they suspected the horseman to be a confederate of the fugitive. The original crowd also appeared to be fast coming to the same conclusion. Things began to look critical.

"Down with them both!" shouted the ringleader, springing forward and aiming a terrible blow at the horseman. "I warrant they're spies."

"Stop a minute," answered the latter, warding

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off the assault with a dexterity which showed he was a perfect master of the art of self-defence; and, drawing himself proudly up to his full height, he added, in a clear, ringing voice, that rose, like a battle-trumpet, over all the tumult, "is there no one here who knows me to be a good man and true?"

Scarcely had he ceased, when the brawny smith, of whom we have spoken before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and interposed between the horseman and his assailants.

"Ay, that do I, Master Murray!" he cried, and, as he spoke, he bared his bronzed, Herculean arm, and faced the ringleader. "And as for you, Jim Barret, you ought to know better."

"Don't mind a word he says," interposed one of the assailants. "I know the young game-cock: he's young Murray of Murray House; his father's as arrant a tory as lives; and so is he."

"You're a liar, Jack Floyd!" retorted the smith, turning on the speaker; "and you know it. Take that." As he spoke, his knotted arm shot straight out from the shoulder, and the man went down like a stunned ox. "And now, sirs," continued the smith, looking around as if ready for all comers, "you know I'm a man of my word, and I say that I'll answer for Mr. Murray. Why, hasn't he been coming in, all winter, twice a week, rain and shine, to drill a company? You know it to be true, Hal Smith, for you're one of the party; and you, Sam Jones; and you, Bill Wilson."

The persons, thus singled out from the spectators, answered in the affirmative, and, seeing the peril of their captain, pushed their way to the front and rallied around the smith.

"But if Master Murray is a true man," growled the ringleader, eying him sullenly, as a bull-dog regards the victim from whom he has been torn, "the other isn't. Let him give the villain up. No patriot would defend a spy!"

"There's sense in that," said the smith. "Here, come out, you varmint," and he seized Mountfort by the collar, "and don't stand shaking like a rat in a trap."

But Murray interposed. "This gentleman is mine," he said, putting back the smith gently. "He has fled to me for protection, and I will defend him with my life, if necessary. He is almost a stranger to me. But I have met him at the house of Mr. Dickinson, whom you all know of, and who, I suppose, can answer for him, that, at least, he is no spy."

"But he's a Britisher," angrily retorted the ringleader, shaking his fist threateningly in Mountfort's face; "we heard him say so himself; didn't we, fellow-citizens? He swore he wished he'd been at Lexington to kill some of the patriots there. Bring him out, I say; bring him out."

This address had nearly changed the temper of the mob again. A rush was made on Murray and his defenders, who, for a moment, were borne back by the impetus. Cries of "Bring him out, bring him out!" were heard on every side.

But again the voice of Murray rose above the uproar.

"For God's sake," he cried, leaping on a step, where he could be seen by all, while the smith, with a dozen determined followers, formed a dense phalanx around Mountfort, "don't let us disgrace ourselves on a day like this, which has made us a nation——"

"So it has. Hurrah!" cried the smith, at the electric thought; and cheers rose, instantaneously, from the crowd, in response.

"Which has made us a nation," repeated Murray, seeing the advantage he had gained, his eye kindling and his form dilating, as he surveyed the crowd. "We boast that we arm to resist a lawless tyranny. Let us, therefore, respect law ourselves. This gentleman has a right to his opinion. It is a poor one, as we all know." Here there was a general laugh, and Murray saw that his point was secured. "But till he reduces that opinion to deeds, we have no right to interfere with him. When he does, if ever he does, I'll be the first man to meet him as an enemy. Meantime, here's a trifle to drink success to the good cause." He finished by throwing a guinea on the ground.

"By the Lord! he speaks like a lawyer," cried the smith. "That couldn't be beat, boys, could it, by Dickinson himself?"

Such also appeared to be the opinion of the majority of the crowd; for when Murray, on ceasing, stepped down, and, drawing the arm of Mountfort within his own, proceeded to leave the spot, followed by the smith and his little band of recruits, the throng gradually made way before him. Even the ringleader offered no further hostile demonstration. The guinea had fallen directly at his feet, so that he could not but pick it up; and having picked it up, he eyed it wistfully, for a moment, and irresolutely; but the temptation was too great; and muttering a few inarticulate words, which sounded like harmless threats of future vengeance, he gave a look of intelligence to his followers, and moved off toward a tavern, which

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stood in sight, followed by a score, or more, of the worst members of the mob.

When Murray had finally extricated himself from the concourse, which he did after they had walked for about a block, he let the arm of his companion drop, as if there was contagion in the touch.

"This is Sixth and Chesnut," he said, coldly. "We part here."

Mountfort hesitated a moment. He did not like to thank a colonist for his life, but there was no alternative.

"You saved me from being murdered," he stammered. "If ever the fortune of war should give me an opportunity, I shall take pleasure in requiting the obligation. As I am now a captain in his majesty's foot, we may meet in battle before long."

"I hope we may," answered Murray, giving him his hand on it, "and I'll keep my word. You owe me no gratitude, and when me meet, I shall give no courtesies, and will accept none."

"As you please," said Mountfort. "But I shall get away from here, at once. When a low rabble won't let a gentleman and an officer say that his sacred majesty, God bless him! is right in this quarrel, it's time to go."

"I should think it was," replied Murray, sternly. "Nor is it safe to say that before others than what you call the rabble." And he put his hand meaningly to his side, where the sword was usually carried.

"I beg pardon," said Mountfort, coloring, "I meant nothing personal."

"One word, then," answered Murray. "You and yours, for years, have been insulting this people, calling them cowards, base-born peasants, and everything else that you considered opprobrious. At last, you finished your iniquity by firing on a few of them, who were almost unarmed. Now prepare for their vengeance! And as for their anger at you, remember that if I, or any other person, had been half so insolent to one of your London mobs, not all your gentlemen combined could have saved me from their brutality. Good day, sir—till we meet again."

Pronouncing these last words significantly, he turned on his heel, leaving the British officer too astonished to answer in season.

II. THE MURRAYS OF MURRAY HOUSE.

THE Murrays of Murray House had lived, from father to son, for nearly three generations, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Their mansion was a large, double house, built of dressed stone, with elaborate pediments to the doors and windows, and surmounted by an ornamental balustrade above the eaves. It was altogether one of the finest structures of that day in the colonies, and is even yet a stately dwelling, vastly more imposing than the suburban residences of gingerbread Gothic, which at present surround it.

The owner of Murray House, at the time of which we write, was a widower in his sixtieth year. Major Murray, for he had served in the old French war, was emphatically a gentleman of the ancient school. Dignified and formal, yet the soul of courtesy, he belonged to a type, which, in its perfection, has long since passed away. He was proud of his birth; for the Murrays, as every genealogist knows, were once kings of the Isle of Man. He believed, in his secret heart, that few families were as good as his own. In his political opinions he verged to the extreme of what was then called toryism. That the few were born to rule, and the many to serve, was an axiom which he considered indisputable. There was but one article of his creed beside, indeed, which he held with equal tenacity, and that was that the Murrays were foremost among those possessed of this divine right of ruling.

The only other member of his household, with the exception of his son, was an unmarried sister. Gloriana Murray was now an old maid of fifty. We cannot better describe her than by saying she was a feminine type of her brother. The same pride of race, the same contempt for everybody not belonging to the gentry, which marked Major Murray, distinguished her also; only, in her case, these sentiments were softened by the native kindness and sweet charity, which always accompany a true woman.

The remaining member of the family was the son, to whom the reader has been already introduced. We prefer leaving him to speak and act for himself.

Miss Murray, attired with scrupulous care, as became a descendant of kings, was sitting in the wainscoted and carved north parlor, on the day on which our story opens, when her nephew entered, booted and spurred, and heated as if from a rapid ride.

The proprieties of life were so strictly observed, in this aristocratic mansion, that the advent of the young man in this attire betokened something unusual. Accordingly, the lady looked up, with some surprise.

"What has happened, my dear Hector?" she said.

Hector, who had just galloped out from the

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city, and who had sought his aunt immediately, told the news.

"Dear me, dear me!" cried his aunt, wringing her hands, "and so the rebels have really dared to fire on his sacred majesty's troops. How shocking!"

"Shocking, my dear aunt? I think it is glorious. Who'll say now Americans are cowards?"

"Don't let my brother hear you talk so," replied his aunt, dropping her voice to a whisper, and looking cautiously around as if she feared the very walls would betray her nephew. "I have long seen your unaccountable leaning toward rebellion, Hector——"

"It is not rebellion," said Hector. "It is resistance in a holy cause."

Miss Gloriana, who could not have been more shocked, if she had been told that Cromwell was a patriot, and Charles the First not a martyr, lifted up her hands and remained silent.

"Well, we will not argue the matter," said her nephew. "But my mind is made up. I shall offer my sword to the cause of liberty."

"Oh! my dear boy," cried his aunt, "do not go and break all our hearts. When your poor mother died, and I held you, a puny baby, on my knee, I little thought you would live to disgrace us all. No! you shall not speak, you shall hear your poor, old aunt out. I pictured to myself that you would grow up handsome, brave, and tender; and so you have; and till this wicked, wicked rebellion came about, no one could have been better than you have been. I was so proud of you. I hoped, some day, you would fight for your king, and show that the Murrays were as brave as ever. But now it is all over. You will be the first of your race that ever deserted the crown. Oh! my dear, dear boy, don't——"

She could say no more, but, at these words, broke down in a flood of tears.

If anything could have moved Hector from his purpose, it would have been the distress of his aunt. He endeavored to soothe her with fond little caresses, smoothing down her hair and kissing her forehead.

"Listen to me calmly, aunt," he said. "You yourself have always told me to do right whatever may come."

"But, but," sobbed the poor creature, "this is not right."

"But I think it right. And every one's conscience, dear aunt, must be his, or her guide. Never did a people fight in juster quarrel than the Americans. They only ask to be represented, or else not taxed: in other words, to have a voice in governing themselves. If, then, they are outvoted, they will submit. Representation, we are told, is the birthright of every Englishman; and surely, in coming to America, we did not surrender that right."

"But these people, most of them, are common work-people, peasants, mechanics, servants, who do not know, half as well as the king does, what is good for them."

A smile rose to Hector's lips, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion.

"My dear aunt," he said, "you forget we are living in the eighteenth century, and not in the fourteenth. The day for the few to govern, by pretended divine right, is gone; and whatever else may happen, it will never return."

"Oh! my poor, misguided Hector, this is sheer infidelity. What says the Bible? 'Honor the king.' Atheism and rebellion are one."

"The Bible, as I read it, aunt, is fervid, from first to last, with the great truth of the brotherhood of man. It teaches continually that all are created equal. It is a slander on Christianity to represent it as saying that some men are born booted and spurred to ride others. What is the foundation-stone of the Gospel, but doing unto others as you would be done unto?"

His aunt made no reply. She was not competent, she knew, to argue with her nephew. She could not show how he was wrong; but that he was wrong she never doubted. Suddenly she thought of another method of attack.

"Have you considered Helen?" she said. "She will never be yours, if you join the rebels."

A sudden spasm passed over the young man's face. His aunt saw it, and thought she had reached a vulnerable point.

"I know your secret," she said, "as you see. Helen is a dear, good girl, and worthy of you, Hector, as far as any one can be. Her ancestors fought by the sides of yours as far back as the Crusades. But she will never, never marry a rebel. And her father would disown her, if she did."

Hector answered, after awhile, in a constrained voice, which he vainly thought emotionless.

"I have never breathed a word of love to Helen. I should think it wrong to do so, without first having sought her father. That is, I mean, even if I loved her."

"Oh! my dear boy, you need not try to deceive me. I have seen you and Helen too often together not to read your mutual secret."

What was it made the blood rush to Hector's cheek? Why did his heart give a sudden bound

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of joy? Because, like all young and sincere lovers, he was a humble one, and though he hoped, now and then, that Helen was not indifferent to him, he had never yet dared to believe so entirely. It was these words of his aunt which gave him the first, assured consciousness of the fact; for he well knew that the good lady, however weak she was in her logic, was a keen observer in all things, but especially in affairs of the heart.

"And—you think—Helen is not—indifferent to me?" he stammered, forgetting that, but a minute before, he had implied that he was quite careless whether she liked him, or not.

"Then you will not join the rebels?" exclaimed his aunt, joyfully, making a wide leap to her conclusion. For she reasoned to herself, "Poor boy! he has thought she did not love him, and, in his despair, has resolved to be a soldier." So she added aloud, and wiping the tears from her eyes, "I ought not to betray the secrets of my sex. But if ever you get Judge Erskine's consent, I will assure you of Helen's."

The face of Hector was crimson as he said,

"Has Helen ever told you so?"

His aunt pushed him from her, with playful suddenness.

"How little you men know of us women!" she said. "Helen would die before she would tell any one, one of your family especially, that she was in love with you."

Hector's face, at once, lost all its joyousness. In his ignorance of the sex, he had, for the moment, pictured to himself the blushing girl coming to his aunt, and, while hiding her face on the good lady's shoulder, confessing how she loved the nephew. He felt now what a fool he had been.

"Well, but aunt," at last he managed to say, "how do you know it? Are you sure?"

"I have a great mind not to satisfy you. You do not deserve I should. How do I know it? When a girl starts at hearing an approaching step; when she blushes if a certain somebody enters; when she wears ribbons of the color that same somebody has admired; when she is uncertain in her manner, now all smiles, and then full of pretty petulance: when all these things happen; then, I say, the poor girl is in love, or would be, if her father was willing, and the gentleman had the courage to ask."

Hector's heart was in his throat as he said,

"And do you mean to say that Helen, God bless her! acts in this way when——"

His aunt put her hand playfully upon his mouth.

"I will say nothing," she replied. "You men are all alike conceited. I have said too much, if you persist in this mad scheme," she added, solemnly, laying her hand on his arm, and looking imploringly into his eyes. "But give it up, my dear boy, give it up. Judge Erskine, you know, from his office, if from no other cause, would never consent that Helen should marry a rebel. Suppose you are opposed to the king's policy. There are thousands equally so, who yet do not consider it their duty to take up arms against him. You are the last scion of our branch of the Murrays. Do not send your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, do not break all our hearts, Helen's among them."

Hector would have answered, but, at that moment, a bell sounded, and, as it ceased, steps were heard in the hall.

"Go," cried his aunt, terror and alarm on her countenance, and she pushed him through a door into the back parlor, "that is the dressing bell and those are your father's steps. I would not have you to meet brother now for the world. Don't anger him at dinner. Avoid talking of this dreadful affair at Lexington till the excitement is over. Go over to Judge Erskine's, to-night, and tell him you love Helen. And God in heaven bless you, my dear, dear boy!"

She had followed him into the room, as she spoke, closing the door behind her, and now, hearing her brother's step in the apartment she had left, she thrust Hector into the hall, and hurried back to meet his father.

III. FATHER AND SON.

A TUMULT of emotions agitated Hector at parting with his aunt. Up to the last few minutes he had not hesitated as to what he should do. His enthusiastic nature, long interested in what he felt was the holiest of causes, had been fired by the news from Lexington; and he had ridden home, part of the way on a gallop, fully resolved to announce his intention of joining the patriots, braving even his father's anger if necessary. But in all this he had quite forgotten Helen. It was not till his aunt had alluded to the subject, that he began to consider how it would affect his relations with her.

For the first time in his life he stood face to face with a great temptation. Even that morning, the temptation would have been less, for he was then comparatively in doubt as to the state of Helen's affections. The words of his aunt, however, had assured him upon that point. It is impossible to describe the rapturous happiness which followed this conviction.

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At first he thought of nothing but this newly discovered bliss. In his heart he called Helen by a thousand endearing appellations. Oh! if he could do some great deed worthy of her. It was a first love, and those who have experienced a first love, know how, for the time, it lifts us above earth, filling the soul with divine raptures.

But soon he began to think of his aunt's prediction, that, if he joined the patriots, Helen would cast him off. He had too much faith, however, in her nobleness to believe this. Yet he could not conceal from himself that her father would never give his consent to her marrying a patriot. Must he then abandon her just as he had discovered she might be won? If he had already asked for a commission in the army, his honor, indeed, would have compelled him to go on; and then Helen would have been lost to him forever. But he had, as yet, made no public declaration of his intentions. It is true, he had been, for months, drilling a company, in secret; but this did not necessarily commit him.

Then he thought of his father. What his aunt had said was true: his joining the patriots would almost break that father's heart. In the near prospect of a breach with his only remaining parent, his duty to his country, and to those eternal principles of right which he believed to be involved in the approaching struggle, did not seem to him as imperative as it had seemed before.

The dinner-table at Murray House was an index of the social refinement of the inhabitants. There was no ostentation about it, yet everything was elegant, even luxurious. The damask cloth was of the heaviest pattern and white as driven snow. Cut glass and silver sparkled everywhere. Two colored men attended as waiters, one a white-haired butler, who remembered when Hector was born. The noiseless manner in which they moved about, the assiduity with which they changed the plates, and the apparently intuitive knowledge with which the butler filled his master's glass with the particular wine needed, were proofs, not only of perfect and long continued discipline, but also of the thorough social culture of the inhabitants of Murray House.

At first sight father and son would have been thought strikingly alike. But a second glance revealed radical differences in their appearance. Both had that large, massive jaw, which is invariably allied with firmness. Both had fine eyes. But the brows of the son had a broader sweep than those of the father, recalling the majestic curve seen in antique statues of the gods. The forehead of the father was narrow, that of the son square and compact. Both had the dilated nostril, which, in man as in the race-horse, is said to be the mark of high courage. Behind the elaborate courtesy, which was the distinguishing sign of Major Murray's manner, lurked, it was evident, an inflexible decision and an iron will. It was evident that the son was of a character equally determined. But the grand breadth of the latter's head was an assurance that his opinions would be less apt than his father's to be narrow and prejudiced.

"What is this news your aunt tells me?" said Major Murray, as he brushed a particle of snuff carefully from his ruffles and prepared to spread his napkin before him. "She says you have been in town, to-day, and that there is word of a battle."

Hector understood, from this, that his aunt, in her anxiety to ward off a collision between him and his father, had been preparing the latter, by rehearsing the intelligence of the day. Thanking her in his heart, he said, addressing his parent,

"There was a conflict, sir: it can scarcely be called a battle."

"Let me hear all you know," said his father, taking the plate of soup, which the old servant presented with his best bow. "Perhaps your aunt overlooked something."

Hector, accordingly, gave a narrative of the facts which, as we have seen, had come to his knowledge. They were, in the main, accurate. Even in our day, the first report of a battle is not invariably correct, in all its details; and at the period of which we write, the exaggeration was often greater.

Major Murray listened with comparative composure. His florid face flushed, indeed, to a deeper red, making the contrast between it and his powdered hair even more striking. He ate his soup with greater rapidity than usual. He refused the tender of an additional bit of bread with an irritable shake of the head, instead of with his ordinary bland, "No, thank you, John." But these things, though proofs to his sister's observant eye that her brother was greatly agitated, in spite of his efforts to appear the contrary, would have passed unnoticed, probably, by a stranger. Nor was Hector deceived. He saw the signs of the coming storm. Hardly had he finished, when the tempest broke.

"And is that all?" said Major Murray, pushing his plate away. "It seems to me, sir, that you tell the tale with a wonderful composure.

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Have you no loyalty, that will fire up, when your king is thus basely assailed?"

"I have endeavored to tell the facts exactly as I heard them," was the evasive reply of Hector, who had caught a pleading look from his aunt. "It does not become me to give an opinion."

"Well, well," replied the father, who also had caught a glance from his sister, and who understood her to beg him not to discuss the matter before the servants. "We will hear more, to-morrow, of the affair. But never was a right royal king more foully and traitorously done by. John," he added, impatiently, turning to the butler, "where is your sherry? You are a long time, it seems to me, about it."

"Here, sir, here," cried the negro, terrified at this unusual irritability, hastening to fill his master's glass.

The major, instead of sipping at his wine, as was his practice, tossed off the glass at a bumper, which caused the butler, on the first occasion, to tell them in the kitchen, "Better look sharp, mind I tell yer; for mas'r in a dreffful way 'bout dis fight at Lexington."

The dinner passed in comparative silence after this. The servants moved about more noiselessly than ever. Miss Murray regarded her brother and nephew uneasily, and was glad when the dessert was put upon the table. Preparatory to this, the major, breaking a long and moody silence, had said to the butler,

"Bring me a bottle of the Madeira of '45; the same we drank when we heard of the Pretender's defeat."

This, the choicest wine in the cellar, having been put upon the table, Miss Murray, as was her custom at this stage of the entertainment, rose to go. But her brother waived her back to her chair.

"One moment, if you please, sister," he said. "Before you leave, I wish you to join Hector and me in a toast."

The poor creature took her seat, but looked imploringly at her nephew; for she foreboded what was coming.

"This is a wine which I keep sacred, as you both know," resumed the major, turning his eyes meaningly on his son. "I reserve it for the birth-day of his majesty, and for other rare occasions. In no wine less delicate and choice can I drink, what I now propose, confusion to the rebels."

Miss Murray filled her glass, but with a trembling hand. Hector, carefully averting his eyes from her, set the bottle down by his side.

"You do not fill your glass," said the father, in a cold, stern voice, but without any apparent surprise.

"Excuse me, sir, if you please."

For a moment, father and son regarded each other in silence. At last Hector respectfully lowered his eyes. But the father saw the action was not fear: it was only deference.

Major Murray drew a long breath.

"Do you mean," he said, leaning slightly forward, and speaking with terrible slowness and distinctness, so that his sister felt every word as a dagger pricking her most sensitive nerves, "do you mean that you refuse the toast?"

The young man, thus appealed to, had no resource. He raised his eyes bravely and confronted his father again. He now began to realize, for the first time, the gulf which his patriotism would open between them. He had always expected that his joining the colonists would lead to a difference with his parent; but he had flattered himself that his father's sense of justice would finally plead for him. Now, however, as by a flash of lightning, he saw that the breach would be irreparable. It needed no words to predict this. It was written in every lineament of that flushed, yet rigid countenance, even in the very immobility with which the wine-glass was clenched. The young man's face was deadly pale. But he answered firmly,

"Father, I cannot drink the toast, for I think the people right."

"The people right!" almost shricked the major, starting from his chair, which he pushed violently back. And then he stopped, as if choked for utterance.

"Oh! brother, brother," cried Miss Murray, flying to his side, and throwing her arms around him, for she feared he was about to strike his son. "Oh! brother," she said, imploringly.

The major looked down upon her. He seemed like one awakening from a dream. Gently unwinding her arms from about him, he led her, courteously, to the door.

"Excuse my violence," he said, with the high-toned breeding of his day, "I forgot there was a lady in the room."

"But, brother," said his sister, lingering at the door, "may not Hector come too?"

A frown darkened the father's brow.

"Sister," he said, "understand, for the first and last time, that there is to be no interference between me and my son. I have long had a suspicion of this, and Hector and I must now come to an understanding. Your presence could do no good."

His look and tone were even more inexorable

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than his words. Miss Murray reluctantly left the room, casting a last, imploring glance on Hector. With an elaborate bow her brother closed the door behind her.

Hector had risen when his aunt rose. He remained standing even after his father had resumed his chair, thinking this, under the circumstances, the most respectful attitude. Major Murray noticed it impatiently.

"Sit down, sir," he said, sternly.

The son still hesitated.

"Sit down, I say," repeated the father, his voice quivering with passion: and Hector, thinking it most dutiful to obey, resumed his place at at the table.

"There is your glass," said his parent. "Fill it, at once, or," and he swore a terrible oath, "you go from these doors to-night, and never enter them again."

Rarely had Hector heard his father swear. Not even his military life had taught Major Murray to indulge in what was then too common a vice even with well-bred gentlemen. This oath, if anything else had been wanting, would have convinced Hector of the profound depths to which his parent was moved.

"Father," said the young man, in a deprecating voice, but never, for an instant, blanching from his high resolve, even in thought, "ask me to do anything but this. In every duty, but my duty to God, I will obey you."

The veins on the sire's temples swelled almost to bursting. He started back as if he heard the hiss of an adder, and the thin stem of the wine-glass he held shivered to pieces in his grasp.

"What," he cried, "blaspheming to my face! Do you dare call rebellion religion? Out of my sight, traitor. False to your race, your king, your God——" He stopped, choked for words.

It is difficult, perhaps, in these times, to realize the pitch of horror, to which this refusal of his son, and the consequent revelation of that son's long suspected disloyalty, had worked up Major Murray. We must transport ourselves back into that age, when the doctrine of the divine right of kings was not yet entirely exploded; we must recall the father's antecedents; we must remember how, in all revolutionary eras, human passions acquire a volcanic heat; we must do all this, and, in addition, bear in mind the inflexible will of the father, now for the first time openly thwarted by his son, and thwarted in so dear a point, before we can understand his emotion.

The son's cheek flushed as redly as his parent's: then paled to a livid white. But his eye did not quail, nor did a muscle of his mouth quiver. He regarded his father, more in pity than in anger, for a moment, and then quietly rose to go.

He had nearly reached the door, when a last thought seemed to strike him, and, coming back, he put his hand on the table, regarded his father for a moment, and then said,

"Father, it is useless for us, I suppose, to talk on this question. You think your loyalty lies in one direction. I see my duty clearly in another. But why should we not part in peace? If you say so, I will never claim to be your son, I will never ask even to see you," and here, for an instant, his voice almost broke down.

"Have you done?" said his parent.

The words were cold and cruel as the steel that is plunged into your heart.

The son bowed and turned away. He felt he might as well attempt to move the Sphinx as that hard, inflexible face before him.

It was in this way that Hector went forth from his father's house.

"Sister, I have no son," said the major, that night, "let us never talk of him again."

And no more was said upon the subject at Murray House.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY GRAVE.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

SWEET friend, oh! rear no costly stone
O'er the spot where my form is laid;
Nor plant your flowers, nor bring your sighs,
Nor give it the cypress' shade.

I do not wish for a snowy slab
To challenge the passing eye,
Or that cypress leaves should cast their gloom
On the glad hearts hurrying by.

The soul will not care for the pomp of grief
You hold o'er its cast-off clay,
While its freed wings circle up to the light
And the life of an endless day.

So let me lie in the forest's shade,
Where only the birds and the breeze,
And one tender memory shall know
Of the grave that is under the trees.

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THE LOCKED CHAMBER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

CHAPTER I.

One of the most curious cases I remember, when I practiced law in Virginia, was that of the Champernouns. The story is not long. In 1824, I was down in L—— county, with Judge C——, at the Court of Appeals. Court adjourned the first week in October, but heavy rains made it impossible to return to Richmond, so that we were detained for about ten days in the village. Champagne and dinner parties among the neighboring planters eased the days off pleasantly enough; but still I was terribly impatient at the delay; for I knew my home business was suffering.

One rainy evening, I had finished supper, and drawn up my chair to the fire of my inn chamber, preparing for a cozy evening of solitary enjoyment, when a note in a yellow envelope caught my eye on the mantle-shelf.

"Dear Page," so it ran, "I want you this evening at seven. A little matter of business strictly private. I don't like the responsibility of managing it alone. I'll call for you. We must go a mile or two in the country. Sharp seven, remember. Yours, Storrs."

Storrs was one of the leading advocates of the county, a bluff, hard-drinking fellow of rough outside, but good heart. I looked at my watch: it was near seven; then rang for my boots.

I had hardly drawn them on when Storrs was announced. He soon told his business: it was to go and see a Gen. Champernoun.

"Champernoun?" I said. "The name is odd; smacks of the time of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Bess."

"Exactly. You've hit the weak point of the family," replied Storrs. "Blood! They go back through Sir Walter to the Emperors of Byzant—the Lord knows where!"

"But what's the matter?"

"Why, a case of larceny. Not very large: two thousand dollars. But," his face curiously altered, "the thief can't be found."

"It seems to me," I answered, "that is a case for the police, not for us."

"Well, no," he said, gravely. "The truth is, Page, I was called in privately—as a friend, you understand? I want you along because—well, it's a queer affair, and I don't see how it's going to turn out. If it touches the honor of any of the family, these Champernouns have blood like fire, and——"

"I knew a Champernoun," I said, finding he stopped, "at the law-school in Alexandria—Hugh."

"Yes, the general's brother. He never was of much account, threw half his fortune on to the card-table, and the other half into the champagne glass, and then ended by blowing out his brains one Sunday morning. The general—this one that we are going to see—adopted his son Rolfe, raised him with Ruth as if he were his own child. I always thought it would be a match, those two. Hinted as much to the general, one day last spring, and he looked as balmy as a May morning about it."

"Is Ruth his daughter?" I asked, seeing that the subject interested him.

"Yes, an only child. She'll be the richest heiress in the Piedmont counties, some day. But there's the deuce to pay out there lately."

"How—this larceny?"

"No, no. That only happened the other day. Rolfe—he's a queer, quiet chap; like his mother's family, obstinate, sullen. His mother was a Parr. Rolfe came to me last June, and began to read law in my office without his uncle's knowledge. I saw there was something wrong; but the Champernouns keep their minds to themselves, so I said nothing. I had the few hundreds his father left in my hands. About a month ago he drew it and announced his intention of going to Kentucky to shift for himself. Every one thought the general intended to make him co-heir with Ruth. But there's a screw loose somewhere. The old gentleman spoke to me of Rolfe's going, called it a young man's whim; but I saw he was cut to the quick by it. He's a tender-hearted old fellow. Rolfe is going soon, I believe in disgrace of some kind; for he has lodged in the village for the last week, and told me he depended on his uncle for no pecuniary aid. He goes out to the hall every day, however. It is time we were off, though," glancing at his watch.

Champernoun Hall lay about four miles out

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in the country, but we were nearly two hours reaching it, so intolerable was the condition of the roads. The mud and rain plashed heavily upon the windows of the carriage until we drove up the long avenue leading through the negro quarters to the house. Lights were glancing in the low huts, and here and there a black face peered curiously out from a half-open door. The hall itself was a large, massive building with an unmistakable air of age and opulence. The entrance hall was well lighted, high and vaulted; the drawing-room, into which we were ushered, was furnished with a luxury and refinement of taste unusual in Virginia country-seats. Gen. Champernoun was reading aloud to his daughter when we entered. He was a tall man, with a certain antique, stately grace, the face of a courtier, classical, fair, winning: cold, keen blue eyes, and a mobile mouth. No allusion was made to the cause of our visit. Politics, the cases in court, the Waverley novels, just then appearing, were discussed in turn for an hour, with a quiet, genial brilliancy of mind and manner that fascinated me. Gen. Champernoun's wit, I noticed, never lapsed into humor; it was too subtle, too womanish in its refinement. His daughter, a pretty, rosy girl of sixteen, sat by the fire. A young man passed through the room whom the general presented as "my adopted son, Rolfe Champernoun." Even at the momentary glance I was struck by the difference between the uncle and nephew: the younger being short and squarely-built, dark to swarthiness, walking with a slow, resolute tread. A man of iron will and purpose!

After he had gone out, Storrs alluded to the object of our visit. A shade of annoyance passed over the general's face. I easily understood how, to a man of his peculiar stamp, the details of this affair must be grating. He hastened, however, to place the incidents before us. Very clearly, too, it was done, with a business-like precision that somehow affected me oddly, as being incongruous with his general manner. It was but a trifling case in itself, yet an indefinable impression was made on my mind that some grave secret lay underneath, which Storrs and Gen. Champernoun both suspected and shrank back from. The facts were briefly these: Some two weeks before, Gen. Champernoun had received six thousand dollars from his agent in Norfolk. "With this money," he said, "I paid some debts in the village on last Saturday, but, night overtaking me, I returned before my business was finished; I placed the remaining funds in a pocket-book, and threw it carelessly into a drawer of an Indian cabinet in my library. Day before yesterday my daughter was looking in the cabinet, and at my request counted the money. I am careless about business matters, and had doubted if it were right. She replaced it in the cabinet, and gave me the key. In the evening, designing to use it, I opened the cabinet, but the money was gone. Nothing else was touched. I consulted you, gentlemen, because I feared to implicate some of my servants by calling in the police. My people have grown old with me—I cannot throw suspicion on them."

"Miss Champernoun," said Storrs, "did you notice the denomination of the money?"

The young lady colored, a good deal frightened by the solemnity of the tribunal. "There were six hundred in notes," she said, timidly, "the rest was in paper checks."

"Drafts," said her father, smiling, correcting her.

"Drafts on whom?" I inquired, watching how prettily the color came and faded on her cheeks.

"George Nolan, sir, of Alexandria."

I saw Storrs give a slight start. "Was there any one in the library," he asked, "when you counted the notes?"

"Only old Lemuel, the butler. He brought in the mail. But uncle Lem would no more take it than I would, Mr. Storrs," she said, her face flushing indignantly.

"No," Storrs replied, tapping the table with his pencil. "No one else?"

"Nobody but papa and Rolfe. I was getting a meerschaum for Rolfe, when papa asked me to count the notes. Here he is, perhaps he noticed them better than I did. Yet no, he could not, for he went out before I had counted them."

The young man entered as she spoke, and stood leaning against the window, carelessly watching the falling rain without.

"Who was in the library during the day?" inquired Storrs.

"No one. That is the mystery," rejoined Gen. Champernoun. "I was there alone the entire day writing, except while dining."

"Are there duplicate keys to the cabinet?"

"My daughter has one."

"I gave it to Rolfe long ago, papa."

"My son," said the general, "have you a key like mine?"

The young man turned with an abstracted look.

"On your watch-guard, Rolfe," said his cousin. "I saw it there last night."

"It is not there now," he said, carelessly; "you were mistaken, probably," resuming his outlook from the window.

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"The only time the money could have been taken then, general, if I understand aright, was while you were dining?" asked Storrs.

"The only time."

"Was your butler, Lemuel," he asked, with a deprecating glance at the young lady, "in the dining room?"

"Behind my chair," she said, quickly, "uncle Lemuel always waits on me."

Storrs paused, baffled. "May I inquire who dined with you that day?"

"We were alone, Ruth and I. Even Rolfe was out, gunning in the park."

Hitherto I had paid but little attention to the queries, but a sudden change in Storrs' manner startled me. His red face grew actually pale, he put his hand in his pocket, drew it hastily out, rose, walked uncertainly to the window, then suddenly drawing out a paper, almost flung it down on the table.

"Is that one of the lost drafts?" he demanded.

Gen. Champernoun bent eagerly over it, then said, "Look, Ruth, your eyes are clearer than mine."

The young lady took up the paper. "The name is the same," she said, hesitatingly.

"It *is* one," said her father. "I see now. Where did you——"

Storrs interrupted him. "I should like to see this cabinet, general."

Gen. Champernoun bowed, and ushered us from the room. Crossing the hall, we entered the library, a high, octagon room, wainscoted with oak in the old fashion, and lined with books. One or two landscapes were on the walls.

"There it is," said Gen. Champernoun, pointing to an inlaid Indian cabinet, and handing Storrs the key.

Storrs did not take it, but stood nervously drumming on the mantle-shelf with his fingers. "You asked me—sit down, general. For God's sake don't be worried. Boys will be boys, you know." Storrs' voice, never very clear, grew thick and husky beyond comprehension.

"I do not understand," said Gen. Champernoun, gravely.

"No?" Storrs grew desperate. There was a dead silence, the stately old man looking in perplexity from one to the other. I, equally mystified, looked at Storrs.

At last the latter broke out. "This draft, my nephew recovered it yesterday evening."

"From whom? Go on, Mr. Storrs," said the general, as impatiently as his politeness would permit.

"This note accompanied it," evaded Storrs. "Read it, Page, will you?"

I took the note.

"Dear Ned—This makes us all right. The draft is on Nolan, good as specie. I start on Thursday. Yours in haste,

Rolfe Champernoun."

I looked up after a moment's pause. Storrs had said the blood of the Champernouns was fire. I believed it now. The face of the old man before me was pale with the white heat of passion.

"Do you know," he said, calmly, "whom you accuse? A Champernoun! And of theft."

Storrs grew cooler now. "I know. God knows, general, you dragged me into it, or I would have cut off my arm sooner than give you this pain. But the proof is damning. Think. Rolfe is leaving you in disgrace—without money."

"I know," groaned the old man. "I refused it, hoping the sooner to bring him back."

"Without money," Storrs resumed. "Only he saw the money in the cabinet; only he had a key; only he was absent from dinner. Whether," he hesitated here. "Whether his past conduct, the reason for his leaving you, will give any clue to determine his guilt, you only know."

This last sentence touched Gen. Champernoun to the quick. He drew his breath suddenly, as if some secret wound had been struck, but did not speak.

"Look at the note," said Storrs, gently. "Is it Rolfe's writing?"

He took the paper, his hand shaking violently. There was a long silence; then I heard a low groan and a sharp cry, "Oh! my son, my son!"

I did not look around, for I had stepped to the window, but I knew that the old man had sunk down helplessly, and that Storrs had gone to him.

It was a wretched half-hour that passed then, even for me, whose chief feeling was annoyance at having been dragged into the affair, a stranger whose presence was an additional humiliation. I went out into the hall and paced up and down, wishing Storrs had been anywhere, before he had brought me here, to witness the shame that had fallen on this proud old man.

At last Storrs called me back into the library. Gen. Champernoun was standing by the fire. He had regained his proud composure, though his hand still shook unsteadily, despite all his effort. He bowed, thanked me with his usual stately courtesy for coming out on a night so unpleasant, paused, and then went on hurriedly, "You are an honorable man. I read it in your face. You will keep this secret?"

"I will keep it," I said, answering more the

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the wild look of entreaty in his eye than his words.

He grasped my hand without speaking. Then sat down as if tired. "Now," he said, glancing at Storrs, "tell Rolfe. But do not let him come here. I never will see his face again. And Ruth, tell her I cannot."

Storrs left the room. I did not speak again, feeling that commonplace sympathy would be an insult. He sat by the lamp, shading his eyes with his hand. For a long time there was a silence in the house. Then I heard a firm, slow step coming down the hall, the door opened, and Rolfe Champernoun entered. Was that the face of a guilty man? I thought not. White, rigid, but with a curious, defiant look which I did not comprehend, but which did not look like guilt. He went up to his uncle, placed his hand on his shoulder, and forced him to look up. It was more the act of an accuser than a crinimal.

The old man looked pitifully in his face. "God forgive you, Rolfe," he said, "I did not wish to see you again."

Still the same unblanching scrutiny; then the young man turned away with a muttered, "Impossible." He paced the floor without speaking, apparently unconscious of our presence.

"Rolfe!" The old man's tone was almost imploring, but he did not seem to hear it. "Rolfe!" It grew sterner, and young Champernoun stopped and looked at him; and still with the curious gleam in his eye.

Something in his face touched me; hardly knowing what I did, I caught his arm. "For God's sake prove yourself innocent!" I exclaimed, "for I believe you are."

"I cannot," he said, in the same abstracted way. "I never sent the note."

"Go, Rolfe," said his uncle, "this can never be forgotten. I forgave all that went before."

The young man's face grew paler than ever, but still he did not speak. The dull, stunned look puzzled me.

The door opened hastily, Ruth entered. "My child, this is no place for you!" exclaimed her father, starting forward.

I could hardly believe this was the shy, blushing girl I had seen an hour before. She went up quietly to her cousin, and, putting her hand on his arm, looked in his face. A strange look of pain and terror was on hers, rosy and dimpled as it was. The same old story!

"Rolfe," she said, trying to smile, "you did not think *I* believed it, did you?"

He put his hand on her head smoothing her hair. "Little Ruth," he said, as if she had been a child.

Gen. Champernoun's face flushed with passion. "Leave him," he said, going to her. "Would you persist in the mad frenzy? Never shall a Champernoun wed a felon!"

Rolfe laughed. "Let us have no tragedy," he said, coldly. "I am but a poor actor in a domestic drama, as you know. I will come again," he said, looking down at the little girl clinging to his arm, as if she alone were present, "when I can prove my innocence. Not until then. Then you will be my wife. Will you wait for me, Ruth?"

"I will wait for you," she said, quietly.

Very quietly, almost coldly, they had both spoken, yet I felt as if a solemn vow was registered in heaven, which no years of agony should force them to break.

"Ruth!" She turned at her father's sharp summons, but did not move.

Rolfe stooped and kissed her. "Good-by," he said, "I will come, Ruth. Not for years, perhaps. But I will come."

Oh! this curious thing, a woman's heart. A misfortune—a suspicion of crime had fallen on his head, and out of the timid child rose a calm, heroic woman. She stood, her hands folded as he had clasped them, watching him as he left the room, and went down the hall. Then she went to her father.

It was near midnight, and Storrs and I, glad of the lateness of the hour as an excuse to escape, left them with hurried and constrained adieus.

CHAPTER II.

It was long before the tired horses dragged us up to the inn door. The fog was growing murkier every hour, the rain more impetuous.

"We will keep you with us a few days longer, Mr. Page," said the landlord, as I entered the bar-room. "The freshet has washed away the F—— bridge, and the road to Richmond is impassable; worse than ever."

"I say, Page," called Storrs, thrusting his head out of the carriage window, and interrupting my growl, "I say! Why not go down with me to Princess Anne county to-morrow, and take the depositions in the Nye case? It will save you a trip in the winter."

The idea was a good one. I consented, and did accordingly go down to Princess Anne in the morning, though sudden business prevented Storrs from accompanying me. I was absent three days. When I returned, I found I would be able to start for home in another day.

That evening I was invited to a dinner party at Dr. Ambler's, an old chum of mine, whose

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plantation lay some three or four miles from the village. I was also to spend the night there. I was late going out; they were entering the dining-room when I arrived. Glancing round, I saw Storrs' ruddy face among the rest, and, making my way over, secured a place beside him at the table.

"I want to ask you about that money affair," I said, when the rattling of knives and forks had well begun.

"Yes," he said, uneasily. "Well, I've been out with the general a good deal. He's going fast, Page."

"Ill?"

"Yes. He was badly shaken all winter. I noticed it all along, but now he has fairly taken to his bed. His mind seems touched, I think."

"And the young man—what has he done?"

"Everything that could be done, I suppose," he said, drily.

I glanced at him. "*I* think him innocent," I put out at a venture.

"Then I don't!" he broke out, bringing down his glass with a crash. "No, the boy's guilty. His conduct since forces it on me. Why, Page, how would an innocent man have acted in such a case? How would I? Stormed, raged, torn the whole matter up by the roots, upturned earth itself but I would have dragged out the truth."

I laughed. "Yes, I can imagine. But the boy showed no lack of feeling that night. Oddly, I confess, but he is no ordinary man."

"Bah! I don't like your white heats. Besides, look at him after that. He has tried to clear the matter up—but how? With a dull, dogged despair, as if conscious it was needless, only trying because he thought I would expect it of him. No. I've no faith in him. Never liked the Parrs. Thank God, for the old man's sake, the secret is safe with you and me. I gather, too, from words dropped by the general, that this is not the first offence. Only the crisis."

"And the young lady?"

"She seems absorbed with distress about her father since he grew worse, waits on him night and day."

"*She* has faith in Rolfe," I said.

"Yes." He hesitated. "But she has her father's pride in due proportion. The other day I was there, and alluded gently enough to Rolfe's efforts to find out the truth. The old man winced at the name. 'God grant he may succeed,' he said. Then, after a short silence, his voice trembled a little as he said, 'My little girl thinks it all right, I know,' patting her on the head. 'But she has promised me, Storrs, never to marry the boy until he proves his innocence. You have promised, Ruth?' She said very low, 'Yes, I have promised. I never will. I am a Champernoun!' You ought to have seen how the little thing's face flushed, and her nostrils dilated when she said that! A Champernoun! Very comic that seems to us, but it is one of the most tremendous realities in life to them. After she went out, he said, 'It was a bitter disappointment; he had hoped to see Ruth Rolfe Champernoun's wife before he died,' but broke down there, so I hurried to change the subject. There is a young fellow out at the Hall, Starke Forster, a son of the old doctor's, from Loudon, you know? He has been there all summer, off and on. Has a fancy for Ruth, I think. By-the-way, Page, here is a letter from the general to you. He asked me to give it to you. Thanks, I suppose. He is very grateful."

I slipped the letter in my pocket, and when the party retired from the table, went into the library to read it. It was curiously enough written, in a stiff, formal hand, abounding in stately three-syllabled adjectives. He thanked me for the kindness shown him, regretted its occasion in a few bitter, poignant words; then "reposed upon his trust in my honorable name and character to preserve his secret." After this came the pith. He requested me "to find the unfortunate boy, (whose face he never would look upon again,) and inform him that an appointment had been secured for him as *attache* in the Spanish Legation about to sail for Madrid." He urged me to press this offer on Rolfe's acceptance as his only chance of aid from his family. Then—"with profoundest gratitude and considerations of highest respect, he was," etc.

Well, more delay. It might be days now before I could start home. No matter. The old man's request must be gratified. But why was it made to me and not to Storrs, an old and valued friend of the family? And where, I thought, impatiently, as I returned to the drawing-room, was I to begin to look for young Champernoun?

Chance favored me that night, however. An hour after, I had just finished a game of chess, when a servant touched my arm.

"Gentl'man, Mars' Page, to see you. Private business, he say."

"To see me? Who is it, uncle?"

"Tink it young marster from Champernoun Hall, sah."

"Oh! Take him to my room."

In a moment I disengaged myself and went to my chamber, thanking my luck for driving

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the very man I wanted to see in my way. Young Champernoun was standing, cap in hand, as if his business was hasty. Despite his extreme youth, and the crime with which he was charged, something in the pale self-reliance of the man commanded my respect.

"You are welcome," I said, extending my hand. "Your walk has been long and cold, I am afraid."

He bowed quietly, disregarding the outstretched hand. I liked that. Whether it was conscious guilt or sturdy pride, it was honest. I handed him a chair, and began the usual commonplace opening about the weather, etc. He replied briefly with an abstracted air. When I paused, he said frankly,

"My visit, Mr. Page, as you may guess, is not one of ceremony. Business entirely. I am forced to be in haste. I leave this part of the country to-night."

"Then," I replied, "it is most fortunate that you came." I saw his humor to be brief, and fell in with it. "This letter will explain itself. It is a message entrusted to me from your uncle. I am glad you came to-night."

He took the letter to the lamp and read it twice carefully. There was the same curious expression on his face as that which I had noticed the night at the hall—of mixed pain, doubt, and, above all, keen, eager scrutiny. When he had finished, he handed it carelessly back.

"You accept the appointment?" I said.

"Most assuredly not. I decline it."

"What reason shall I give Gen. Champernoun for your refusal?"

"None. He will understand it."

"Mr. Champernoun," I said, "do not be hasty. You are young, unfriended, and——"

He looked up quickly. The kindness of my tone touched him. After all, he was only a boy. His voice shook a little when he spoke. "I know. I am both. But I shall succeed, I am not afraid. You are kind, Mr. Page." There was a pause; then he said, "You will wonder what brought me here to-night. I am going away. Should my innocence ever be proved, I will come back; but never until then. I came to you to ask you if you would let me know if ever the truth comes out."

"Can you do nothing now to clear yourself, Rolfe?" I asked, quickly.

"Nothing. I tried, though but little. I did not expect to succeed in proving myself innocent."

"That note?" I asked, esitating. He colored.

"I never sent it. It was a forgery. Sent through the village post-office, too, and therefore all clue is lost."

I was puzzled. Why did he color?

"You think yourself the victim of a plot? Whom do you suspect then?" I myself thought of the butler, or—— (a sudden thought flashed on me) there was a young man in the neighborhood, a guest now in the house—Forster.

He was silent. "I have spoken of no plot—accuse no one," he said, abruptly. "If the story were public, I might be tempted—God knows what I should do!"

For the first time the rigid self-control of the man gave way. His dark, homely face grew livid, and his forehead was covered with a clammy sweat. I did not break the silence. I was thoroughly baffled.

"No," he said, looking up. "I can do nothing now. I came to you because I knew you had faith in me. Storrs has not. It is not easy to know that even one man thinks you—a thief." He continued hurriedly, interrupting me when I would have spoken, "I know what you would say. One day it will come right, I know. But when it does, will you let me know?"

"I will; I promise you."

"You *do* promise me?" Only to look in his face was to see that he was in deadly earnest. "It may be years before the truth comes out; but if I am an old, gray-headed man, you will let me know? It is a trifling thing to you, Mr. Page; but to me——"

"I promise you."

He wrote an address on a slip of paper and handed it to me. "That will always find me," he said, rising.

"Can I do nothing more for you? Stay and tell me your plans."

His face flushed gratefully. "Nothing more. Nor can I even stay. I must reach C—— before morning——" He hesitated. "I will shake hands with you now."

I held out my hand, hardly able to hide a smile at the boyish *naivete* that shone through the man's sternness. "Good-by."

He grasped it warmly, and so we parted. I followed him down the stairs and went back to the drawing-room.

What trifles are pivots of our lives! If the boy had but stayed with me until morning, two lives of slow, bitter heart-break would have been saved in the world.

It was late when the party broke up. I was fatigued with traveling and thoroughly sleepy; so was glad when the house became quiet and I could go to bed. As I was ready to put out my chamber light, I stepped to the window to look

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out at the night. Suddenly a horse galloped up the avenue, and I heard the bell ring violently. My host was a physician; so, supposing it to be some summons to a patient, I let the window curtain fall and went to bed. There was a sound of eager talking; then steps passing and repassing my door. Presently Storrs, whose chamber adjoined mine, was called. Just as I fell asleep, I heard his voice and Dr. Ambler's outside the door. "Shall I call Page?" said one. "No, not until morning; let him sleep." And I thankfully turned over and went to sleep.

In the morning I was roused by a rough shake.

"Page! Will you never waken?"

Looking up, I saw Storrs' red, jolly face, strangely worn and haggard.

"What's the matter, old boy? Ambler's champagne's been too much for you!"

He did not smile. "Get up, Page. It is a Champernoun—the general——"

"Champernoun again! These Champernouns haunt me! What's the matter now?"

"Dead."

"Dead!" I was awake now. Storrs had turned away. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, dead. You know I told you he was ill. Last night he grew suddenly worse, and sent for Ambler and me. He died, poor fellow! about an hour ago. It's an old, chronic affection of the heart and liver, Ambler says. He has seen this coming on for months."

While I dressed myself, he proceeded to detail the particulars.

"And his daughter?" I asked.

"She is quite alone now. Poor child! God help her!" And Storrs' rough voice choked.

At last he told me that Gen. Champernoun, the day or two before, had made his will, appointing Storrs executor and guardian. That he had given some private instructions to his daughter, and, in consequence of these, she had requested Storrs to detain me until she was able to see me, as I was in some way connected with what her father had said to her. At present she was too ill to explain, from grief and exhaustion. Of course there was no resisting this appeal. I remained. Of young Champernoun I heard nothing. He had left the village an hour after he parted from me, and did not hear of his uncle's death for years.

It was nearly a fortnight before Miss Champernoun was able to leave her room. Then Storrs drove me out. She came down to meet us, poor child! in the drawing-room, where we had found her that night before. She was very white and weak, and looked even more childish in her black clothes. She seemed to have nerved herself for the great effort of going calmly through the interview; spoke with a slow, mechanical quiet, trying to be controlled and womanly; while her little fingers trembled and plucked at one another in such a helpless, pitiful way, that even my voice got unsteady when I looked at her. Yet so strange was the tenor of the whole scene, that I confess, as we drove home, I concluded that the sudden shock had affected her mind, and I fancy Storrs had the same opinion. It was briefly this: She told us that her father, on the night of his death, had given her certain directions, which she meant to obey, however strange they might seem. "That there was one of these which she had a fancy I should see carried into effect. Because," (her voice shook here,) "I had been present on that night, and she thought this arrangement of her father's had some reference to that——" She stopped and sat moodily, thinking, not hearing our reply. "I must do just what he told me," she said, in a frightened way. She rang the bell, and, going before us, led the way to the library.

Storrs and I looked on in silence while she directed several servants in their curious task. First, all the books were removed to another room. Her father's portrait was carried to her own chamber; there were two windows in the apartment, these were closely fastened, nailed down, and the curtains tightly drawn. The Indian cabinet she locked herself. Every ray of light was excluded from the room; she then motioned us out, and following, closed the one door afterward, securing it by an iron padlock, of which she kept the key. The whole proceeding was ludicrous enough, but the girl's death-struck face made it almost solemn. Her guardian smiled. "You have it safe enough there, Ruth, whatever is caged up. When will you let it out?"

She put her hand to her forehead in the same frightened, bewildered way. "Not for many years," she said. "Many years. I shall be dead before then, I think."

As soon as her task was over, we left her.

"What, in heaven's name, does it mean?" I demanded, as we drove down the park.

Storrs was troubled. "I do not know," he said; "it may be to bury the shame of the deed in the chamber where it came to light. God knows what crank was in the old man's head. Perhaps to keep Ruth in mind of her cousin's guilt, by putting a tomb in the house with her. A kind of slow torture."

Some darker suspicions lay behind. It came

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out at last. "There was insanity in the Champernoun family long ago. Well, well, I hope it may all have a good ending."

He did not pursue the subject, nor did I.

CHAPTER III.

I MUST pass over a long interval at one step. Many years elapsed before I was again thrown into contact with the Champernouns, or heard the sequel of their story. For this reason: Immediately on my return to Richmond, I received unexpectedly an appointment abroad. I accepted it, and, finding that it paid better than the law, did not return to the states until my health gave way, and I was compelled to come. I then went to the western part of Virginia, and partially resumed the practice of my profession: only partially; entering my name on the Courts of Appeals, but none other. I had not been forgetful of my promise to the young man. During the first years of my absence I had written frequently to Storrs, to know if any light had been thrown upon the mystery, until he grew impatient at my disbelief of Rolfe's guilt. Of young Champernoun I never heard. Naturally enough my own affairs drove the matter from my remembrance, until it was almost entirely forgotten.

Some fifteen years had passed, and I had given up practice and removed to Philadelphia, to spend the rest of my days in quiet, when, singularly enough, the Champernoun case came up before me again, and I was accidentally a witness to its strange denouement.

In the winter of 18— I went to Baltimore and Washington for amusement. I was getting to be an old man now; out of date quite; needed rubbing up now and then to keep awake and alive. Occasionally I took a jaunt to my old haunts where I had lived a busier life. Standing one morning on the steps, at Baltimore, I met an old friend of mine, Turner, of Alexandria. After we had gossiped for a few moments, he said,

"I am going down to the court-house, to hear this great murder trial. You had better come. Thruston of New York is on the defence."

This Mr. Thruston then ranked high as a profound jurist, and a bold and clear logician. The case itself involved intricate and disputed points of interest to the profession. For this reason we were not surprised to find, when we reached the court-room, that a large proportion of the audience were lawyers from the neighboring cities.

"Thruston has been up for an hour," whispered a mutual friend, as we got, at last, a seat. The day was dull and dingy, so that I could but imperfectly see the speaker. He was a tall man, heavily built, apparently past the prime of life, or else prematurely old, the lines on his face being deeply cut, and the hair iron-gray. Something in his quiet, commanding gestures; his dark face, cold and impenetrable as the Sphinx; the intolerable keenness of his eye, impressed me with the conviction that he was a man of hard and great experience, a man whose brain was slow, cold, of intense vital force. His speech confirmed me in that idea. There was no spontaneous outburst of feeling; no sudden thrill of shallow emotion: his arguments, like his voice, ran deep, monotonous, stirring the profound convictions of his hearers with an electric power. He spoke two hours, during which the silence was unbroken. While the judge was delivering his charge, a buzz of whispered comment ran over the house. To these law-surgeons the skill of the operator was a matter of deeper interest than the case of the patient.

"Turner," I said, "where have I seen that man before? There is something strangely familiar in his face and gestures."

"Probably long ago, in New York. He has always practised there, and in Lynn, I believe."

"Pardon me. Not always," said our mutual friend. "Thruston said in my presence yesterday that he was a Virginian by birth."

"Thruston!" said Turner. "It may be. The name is common enough down in Henrico. And his given name, Rolfe, I have heard in that family too."

Rolfe? Rolfe? The tangled memory of an old story like a dream rose before me and gradually became clear. Rolfe—not Thruston but Champernoun. And there was the man before me! It was as plain as daylight. Allowing for the difference between boy and man, there could be no mistake. During the remainder of the time I sat trying to recall the details of the case which I had not thought of for years, and wondering how it ever had ended. I had a fancy to try *his* memory too. So, when the trial was over, and the jury had brought in a verdict of acquittal, I joined Judge C——, and requested an introduction to Thruston.

"Yes, certainly," he answered, "I intended bringing him to you. Old lights and new lights, eh?"

Thruston was standing in the midst of a crowd near the door. How old he looked! As we made our way toward him, I watched his manner while talking. Nothing fresh, genial in it; whatever his real self might be, it was buried beneath a courteous, impenetrable reserve. Buried, I

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thought, it might be, since the day when he lost name and honor when he was a boy. I wondered, did he remember?

"Page, of Virginia," said the judge. At the name, while he bowed, a keen flash shot from his half-closed eyes at my face. My bent figure and white hair were no disguise; during our short conversation he never ceased his unflinching scrutiny. He remembered, that was plain enough. I thought, too, he was willing to dare my remembrance. As long as I stood near him he faced me, with kindling eyes and covert flash of meaning on his face; spoke to me alone; once threw back his hair impatiently as if eager of recognition. I did not give it, and soon turned away. My heart failed me, I felt it cruel that I had come at all. Why should I recall to the man who had conquered success, perhaps happiness, that little hateful passage of his youth? I turned away, as I said, with assumed indifference; as I did it, I saw a cloud of disappointment on his face, and then he instantly relapsed into his cold gravity.

The next day I went down to Washington. While I was smoking a cigar, my fellow travelers were gossiping over the news in the morning papers. My head was so full of the old Champernoun story, that I almost started when the name of one of the parties was mentioned.

"Starke Forster has got his office at last," said Turner. "I thought the new cabinet would put him in."

"Forster?" I asked, "of Loudon county?"

"Yes. He goes out as special minister to Russia with secret instructions on the late difficulty. I wonder if he will take a wife with him?"

"Has he never married?" I said.

"Married, and a widower," said another of the party. "He has returned to his old allegiance now, though, Miss Champernoun."

"Who is she?" I said, for my attention was now thoroughly aroused.

"Have you never seen her, Mr. Page? I thought you were from the Piedmont counties. She is in Washington just now, the heiress of the season. Not young, but in the prime of splendid beauty."

"What a misapplied term!" said Turner. "Picturesque, if you will, but don't call that cold, high-blooded Ruth Champernoun beautiful."

"I wonder," I ventured, curiosity conquering courtesy, "that she never has married?"

"Too ambitious," growled Turner.

That evening there was a reception at the house of one of the queens of Washington society, Mrs. Earle. Receptions were then in Washington very much what they are now. Music, lights, diamonds, pretty girls, and black-coated Congressmen, with here and there a uniform or diplomat. Suddenly I saw a face I remembered, it was that of Miss Champernoun. She was leaning upon the arm of a man who I learned was her reported *fiance*, Forster: a tall man, with an overcoming, faded, weak air in eyes, hair, and skin: a thin mouth, eyes of pale, tigerish blue. Miss Champernoun was magnificently dressed in some soft clinging robe of royal purple, with a pale, high-bred face, crowned with heavy folds of brown hair, very grave, stately, earnest; with wistful, dark eyes. I was old to be sure, but I had a touch of romance about me yet. I wondered, as I watched her still imperial ways, why she never had married. "Too ambitious," Turner had said. That was likely. And yet—I thought of the shy, little girl in the library, of the solemn, "I will come, Ruth. Not for years perhaps. But I will come." And the quiet answer, "I will wait, Rolfe." *Was* she waiting? That would be a curious bit of romance in these work-day times, sure enough. How Turner would laugh if he knew what I was thinking!

As I thus soliloquized, Turner came up. "I want to introduce you to Miss Champernoun," he said.

I could not tell if she recognized me. Her self-possession was too thorough. She received me most courteously, detained me by her side, presenting me to her companion. "Cold, high-blooded," very good terms to describe her. Her coldness irritated me to test it. A sudden fancy seized me to discover if my imagined romance was true. Turning to Forster, in a pause of the conversation, I said carelessly, "I saw a relative of Miss Champernoun's in Baltimore, yesterday, Rolfe Champernoun."

"A mistake, I imagine," he replied, in his soft way, "she has no relative of that name."

She looked up in his face with a curious, steady glance. I knew that instant that Starke Forster knew the whole story, and used it as a power over her.

"No relative of that name," he repeated, quietly, gently drawing her hand within his arm.

She turned to me, saying in her grave way, "It is Mr. Forster who is mistaken: Rolfe is my cousin, my adopted brother. I hear of him sometimes from others, though I never see him. I thank you for telling me of him."

Forster's face colored with a half-sneer. I could see that his irritation was deep, though he covered it with a light laugh, adding play-

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fully, "I thought that he was dead long since. You have been singularly silent about him. He was a young man of promise. I wonder with your internal pride of kindred you have not claimed the relationship, Miss Champernoun."

He had struck fire now! Her cheek flamed scarlet; her eyes flashed defiant as I have seen a caged panther; but her voice was as low and calm as ever She even smiled carelessly as she said, "Do you laugh at my pride of blood? I know it, but then the blood is pure. Like the old Scotch race, mine is a family where 'all the women have been true, *all* the men honorable.'"

He bowed, but did not answer. Aha, I thought, my bit of romance is not so silly after all. God bless that woman! she is as true as steel. She would wait until her hair was gray. A crowd of strangers came up to be presented to the reigning belle, and Turner and I turned away.

"When do you leave the city, Mr. Page?" she said, holding out her hand.

"To-morrow evening."

"I will see you again," she said, after a moment's hesitation.

The next day I stayed in the hotel all day, expecting a summons to see her, but none came; and, more disappointed than I cared to avow, I started to the depot to take the evening train, when a note was placed in my hand. I read it in the cars. I have a curious fancy about letters; the characters of the writers start up before me from the sheet and envelope, sharply outlined as in their faces. There is not a fold, a drop of wax, a syllable, which, if rightly studied, is not a type of the great traits of the unseen nature, energy, refinement, arrogance, pitiful self-vanity. This note was that of a lady by birth and culture: more than that, of a woman, simple, pure, self-reliant.

She tossed aside all surface-words, and came at once to the thought which concerned us both. She thanked me for telling her of her cousin. That was all the hint of feeling in the letter. The remainder was an earnest entreaty that I would visit her in the coming October. Not alone because she felt for me a sincere dependence and friendship, but that certain instructions of her father's will were then to be carried into effect, in which I could afford her aid and essential service. She did not explain any farther, but urged me to gratify her in her request. "My father's will," she said, "was singular in its requirements, yet I hope," (here I thought the lines grew tremulous,) "by obeying them, much may be at last made clear which has long been painful and dark. You will come, will you not?"

That was all. Was all that had been painful to be made clear, then? How? And if it was, what then? A sudden thought struck me. Turner was in the cars with me going to Richmond. I touched him as he was settling himself for a nap.

"Turner! Is that New York lawyer married?"

"Married? Who, Thruston? Yes, into the Van Zandt family."

"Oh—h—" I lit my cigar, thinking what an old fool I had been.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT was in February. I answered her note immediately, accepting the invitation. In October I started for Champernoun Hall, where she still resided with her guardian and his wife. She was ill when I came; so two days elapsed before I saw her. Storrs received me—jolly, boisterous, fun-loving as ever. The third day Miss Champernoun came down stairs. It may have been because of the peculiar circumstances in which I had first seen this girl, and that these circumstances had entangled me with the deepest passions and losses of her life, but I had for her an unaccountable tenderness, such as a father might have for a child. I think she knew it by instinct. Her manner to me was different from her usual stately gravity: quiet, but giving way, now and then, to a childish glee, or a moody weariness. During the first weeks of my stay I watched her closely. She seemed to place a quiet confidence in me that touched my old heart curiously; yet never, by word or look, did she allude again to what had passed, nor to the object of my visit, until I had been there more than three weeks. Then, one evening, she came to me as I was reading in the library, and began to speak of it with a straightforward haste that showed how great was the effort at control and calmness. The room we were in adjoined the locked chamber; for it still was locked. By the family it never was mentioned. The door, with its heavy bar and padlock, might have been that of a charnel-house, so grave was their silence when they passed it. The servants, of course, had numberless strange tales of buried corpses that walked at night; of the old general's ghost, that could be heard pacing to and fro whenever the anniversary of his death came round. You can imagine the wild surmises which such a source would produce; human nature abhors

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a mystery—the nature of staid Virginia planters more than all. The neighborhood, during all these fifteen years, never had ceased to wonder, and pish, and pshaw. Miss Champernoun, this evening, as she stood by the mantle-piece, declining an offered chair by a quick waive of her hand, broke into the forbidden topic without a pause. She told me she had sent for me to help her as a friend who knew the case, not a lawyer. Then she spoke of the lost money without reserve.

"I have not been idle," she said. "I have tried, never ceased trying, to clear up this mystery; but in vain. You know what my father's orders were in regard to that room, where——" She did not finish the sentence. It may be the old scene rose before her too sharply real; she motioned to the closed door. I bowed. "I do not know his object for so strange a wish. I have wearied myself in trying to solve it. But I obeyed it. Whatever it was, I am soon to know." She paused, collecting her thoughts. "My father directed me that the room should remain locked for fifteen years. At the end of that time I was to open it. I and my cousin, Rolfe Champernoun." She spoke the name with a sudden blenching of the lip, but quietly. This was to be a business matter to be gone through without a pang. She had schooled herself so. She resumed. "If one were dead, by the survivor. I believe that in the cabinet are papers of importance to him. I have thought my father supposed his punishment would then be sufficient, and would tender him a late forgiveness, and, perhaps, restore him to his rightful heirship. The fifteen years are nearly over." She paused here. "Will you stay with me?" she said. "Will you send for Rolfe?" Her fingers beat nervously on the marble she held by, and her lips were colorless; but she looked up in my face calm as ever. She was going bravely through her task.

"Yes, I will send for him," I said; adding, "you have not seen your cousin since that night, I suppose?"

"No."

I wondered if she thought of the "I will wait for you, Rolfe." Never, in all my practice, had I turned up such a case as this. It was fit for a novel, I thought, trying to sneer at it, and ending by sitting down in no amiable mood to write to Mr. Rolfe Thruston. With the fear of the member of the Van Zandt family before my eyes, I confined myself to a bare statement of the facts, requesting him to be at Champernoun Hall on the twentieth.

The letter was dispatched the next morning. Then we quietly waited. Storrs knew nothing of what was going on.

No answer came. As the weeks wore on, and the day drew nearer, I grew uneasy and nervous like a woman. He was not coming after all! He had taken the money; he was married as I knew; and this woman had sacrificed her life for nothing! I was blind not to see it from the first.

Ruth never alluded to the subject again; only every morning she watched for the post, and, when no letter came, smothered a hopeless sigh. That is a trick some women have, and go on, getting paler and thinner every day, thinking nobody knows or sees. But I saw it all. That through all these long, weary years she had looked forward to this one day, when all was to be righted, all made clear. Somehow, she did not know in what way; but she trusted. I saw it all: read back over the leaves of the life of pain, and fever, and balked hopes; and saw—what she would not see—the bitter end waiting for her.

Well, the nineteenth came. Still, no letter. I had given up all hope of seeing him days before. I think *she* did that evening. I could not bear to look at her. After all, it was better that he did not come. She did not know the man was married. As he was married, he had better stay away, I thought.

That evening she went from the tea-table, and sat at her sewing in the drawing-room. To spare her, I contrived to get Storrs away from her to a game of chess. About nine o'clock a servant entered and handed me a note. I think she saw him; for she stopped sewing, and sat deadly still.

I rose and went to her, saying, in a light tone, "Our friend has come, Miss Champernoun. I will go down to the village to see him, if you will permit me."

I did not once look at her, but hurried out without waiting for an answer.

I found him at the inn. If he felt any emotion at his return, he showed none. Whatever feeling the man had lay in too deep and rugged a channel for outward display. He was most courteous; regretted that I had not received his letter (for he had written); discussed the changes in the face of the country, and accompanied me part of the way home. That was all.

Only when he bade me good-night, he said, "Shall I see Miss Champernoun when I come to the hall to-morrow?"

"I cannot tell what her wish may be," I replied, drily; for I remembered the Van Zandt. He bowed and went back to the inn.

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The next morning I contrived to send Storrs off on a visit for the day. It was late before Miss Champernoun came down. In her simple, white wrapper she looked bright and fresh as on that night, long ago, but with a new, curious light in her eyes.

I had told her of her cousin's change of name; but that was all I told her about him. I had not the heart.

She stayed beside me all the morning as if afraid to be alone. The sick, proud heart waiting these long years! We were in the drawing-room when he came. "Mr. Thruston, to see Mr. Page," the servant announced. I hesitated.

"Where shall I see him, Ruth?" I said.

"Here."

I glanced at her. Cold, high-blooded. Still and calm, as a royal lady should be—the cool morning wind scarce lifting the folded coronet of hair, or stirring the crimson cashmere that swept around her. But her lips were tightly shut as if to hide a deathly faintness.

I met him at the door, and introduced them. "Miss Champernoun—Mr. Thruston." She bowed, and smiled just as she would have done to my friend Turner. What an altogether admirable thing is etiquette!

However, this sort of thing could not last long; so I proceeded to business.

"The parties being present," I said, "the room can now be opened."

One or two servants were called, and we crossed the hall. They removed the bar, turned the rusted key with difficulty, and threw open the door. The chamber looked oddly enough. The light, when the shutters were unbarred, came in gray and misty through the dust and cobwebs. Moths, spiders, and rats scattered in every direction. I motioned to Mr. Thruston to enter; but he stood aside.

"I have said," he remarked, in his grave tone, "that I never will enter that room until every suspicion is wiped from my name. Miss Champernoun must go in alone."

She smiled. I think she liked to hear him allude, even in that way, to the past. It showed he had not forgotten. Neither spoke. She went in. Thruston and I returned to the drawing-room. I heard the key turn in the ebony cabinet, a confused, hurried noise, and then a profound silence that seemed intolerably long. My companion was calm no longer. Now and then he wiped the clammy sweat from his forehead, and his breathing grew heavy and repressed. He saw that I noticed his agitation, and said, as if in apology,

"It is a long time since I was given the name of thief, and now, I think, I will lose it," trying to smile as he spoke.

At last the door of the locked room opened again, and Miss Champernoun came out. She walked unsteadily, her face was white and sick as if she had been struck a mortal blow. She came to Thruston and handed him a yellow, dingy package; tried to speak, but, finding she could not, went past him up to her own chamber.

He took the package to the window and opened it. I thought I heard an exclamation like "Thank God!" but I was not sure. After a long pause he turned and came toward me. I never shall forget the curious gesture—a sudden wringing of his hands as if he washed from them some stain, and threw it away forever; then he thrust one into mine, his face gleaming with irrepressible excitement. The man actually was not able to articulate.

"I understand!" I exclaimed, scarcely less moved. "Your burden is gone?"

"Gone, thank God! I am a free man now. I can look you in the face."

"It has been a heavy weight for a Champernoun to bear."

"Say rather a man. I have no pride in the Champernoun blood. Let me go now. Come down in an hour, and I will explain it to you."

I waited impatiently, and as soon as the hour was over, posted down to the village after him. I found him walking in the border of the park. There I heard the story. It was a long one. I will tell it in as few words as I can.

I began, all eagerness.

"It is a plot, I know. And Starke Forster was the Guy Fawkes at the beginning."

He laughed. "No, no—listen one moment. Did you know my uncle, Ruth's father?" He went on to paint him in far other colors than Storrs would have chosen, yet, I knew, truer. A man of weak mind, with two ruling passions, pride of blood, and a love of diplomacy, *finesse* in little things. "He could not eat his dinner without a manœuvre. You have seen such men? Aside from that he was not a bad sort of man, not malicious nor cruel, only weak. He never liked me. Partly because he hated the Parrs, (my mother was a Parr,) and partly," he hesitated, and then went boldly on, "because I loved Ruth."

"I thought," I said, "that he wished for the match. Storrs told me he did."

"No. He bitterly opposed it, urged her to marry Forster, which she would not do. It is a long story. We came to an open quarrel. I

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resolved to go to Kentucky. My uncle, I believe, felt his health failing, and determined to devise some plan to prevent our ever fulfilling our plighted troth. The only way to do this was to disgrace me in her eyes, for her pride of blood is as strong as his own. A Champernoun never would wed a felon."

"I see!" I broke out. "I understand. You think the money never was stolen? That the whole scheme was a plot of your uncle's?"

"Yes, I thought it always. And in proof here is the money and a letter from him avowing the whole affair."

"You suspected this at the time?" I said. "Why did you not speak then?"

"To what purpose should I have spoken? Who would have believed me? Not Ruth. If I had thrown such an imputation on her father, she would have hated me as passionately as she loved me. She almost worshiped her father. See what she suffers to-day from finding out what he was."

"Still I do not comprehend. When you heard of his death, then was your time to speak."

"I did not hear of his death for years—then what proof could I bring? If I had heard of this locked room, I should have suspected something, and forced Storrs to open it."

"But this very whim is to me the most unaccountable part of the whole affair. Why should he leave this confession to blast his memory after he was dead?"

"If you had known the man, you would see that it was in perfect consonance with his character. He was weak, and when death approached, he feared to die with this wrong unatoned. Yet he could not bear to undo it at once, lest he should throw us together again. By this late reparation he eased his conscience, and gratified his wish, for in fifteen years he thought, of course, one of us would be dead or—married."

There was an embarrassed pause.

As we talked we had gradually neared the Hall, and came up the avenue. He entered with me uninvited.

The morning passed uneasily. Rolfe did not return to the inn, but lingered in the drawing-room, talking on every subject but one—his cousin. At last Starke Forster was alluded to.

"Do you think he knew of this plan?" I asked.

"I believe he suspected it, but I do not think my uncle took him into his confidence." There was a moment's pause. "He goes to Russia, I hear?" he said, his voice changing.

"Yes. In December."

"Does he——" with a desperate effort at carelessness. "Report says—Miss Champernoun accompanies him?"

"No," I said, drily.

His face flashed. I was indignant. What concern was it of his? Was he not content with the Van Zandt family? So a little spitefully, an hour afterward, I made casual allusion to said family, and an especial reference to his wife. He looked startled: then answered, with a haughty reserve, "It was a mistake. I have never married."

I lit my cigar again, I was not such an old fool after all.

My story is nearly done. Miss Champernoun did not leave her room, and her cousin went back to the inn disappointed. But in the evening he sauntered up with me from the village again. She was in the conservatory, and we went to find her there, and stood talking for an hour or more. The broken sunlight fell on her slight lithe figure in its sweeping, crimson robe, and touched the brown curls that fell loose the first time for many years. But I thought somehow there was another sunshine gleaming in broken lights through her dark, wistful eyes, and the changing color of her cheek. We talked on the topics of the day. Miss Champernoun, it is true, said but little, but then silence suited her stately reserve.

But after awhile, as they passed through the hall, they came near the door of the locked chamber, still gray with the dust and cobwebs of years. Rolfe stopped, and, taking her by the hand as if she were a child, drew her in. Looking down at her, he said, gravely,

"Ruth, I have come."

I saw her turn her face, wet with sudden tears, up to his, and heard the quiet answer,

"I have waited, Rolfe."

That was all.

"BE NATURAL."

You, who are skilled in Affectation's wiles,
  Ye of the haughty look, and simp'ring tone,
Who wreathe your lips in artificial smiles,
  And give your cheeks a coloring not their own;
Go forth beyond the reach of Fashion's arts,
  To study Nature in her spacious hall,
And learn the lesson she therein imparts,
  Beneath the title-page, "Be Natural."

H. A. B.

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LETTING IN THE NEW YEAR.

BY FANNY H. ROCHESTER.

It was the last night of the old year, and Grace Dean and her mother were alone in their cottage on the edge of Wolcott woods. Once Grace had been a petted heiress, but since the insolvency and death of her father she had made only too familiar acquaintanceship with poverty. Little, indeed, did the inhabitants of Pineville suspect that the pale, weary-looking seamstress, who had come a stranger among them and rented the Wolcott Cottage, and who depended chiefly for her subsistence on the patronage of Judge Wolcott's family, had once, in a distant city, moved among the highest of the land, and been even the belle of her set.

And on this night the heart of Grace was heavy. Though it was nearly midnight, she still plied her needle, and her tears fell fast as she sewed. She was thinking of the festive party up at the hall, with its lights and flowers, and music and dancing; and she pictured the portly old judge, once her friend, gaily leading the revels; and another, younger and handsomer than even the judge had been in his best days, who also was alienated from her. Mrs. Dean sat slumbering in her chair, occasionally waking to bemoan their hard fate, that they had again to seek their fortunes in a strange place; but the mother knew nothing of the deeper sorrow of the daughter, and Grace had vowed that she never should, though her own heart broke for it.

Grace had been sewing at the Wolcotts', when Mrs. Wolcott was seized with a malignant fever. The servants had fled in dismay, leaving only the invalid's two daughters to take care of her; and these were young, ignorant, and necessarily inefficient. In this emergency Grace had tendered her services. All through Mrs. Wolcott's long and dangerous illness Grace nursed her faithfully and tenderly. For many days the room was kept darkened and quiet: Madge and Fanny hovering uneasily about, obeying Grace's suggestions with the docility of children, while the judge and his son, Richard, would steal in softly and sit beside the sufferer while Grace rested.

At length came the days of convalescence, and now the family gathered in Mrs. Wolcott's room and whiled away the hours with reading and pleasant conversation; and when she was stronger, there were long, pleasant evenings in the luxurious parlors, when Madge played and Richard and Fanny sang, and Grace sat by Mrs. Wolcott's side, quiet and happy. In those days all social distinctions seemed to be forgotten, and the poor seamstress was treated as a valued friend. Grace never could forget the evening when Mrs. Wolcott first joined the family at the tea-table. Judge Wolcott carried her out to the dining-room, while the rest followed. It was a warm, pleasant evening. The windows were open, and the sweet odors and sounds of summer came stealing in. Mrs. Wolcott motioned Grace to a seat beside her, saying, "I have had Grace by me so long I should feel lost without her." They were all in high spirits: glad, and grateful, and happy that the danger had passed, and the beloved wife and mother was with them as of old.

Grace sat and listened to the cheerful flow of words, but felt strangely—she could not eat. Richard, who sat opposite, noticed it and said, "Miss Dean looks like an invalid herself." A faintness came over Grace, and she fell insensible. When she awoke to consciousness again, she was lying on a sofa, and the family were grouped around with anxious faces. Madge was bathing her head, and Grace heard the physician's voice, saying, "It is the fever; she is worn out with her exertions in your sick-room, madam, and will need the best of care."

Grace was weak and helpless as a child, and Mr. Wolcott carried her up stairs. Then came a blank. Sometimes she would see kind, anxious faces beside her; then all would be dark again. But it passed at length, that terrible illness, and then it was so pleasant to be carried into the sitting-room, those pleasant autumn mornings, while Mrs. Wolcott, who was now quite restored, occupied her usual place, Madge usually busied herself about her embroidery, and Richard often read to them, while Fanny flitted about like a little humming-bird, as she was. When Grace grew stronger, she often went out in the carriage with Mrs. Wolcott, and sometimes one or both of the ladies. When the danger of infection was over, things fell more into their usual course—Grace returning to her mother

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at the cottage. But she was, nevertheless, almost constantly at the hall, where, though nominally still the seamstress, her position in the household was entirely changed. Whenever the family spent the evening at home alone, she often joined them in the parlor, and afterward a servant would be sent to attend her home, or the judge, or his son, would walk down with her.

It drew near Christmas. Some guests had arrived several days before, among whom was Mrs. Landsdowne (Mrs. Wolcott's sister) and her daughter Minnie, with Maud Redfield, an old school friend of the Misses Wolcott. Nothing could be more unlike than the fair, violet-eyed Minnie Landsdowne, and the dark, regal beauty of Maud Redfield; and Grace felt, from the first, as decided a dislike to the latter as she did a preference for the former. The antipathy seemed to be mutual; for whenever they met, Miss Redfield regarded Grace with a haughty, disagreeable stare that deepened her dislike.

One day after Miss Redfield's arrival Grace met Richard on the stairs. He greeted her cordially, saying, "Where do you keep yourself these pleasant days, Miss Dean? I'm afraid our guests frighten you into making a prisoner of yourself." Grace blushed more at his manner than his words, and before she could reply, a voice said, "I am ready, Mr. Wolcott!" and looking up, she saw Miss Redfield standing at the head of the stairs, dressed for a ride. Richard answered with a bow and smile, and offered his arm, while she gave Grace a look of mingled contempt and hatred.

Christmas came and went. New Year was at hand. Now New Year was always the great day at Wolcott Hall. The judge belonged to an old Knickerbocker family, and besides, New Year was his birth-day. This year, New Year fell on Tuesday. On Saturday, as Grace was sewing at the hall, Miss Redfield entered the room.

"Will you sit down?" Grace asked, scarcely knowing what this visit portended.

Miss Redfield smiled and drew a chair up beside Grace, saying, "I have come to ask you a favor. It is a trifle, and I am sure you will grant it. I had a dress made just before I left home, and intended to wear it on New Year's eve; but I neglected to try it on till yesterday, when I found that it needed some alteration before I could possibly wear it. I was out a long time, trying to find some one to do it, in the village; but everybody is busy just now, and as a last resort I come to you."

"Certainly I would do it, if I had time," replied Grace; "but I don't know how it will be."

"Oh! I know you will have no time on Monday," interrupted Miss Redfield; "but you might do it to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Grace repeated, in dismay. "Surely, you don't mean it! To-morrow is the Sabbath!"

"But," laughed Miss Redfield, "it is a work of necessity."

"Pardon me, Miss Redfield," said Grace, "but it does not seem at all necessary to me. I have seen you wear a number of beautiful dresses since you have been here, and, surely, some of them would do for Monday evening!"

"Yes, yes," she rejoined, impatiently; "but I have worn them all ever so many times, and this is new, and *so* becoming. I have set my heart upon it and *must* have it!" And she placed a shining gold-piece in Grace's hand.

"Them that honor me, I will honor!" seemed to sound in Grace's ears, and she answered decidedly, as she returned the gold, "No, Miss Redfield, I cannot do it to-morrow. Money is no temptation to me to violate the law of God and my own conscience. And if I did it at all," she continued, somewhat proudly, "I should do it for nothing."

A malignant expression crept over Miss Redfield's face as she rose, saying, "You will repent of this! But I know what your object is: you have got some of the Wolcotts' puritanical ideas, and you think your saintly ways will find favor in Richard's eyes. But I can tell you, he is as proud as he is good, and, with all his chivalrous ideas of right and honor, he will never stoop——"

The hot blood was flushing Grace's face, as she rose and held open the door. Miss Redfield, angrier than ever at this hint of dismissal, could not finish the sentence, but, with a look of bitter hatred, passed out. Grace closed and locked the door; then threw herself on a chair and wept as if her heart would break.

On Monday there was a joyous bustle through the house. Grace was working busily upon some articles that she knew Mrs. Wolcott wished to have done that day, when she heard Miss Redfield's voice in the hall, saying, "I have a protegee, whom I would like to recommend to you in her place. I think she would please you better. I will show you a specimen of her needlework."

To Grace's astonishment she heard Mrs. Wolcott say, in reply, "Thank you; I think I shall

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employ her, as I have contemplated a change for some time."

Grace was thunderstruck. What could Mrs. Wolcott mean? How could she have offended Mrs. Wolcott, who was so gentle and so just? All the morning Grace pondered her words, and wondered what she should do when cast off upon the world again.

"She will surely help me to find another place," Grace thought. She knew she had done right; and, as human helpers seemed to fall away, she leaned with firmer trust upon the Divine. "Truly," she thought, "the ways of the All-Wise are mysterious and past finding out. It seems so strange to me that this wicked girl should triumph; but I know it is all right. The hearts of men, oh, God! are in thy hands, and, trusting in Thee, I will await the issue."

And so she sat, that bright morning, and listened to the joyous sounds, and noted the guests as they flitted past her half-open door, and saw the sleigh drive off with Richard and Miss Redfield.

It was afternoon when Madge came in hurriedly, saying, "Why, Grace, how pale you are! We have been so busy, lately, that I haven't seen you. You are too much confined here."

"Yes, and it's a shame for her to be stitching away this merry holiday-time, when everybody else are enjoying themselves!" chimed in Fanny, who had entered unperceived. "Mamma sent me to tell you," she continued, "not to mind about finishing that trimming; something else will do just as well. She said she meant to tell you before, but has had so much to take up her attention lately. We are going to have a grand time to-night, and mamma wants you to come down."

"I thank you," Grace managed to say; "but I think I had better not come."'

"Oh! but you must!" said Fanny, and, never supposing that Grace would continue obstinate, they left her.

But how could Grace go? What was there in common between her and the happy, brilliant company to be assembled that evening? The dream of her life was over. Not until it had been so rudely dissipated was she conscious that she had indulged in it. How insane she now saw it to have been! Ah! little—she thought—did her triumphant enemy know of the blow she had struck, and how it had gone to Grace's heart of hearts!

When night began to fall, she had come home, plodding her way wearily over the snow, and, having prepared her frugal supper, had sat down to sew. Her mother had observed her evident distress, and had insisted on knowing its cause. So Grace, unable to put her entirely off, had mentioned her own approaching dismissal from Mrs. Wolcott's as the reason for her depression. In vain, however, had her mother begged her to lay down her work. Her answer had been, "No, I must be more industrious than ever now. God only knows, indeed, what will become of us. We must leave here: nobody will employ me now that Mrs. Wolcott casts me off." And her mother, unable to comfort her, and equally oppressed with fears of the future, had, finally, desisted.

The moonlight lay bright and cold without; the woods, except where the avenue pierced them, were dark; but neither was colder, nor darker, than the heart and hopes of Grace. It was the habit, at Pineville, as it is at many other places, for parties to go about, on this evening, from house to house, singing, which they called letting in the New Year. As Grace sat sewing she suddenly heard voices without; but she was in no mood for such a visit, and she rose to draw the curtain, not without a secret fear, for the cottage was lonely, and she knew no one who would be likely to come singing at their door, unless rude boys or ruder men. Her alarm was increased, when she saw, through the latticed window, a face that was unknown to her; and she gave a scream. At that moment, however, another step was heard, and a deep voice, that made her heart leap with a sudden bound, was heard, speaking authoritatively, even angrily. Instantly there was a knock at the door, and the same voice cried,

"It is I—don't be afraid, Grace."

With trembling hands she opened the door. The men were disappearing down the road; the little gate into the Wolcott woods was open; and up the avenue (which led to the hall) she thought she saw a sleigh, with a muffled figure or two in it.

"Oh! Grace, how could you?" were the first words of the young man, as he took her hands.

She blushed crimson, but could not answer. What did it all mean? Richard gave her no time for thought.

"We expected you, till night set in," he said; "and then the judge, finding you did not come, ordered me to start in the sleigh and bring you, rating Fanny soundly for having forgotten to ask your mother, which is the reason, he says, you didn't come. So Fanny is out in the sleigh, waiting to help you dress; and the housekeeper comes to stay with your mother, if Mrs. Dean thinks it too cold to go out to-night."

What could Grace say? Before she could

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reply, Richard had darted back to the sleigh, and was leading back Fanny. Mrs. Dean, when her wonder let her understand how things were, said she was too old to leave a warm fire at such an hour, and so the housekeeper was called in. Grace, still bewildered, was soon ready, thanks to the nimble fingers of Fanny and her own simple wardrobe! and, with a beating heart, took her place in the sleigh, which moved merrily off in the moonlight and under the still, grand old trees.

The judge came down to the front door, to hand Grace out of the sleigh, and himself led her up to Mrs. Wolcott, who rose and kissed her as if Grace had been her own daughter. Miss Redfield, standing aloof, looked daggers at the new comer. Poor Grace did not dare to imagine what it all meant. It seemed so strange to her to be moving among that brilliant throng, leaning on Richard's arm.

The pleasant remarks of her companion had the effect to restore her, in some measure, to herself, and she was almost surprised to find herself talking so freely to Miss Landsdowne, whom they met near the door of the conservatory, to which her partner soon led her.

The perfume of the rare exotics greeted her here like the breath of summer. At the farther end of the room they stopped to admire a brilliant flower, when Richard said, "I have a gift, Grace, which I want you to accept from me," and he held up a diamond ring; "but, first, will you give me the hand upon which I would place it?"

"Richard! Mr. Wolcott!" she exclaimed. "You are not in earnest?"

"I never was more so," he said. "Will you take the ring?"

"But your parents?" she asked, half-bewildered, hardly knowing what she said.

"I have their sanction, dear Grace, and I await yours," and he held up the ring with a questioning gesture.

Grace extended her hand; he pressed it to his lips, placed the ring upon her finger, then drew her head to his bosom. "My poor little lamb," he murmured, drawing aside the veil of curls that hung over her face, and pressing a kiss upon her throbbing brow; "now I have a right to take care of you. It has made my heart ache to see you looking so pale. and to think of your toiling so patiently."

Grace could only listen passively: the change was so sudden that it overpowered her; she could hardly realize that she was betrothed to Richard Wolcott.

At length she said, "They will miss you; had you not better return to the parlors? I will stay here awhile."

He smiled and replied, "I want to present you to my parents first."

"Oh! I cannot see any one to-night!" she exclaimed. "Indeed I cannot!"

"You needn't fear," he said; "you will receive a daughter's welcome." And he led her back to the parlor. The judge and Mrs. Wolcott were standing together, and though everything around Grace seemed to float and blend in inextricable confusion, yet she was conscious that they welcomed her to their hearts and home; and she heard Miss Landsdowne say, "So you will be cousin Grace. Well, I shall love you dearly!"

And then came Madge and Fanny, with their warm hearts and graceful welcome. But everything seemed to Grace like a dream, till she found herself again in her little room, Richard having driven her home himself.

And that was the way, for Grace, that THE NEW YEAR WAS LET IN.

PLEDGE FIRMLY, FROM THIS NIGHT!

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

Now in full chorus join,
To praise the gracious Giver
Of every bubbling stream,
Of lake and flowing river.
No Bacchanalian draught we crave.
Nor wine of old Silenus:
Mantle alone, with limpid wave,
The cup we pass between us.
Then in full chorus join,
To praise the gracious Giver
Of every bubbling stream,
Of lake and flowing river.

Here, in this goblet bright,
O'erflowing with pure water,
Pledge firmly, from this night,
With hearts that ne'er shall falter,
To quaff alone the liquid pure
Which flows o'er hill and mountain;
For youth and vigor which endure,
Well from the limpid fountain.
Then in full chorus join,
To praise the gracious Giver
Of every bubbling stream,
Of lake and flowing river.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

THERE had been a storm raging along the western coast of Scotland, followed by a dull, heavy season of bad weather more depressing than the wildest tempest ever proves. The humid atmosphere, natural to the Western Islands, was aggravated into unwholesome dampness. Gray mists hung low upon the waters and wrapped the islands in floating clouds, obscuring the brilliant greenness of the verdure and shrouding everything in gloom. Thus broke the morning of July the 18th, 1745. Nature seemed veiling herself in mourning for the calamity that day would bring upon the doomed nation which still dared to cling loyally to its ancient line of kings.

Upon the rocky shores of South Uist stood an old mansion partially castellated, and intended for defence at the time of its erection. It was a ponderous stone structure with loopholes in the walls, and the remains of a moat partially surrounding it half choked up with flowers and a rich undergrowth of hawthorn and hazel bushes now drooping with half-formed nuts. The building was uplifted from the shore by a little promontory, formed, on one side, by an arm of the sea, which had cut a passage into the rude shore, and, on the other, by a small stream, which came, rushing and foaming, through the broken rocks that lay in its bed with a wild, riotous noise which was only hushed when the whole outlet of water was swallowed up by the waves of the North Atlantic. Across the base of this promontory, the moat, which I have mentioned, threw its belt of verdure; and though the island of South Uist is not remarkable for grandeur of scenery, the Macdonald of Clanranald had managed to perch his home on a point of the shore so commanding, that many a chief on the main-land found himself less picturesquely housed.

While the fog lay heavily on water and on land, one of those small boats much in use among the island chiefs at the time put into the inlet on the north side of the mansion, and a stalwart old gentleman in highland costume stepped on shore, followed by a couple of retainers, who carried their master's shooting pouch and firelock. The fine old man grasped his own basket-hilted sword in one hand, and used it now and then as a staff when the steep ascent up the promontory became toilsome for his aged feet.

The old man had threaded half the foot-path which wound up the eminence, when he paused a moment to take breath, and, leaning on the hilt of his sword, bade one of his followers sound his bugle, that the young Macdonald of Clanranald might know that his uncle was near.

The retainer obeyed and sent a shrill blast from his hunting horn, which seemed to cleave the mists and set the fog in motion up the hill-side.

"That will do," said the old man, pursuing his way up the ascent. "There was a time when a summons like this was needful before the draw-bridge up yonder—no, heaven help us! which *was* up yonder—could be lowered to friend or foe. Now, since every Scottish house has been rifled of its arms, it is an idle ceremony even with the Macdonald."

Muttering these words, the old chieftain reached the brow of the promontory and stood within the shadow of the building upon that side which had a splendid view of the sea. Some modern improvements had been made. Windows of good size had been set into the thick walls; and stone balconies, draped with ivy and Ayrshire roses, gave touches of singular beauty to the half-dismantled fortress.

The old man smiled grimly as he looked on these innovations. "This comes of a Southern lady in our strongholds of the North. Give her a chance and she will wreathe our culverins with garlands and choke up our loopholes with roses. What now? No one to receive us!"

While he spoke, Macdonald of Boisdale strode along the edge of the moat and stood before the main entrance with an angry flush upon his brow. But the fierce glow fled at once when the great door was thrown open with a hospitable clang, and a lady appeared standing just within the hall, smiling as bright a welcome as even his pride could have demanded.

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"I cry your pardon, kinsman," she said, coming forward to the threshold, with her hand extended. "I thought it was my son's bugle note that came up from the inlet, and waited for him in my bower chamber. This must plead my excuse for lack of ceremony."

The old chief, more than appeased by this frank apology, took the fair hand of his sister-in-law and touched it with his lips.

"So my nephew is away?" he said, glancing down the shadowy arches of the hall. "I have chosen an ill time for my visit."

"No, no," answered the lady; "he has only gone to the main-land for a few days."

"Ay, ay," answered the guest, smiling grimly, "another Macdonald out of the way when his presence is most needed. I have just come from Skye, where I found Hugh Macdonald, the step-father of our pretty Flora, just returned from London, with King George's commission in his pocket, and the maiden well-pleased from anything I could see to the contrary. Is Clanranald bitten by the same serpent that he is so often absent from South Uist?"

"Kinsman, you are severe upon one of the sweetest and bravest maidens that ever breathed the free air of our Scottish hills; worse than that—unjust, in doubting the loyalty of your brother's son," she said, pausing, almost haughtily, for her guest to pass down the hall.

The old man smiled and regarded her queenly anger with admiring eyes.

"Indeed, sister-in-law, my offence was even graver than that; for, in my soul, I blamed his southern blood, feeling, without a question, that the Macdonald would ever prove true to our king."

"You forgot," answered the lady, suppressing the proud resentment which rose in her heart from a sense of hospitality, though her eyes kindled and her lips grew pale, "you forgot that a true wife is a part of her husband: where his feelings flow deepest, hers swell the current. My son inherits no thought from me which his father would disdain even in the heaven where he is waiting for us."

Macdonald drew close to his hostess and took her hand.

"Be not angry with an old man for his rude speech," he said, in a low voice. "I did but try to test the loyalty which may soon be put to the trial."

"Ha!" exclaimed the lady, under her breath. "Have you news?"

"From the main-land, last night. France is at last bestirring herself, and promises both troops and money. *He* is at a convenient port, waiting for transports. This was the news I came to bring Clanranald."

The lady grasped the rough hand which held hers in eloquent silence.

"Come to my bower chamber," she said; "there is one there to whom this will be joyful news."

The two moved forward under the frowning arches of the hall, and, after traversing many a winding passage, stood in a lofty chamber which looked forth on the sea from its tall windows in front, and, from another side, commanded a beautiful view of the torrent, or rather continuous waterfall, which rushed forward, in noisy flashes of silver, down the chasm on one side of the dwelling.

The room, besides the matchless view it commanded, was remarkable for the unusual elegance of its adornment. Its panelings of black oak were lighted up by gilt mouldings, and several of them were filled by pictures in tapestry work and fine, rare paintings, one of which was by Hogarth, then in the prime of his reputation, and others, principally portraits of the Macdonald family, by Ramsay—all remarkable works of art to be found in that remote place.

Tall, high backed chairs, massive with carving, and gorgeous with embroidered cushions, stood against the wall and in the center of the room. Rising up richly from the polished oak of the floor, lay one of those small carpets which was the crowning glory of a lady's bower chamber in those times.

The chief cast his eyes around this chamber with something of scorn; but the Lady Clanranald became her surroundings so well, that a smile of forbearance, if not approval, stole over his fine features; and he sat down, deliberately avoiding the carpet, and rattling his claymore upon the oaken boards that had escaped this obnoxious covering.

The thick walls of the building left the windows in deep embrasures, and it was not till the chief had seated himself that he saw a tiny old lady in one of these recesses looking forth upon the ocean. Lady Clanranald saw his glance of surprise.

"Ah! it is my mother," she said, in a voice so full of rich tenderness that the old lady lifted her brown eyes inquiringly; for the clash of the waves, mingled with the tumult of the waterfall leaping to their bosom, had drowned all other noises. "It is my mother, who has come northward for the first time in her life. I am sure she will not lack a welcome from the Macdonald."

The chieftain rose and came forward, meeting

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the dainty old lady more than half-way, and bending over her as if she had been a child, while Lady Clanranald regarded her with infinite affection.

"Mother, you will like him," she said; "first that he is the nearest brother to my lord, who is gone, and again because he brings us such news as will make the heart leap in your bosom."

The little old lady kindled up at once, and, grasping eagerly at the folds of Lady Clanranald's dress, said, in a wild whisper,

"Is it from over the water?"

"Yes, mother. The time for which you have prayed so long is near."

The old lady drew closer to Macdonald. There was fire in her soft, brown eyes, and her tiny hands quivered as the fingers locked in an eager clasp.

The chieftain spoke first.

"A Southerner and so ardent? Nay, kinswoman, if this is the spirit I reviled, you did well to rebuke me even under the roof which was once my father's."

"Is it true? Is it true? If the Chevalier is coming, let me hear it in words. It is the friend and servant of his grandmother, Queen Mary Beatrice, who asks. The first lessons of royalty I ever knew were taken in that mournful court at St. Germains, when our martyr King James the Second, on his death bed, forgot to curse his unnatural children, while blessing those who inherited only his misfortunes."

The old chieftain's features began to stir as he gazed on this singular woman, who carried all the fire of youthful enthusiasm into extreme old age.

"By St. Andrew!" he exclaimed, dropping on one knee. "I pay homage to the sainted Queen Mary, thus, on the hand of her friend. Oh! my Lady Clanranald, this dainty mother of yours should have been a Scotchwoman."

"She has the soul of one," answered the lady, smiling as she saw the child-like hand of her mother pressed to the grim mouth of Macdonald.

"I have seen," said the old lady, with tears in her eyes, "the majesty of royal sorrow as few have ever witnessed it, and have had my share of its misfortunes, too; for the struggle of '15 left me a widow, and this, my daughter, fatherless."

"You see, kinsman," said Lady Clanranald, "that a love of the true king is not altogether confined to the Western Isles."

"God grant that there may be many spirits in England such as makes this gentle face so bright: then will our Prince meet with a royal welcome, and be lighted with bonfires on his way from the Highlands to London. Let the Southerners rise in answer to our bugles, and in two months the Hanoverian will be driven back to his true domain."

"And is he, in good sooth, so near?" inquired the old lady.

The chieftain smiled upon her. "Ay, now that I can speak out, he may be on the water even while we are speaking."

The old lady dropped upon her knees, and, lifting her clasped hands upward, cried out, "Oh! Father of heaven! give him a safe passage and keep him worthy of a holy cause!"

"Amen," echoed the stately Lady Clanranald, stooping over the aged enthusiast.

"Thrice amen!" resounded the sonorous voice of the chief.

"And now," said the old lady, rising from her knees with a look of gentle apology for this outgush of patriotism, "tell me all. I am old and a woman, but yet can do something in this great work."

"Come hither, then," answered Macdonald, leading the old lady back into a recess of the window she had left. "We must not stand so near the door. A chance word may yet destroy all. Here is room enough for us three. Ha! this is a bright omen! Look, fair kinswoman, how the fog has been lifted and heaped against the sky like battlements and strongholds on the side of a mountain! Ha! that glorious burst of sunshine sweeps the waters like an army in full charge! How the clouds change, throw off the gray mists, then brighten and form again! Thank God! this is a right kingly omen!"

The old chief pointed with his claymore to the storm as it broke before him in a tumult of light that was truly marvelous. This enthusiasm kindled the quick sympathies of the ladies, and they, too, looked forth, with smiles flashing through the tears that still trembled in their eyes—their quick imaginations kindling to the beautiful sight before them.

While they had been talking, the sun had broken forth in broad, golden warmth, turning the waves to opals and the islands to rifts of emeralds. Between the water and the blue of the horizon, the clouds which Macdonald had pointed out were heaped together like mountains of tremulous snow that changed and yielded themselves to new forms of grace with every arrow-flash of the sun, till the western horizon was one scene of tumultuous beauty.

As the group of enthusiasts looked forth, the land in sight became singularly green and distinct, completing a picture well calculated to

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arouse all the poetry of those fine natures. All at once the old lady, who had turned her eyes southward, held her breath, and, leaning forward, strove to penetrate the distance, in doubt if she saw aright or if the sunshine were not playing some trick with her fancy. But as she gazed, the object that had attracted her grew more and more distinct; for toward Barra Island the atmosphere was peculiarly limpid, and that which had first appeared like a ship penciled in the air came out, massive and defined, a man-of-war, with all her canvass set, running swiftly toward the little Island of Erisca, which lay in the channel between Uist and Barra.

"See! is not that a ship?" she said, pointing toward the object that had held her heart so long in suspense.

The chieftain bent his keen eyes in the direction she pointed out, and took a long, anxious glance.

"A ship? Ay, lady; and a foreign man-of-war, too. It is many a day since yon channel has seen one like it. What if it brings tidings!"

The ladies did not speak: they were too keenly occupied watching the manœuvres of the vessel, which was every moment drawing nearer to Erisca.

"She furls sail—she is casting forth her anchor!" cried the chief. "Oh! that Clanranald were here! By your leave, kinswoman, I will call forth enough of his followers to save the Macdonald from discredit, and proceed forthwith to Erisca."

Lady Clanranald answered promptly, thrilled with generous excitement, for her heart was full of vague hopes. "In my son's absence the nearest Macdonald is always master in his poor house," she said. "Let the yacht be made ready for sea, and as many of the clan summoned as will answer your need. While the day lasts, my mother and I will watch your progress toward yon vessel; when it dies, we will pray that its coming prove a fair harbinger."

Almost before these words were spoken the old chief's claymore was rattling against the stone pavement of the hall. A bugle sounded in the court, and many a stalwart Islander came from the fields and the shore, startled into excitement by the summons, and eager for the change it promised.

Hand in hand the two ladies watched the yacht as it was freed from its mooring in the inlet, and, with a crowd of hastily armed retainers on the deck, put forth into the channel. The form of Macdonald of Boisdale towered above them all; and as his craft swept under the window where Lady Clanranald and her mother were seated, the old man lifted the bonnet from his iron-gray head and waved it gallantly in the air.

The wind was fair and the yacht cut her way bravely through the waters, spreading her white sails, and forming a beautiful object as the spray flashed up from her prow and the sunshine sparkled around her. As she drew near the little Island of Erisca, the form and class of the strange vessel became more clearly defined. She was certainly foreign built, and carried an armament. With every new examination the heart of the chief rose. Surely, a ship of that size and importance could not have sought this remote anchorage on a light errand. He could hardly find patience to wait the swift progress of his little craft, but was constantly crying out for his people to crowd more sail, till her very safety was endangered by his sharp impatience.

While Macdonald was thus forcing his way toward the vessel, a boat swept round her stern and came toward the yacht. It was manned by a foreign-looking crew and seemed bearing toward South Uist.

As this boat came within hail it challenged the yacht, and demanded if young Macdonald of Clanranald was at his home at South Uist.

"No," answered the chief; "but if you are from yonder craft, Macdonald of Boisdale is here to answer for Clanranald."

The boat lay on her oars a few moments, while her crew seemed to hold a brief consultation; then she swept round and followed in the wake of the yacht, which was soon alongside of the strange vessel.

Macdonald cast a keen glance over the stranger as the yacht came to her anchor. A group of men stood upon the deck regarding the movement of the smaller vessel with interest; and directly the boat which had followed the yacht, after receiving some orders over the side of the war vessel, came close to the yacht and invited Macdonald to go on board the stranger.

The chieftain promptly descended into the boat, and in a few moments stood before the group which had excited his interest. From this group a gentleman stepped forth with a hand extended, greeting the old chief with great cordiality. It was a distant member of the Macdonald family who had been long on the Continent, and now claimed a degree of cousinship with the old chieftain.

"You have answered our summons promptly, for which take many thanks," he said, shaking the old man's hand.

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"Not so; I saw a strange craft, and was already on my way in search of news. You have had letters of late from yonder?"

The man pointed across the water, smiling significantly,

"Yes, we have had letters."

"Which contained a pass-word?"

The Macdonald leaned forward and whispered a sentence in the stranger's ear.

"And the news has been carefully spread among our friends?"

"Nay, there has scarcely been time. I am but now on my way from Skye with the first intelligence for Clanranald."

"From Skye? The domain of Sir Alexander Macdonald is in that fair island, I think? So he has been informed, and will be ready?"

"Yes, if—he you wot of—comes with troops, munitions of war, and enough gold to help us forward at the start, there will be an uprising in the mountains that shall make George tremble on his throne."

The stranger listened thoughtfully, and glanced toward the group of gentlemen with some anxiety.

"I find my countrymen have not forgotten how to be cautious," he said, at last, with a grave smile.

"Caution is the nurse of success," answered the Macdonald, calmly.

As they conversed, the two men had commenced walking, and now came up to the little knot of strangers that stood silently watching their approach. Foremost among these was a young man in priest's garments, whose fine blue eyes had followed every movement of the old chief from the moment his foot touched the deck. As the old man met the glance of those eyes a thrill passed through his frame, and his swarthy cheek grew red.

"Who is this man?" he questioned, turning to his companion, and speaking in a quick, low voice.

"A friend from whom the king has no secrets. You may read his character in that face."

"It is too frank and brave to be hid under a cowl," muttered the old man.

"Nay, we want wisdom in council, and prayers in our time of need. No man living can represent the king more faithfully than this priest, young as he is."

As these words were uttered, the young man came forward, and, reaching forth his hand, took that of the old chieftain with a cordiality that sent the blood thrilling back to his brave heart. The person who had first greeted him was about to speak, but the priest waved his disengaged hand with a smile, saying, "It is not needed, my good friend. No Macdonald should require an introduction to one of us. That name and loyalty to the Stewart are the same thing."

The old chief looked at the priest earnestly, and with a reverence more profound than the occasion seemed to warrant, replied,

"If the Prince were here in person, as I trust he soon may be, the Macdonalds will be found in their old places."

The young priest cast a quick glance back on his companions, and a brilliant smile flashed across his lips.

"If all of that name are as firm in their loyalty as this brave man," he said, "the cause of our——" he hesitated a moment, checked himself, and then continued, "of our master would be sure at least in these islands."

"There is not a Macdonald, either here or on the main-land, who will not uphold all that I have said. Let Prince Charles but come among us, backed by the aid which he promises from France, and the Highlands will be a blaze in twenty-four hours after. Six thousand good French soldiers with gold to open the way—for in our fortresses we have more bravery than coin—and arms to place in the hands that know well how to use them, and the loyalty of Scotland will prove itself by dashing the crown of England from the dastard hand that usurps it."

The smile left the priest's face, though his eyes flashed back the old man's enthusiasm.

"But if France had disappointed the Prince—if he, despairing of help from that selfish nation, should have the courage to throw himself, with such small provision as his own narrow resources suffered to supply, upon the generous loyalty of those who love the Stewarts, how would the Macdonalds receive him?"

The chief bent his eyes to the floor for a moment; then lifted them steadily to the face that was so eagerly regarding him.

"As a brave, rash youth, whom they must love, but dare not in loyalty and conscience aid forward to certain ruin."

The handsome face of the priest grew white, and he made an impatient gesture which shook the drapery of his gown from cowl to sandal.

"And would this be your answer?"

"I am only one man with but few followers—and little except my own life to give. These I would fling away for the Stewarts readily as I might hunt down a stag for his table."

"And you would join him even under these discouraging circumstances?"

"I, myself, yes; what matters it? But the

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strength and power of the Macdonald lies in other and younger hands. No man of the name, save Sir Alexander, of Skye, and my nephew, Clanranald, can muster the clans in force."

"But Macdonald of Boisdale is the elder and more experienced. It is by his counsel the others are guided."

"Therefore his judgment should be clear and his counsel wise. Sir priest, any man may be reckless and generous with that which is his own; but when his advice threatens to bring ruin and death on all that turn to him in blood or fealty, comes the cruel duty of firmness even against the loyal clamor of his own heart."

"And you would advise the Macdonalds against joining the Prince, if he were so unfortunate as to lack the promised support of France?"

"Sir priest, I should; though the words broke my old heart as they left it. Here in the Highlands we are without arms—for the Hanoverian has taken care to strip us of all our warlike weapons. We are without coin, too, for it has been the policy of this usurping government to keep us poor, thus binding us down with stronger chains than were ever forged from iron. Those who have been left in possession of their guards, are so favored because of their lukewarmness to the royal cause. They might join it, with France to back them; but would stand aloof, should the Prince come among us illy provided as you hint at."

"And you, a Macdonald, think it would be a desperate venture; and that the prince, should he come upon the coast, would meet with a cold welcome?"

The priest's voice faltered, and his lip trembled as he put this question. The chief was greatly disturbed, and his strong voice broke as he replied,

"A cold welcome to the Stewart, sir priest! That thought maligns the people of Scotland. There is not a true Northern heart which will not leap to the news of his coming. But a war like this which lies before us cannot be sustained on bare courage, nor troops fed on the wildest enthusiasm. These things may win a battle upon our own hills, but would fail under forced marches and lack of food in the enemy's country."

"But victory would give us these things. Let the Highland chiefs but rally around their Prince, and the enthusiasm and loyalty you assure me of will soon wrest arms from the English strong-holds and gather food from their granaries."

The chief shook his head.

"Sir priest, it is not for men of your calling to calculate the chances of revolution."

The priest flushed with impotent red, and cast a glance upon his gown which seemed almost contemptuous. He even made a gesture as if to fling off the sacred garment, but composed himself after a moment and answered,

"That may be true—but the cause of our ardent faith is so interwoven with that of the Stewarts, that her priests may well be fired with a warrior's spirit."

The chief smiled.

"Nay," he said, "our kings have always found their warmest adherents in the church and the bower chamber. It is but now that I left two fair ladies shedding tears of joy over the news that Charles Edward might soon be in Scotland."

"Two fair ladies! The saints bless them for their grace to a wandering Prince, who may well be doubly thankful for their gentle favor, when the old adherents of his house grow coldly prudent. May I crave the names of these fair patriots?"

"One is the Lady Clanranald."

"Wife or mother to the Macdonald of Clanranald?"

"His mother."

"And she is in this neighborhood?" inquired the priest, eagerly.

"A sharp eye can see the walls of her dwelling upon the opposite shore yonder."

The priest shaded his eyes with one hand, gazing toward the point at which the old man pointed with his claymore.

"Gentlemen," he said, with sudden animation, "we have failed in winning this brave old man to our opinion, and must respect his scruples while we regret them; but yonder lives a lady who may have ideas more in concert with ours. She is, if I remember aright, of a family that have not grudged their lives before now in behalf of its kings. Let us raise anchor and steer for her dwelling."

The chief was taken by surprise.

"Nay," he said, striding up and down the deck, "what have women to do with grave matters of war? They counsel from the heart ever."

"And that is the counsel we most need. Weigh anchor, my men, we will see what loyalty exists among the women of Scotland."

"The Lady Clanranald will hesitate to receive strangers in the absence of her son," persisted the chief, struck with apprehension of the effect that the eloquence of this strangely interesting man might have upon the generous lady.

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The priest colored to the temples at this seeming inhospitality. After a moment's hesitation, he threw off the priest's gown, cast it from him far on the deck, and displayed the dress of a cavalier which had been concealed under it. When Macdonald saw the star on his breast, and the fine contour of that handsome face, he was greatly disturbed.

"Here let us throw away all disguise," cried the young adventurer. "If the Macdonald refuses hospitality to the agent of the Prince, perchance he will not be so churlish to Charles Edward himself."

The chief sunk to his knees, and the group upon the deck waving their caps, cried out, enthusiastically,

"Long live King James—long live the Prince!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTER THE HARVEST.

BY N. F. CARTER.

The blossoming Summer is over,
The hillsides no longer are red
With billowy stretches of clover.

No longer the vernal adorning
Of woodland and meadow is wet
With dew-drops impearling the morning.

The orchards no longer are whitened
With petals, snow-tinted and fresh,
The frolicsome May-time has brightened.

No longer the children pick berries
In pastures o'erspreading the hills,
Nor crimson their faces with cherries.

No longer the harvests, all golden
With sunbeams in merrisome mood,
The hearts of the reapers embolden.

No longer the rivaling flushes
Of sunsets empurpling the West,
Gild apples with deepening blushes.

No longer the woods, with their banners
Deep-tinted with yellow and red,
Build temples for warbling hosannas.

The dead leaves above us are sighing,
Around in a wearisome rain
The dead leaves are fitfully flying.

We see in the garden the changes,
Heralding the Winter to come
Our Father so wisely arranges.

The world in its hectic of beauty
Betokens the death of the year,
And whispers a lesson of duty.

It whispers of Time in its flying,
Fast speeding the Winter of life—
The sorrow and anguish of dying!

It whispers of fruit to be gathered
In granaries waiting above,
Ere all the wild tempests are weathered.

How wise in the Spring-time of gladness
And Summer of blossoming hopes.
To watch for the Autumn of sadness!—

To sow for a harvest of glory,
Which, gathered and garnered, shall bless
The Winter so dreary and hoary!

Thrice happy the pilgrim who never
Forgets the great lessons of Time,
But lives for the coming Forever!

LAMENT.

BY MARY M. BARNES.

Where violets sleep beneath the drifted snow,
Where mourning winds make music, sad and low,
Thou sleepest now, oh! darling of my heart!
And I—I wander through the world apart.

'Tis seven long years—seven years of toil and change
Since death-mists dimmed thine eyes so blue and strange,
And thy face, cast in Beauty's perfect mould,
Death hardened into marble, fair and cold.

Seven years to-night. Alas! I never thought
That years, with such a dreary anguish fraught,
Could steal, like shadows, to the gloomy past,
And I, heart-broken, living be at last.

They say grief kills; sweet friend, it cannot be;
Else were I lying, cold and still, by thee.
'Twere better so; but no, God knoweth best:
I'll toil, and pray, and leave to Him the rest.

Oh, darling! how I miss the winning ways
That made the old time happy! Blame or praise,
If heard from thy sweet lips, was dearer far
Than heartless compliments of others are.

The music of thy voice, can I forget
Those silver tones? Ah, no, I hear it yet.
I know the angels envied me, dear love,
They had no minstrel like thyself above.

They took thee then to share their life divine,
But oh! their love can never equal mine.
And seems to me, from Heaven thy soul would turn,
And for my presence even there would yearn.

The years go slowly by; it matters not,
I soon shall rest with thee in that sweet spot.
My pain forgot, will fret my soul no more,
When with my love I walk the "Shining Shore."

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HESTER GRANT'S STORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"If only something would happen!" sighed Hester Grant, repeating the wish at her heart for at least the twentieth time during the last hour.

What that something should be, it would have been difficult for Hester to decide—indeed she was almost indifferent: something that should break what she considered the monotony of her life, which would force itself upon her as an event of magnitude, and so quiet the restless fancies which left her no peace.

Yet, according to all established rules, she ought to have been happy. Many things had been granted to her which should do much toward making life pleasant. She had wealth, beauty, kind friends; still, with the perversity and blindness of her years, Hester was far either from repose or happiness.

Hester was tired of the lady-like trifles which made up her life; tired of her embroidery, her music, her French stories, and her attempts at sketching; tired already of the acquaintances and friends she had made since her return from school, acquaintances like all other people everybody meets, pleasant and well-bred enough, but nothing beyond. Hester longed to find some one to whom existence had been a tragedy or a great romance; who had lived through every imaginable experience, and suffered the woes of all her novel heroines combined—and no such interesting specimen crossed her path.

Hester had meant to do so much—to have accomplished, even by that time, some wonderful destiny, which should set her as far apart from the generality of her sex and years as if she had been a Corinne or a modern Hypatia. Nothing had been done. Her dreams had no other effect than to worry her out of all repose, and she looked back, with positive heartsickness, upon the failure of her schemes, gorgeous and impossible as the stories in the Arabian Nights.

At first, when she came to Deerwood fresh from a course of new English novels, with their accounts of great ladies who made themselves angels among their humble neighbors, founded schools, had nurseries for the sick, and so on, it had seemed proper for her to start something of the sort in the neighborhood of her home. But—astonishing to say—she found herself hampered in the outset. She did not know how to begin her work—a fact which might have somewhat daunted a more practical person, but which only gave Hester new interest, and made her more determined.

Deerwood was situated within a mile of one of those pretty little villages which are to be found throughout our Middle States. It consisted of a row of modest houses with sugar maples in front—a tavern—a doctor and a lawyer, and so on through the usual routine. Hester had no acquaintances in the place; she could not be expected to make friends with such people—she intended to become their Lady Bountiful, not their associate.

She had lived little in the country. I grieve to say that she was far more familiar, from books, with English habits, than with those of her own land, that is among the class of people to whose well-being she intended, for a season, to devote herself.

She was a little surprised to find that none of the men whom she met in her walks or rides—peasants, she called them internally—touched their hats to her as they passed; quite the contrary: they eyed her with the utmost assurance, and, occasionally, some sober old farmer, jogging along in his one-horse wagon, would nod quietly, without even taking the trouble to remove the pipe from his mouth. Near the village she would often meet a knot of girls; but they were all so beflounced and bedecked that she looked at them in astonishment; and they stared at her boldly, nudging each other, tittering, tossing their heads, and employing a variety of feats familiar to the American mind, for assuring the young lady of Deerwood that "they were as good as she, any day."

She found a school in the village, and another very near the boundaries of her own domain, one of the order ycleped "district" by all who live in its neighborhood.

She was an excellent horsewoman, and she galloped far and near in search of picturesque cabins and romantic poverty, in which to interest herself. Her journeys met with little success. She found plenty of comfortable farmhouses nestled among trees and vines; but as

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there were neither Irish, Germans, nor other waifs from foreign shores settled in the vicinity, she had her rides in vain, except as they benefited her health, or brought a deeper love of nature, when she had time to notice anything about her.

Hester believed herself an ardent lover of the beautiful. She could quote poetry, make drawings—and thus established her claims on exactly the grounds that so many young women do, who, at the bottom, like Hester, could not tell a hemlock tree from a pine, or distinguish the notes of a song-sparrow from those of a wood-thrush.

Soon after her discovery that it would not be easy to find employment for her powers, several young ladies from the village saw fit to honor Hester with a call. One of them was insane to procure the pattern of a mantilla in which Hester had appeared at church the Sunday before, and persuaded the others to accompany her.

Hester saw them approaching the house from her room, where she was holding a consultation with Miss Betsey Jones, the housekeeper; and that grim female informed her who they were: the saddler's daughter, the storekeeper's niece, and somebody else.

"What can they want?" asked Hester.

"Why, to make you a call," said Betsey; "folks likes to know their neighbors."

"Nonsense!" said Hester. "Probably they need some help. I will go down at once."

Away sped the young lady, prepared to enact the patroness with much grace; and Betsey Jones, after staring at her to make certain that she was not insane, actually sat down upon the floor and rolled from side to side in an ecstasy of merriment such as no mortal had ever seen her indulge.

"Oh, my!" she groaned. "Won't she ketch it if they find out what she thinks! That Em Potter has got an awful tongue in her head! Oh! dear me—oh!"

Hester found that she was wrong and Betsey right: the young women had come to make a friendly call. She was more indignant than a duchess might have been under the circumstances. Civil she was—Hester could not forget her good breeding—but she sat before them such a stately iceberg, that the smiles, which they intended to thaw her, changed to frowns. It was not long before they flounced out of the house without the mantilla pattern even having been hinted at, and returned home in great passion—Miss Potter, the young lady with a tongue, the most outrageous of them all, to think that Hester's quiet state had given her no opportunity to vent her feelings.

Of course the girls told their own story, and Hester's unpopularity grew rapidly; but of that she knew nothing, and Betsey Jones did not feel called upon to inform her.

Hester gave up "the villagers" in despair, and turned her attention to the little brown school house near her home. The teacher was a young female New Englander, and a friend of the damsels who had made a call at Deerwood. Heaven help the unsuspecting Hester under such circumstances!

She walked down to the school-house in her very prettiest summer attire, and looked smilingly in, at the open door, upon the rows of boys and girls, and the teacher throned above them. A hiss among the pupils made the mistress look up. She recognized Hester instantly. One of her friends was by her side, having stopped for a moment's chat when recess should arrive. The visitor nudged Sophronia Anderson; but that quick-witted young lady had laid her plans in the twinkling of an eye. She sat erect and still; it was her turn to do the iceberg, and she meant to improve the opportunity.

"May I come in?" asked Hester, after an instant's awkward silence, during which several big girls tittered.

Miss Sophronia turned her eyes upon the speaker.

"This is a school-house," said she, preserving the vernacular in spite of what the old women of her acquaintance called "her great book larnin'."

"Yes, of course," returned Hester, cheerfully, although a sudden qualm passed over her. "May I come in and sit awhile?"

"Did you think of comin' to school?" demanded Miss Sophronia, calmly.

The visitor by her side hid her face to prevent laughing outright, the big girls snickered again, but the school ma'am was unmoved.

Hester longed to run away; but that was impossible.

"I thought I should like to see how you go on," she stammered, not well knowing what she said.

"I don't take scholars on trial," returned Miss Sophronia. "This ain't a meetin'. Come and come reg'lar is my motto. Hev you ever studied grammar? Ben fur in g'ography? What sort of hand-writin' hev you got?"

She poured these questions in a torrent upon the paralyzed girl, while the titter grew gradually louder, and the visitor by the desk sunk

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lower and lower in her efforts to smother her glee.

"Children!" exclaimed Sophronia, tapping on a desk with her ferule; "'tend to your books! Is this the way you act when a new scholar comes? Pratty big girl to be comin'," she added.

The blood rushed to Hester's face. She gave the woman a haughty glance; but Miss Sophronia was only enraged, not daunted, thereby.

"You understand very well," said Hester, as quietly as she could speak, "that I merely called into the school for a moment——"

"Oh!" interrupted Sophronia, hitting her again; "be you one of the school committee?"

"At all events," replied Hester, "I shall see what the committee think of such conduct to a lady who called here from an interest in the school."

This time Sophronia laughed. The visitor and the whole school joined. Hester turned and walked out. Sophronia followed her to the door.

"You'll report me, will you?" she called. "I wish you joy of your arrant! So you come to make a call, did you? Why, you sassy, stuck up 'ristocrat, to shove yourself where you ain't wanted—boo!"

Hester hurried beyond the reach of Sophronia's tongue, and, when she reached home, cried herself fairly sick; but after that she left her neighbors entirely alone. But the story went far and wide, and Hester was hated accordingly. She had to undergo all those attempts at persecution, which everybody must who has the ill luck to offend an American village.

Hester kept her mortification from her father, and Betsey Jones never allowed her to see that she had heard of the circumstance. Miss Jones had been housekeeper to Mr. Grant for years, and when she found that Hester never interfered with her authority, liked her accordingly. In secret the grim spinster laughed at her follies, although she did battle for her when her name was assailed by the village people.

All these things happened, as I said—at least I meant to have said so—during the first year of Hester's escape from the boarding-school; where, as in most monstrosities of that name, she had acquired so little that could be of service to her, and so much which must be unlearned, let her life pass ever so smoothly.

Since that time she had ceased her efforts to benefit those about her, and had fed upon her wonderful dreams, until, lo! they turned to ashes in her grasp.

Thus it is that we find her in that country home, upon a dreary autumn night, fretful, repining, anxious for anything which could bring change or excitement.

"If only something would happen!"

Hester had grown so weary of repeating those words! Yet they involuntarily framed themselves upon her lips.

The solitude which irked her had, however, been of her own choosing. The house might have been filled with guests had she desired it; but she did not. She was tired of dancing—weary of commonplace young women, in spite of refinement and accomplishments commonplace still—more tired of youth whose brains seemed to lie in their heels, and, as if their owners had been a set of queerly-fashioned puppets, were only to be set in motion by a violin. So, there she was alone: her father had gone to town. She had endured three days of incessant rain—her new books were tiresome—she had no pleasant vision to call up at command. So she sat and sighed and moaned as miserably as only youth, cursed with imagination and nothing to do, possibly can when the spell has faded and the enchanter's wand turned to a crooked reed.

She was seated in a little apartment off the dining-room, whither she had strayed after trying each apartment in turn and becoming disgusted with all. She was interrupted in her gloomy train of thought by the abrupt entrance of Betsey Jones, who had no superstition in regard to knocking at doors or paying the least attention to similar amenities of life.

"I want some arnicy. There's some in that cupboard," she said, abruptly, and making straight for the receptacle she had indicated by a dash of her hand.

"Arnica! What for?" asked Hester, languidly, brought out of her revery by the little tumult the woman had caused.

"La! didn't I tell you?" cried Betsey. "Jo's cut his foot, and it's bleeding awful!"

Hester retreated. The very thought of blood made her sick.

"Can I do anything?" she asked, in a voice which proved that she hoped not.

"La, no," replied Betsey. "Don't come out; you can't bear the sight of blood—'tain't no great thing."

"Perhaps you had better send for the doctor," suggested Hester, by way of quieting her conscience.

"Doctors be shot!" retorted Miss Betsey. And away she sped, looking quite equal to any emergency that could possibly arise.

Once or twice Hester almost made up her

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mind to go out herself; but she could not summon sufficient resolution, and, at last, forgot her self-annoyance in some of her wonderful plans—never remembering that she had neglected one of the very opportunities she had desired of doing good to somebody. But then, she was thinking of deeds of heroism, Florence Nightingale feats, and the like—all very different from going down into the kitchen to see a common working man with a bloody gash on his foot.

So Hester sat still, and the evening passed on—and she, poor thing! unaware that she had let slip an occasion to free herself, for a season, from the dark spirits which had taken possession of her.

The next day Mr. Grant returned from the city, and brought with him the son of an old friend, Oscar Waring. He inherited his somewhat romantic Christian name and his clear, colorless complexion from his Swedish mother; but the charm of his manners was all his own: born of the sweet, though impetuous, nature, which had gained him hosts of friends all through his youth.

I have dwelt too long upon Hester's foolish dreams and aspirations. I shall make very brief the record of this portion of her life. I do not desire any mystery. From the first I want my readers to understand, that Oscar Waring was the man destined to work an entire change in her life; that she loved him and was beloved, and, thereby, obtained that glimpse of Elysium without which no young life is perfect.

Weeks similar to those which Hester and Waring spent have been so often described, that I may spare myself the trouble of narrating their details.

Mr. Grant was too old and too worldly a man not to perceive the state of affairs; but as it coincided with his wishes he naturally had no fault to find.

During a second visit, which Waring soon made to Deerwood, he and Hester were betrothed, and their happiness was only marred by a sudden summons which Waring received from an aged relative in Europe, and which he could not neglect.

Hester was alone again with her dreams; but they had taken a new aim, and rendered her more gentle and womanly than she had ever been.

She had ceased to utter the old wish she had formerly repeated with such weariness. But Hester had to learn that sinful prayers for release or change are often granted at the very time when the heart has forgotten its unrest and its impatience, and asks only to float smoothly over the summer sea into which the present has drifted.

She had frequent letters from Waring. She enjoyed her winter more than she had done any previous one; but in the early spring a sudden storm burst upon her life. While they were preparing to return to Deerwood, Mr. Grant was taken ill and died at the expiration of a fortnight.

It was the first real sorrow Hester had ever known, and her undisciplined heart seemed fairly broken by the blow. She watched by his sick-bed with untiring affection, aided in her task by the old-maid-housekeeper, whose worth and goodness Hester learned for the first time to appreciate. When all was over, and she found herself in the world almost without family tie, deeply did Hester regret the careless ease and selfishness of which she had unconsciously been guilty, and long—as so many mourners have done—for an opportunity to prove to her lost father that she had not been indifferent from lack of respect or love.

Hester would attain her majority in a few months, and, refusing to reside in the family of the old friend who had been chosen her guardian, she went back to Deerwood with Betsey Jones. The old maid was very kind to her—lenient to her fancies and whims; and, in her grief, Hester forgot that she was practising, to those about her, the very selfishness which, as connected with her father, occasioned her so much remorse.

Letters from Waring brought sweet assurances of his sympathy, and, sooner than Hester could have believed possible, she turned from her poignant regret to dream of the happiness which would be hers when they were once more united. Waring could set no time for his return. It was impossible for him to leave his old relative, who, in making him his heir, had begged, as the only favor he asked, that the young man would remain with him to the close of that last, long illness.

During the beautiful spring days Hester rode daily for hours among the old hills, in her new happiness, finding more companionship in nature than she had ever before done.

One morning Betsey Jones brought her a letter. It was from Waring, and contained the intelligence of his speedy return. His relative's health was much improved, and he urged the young man to return to America for a little time. Then came a recital of the errand which would bring him: he must take Hester back as his wife.

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The girl read the precious pages again and again, held the letter to her cheek, while she yielded to the spell it had aroused. Betsey Jones, from her seat in the hall, raised her grim face from her work and looked at her young mistress in wonder at the new beauty which brightened her face.

"It's good to be young," muttered the old maid; "it's good to be loved." And she bent more closely over her sewing, looking harder and grimmer than ever—perhaps to hide some memory tugging at her heart of days when she had been young, loved—it may be—till even her humble life brightened, as Hester's did that morning.

After a time Hester called her old housekeeper, and, out of the confidence which grief had made between them, told her something of her plans. She was to be married in two months—it had been her father's wish that no mourning for him should lead Hester to put off her marriage after such time as Waring's duties would permit him to return home.

So Betsey wished her such joy as she might; and, in her new affection for everything about her, Hester absolutely kissed the old maid as much to Betsey's confusion and bewilderment as if her cheek had never felt a caress before.

The confinement of the house was insupportable to Hester. She ordered her horse and prepared for a long gallop over the hills. The answer to Waring's letter she would write that evening. The very thought made her tremble with maiden shyness and tender feelings.

She rode for hours, and, toward sunset, found herself near home. She cantered gaily down the hill, careless of everything about her, singing snatches of old songs, and looking so beautiful, that more than one who passed turned to look and admire her in spite of the unpopularity which her girlish follies and her great pride had made for her in the neighborhood.

Near the school-house a pile of lumber had been thrown down by the roadside for the purpose of repairing the old building; but Hester neither saw it nor remembered that her horse had been frightened in that very spot as she rode out.

She was swinging her whip in her hand—it touched him—he started forward. At that instant he caught sight of the lumber—shyed with a terrific bolt—and the scholars playing about the school-house, the mistress enjoying a breath of air during the recess, saw Hester Grant flung from the saddle and thrown violently against the pile of boards.

There were men at work in the field near by, and Hester was carried to her house insensible and bleeding, while Miss Sophronia followed, remembering the old meeting between them with far less triumphant feelings than she had formerly done.

Betsey Jones was not the woman to shriek or faint even when she saw her mistress borne apparently lifeless into the hall, and, after the first moment of horror, went about her necessary duties with sufficient fortitude.

The physician came and pronounced his verdict: the wound upon the head was a slight one; but Hester would be crippled, if not bedridden, for life—her hip was broken.

When, days after, Hester could speak and begin to think collectedly, she did not fully realize the calamity which had befallen her. The reality came upon her suddenly. Betsey Jones and the nurse who had been procured were standing by her bed, and, believing that she slept, conversed, at intervals, in whispers. Hester heard them vaguely; but a few words from the strange woman smote upon her ear.

"Poor thing!" she said; "to think she'll never walk again—a cripple for life!"

Hester opened her eyes with a look which startled the pair. Physical pain was forgotten in the horror of that announcement. She struggled violently, but could not move. She called, in a despairing voice,

"Betsey! Betsey Jones!"

They hurried to her in turn; but she motioned the stranger away.

"Tell me," she gasped; "is it true? Shall I never walk again?"

Betsey tried evasion—encouragement; but, with her old imperiousness and strong will, Hester forced her to speak. Almost involuntarily Betsey permitted her to see to what she must look forward.

"Go away," she said, hoarsely, "both of you; leave me alone."

She forced them to close the door. There she was—face to face with her misery. She took everything in at a glance. She should live—if that could be called life—nothing else left—hope, love, all gone at once!

That half-hour of insane agony left Hester very near the grave. When the women stole into the room again they found her insensible.

I cannot describe those days of anguish and suffering; I must go on to the time when another letter from Waring, full of wonder and impatience at her silence, warned Hester that it was time to act.

She found, somewhere in her nature and in that strength which despair gives, power to

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answer. She told him everything. He must think of her no more except as of one dead; nor must he bury his heart in the living grave to which she had been consigned.

Long months after, when Hester was so far recovered that she could be moved from one room to another, she had found something of that peace which it is difficult for the young to understand in the midst of health.

A distant relative of her father's had come to stay at the house for a time; and with Mrs. Allen came her pretty Southern daughter, as full of life and spirits as Hester had once been.

When spring returned once more, Oscar Waring was able to return. His uncle was dead. Waring would have hastened at once to Hester upon the receipt of her terrible tidings; but his relative's sudden relapse had prevented. The young man had suffered greatly; perhaps even up to his arrival he had some lingering hope.

He wrote to Hester from New York. She bade him visit her; but her letter quenched the last gleam that had lingered in his heart.

Hester was lying upon a couch in the library when Betsey Jones came to tell her that Mr. Waring had come. She sent her aunt and cousin to meet him. She needed the preparation of a little solitude and prayer—God pity her!

When Waring saw Mary Allen, he almost thought it was Hester come to meet him—she was so like what her cousin had been. After a time he was summoned. He entered the library—saw a wan form stretched upon the couch—a thin hand extended—a pale face smiling faintly upon him. He could not believe that it was Hester—there was so little trace left of the proud beauty he had loved. Gentle and pure the features were; but, beyond the sweet patience of her smile, the new softness in her eyes, sickness and pain had left no loveliness.

Hester was much more composed than he, and before he left the room he had promised to remain some time—to be her friend always.

It was only natural—it could not have been otherwise; but Waring could never feel that the poor invalid was his Hester. When talking or riding with Mary Allen, he seemed to have his old love much nearer than when seated by Hester's side.

At Hester's request his visit was repeated, and before the summer was over she saw what his heart had never ventured to confess even to himself: Mary Allen had assumed the destiny which would have been that of the Hester of the old time.

Then Hester knew what she had to do, and she did not shrink. Even she, at times, was almost ready to look upon her cousin as her old self. She had a strange pleasure, under all her pain, in making happy that girl.

She sent for Waring and talked openly with him; nay, she, herself, placed in his the trembling hand of Mary Allen.

They were married before the end of the year, and by that time Hester had learned, that, in sparing her life, God had left her a task to perform. The old dreams were gone, but in their place had come a clear knowledge of her duties. The ample wealth in her possession was devoted to the task which she had accepted—that of aiding the sick and needy.

Hester lived at Deerwood cherished and protected by her faithful old servant. The time came when she could move about, with the aid of a crutch, could occupy herself more in her good work. Not far from her own dwelling was erected a Hospital for Incurables, and scores of helpless, wretched beings there found rest and comfort.

Truly, it was a strange realization of her old fancies! But Hester was grateful and content; ay, even in her suffering and affliction, life had a higher charm than it had ever known.

The aged, the helpless blessed her name—little children, rescued from want and shame, played about her knees—and the angels, which her own resignation and holy life had raised up for her, changed the troubled waters in which her soul had struggled into a well-spring of perpetual peace and rest.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

Sweet flower, that near the friendly hawthorn blows
With bending cup, all deck'd in virgin white,
Beneath the sheltering leaf thy beauty glows,
And modestly thou shunn'st the glare of light.

True emblem of a lovely maiden's mind,
Whose every smile the Graces mild adorn;
Shelter'd, by modesty, from life's rude wind,
She charms as blossoms 'neath the hanging thorn.

The loud, rough blasts that whistle through the sky
May tear the flower that seeks the sun's embrace;
But safe beneath the green leaf dost thou lie,
And in the shrouding foliage hid'st thy face.

So man that braves the stormy gales of life,
And bares his breast to fortune's piercing blow,
Too often launches forth on seas of strife—
Too often sinks o'erwhelmed by waves of woe!

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THE LITTLE WOOD-CHOPPER.

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

"You are really too bad, Horace!" And a touch of the whip to Whitefoot's sides emphasized Godfrey Howell's impatient exclamation.

His companion started from his reveries, and, with a good-natured laugh, asked, "Why?"

"Why? Have we not been riding side by side for nearly three hours, and have you not been mute as a fish all the time? I've suggested opera, the weather, the state of the nation, and various other original topics in vain; even a slightly disparaging remark upon the fair Leonora's beauty only called forth a lazy 'Do you think so?'"

"Why should I be Miss Graham's defender?"

"You admired her last winter."

"Oh, yes, as lately as this spring; but an accident revealed to me so hollow and heartless a nature beneath her fair face, that I felt my admiration die instantly. Oh! Godfrey, are there any real women left?"

"Sweet, innocent creatures! composed of all the domestic virtues bound in shilling calico! Pray, were you dreaming of such a one in your long reverie?"

"No; I was thinking——"

"So I imagined. Come, out with it; I am quite curious to hear what formed the subject of your thoughts."

"I must go back a little to make you quite understand why they were so engrossing. You may have heard that my uncle, who adopted me when I lost my parents, was an eccentric, indeed—some said—almost a crazy, man. And he certainly had very peculiar notions. Among these was a fixed aversion to authors, actors, painters, sculptors, and—I am quoting his words—'other gentleman vagabonds.' You may, then, imagine his fury when I declared my intention of becoming an artist. Every threat in the English language, every sort of abuse was poured out upon my devoted head to try to move me; but I felt that a higher power had placed the longing in my soul for my happiness, and I was resolute. Then entreaties—harder to resist than the threats—were tried; but my own conviction of the true aim of my life was not to be shaken. I had my little inheritance from my mother, and, by care, I could make that cover the expenses of my education. So the threat to disinherit me was powerless like all the rest, and I sailed for Italy, firmly determined to return an artist. There had been a strong love between my uncle and myself. I honored his good qualities, and was willing, for their sake, to humor his whims; and I was the only child of his only sister, whom he loved devotedly. So, when I returned, he sent for me, and, in his own queer way, made a bargain with me. If I will paint him one good picture, get it admitted to the Academy, draw the prize, and sell it for enough to prove that my art will not beggar me, he will forgive me all my obstinacy and take me home again."

"Well, where is the difficulty? You have painted pictures worthy of a place in the Academy, and, if I mistake not, sold them too."

"They were all either portraits or historical subjects. For this, my greatest effort, I want something new, something original. Historical subjects are so hackneyed, and I don't want to be represented in the catalogue by 'Portrait of a Lady.' I was thinking over, for the hundredth time, all the subjects that have yet suggested themselves, when you spoke to me."

"Look!" cried Godfrey, reining in his horse and pointing forward with the whip, "there is a subject!"

Through the broken gateway, which led from the road to a cottage, Horace saw his picture. The back-ground was the stone wall of the house, and the surroundings were a pile of wood, a gate, and the soft, green grass. Kneeling upon the largest log, trying, with both chubby hands, to raise the heavy axe, was a child, whose white, polished limbs and lovely face were fair enough to rouse any soul to admiration. The dark-blue dress of woolen fabric was scant enough to leave the dimpled shoulders and arms bare, and the plump, white foot had neither shoe nor stocking to hide its childish beauty. Dark chestnut curls, escaping from a scarlet hood, shaded a bright face, whose large, dark eyes were raised as the little one stood motionless, looking at the carriage and the two "city gentlemen."

"Lottie! Lottie! You little romp, where are you?"

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The child started as the voice came floating out at the open window above her.

"I'm down here, chopping wood."

A sweet, bright face came out amongst the roses which surrounded the window, and then, with a merry laugh, the sister cried,

"Oh! Lottie, you naughty girl!" and disappeared to reappear, a moment later, at the door.

"Miss Ellen Hastings, by all that is beautiful!" cried Godfrey, and, tossing the reins to Horace, he sprang out of the vehicle, and, in another moment, was beside his friend.

"Tie up the horse, Horry, and come here," he said, a moment later. "Miss Hastings is kind enough to promise us a country tea."

"I don't know what you think of Lottie," said their hostess, as she led the young men into the pretty parlor; "for the child is perfectly crazy. Aunt Harriet felt unequal to the constant gayety of a watering-place, this summer, and she required some change of air. So we took this cottage to rusticate for a few months. It is Lottie's first season of perfect freedom, and the child is absolutely crazy upon all country matters. Seeing some of the farmer's children in the neighborhood barefoot, she steals away and doffs shoes and stockings whenever she can escape observation. Ah! here she comes!"

Such a quiet-looking child, in dainty shoes and stockings, with a pure white dress and a demure face, stole in, that Horace entered a laughing protest against the transformation; and the cause of the stop before the gate was explained.

There was something—who can tell what?—that made Nellie Hastings not unwilling to see Horace Lee's handsome face again, and she consented to allow Lottie to be painted. Aunt Harriet, who presided over the promised country tea, was quite willing to agree to the arrangement, and an appointment for a sitting the next day was made.

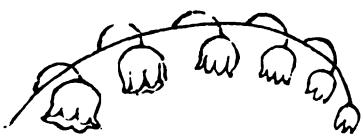
It took a long time to get the sketches to suit the young artist. Sometimes it was too early, sometimes too late. Often Lottie had escaped and was off in the fields or woods; yet these mishaps never tired the temper of the artist, or prevented his punctual appearance at the appointed time. Long walks or drives were made to look for the little wood chopper, and as Horace felt the sister's hand on his arm, or heard her sweet voice, he would forget his uncle, his picture, everything but the lovely face upon which he gazed, and the happiness it was to be near Ellen Hastings.

Oh! the old story! Who can tell all the whys and wherefores. They met—they loved!

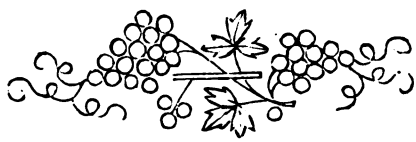
The picture was finished at last, and placed in the Academy to draw forth many praises and win the prize. Yet even the renewal of his uncle's favor and the warm commendations of his friends did not give Horace the thrill of delight which he felt when Lottie put her arms around his neck and said,

"Nellie says you're going to be my brother, and I'm awful glad!"

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



FOR FLANNEL.



STUD-HOLE FOR PILLOW-CASE.

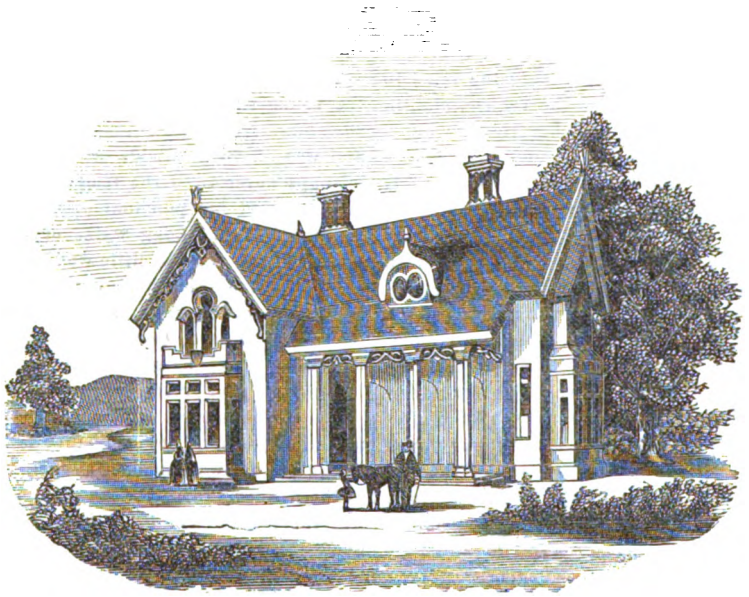


CAP SPRIGS.

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COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE.

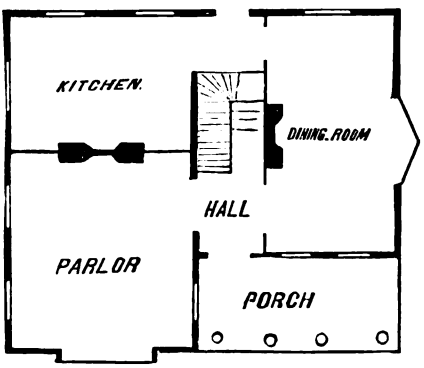
BY WILLIAM H. HALL, ARCHITECT.



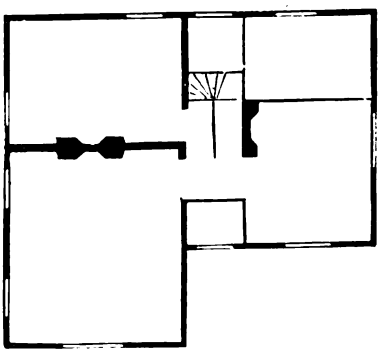
ENGLISH COTTAGE.

THE above design is in the English cottage style of architecture, which flourished in the middle ages; but the plan is made simple and cheap, and adapted to the wants of a moderate family, and will allow of such small deviations and alterations in the interior as will best accord with the tastes of the builder. A hilly country will afford the best location for a cottage in this style. The estimated cost, with plain finish, is twelve hundred dollars.

The accompanying plans explain the interior arrangements.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

We shall give, occasionally, these designs for economical, yet elegant private dwellings. A pretty cottage, or mansion, costs no more than an ugly one: and nothing ornaments a country so much as handsome architecture, such as that above.

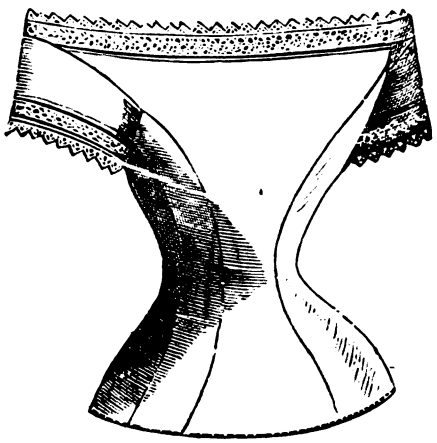
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LADY'S PETTICOAT BODY OR JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



PETTICOAT BODY: FRONT.



PETTICOAT BODY: BACK.

In giving a pattern of this description, it is impossible to suit everybody's figure, but we have made the diagrams suitable for a middling-sized person. Any slight alteration may very easily be made in the size of the waist without changing the cut of the pattern, which may be made either larger or smaller according to the dimensions required. When the jacket is required very much larger, each piece should be cut larger than the diagrams, taking care, however, to preserve the exact proportions. The most durable and suitable material for petticoat bodies is twilled calico, which should be rather fine; longcloth is sometimes used, but it does not wear so well. The seams, with the exception of the two under the arms, should be stitched on the right side, the top and bottom of the jacket corded, as well as the arm-holes and the bottom of the sleeves. The insertion and work which form the trimming should not be put on until the cording is completed, and, to make the insertion round the neck shapeable, a piece of narrow soft braid should be run in on the upper edge where the work is joined to it, so that it may easily be drawn in to the size required.

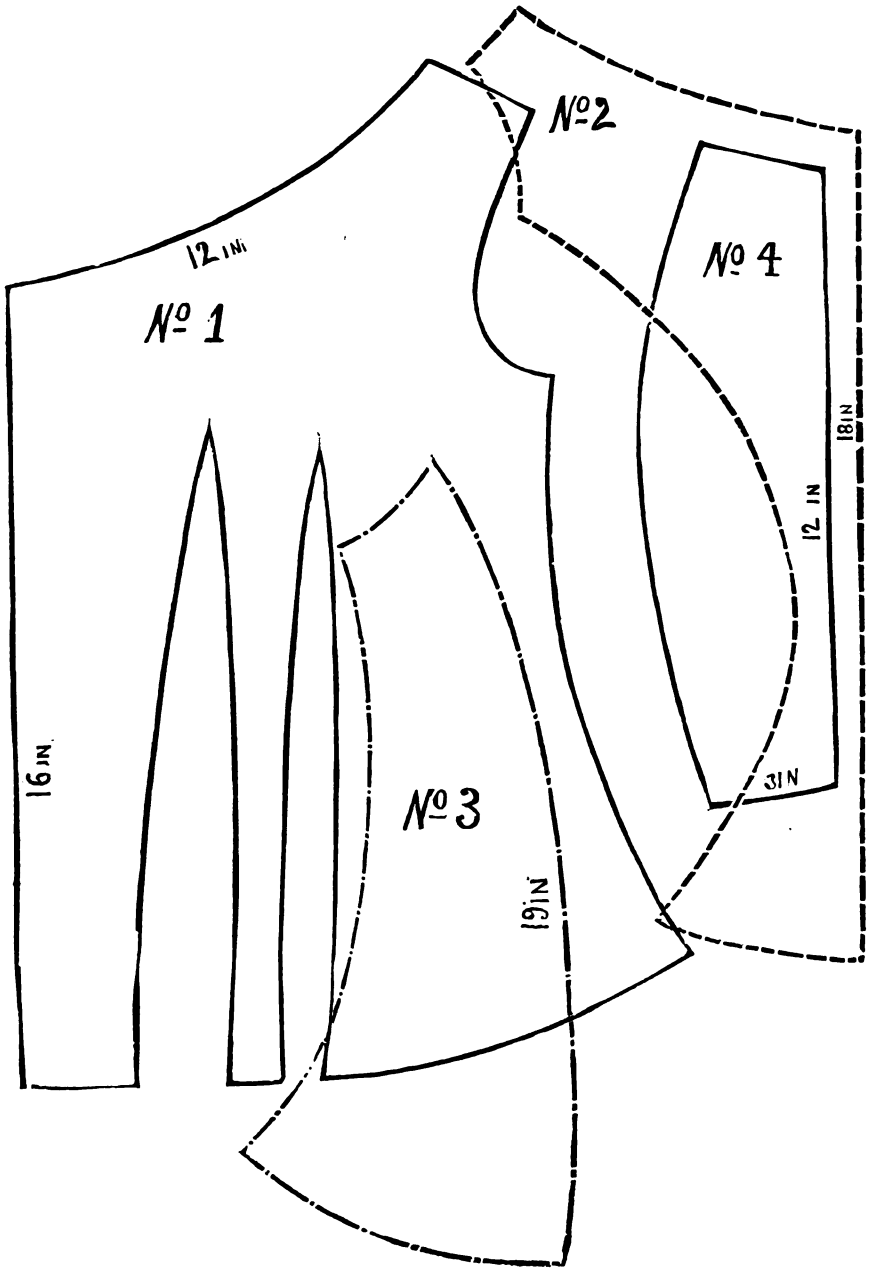
A false hem should also be put on inside the hem on the left side, in which six button-holes should be made. This will be found a more tidy method than making the button-holes in the jacket itself, the buttons being quite hidden, as will be seen in our illustration. We must not omit to say that turnings must be allowed for, in cutting out this jacket. We give above engravings of the front and back of this jacket; and on the next page diagrams by which to cut a paper pattern: the reader understanding that the paper patterns will have to be enlarged to the sizes marked on the diagrams.

No. 1. FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. SIDE-PIECE.
No. 4. SLEEVE.

As new subscribers may not know how to cut an enlarged pattern from these diagrams, we will give the directions. First—to enlarge No. 1.

Take a piece of newspaper, or brown paper, whichever is most convenient, making sure to have it large enough. Draw a straight line up it, sixteen inches long; then draw the curve, at top, for the shoulder, twelve inches long; and finish, back to where you began, in the same proportions. Do the backs, sleeves, and side-piece in the same way.

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EDGING.



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ORNAMENTAL BRACKET, VALENCE, CHAIR-BACK, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE splendid colored pattern, which is given in this number, may be used, either for an ornamental bracket, chair-back, or valence, etc., etc. If used for a bracket, such as seen in the opposite column, you must take a common piece of pine wood, and cut it in a three-cornered shape, to fit the wall, the outside being rounded. The wood must be covered with a piece of damask, or some material to match the color of the furniture in the room: this is glued on to the wood. To make the gilt ornamental part economically, a piece of gilt moulding may be purchased at a trifle per foot, and this can be bent round to the shape required. To make the moulding handsome, it should be cut out of wood, and then gilded. These brackets are very fashionable now in Philadelphia and New York.

The pattern should be worked in very bright colored wools, and the color of the grounding may be varied according to the taste of the worker. The design would look very well grounded in beads. Fine canvas and single wool should be used for a bracket; coarse canvas and double wool for a window cornice, or a chair-back. Middling-sized canvas should be used for a valence for a chimney-piece, and such valences are becoming again quite the thing.

The edges of the work should be neatly turned in and tucked down, the work lined, the edges of the points finished on with a small cord, and each point ornamented with a tassel. A statuette,



or group of flowers, under a glass shade, looks very well resting on these brackets. Three points would be sufficient to make a bracket large enough for an ordinary sized room.

STITCH IN KNITTING FOR WOOL JACKETS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

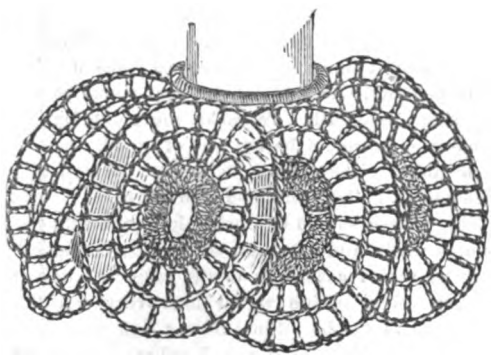
THIS is a pretty and simple stitch in knitting, and will be found appropriate for any article for winter wear. Jackets have now taken an established place in the list of a lady's wearing apparel, and the warm, elastic, wool-knitted jacket is one of the most comfortable productions of the Work-Table. The stitch we are now giving is composed of only two rows of knitting, so that the difficulties of fancy knitting are avoided. We will describe these two different rows: the first of which consists of putting the wool twice over the needle in every loop, knitting the first and last loop singly, and without passing the wool round the needle, as in the other stitches. The second row is to knit the first stitch and half the second stitch together; then the remaining half and the half of the next stitch together; these two rows form the pattern. The pattern depends entirely upon taking the right stitches in this row, which shows itself immediately. The best way to knit a jacket is to cut a paper pattern of the size required, in three pieces, the two fronts and the back, and to work from these. To commence, cast on sufficient loops for the bottom of the back, narrowing at each side according to the shape. The armhole must be formed by first casting off a few loops, and afterward, where required, casting on fresh loops and again narrowing toward the neck. The two

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fronts are knitted in a similar manner, and when the three pieces are completed, they are joined together over the shoulders and under the arms. If sleeves are required, they must be commenced at the wrist, working from a paper pattern in the same manner as the body: these must also be joined up and sewn in. They are now frequently dispensed with, as they are inconvenient to pass over the sleeve of a dress, a loose under-sleeve of the same pattern being substituted. This jacket will require a simple ornamental border, which has a better effect when worked in crochet, any slight pattern being sufficient to form a finish. This border must be carried up the two fronts, as well as round the bottom of the jacket.

PIANOFORTE CANDLESTICK ORNAMENT.

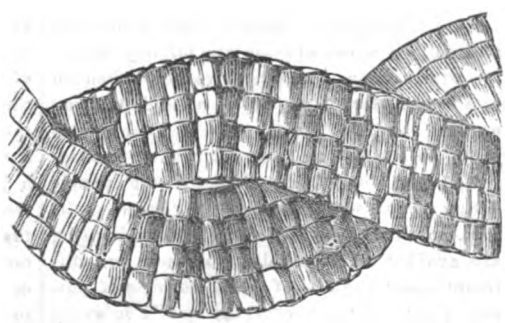
BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



THIS little article is worked in two colors of Berlin wool, a bright scarlet and a rich green producing an extremely good effect. The ovals are made separately, commencing on a ring; but the pattern being so extremely simple, it can easily be seen from the engraving. Eight of these form the ornament, arranged of alternate colors. When these are finished, a chain, long enough to encircle a candle loosely, must be formed into a ring, and on this, by means of a second row of crochet, taking up an oval at regular intervals, the eight are to be attached. When placed on the candlestick, they are each to overwrap the next, the one which appears uncovered in our engraving being left so that the worker might see it entire.

BEAD BORDER FOR MATS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

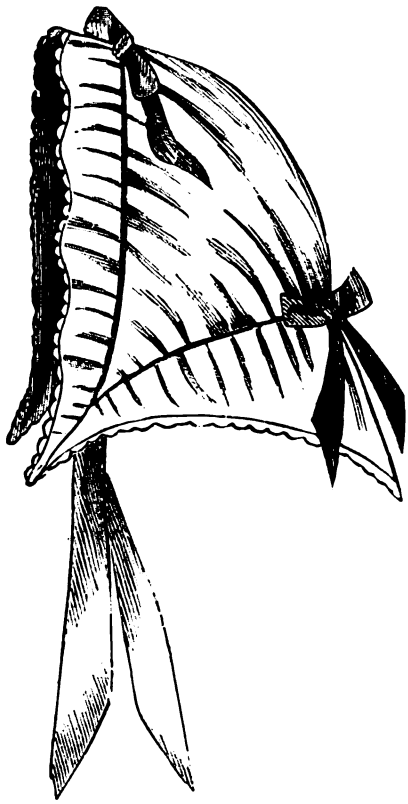


KNOWING many ladies often feel the want of an easily made border for their drawing-room mats of various kinds, we this month insert one, which may be found generally useful. It is formed of two bands of opaque white beads. The colors must depend on taste, or be regulated by those of the mat to which it is to be attached. It is commenced by taking a long thread, with a needle at each end, taking four beads on one needle, then passing the other through them, and drawing them up tight into the middle of the thread, repeating until the required length is gained. Two bands of different colors, being made in this way, are to be laid on to the edge of a mat, under and over, like a chain, each being fastened down in the places where the upper one overwraps.

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THE RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS hood is the novelty of the season, and while it is both pretty and becoming, it is very simple and easily made. Take three-quarters of a yard of scarlet sack flannel, the finest and most brilliant color that can be procured. Cut enough off one side to make it perfectly square; round one corner, as seen in the diagram; then have it pinked all round in small scallops, which, you will find, will produce a very beautiful effect.

From B to B at about two inches from the edge, sew a casing of narrow ribbon on the under side, also one diagonally from A to A. Run a narrow ribbon in the casings, drawing the one from B to B to fit the face. Fasten it. The one from A to A is to be drawn to suit the head.

If preferred, the hood may be lined with silk as far as the line A A. The point which represents the cape is better not lined.

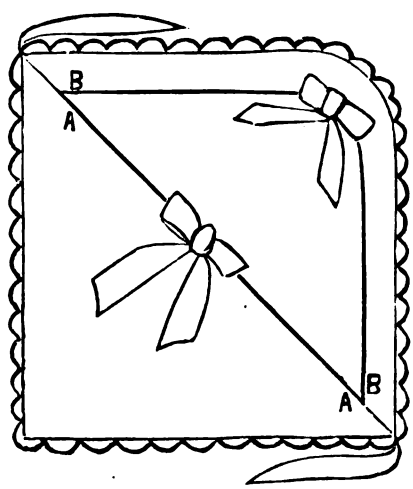


DIAGRAM OF HOOD WHEN OPEN.

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Now finish it with ribbon strings two inches in width, and also a bow at the back and on the top.

Nothing can be nicer than this hood, and it is all the rage this season: it covers the side of the neck better than any other hood.

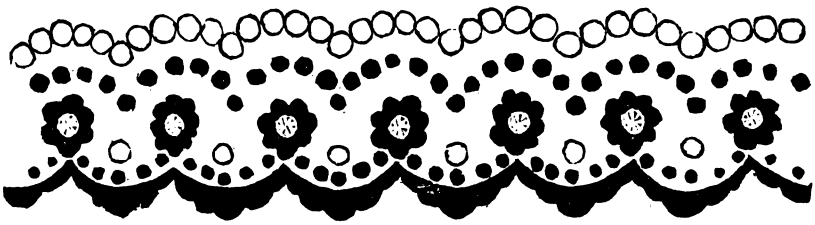
CROCHET INVALID'S SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These slippers are often very useful articles, and will no doubt be acceptable to many subscribers. The following are the most simple instructions we can give for working them: The shaded fleecy wool is suitable for the material in which to execute them. Commence by making a chain of twelve stitches, on which work a row all round of single crochet, as if commencing a mat; continue to crochet round and round in the single stitch of crochet—that is, without putting the thread over, but merely passing the loops through, until there are thirty rows, increasing a stitch every row on the side intended for the sole of the slipper; at the widest part there will then be about sixty-eight stitches. After this the crochet is worked backward and forward, leaving sixteen stitches in the front for the instep. Work fifty rows: these form the sole and the back; fold this part even in two, and join up at the heel. Five rows must now be worked round the top, but these must be worked backward and forward, so as to leave an opening for the instep. A platted cord made of the wool is then run in and out, to draw the slipper up, with two tassels at the end; and a narrow fancy crochet edging, or short fringe, should be added to the top, when these comfortable articles will be completed.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

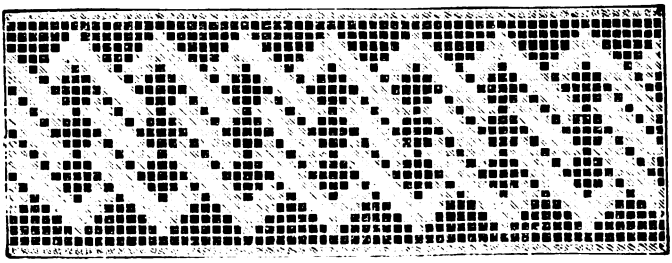
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

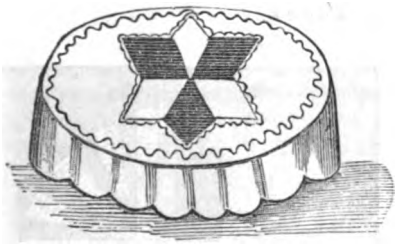


BORDER IN CROCHET OR NETTING.

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TOILET PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS cushion is made of merino, red, white, and black.

Cut out of the white merino a circle the size you may prefer for the cushion. The center-piece is composed of diamond shape pieces, alternate red and blue, which are to be fitted and neatly joined together; the whole piece to be sewed down upon the white, the edges to be trimmed with a quilling of narrow white satin ribbon. The under part of cushion may be blue or red. After stuffing, finish all around with a flounce of ribbon box plaited at the upper edge. We have designed this expressly for the subscribers to "Peterson."

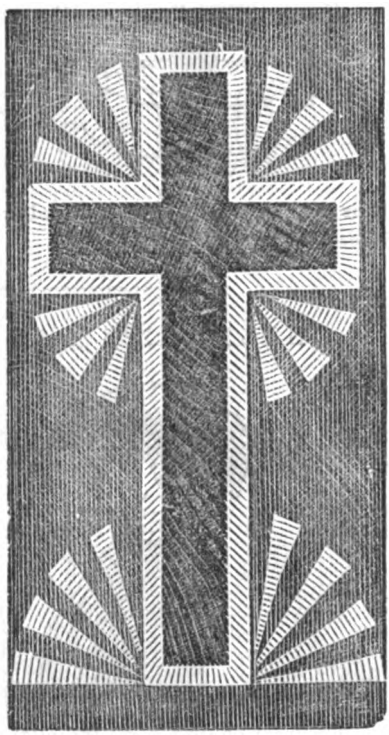
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.



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BIBLE BOOK-MARK.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



This little article can be worked either on velvet or watered ribbon.

It is a very pretty affair for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

If the velvet is preferred, the design should be executed with fine gold thread; but if the ribbon, gold-colored silk has a very good effect.

The outline of the cross is a thick line of sewing over, with the stitches worked in the same manner as the branches in muslin embroidery.

Sometimes the cross is left with only the outline, as given in the illustration, or it may be filled up with slanting stitches, meeting up the center; but all emanating from the middle, where the two pieces form a square.

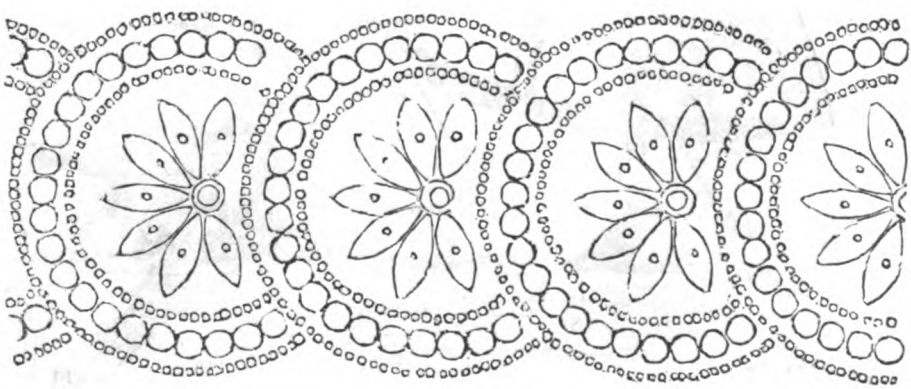
The rays are worked solid, the stitches taking the same direction as the ends of each, producing a circular effect.

When the cross is worked on ribbon, the ends are turned up at the back, so as to hide the stitches; but velvet is too thick to be finished in this way, and therefore will require lining.

A gold fringe should be added to the end to complete this Book-Mark.

The pattern is one so easy that anybody can work it.

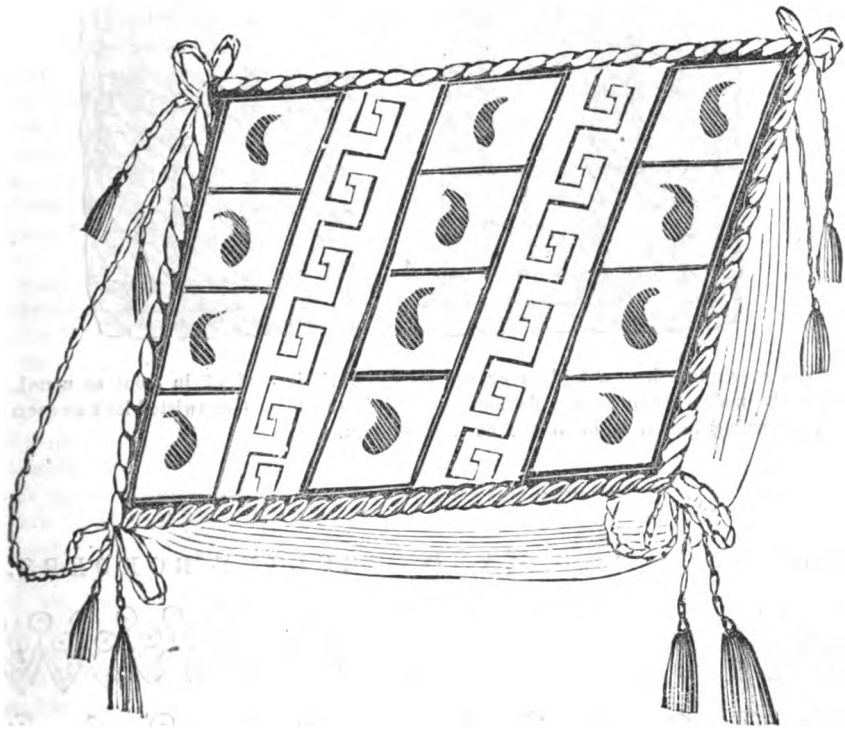
INSERTION.



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SOFA CUSHION IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—2 oz. orange, double zephyr; 2 oz. green; 2 oz. blue; 2 oz. brown; 2 oz. crimson; 4 oz. pearl or light drab; purple, orange, green, red, (shaded zephyrs,) ¼ oz. each; 1 oz. light yellow; 2 oz. black.

This cushion is to be worked in the Princess Royal stitch.

With the pearl, or drab wool, make a ch of 16 stitches, work two solid stripes of this color, the length required for both sides of the cushion. These stripes are to be embroidered in cross stitch, after the design: one with green, the other with crimson wool. The stripes are 16 stitches to the block, and work 14 rows, then 1 row of black to separate the blocks. Repeat until you have 11 blocks to the stripe. Work a palm in every block, using the shaded wool for that purpose. Work with the black wool in sc 1 row all around every stripe, joining them with one row sc with the yellow wool. Finish with worsted cord and tassels to match. Care must be taken to arrange the blocks that the colors may harmonize; also in working the palms, let the colors contrast prettily.

NEW STITCH FOR KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

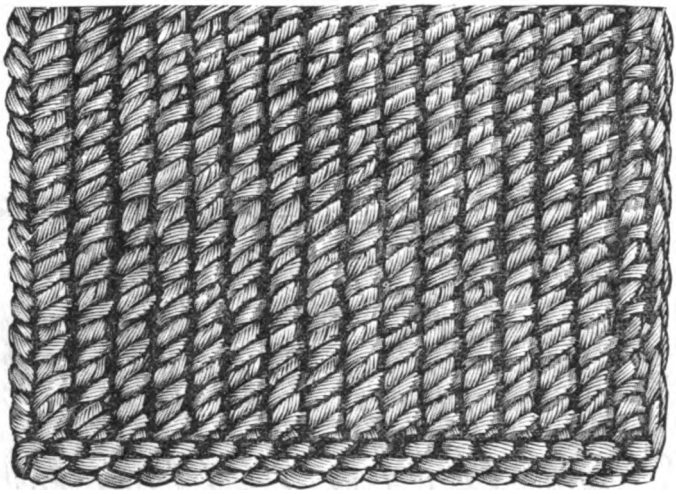
CAST on any number of stitches.

1*st Row.*—Knit plain.

2*nd Row.*—1 stitch plain, *; wrap and slip one seam stitch the entire row, *; knit the last stitch plain.

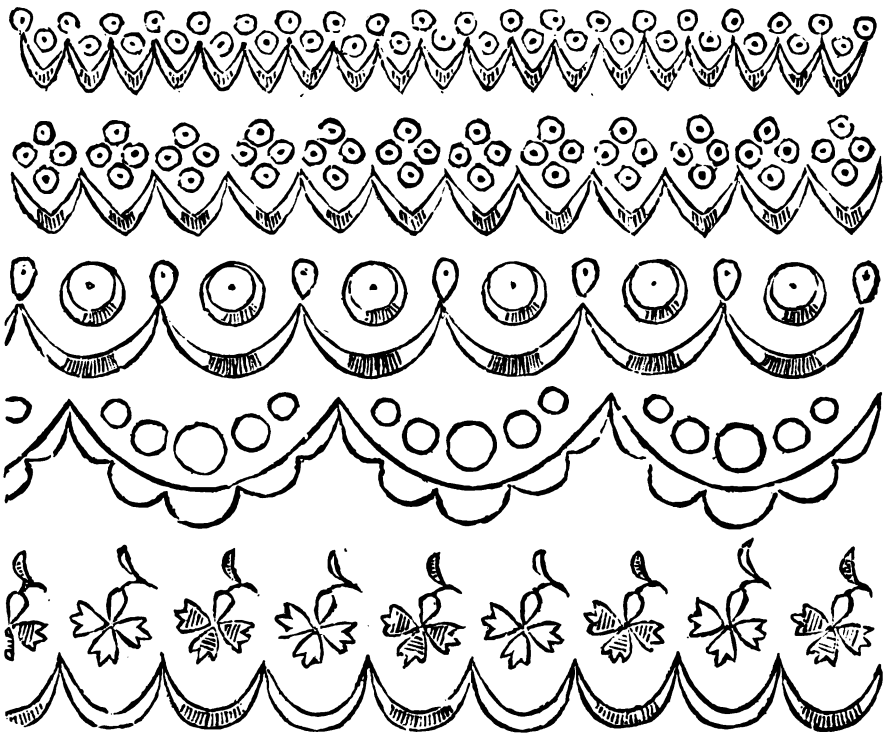
3*rd Row.*—1 stitch plain, knit the long and

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the seam stitch together, not plain or seam, but put the needle down as you do for seam stitch, observing to put it in at the back of the work instead of in front as usual. This gives the turned or twisted look as seen in the design.

EDGINGS AND HANDKERCHIEF BORDERS.



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DRAWING-ROOM WORK-BASKET.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



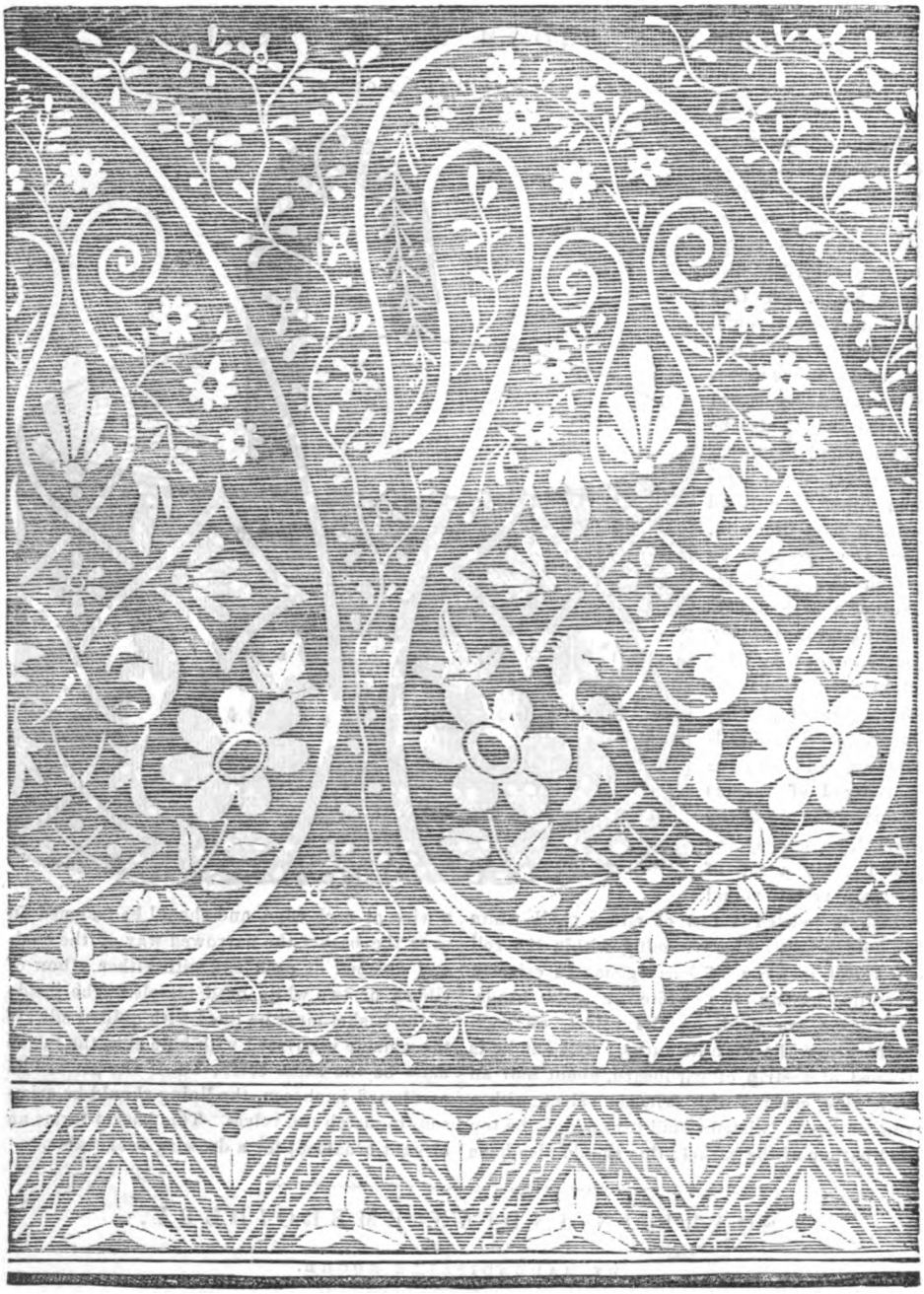
THERE are two ways of making this very pretty basket, either of which will require the foundation shape to be prepared of firm card-board. A true oval must be cut, round which a strip of card-board about five inches deep must be sewn: a wire should also be sewn round the upper and lower edge. This can either be covered with a light blue silk, for the ground on which the stars are laid, or a strip of perforated cardboard may be substituted; the stars are those so much used for ornamenting velvet head-dresses, and can be purchased of various shapes. The top of the basket, as well as the bottom, has a roll of crimson velvet, round which is twisted a row of either chalk-white or gold beads. The trimming within the roll of velvet is a row of herringbone in crimson chenille, having two white or gold beads, whichever are used, on the velvet, on each point where the chenille turns. The handle is formed of a strip of cardboard, about half an inch wide, covered with crimson velvet, with a row of beads twisted round it to match the top and bottom of the basket: this should also have a wire at each edge, and should be fastened on over the basket the narrowed way of the oval, and finished at each end with either a bow of ribbon or two white bead tassels. The inside of the basket must be lined with quilted silk; if the outside is covered with blue silk, the inside must be the same color; but if the perforated cardboard is chosen, the lining should be crimson, to match the velvet. This basket forms an elegant ornament for a drawing-room table.

SCARF IN INDIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

THE material on which this design should be executed is scarlet merino, and the pattern is worked in embroidery silks of every different color; red, yellow, green, white, and black, being the principal. The manner of working the pattern is to use chain stitch for the outlines of the pines, which should have two rows for each line of the engraving, one in yellow, the other in red. The flower in the center of each pine should be in solid chain-stitch—that is, the shape of each leaf should be a line of chain-stitch, and the interior filled in with two

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or three rows; all the leaves should be worked in this way; the colors may be mingled according to fancy. The small pattern which fills in the ground between the pines is worked in a slight manner by passing the needle once through, and leaving a loose stitch of the silk for every little branch or leaf. Any variety of stitches may be introduced in any part of the pattern, as this adds to the effect. The merino should not be too fine. The edge on each side may be laid down and secured with a row of herring-bone, and the two ends finished with a fringe.

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CHARITY PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

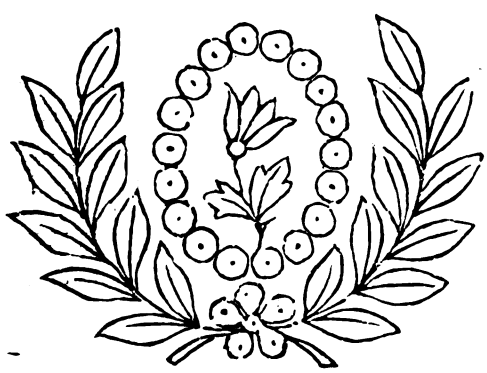
The Charity Purse is made of Sc. and Dc. crochet; it is commenced in the middle of the little star in the center. The gold and green leaves are made separately and added afterward; they are held together at the base by a row of Sc. stitches in black, and at the top by rows Dc. of blue and gold alternately, after having made nine rows of Sc. crochet underneath the rose; it is from this you retake the other rows of Sc. crochet until the tenth row of the design, where the upper side stops.

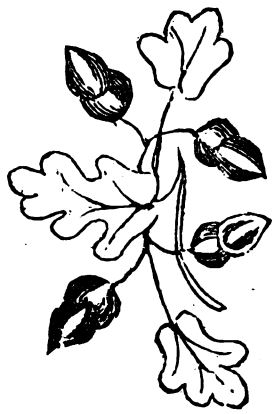
This purse has two sides; the upper containing the rose and terminating in the tenth row, and the under, which, being made in Sc. crochet, the same size as the upper, is continued so as to turn over and form a clasp. This is very easily done by referring to the design as well as description. To finish it, line it with silk, taking care to hide the seams by putting a fancy cord over them, of which also the strings are made.

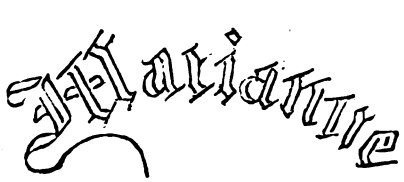
The purse is fastened by the cord looped over a gold button.

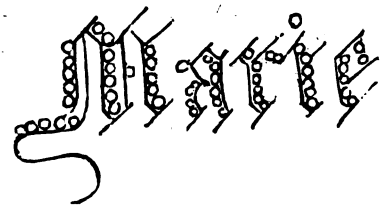


NAMES FOR MARKING, HANDKERCHIEF CORNER AND SPRIG.









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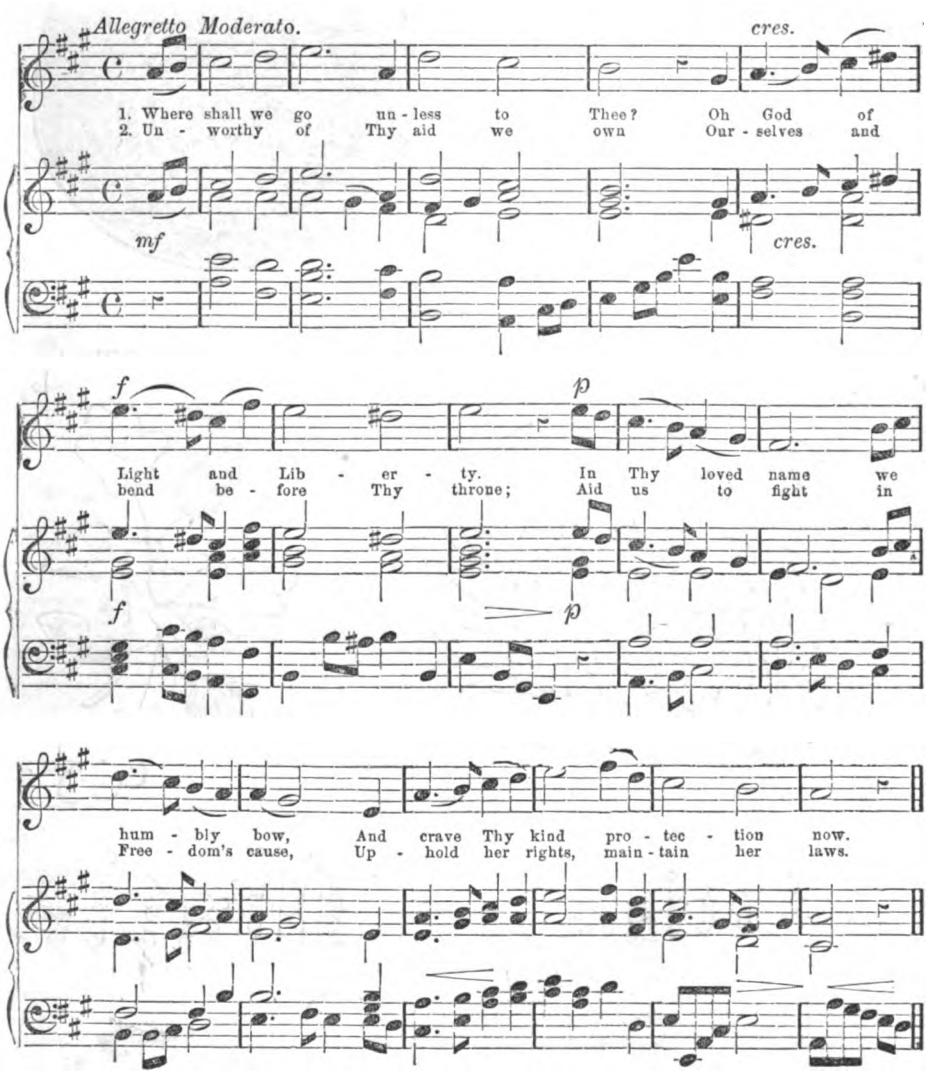
"GOD AND LIBERTY."

National Hymn.

WORDS BY
MRS. THOS. M. COLEMAN.
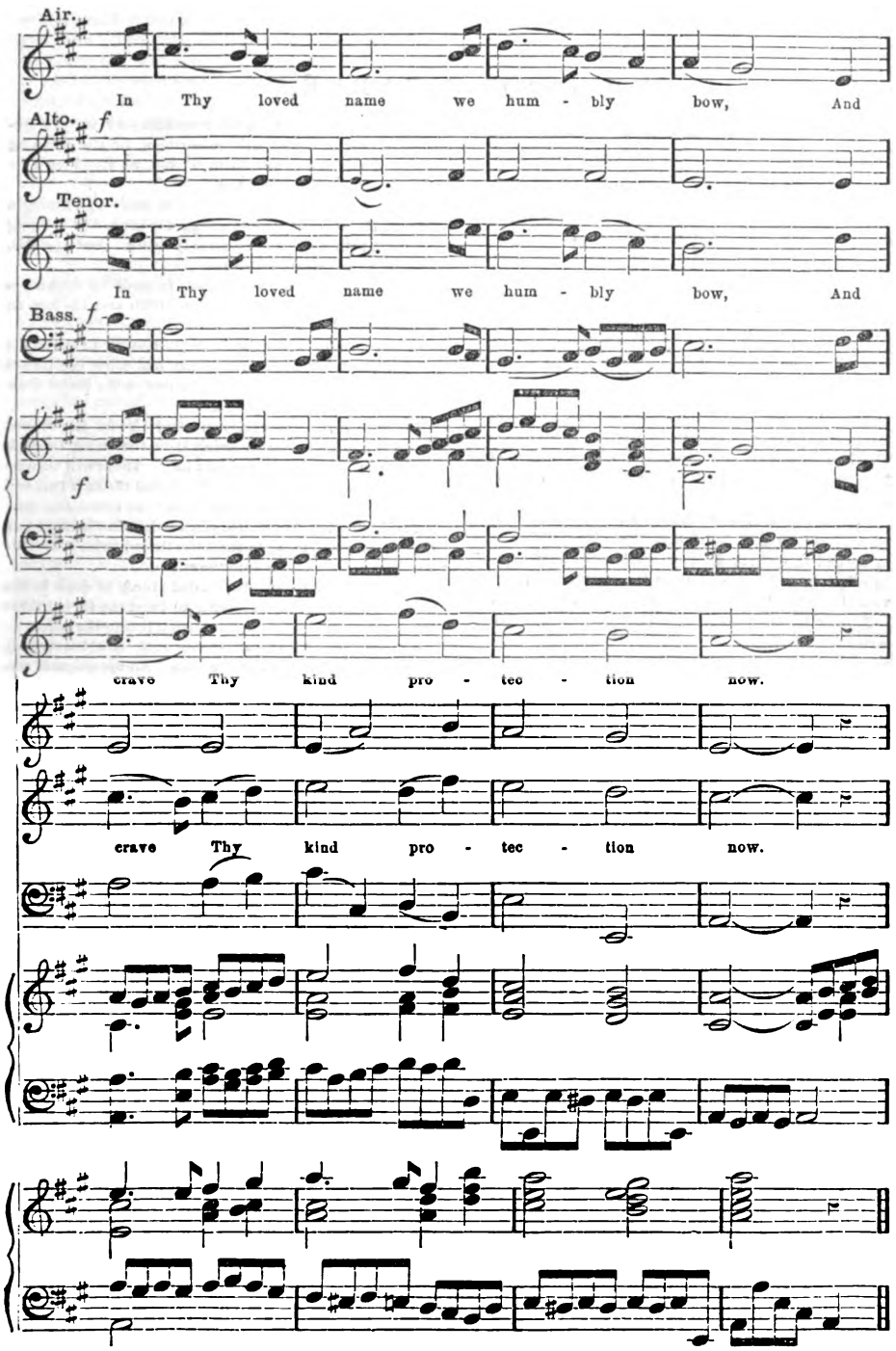
MUSIC BY
GEO. FELIX BENKERT.

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CHORUS.



3.

Our Father, and Almighty King,
Now fondly to the cross we cling;
Sustain us by Thy care and might,
'Till wrong shall quail before the right.

4.

Thy wisdom give, Thy pow'r impart,
With holy faith inspire each heart;
And when the din of battle's o'er,
Thine be the glory evermore.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1862—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1862. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers. The proof of the superiority of this Magazine, *all things considered*, to other ladies' magazines, is in the fact that *it had, last year, a larger circulation than any other* in the United States, or even in the world, and promises to outstrip its cotemporaries to an even greater degree in 1862.

As some earnest of what we intend to do, we offer this number to the public. We do not fear to say, in advance, that no other magazine, *whatever its price*, will be able to equal our illustrations. "The Little Wood-Chopper," "Letting in the New Year," the splendid Berlin pattern, and the fashion-plate, will, we predict, have no rivals anywhere. The literary matter will speak for itself. The Work-Table Department contains patterns that are worth the entire subscription price.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

USELESS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—Much precious time and hard-earned money are frequently spent in the accumulation of accomplishments by those who would be far more wisely and properly employed in learning those duties which life, as it is now constituted, demands of the great majority. Let the hours spent upon music by those who have no ear, upon drawing by those who have no eye, and upon the languages by those who never after speak any but their mother tongue, be added together, year after year, and then just ask yourselves the question, What is it all for? Why is it that hard-working fathers and care-worn mothers, who have little or nothing to leave their daughters, so unhesitatingly bow to the supposed necessity of this expensive outlay? Is it because they think it will add to their permanent comfort, or worth, or improvement? No; but it is because they think it genteel. Now this is all wrong. First make your daughters good housewives: then, if they have any special talent, cultivate *that*. It is better to do one thing well, than a dozen things badly: to excel in a single accomplishment, than pretend to many and fail in all.

METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE STATE OF THE LUNGS.—Persons desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed. In a consumption, the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

EXPLANATIONS OF CROCHET STITCHES.—As we are frequently applied to, by new subscribers, for the meaning of the abbreviations we use in crochet, we give here a description of these abbreviations.

Chain Stitch, abbreviation (Ch.), is made by forming a loop on the thread, then inserting the hook, and drawing the thread through the loop already made. Continue this, forming a succession of stitches.

Slip Stitch (never abbreviated) is made by drawing a thread at once through any given stitch and the loop on the needle.

Single Crochet, abbreviation (Sc.) Having a loop on the needle, insert the hook in a stitch, and draw the thread through in a loop. You then have two on the hook; draw the thread through both at once.

Double Crochet, abbreviation (Dc.) Twist the thread round the hook before inserting it in the stitch through which you draw the thread in a loop. There will then be three loops on the hook; draw the thread through two, and then through the one just formed, and the remaining one.

Treble Crochet, abbreviated (Tc.), is done in the same way as (Dc.), only observing to twist the thread twice round the hook before inserting it into the stitch.

Long Treble Crochet, abbreviated (Ltc.), is done in the same way as Dc., only observing to twist the thread three times round the hook before inserting it into the stitch.

Square Crochet is also sometimes used, (no abbreviation). The squares are either open or close. An open square consists of one Dc. two Ch., missing two on the line beneath before making the next stitch. A close square has three successive Dc. Thus, any given number of close squares, followed by an open, will have so many times three Dc. and one over; consequently any foundation for square crochet must have a number that can be divided by three, having one over.

To Contract an Edge.—This may be done in Dc., Tc., or Ltc. Twist the thread round the hook as often as required, insert it in the work and half do a stitch. Instead of finishing it, twist the thread round again, until the same number of loops are on, and work a stitch entirely, so that, for two stitches, there is only one head.

To Join on a Thread.—Joins should be avoided as much as possible in open work. In joining, finish the stitch by drawing the new thread through, leaving two inches for both ends, which must be held in.

To Use Several Colors.—This is done in Sc. Hold the threads not in use on the edge of the work, and work them in. Change the color by beginning the stitch in the old color, and finishing it with the new, continuing the work with the latter, holding in the old. If only one stitch is wanted in the new color, finish one stitch and begin the next with it, then change.

To Work Over Cord.—Hold the cord in the left hand with the work and work over it, as you would over an end of thread, working closely. When beads are used, they must be first threaded on the silk or thread, and then dropped according to the pattern on the wrong side of the work.

A Star is always used to mark repetitions. It will be seen that whenever a star (*) is used, another similar one is sure to be found, the repetition occurring between the two.

ANOTHER PREMIUM.—Instead of the extra copy, or Album, or Mezzotint, we will send as a premium, if preferred, a dollar and a quarter's worth of T. B. Peterson & Brother's publications. A catalogue (to choose from) sent gratis.

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DIRECTIONS TO KNIT MITTENS.—Cast twenty stitches on each needle, knit twenty-five rows of ribbing, and twenty rows plain. Then take the twenty stitches that are upon one needle and knit sixteen rows, backward and forward. This is for the beginning of the thumb. Then take these twenty stitches on three needles, and knit round for sixteen rows, after which narrow gradually until the thumb is finished.

Take up twenty stitches at the lower part of the thumb. There will then be sixty stitches on the three needles. Knit twenty rows. Take the twenty stitches nearest the thumb, join them on three needles, and knit twenty-two rows. Then narrow gradually until the finger is finished. Take the remaining forty stitches on three needles, and knit twenty-two rows. Narrow gradually till finished.

PRE-EMINENT ABOVE ALL.—Says the Ebensburg (Pa.) Alleghanian:—"Peterson stands pre-eminent in the ranks of caterers for the public, and especially is he popular with the ladies. The reason of this is, he gives better engravings, more reliable fashion-plates, and choicer reading matter, at a lower price, than any other similar publication in the United States. Let every lady of taste become a subscriber thereto—if she be not one already." Excellent advice!—which we hope everybody will follow.

ORIGINAL PICTURES FOR EMBELLISHMENTS.—It will be observed that our beautiful mezzotint, "The Little Wood-Chopper," is from an original picture. There will be a mezzotint, even prettier, in our February number, also from an original picture by the same artist. We believe no other magazine, in the world, goes to the expense of having pictures painted for its engraver. But we are determined to spare no cost in order to excel.

ARTIFICIAL ROSES.—The Empress of the French has given her patronage to a description of artificial white roses. The substance of which these charming flowers are made is obtained from the bamboo, the fortunate patentee having discovered a means for overcoming the extreme fragility of the material.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Some of the Mistakes of Educated Men. The Biennial Address before the Phrenakosmian Society of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa. By John S. Hart, LL.D. Delivered September 18, 1861. *Published by Request of the Society.* 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo.*, 40 *pp. Philada: C. Sherman & Son, Printers.*—Addresses delivered on occasions of this character are usually very dull affairs. Some learned college Don, emerging from his dusty den, with a brain cob-webbed all over with Greek particles or Hebrew verbs, and with no practical knowledge of life later than the times of Socrates, gets up, in presence of a promiscuous audience, and, blinking like some ancient owl, mumbles over a few words which few can hear and fewer still can understand; but which, if heard and understood, would be about as applicable to the wants of this nineteenth century as a primitive hand-mill, or a stone arrow-head. But, thanks to Professor Hart! we have here something of a different kind. This is a real, live college address. It is full of practical advice, adapted to young men just graduating. Few essays contain so much in so little space. What pemmican is to other food, this is to ordinary literary aliment. We have rarely read a discourse so lucid in style, so felicitous in illustration, or so full of sound every-day sense. If young men would follow the precepts of this address, they could not fail to rise in life. A great merit of the discourse is that its didactics never grow tiresome. Professor Hart has the happy faculty of saying even the tritest things in a fresh and striking manner. We cannot better illustrate this, and other qualities of our author, than by quoting the following passage on "Holding on to one's Calling or Profession."

"Every one of you has just chosen his profession, or is about to make the choice. It is not my purpose to discuss that subject with you. The one duty which I do urge upon you, in connection with it, is, stick to your choice when made. I do not say, stick to it right or wrong. But, having begun on any course of action, let it not be an even weight of argument against it, which shall lead you to abandon it. Do not give up what you have deliberately chosen, unless the arguments for receding are a great deal stronger than those for going on. To change from one profession or business to another, is, in a great measure, to throw away all the progress you have made in the one already begun. It is to go back to the beginning of the course for a fresh start. The different professions, in this respect, are not so much parallel tracks, where you can be switched from one into another, without loss of progress, but rather tracks radiating from a common center. To pass from one to another, you must, in each case, go back to the original station. You must begin your career anew. The comparison, of course, cannot be applied with rigor. In many particulars it is not true; yet it has substantial truth. The man who is tinkering away, first at one thing and then at another, rarely succeeds. It is not in the nature of things that he should succeed. On the other hand, a man's choice of a profession must be very bad indeed, if patient, persistent, tenacious continuance therein do not, in the end, crown him with success.

"What is true of your purpose, is likewise true of your opinions. It is a great mistake to suppose that you are bound to discard a fixed belief of your mind because an ingenious opponent may p.y you with arguments, which, at the time, you cannot answer. Beliefs are a sort of growth—a gradual accretion of the mind—through a long series of years. It is very difficult for any man, on the spur of the moment, to give all the reasons which may have conduced to any one of his beliefs. Those reasons, from time to time, have been brought to the cognizance of the mind, have wrought their work upon the convictions, and then have been forgotten. The resultant beliefs, like successive strata, remain as a sort of fixed, permanent deposit. This is the order of nature, in mind as well as in matter; and it is right that it should be so. Otherwise we should be forever afloat on the sea of opinion. Cultivate, then, this habit of tenacity, as well in your opinions as in your course of life. It is no harm to be a little dogged sometimes. Do not give up your creed because some specialty man presses you with arguments that you cannot answer. You could answer them, had you made the subject a hobby, as he has done. You could answer them, if you had the leisure to review, seriatim, the steps by which you have come to your present stage of belief. Only be careful and honest, in the first place in forming your opinions, and then be willing to place some confidence in your own mental results. Do not be badgered out of your position by every whipster that comes along prating about old fogyism and the progress of the age."

For Better For Worse. A Novel. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a reprint of a story, which lately appeared in "Temple Bar," a London magazine edited by G. A. Sala. It is that rare thing, a well-told love-tale. Free from sickly sentimentality, yet full of romance, "For Better for Worse" is a master-piece of its kind; and say what you will, there is no theme, which, when rightly told, is so absorbing as first love! No "sensation" story is more fascinating than this: yet, unlike such stories, "For Better for Worse" is not exaggerated. The characters of the three sisters, Margaret, Ethel, and Grace, are admirably contrasted: the reader hardly knows which to admire the most; though Margaret, perhaps, will be generally the favorite. The novel closes in smiles and sunshine, as all good love-stories should. Even the marriage of Ethel, which, at first, threatens to make her and Philip miserable for life, proves a happy one in the end. But we will not forestall the reader's pleasure.

Essays. By the late George Brimley. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—The writer of these essays was a young Englishman, who died too soon for his fame or his friends. The papers are on "Wordsworth," "Tennyson," and others. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, contributes a graceful introduction to the volume.

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Songs in Many Keys. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—What a wonderful man is Holmes! Poet, wit, essayist, novelist, lecturer—where, in all the land, is his equal? Lately he came before us in "Elsie Verner," still more lately in the guise of a writer on science, and now he makes his appearance in a collection of poems, which would create a reputation for any other man. We recognize a score of old favorites in this volume. The book is printed and bound with the taste that distinguishes the publications of Ticknor & Fields.

Eugenie Grandet; or, The Miser's Daughter. By Honore de Balzac. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—To those who cannot read French this translation of one of Balzac's best tales will be quite an acquisition. In a certain line no novels excel Balzac's. The usual objections to French fictions do not apply to this work. The heroine is exquisitely delineated; she moves before us, real flesh and blood; and we love and respect her the more, because there is no exaggeration in the picture. The whole story has not only the minute fidelity of a photograph, but also, what no photograph has, color.

Poems. By John G. Saxe. 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—An edition, in "blue and gold," of the writings in verse of that popular poet, John G. Saxe.

HORTICULTURAL.

Our Window Garden.—The two finest genera of plants, for parlor cultivation, are undoubtedly the Camelia and Azalea. They are both remarkable for the beauty of their flowers; are easily cultivated; and, taken together, will furnish a bloom for the window during the whole winter and spring. The camelias are in their perfection in the early part of the winter; the azaleas in the last part—and the latter are as desirable for the profusion and elegance of their blossoms, as the former are for the size and richness of their flowers. These two plants, in all their varieties, would fill a large conservatory; but a few select varieties will amply adorn the drawing-room, and fully repay the care bestowed upon them.

The greatest evils the camelia has to contend with in parlor culture, are: first, from a dusty atmosphere; second, from sudden changes from heat to cold. The breathing pores in the leaf of the camelia are small, and are easily choked up with the dust of a grate or stove. Therefore the leaves should be well washed off with a syringe about once a week. The best plan is to wrap the pot round with a piece of coarse cloth, to prevent the soil from being displaced, then set the plants down sideways in a large tub, and give it a gentle shower-bath of lukewarm water.

As regards the second point, the camelia will bear a great deal of cold without injury; but it quickly suffers if there is a sudden change in the temperature of the apartment. It should, therefore, have a position as much guarded against these transitions as possible. When the blooming season approaches, the room should be kept of a nearly uniform temperature, and never sink below fifty degrees Fahrenheit. The plants should be regularly watered; but no more water should be given than the roots are able to take up, which may be ascertained by the state of the top soil. If this looks wet, you may be satisfied that the roots are not in need of moisture; and, therefore, omit the watering for a day or two. When the plant begins to bloom freely, it is well to water it once a week (not oftener) with guano water, made by infusing one pound of guano in ten gallons of water. This will give additional size and strength to the blossoms. After the flowers drop off, and the plant commences to grow, guano water may be used twice or even three times a week. Everything for the next year depends on the growth of the camelia at this time; for its whole growth for the ensuing twelve months is completed in about three weeks; and if you desire to have fine foliage and a fine setting of bloom-buds for the next winter, you must give your plant every advantage of light and food during these critical three weeks.

The Chinese Azaleas are of very easy culture. Regular watering is almost the only care they need; for, being quite hardy, they will bloom well even in a room where "Jack Frost" occasionally ventures to intrude. The main point in growing them is to watch them well when they are making the spring growth; for, as in the case of camelias, the state of the next year's foliage and bloom is settled at that time; do not, therefore, neglect to water them regularly, and give a little liquid manure every other day.

It may be as well to add that the best soil for the azalea is made by mixing equal quantities of decomposed manure, turf-loam, and garden soil. For the camelia, one half turf-loam, one-third manure from an old hot-bed, and the rest leaf and mould from the woods. (Turf-loam is got by laying up sods, from a good piece of old meadow or pasture, in a heap to heat and decay.)

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Early Rising and Exercise.—Clear, healthful, and invigorating plays the breeze upon the cheek these fair mornings. Clearer, healthier, more invigorating by far than that breathed and breathed again in chambers closed the long night through. Come, rouse yourself from your lethargic slumbers. Open your eyes upon the new-born day. Get up, I say. The first plunge out is half the battle. Come out through the open fields, and look the blessed world face to face while the day is young. But no. You will not make the effort: resolutely you turn away your drowsy head, and close your eyes against the clear, brilliant light streaming in through the window-blinds. Not yet has the late sitting-up of the night previous been atoned for by the sleep into broad day. It is far too early yet; the morning is so cold; the parlor not yet worked up to steaming heat. What though the morn be slightly clouded or not, yet do the sunbeams pierce through the lower branches? Come out with me. Wrapped in a warm shawl, how much healthier and happier will you feel out in the glad, fresh world, filling the lungs with the clear, buoyant air! Come and gaze upon the broad blue heavens. Oh! come and prove for yourself how much healthier, and happier, and more contented you will be, out among the glorious creations of a wonder-working God, than lolling away the hours before breakfast in listless, apathetic indolence, lounging down to the breakfast parlor late in the forenoon dull and unrefreshed, to sit before the strong fire in an easy-chair, nursing a sick headache, doors and windows closed, blinds carefully drawn, lest the glad beams of the sunny light offend your weary eyes. See how your face glows at the mention of a ball. With what alacrity you go to your dress-maker! how fresh and strong you are for shopping! But these things over, and the stupid loll, the fretful sigh, and the eternal round of complaining commences again.

Do you know how much self-enjoyment you are losing? Hear Betty singing and laughing pleasantly in the kitchen. Coarse, ungraceful, and ignorant as she is, God looks upon her with more favor than upon you. She is filling up the measure of her life usefully. You are wasting yours. She is living for something—doing good to somebody. You are ruining yourself, and living to the injury of those around you. Yes, you render them uncomfortable by your ungracious words, your gloomy repinings, your moody silence; you damp the spirits of those around you; you live not only to do no good, but to do positive injury. What are the glad

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blue skies, the green trees, the wild, dancing winds, the clear, sparkling waters, the fragrant flowers to such as you? Your mind is vacant—your society wearisome. Take exercise. Exercise not only your limbs, but the affections and principles God has given you. Set yourself to work for the household good; do some office that will call for energy and a little thought; don't scruple to use those fair hands of yours, nor fear that by exertion you will lose the *distingue* air and look of colorless aristocracy. Don't come down to your death-bed to feel that you are going before all heaven to be called an unfaithful servant. Happiness, like every other precious good, must be sought for. Some people, to be sure, are born like sunshine—they are naturally pleasant and light-hearted; but these are few and far between, and always monopolized. Emulate them. Why may not you be as cheerful as they? They have their trials and private annoyances as well as you, and with some effort you can cull as many flowers and catch as many sunbeams as they.

We firmly believe that many a case of chronic ugliness might be cured through the means of healthy exercise. Get up, then, and shake off your sloth; send that dead black blood through the channels of your body—let it come up to your sallow cheeks in red waves; come to the resolution that you give your blood a quicker circulation; your hearts will be the sooner purified, and made meet for the joys, and strong for the trials, of life.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

Air and Water Balloon.—Procure a small hollow glass vessel, the shape of a balloon, the lower part of which is open, and place it in water, with the mouth downward, so that the air within prevents the water filling it. Then fill a deep glass jar nearly to the top with water, and place the balloon to float on its surface; tie over the jar with bladder, so as to confine the air between it and the surface of the water. Press the hand on the bladder, when more water will enter the balloon, and it will soon sink to the bottom of the jar; but, on removing your hand, the balloon will again ascend slowly to the surface.

Water Heavier than Wine.—Let a tumbler be half-filled with water, and fit upon its surface a piece of white paper, upon which pour wine; then carefully draw out the paper, say with a knitting-needle, so as to disturb the liquids as little as possible, and the water, being the heavier, will continue at the lower part of the glass; whilst the wine, being the lighter, will keep above it. But, if a glass be first half-filled with wine, and water be poured over it, it will at once sink through the wine, and both liquids will be mixed.

To Inflate a Bladder without Air.—Put a teaspoonful of ether into a moistened bladder, the neck of which tie up tightly; pour hot water upon the bladder, and the ether, by expanding, will fill it out.

RECEIPTS FOR SOUPS.

In the December number of the Magazine we gave some valuable hints with regard to the making of *good, cheap,* and *nourishing* soups. We now give some receipts for making stocks for soups.

Brown Stock.—Put ten pounds of shin of beef, six pounds of knuckle of veal, and some sheep's-trotters or a cow-heel, into a closely-covered stewpan, to draw out the gravy very gently, and allow it nearly to dry up until it becomes brown. Then pour in sufficient boiling water to entirely cover the meat, and let it boil up, skimming it frequently; seasoning it with whole peppers and salt, roots, herbs, and vegetables of any kind. That being done, let it boil gently five or six hours, pour the broth from off the meat, and let it stand during the night to cool. The following morning take off the scum and fat, and put it away in a stone jar for further use.

Or:—Put into a stewpan a piece of beef, a piece of veal, an old fowl, some slices of ham or bacon, and all the trimmings of meat that can be obtained; add to these materials, where such things are abundant, partridge, grouse, or other game, which may not be sufficiently young and tender for the spit. Put a little water to it, just enough to cover half the meat, and stew very gently over a slow fire or steam apparatus. When the top piece is done through, cover the meat with boiling water or broth; season with spices and vegetables; stew all together for eight or ten hours in an uncovered stewpan; skim off the fat, and strain the liquor through a fine sieve, or "tammy."

Brown stock may be made from brisket, flank, or shin of beef; which will, either together or separately, make a strong jelly, if stewed down with a piece of ham or lean bacon, in the proportion of half a pound to every seven pounds of meat; but the shin of beef alone will afford a stronger and better flavor.

This stock may also be reduced to a *glaze* by boiling the skimmed liquor as fast as possible in a newly-tinned stewpan, until it becomes of the desired consistence and of a good brown color; taking care at the same time to prevent it from burning.

For a cheap and good Brown Gravy.—Slice three onions, and fry them in butter a nice brown; toast a large slice of bread a considerable time, till quite hard and very brown, but not burnt. Set these, and any bit of meat, or bone of a leg of mutton, etc., and some herbs, on the fire, with water in proportion, and stew till the gravy is thick and rich: add salt and pepper, strain off, and keep cool.

White Stock.—Take a scrag or knuckle of veal, an ox-heel, or calf's-head, together with an old fowl and the trimmings of any white poultry or game which can be had, and lean ham in the proportion of one pound to every fourteen pounds of meat. Cut it all into pieces, add three or four large unroasted onions and heads of celery, with a few blades of mace; but neither carrots, pepper, nor spice of any other kind; put just water enough to cover it. Let it boil for five hours, it is then fit for use.

RECEIPTS FOR DESSERTS.

Custard Cream.—Boil half a pint of new milk with a piece of lemon-peel, two peach-leaves, a stick of cinnamon, and eight lumps of white sugar. Should cream be employed instead of milk, there will be no occasion to strain it. Beat the yolks, say of four eggs; strain the milk through coarse muslin, or a hair sieve; then mix the eggs and milk very gradually together, and simmer it gently on the fire, stirring it until it thickens, but removing it the moment it begins to boil, or it will curdle. The addition of a glass of brandy beaten up with it materially improves its flavor.

Flummery.—Put three large handfuls of very small white oatmeal to steep a day and night in cold water; then pour it off clear, and add as much more water, and let it stand the same time. Strain it through a fine hair sieve, and boil it till it be as thick as hasty pudding, stirring it well all the time. When first strained, put to it one large spoonful of white sugar and two of orange-flower water. Pour it into shallow dishes, and serve to eat with wine, cider, milk, or cream and sugar. It is very good.

Solid Syllabub.—Grate off the peel of a lemon with lump sugar, and dissolve the sugar in three-quarters of a pint of wine: add the juice of half a lemon and quarter of a pint of cream; whisk the whole together until of a proper thickness, and then put it into glasses.

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Rice Custards.—Sweeten a pint of milk with loaf-sugar, boil it with a stick of cinnamon, stir in sifted ground rice till quite thick. Take it off the fire; add the whites of three eggs well beaten; stir it again over the fire for two or three minutes, then put it into cups that have lain in cold water; do not wipe them. When cold, turn them out, and put them into the dish in which they are to be served; pour round them a custard made of the yolks of the eggs and little more than a half-pint of milk. Put on the top a little red currant jelly or raspberry jam. A pretty supper dish.

Dumplings Quickly Made.—Beat four eggs and strain them; mix four ounces of flour very smoothly with a pint of milk; add to it the eggs, strain it again, and flavor the batter with sugar and nutmeg; butter some teacups, fill them three parts full, and put them into an oven: they will take a quarter of an hour, and, if well mixed, will be equal to custard. *Or:*—These ingredients will make an excellent batter pudding, if boiled for half an hour in a cloth.

French Flummery.—Boil slowly two ounces of isinglass shavings in a quart of cream fifteen minutes. Stir all the time, and sweeten it with loaf-sugar, not pounded, lest any dust should be in it; add a spoonful of rose-water and the same of orange-flower water. Strain it into a basin or form, and serve with baked pears round it.

RECEIPTS FOR CAKES, ETC.

To Make a Tea Cake.—Rub into a quart of dried flour of the finest kind a quarter of a pound of butter; then beat up two eggs with two teaspoonfuls of sifted sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of washed brewer's, or unwashed distiller's yeast; pour this liquid mixture into the center of the flour, and add a pint of warm milk as you mix it; beat it up with the hand until it comes off without sticking; set it to rise before the fire, having covered it with a cloth; after it has remained there an hour, make it up into good-sized cakes an inch thick; set them in tin plates to rise before the fire during ten minutes, then bake them in a slow oven. These cakes may be split and buttered hot from the oven, or split, toasted, and buttered after they are cold.

To Make Rusks.—Beat up seven eggs, mix them with half a pint of warm, new milk, in which a quarter of a pound of butter has been melted, add a quarter of a pint of yeast and three ounces of sugar; put them gradually into as much flour as will make a light paste nearly as thin as batter; let it rise before the fire half an hour, add more flour to make it a little stiffer, work it well, and divide it into small loaves, or cakes, about five or six inches wide, and flatten them. When baked and cold, put them in the oven to brown a little. These cakes, when first baked, are very good buttered for tea; if they are made with caraway seeds, they eat very nice cold.

Icing for Cakes.—Break almost to a powder a few pounds of ice, and throw in among it a large handful and a half of salt; the ice and salt being in a bucket, put your cream into an ice-pot and cover it; immerse it in the ice, and draw that round the pot so that it may cover every part; in a few minutes put a spatula or spoon in, and stir it well to remove the parts that are round the edges to the center. If the ice-cream or water be in form, shut the bottom close and move the whole in the ice; as you cannot use a spoon to this without danger of waste, there should be holes in the bucket to let the ice off as it thaws.

Rice Custards.—Put a blade of mace and a quartered nutmeg into a quart of cream; boil and strain it, and add to it some boiled rice and a little brandy. Sweeten it to taste, stir it till it thickens, and serve it up in cups or in a dish. It may be used either hot or cold.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Invisible Inks.—These are preparations used for writing on paper, the marks of which are invisible until acted upon by some reagent. They are frequently employed in playful or secret correspondence. We give receipts for five which we have tested or seen, and at different times. 1. Solution of acetate of cobalt, to which a little nitre has been added, becomes rose-colored when heated, and disappears again when cool. 2. Aquafortis, spirits of salts, oil of vitriol, common salt, or saltpetre, dissolved in a large quantity of water, turn yellow or brown when heated. 3. The diluted solutions of nitrate of silver and terchloride of gold, darken when exposed to the sunlight. 4. Solution of nitromuriate of cobalt turns green when heated, and disappears again on cooling. 5. Sulphate of copper and sal-ammoniac, equal parts, dissolved in water, writes colorless, but turns yellow on becoming heated.

To Restore Hangings, Curtains, Chairs, etc.—Beat the dust out of them as clean as possible, then rub them over with a dry brush, and make a good lather of Castile soap, and rub them well over with a hard brush; then take clean water, and with it wash off the froth; make a water with alum, and wash them over with it, and when dry, most of the colors will be restored in a short time; and those that are yet too faint must be touched up with a pencil dipped in suitable colors: it may be run all over in the same manner with water-colors mixed well with gum-water, and it will look at a distance like new.

Fire and Water-Proof Cement.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it: then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick lime through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistency of thick paste. With this cement, broken vessels and cracks of all kinds can be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

Varnish for Brass Work.—To a pint of spirits of wine, put one ounce of turmeric powder, two drachms of best annatto, and two drachms of saffron. Let it stand ten days, shaking the bottle often, and filter through coarse muslin into a clean bottle: add then three ounces of clean seed-lac, and shake the bottle often for fourteen days. The brass, if large, must be first warmed, so as to heat the hand, and the varnish then applied with a brush. The varnish gives the brass rails of desks, etc., a beautiful appearance.

To Make Red Sealing-Wax.—Take of shellac, well powdered, two parts; of resin and vermilion, powdered, each one part; mix them well together, and melt them over a gentle fire, and when the ingredients seem thoroughly incorporated, work the wax into sticks. Where shellac cannot be procured, seed-lac may be substituted for it.

To Make Paper Fire-Proof.—Nothing more is necessary than to dip the paper in a strong solution of alum-water, and when thoroughly dry it will resist the action of flame. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than it will take up at a single immersion, and the process must be repeated until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

Dr. Johnson's Receipt for Rheumatism.—Take of flowers of sulphur, flour of mustard, each half an ounce; honey or molasses, a sufficient quantity to form an electuary. The size of a nutmeg to be taken several times a day, drinking after it a quarter of a pint of the decoction of lovage root.

To Glaze or Varnish Drawings.—One ounce of Canada balsam, two ounces of oil of turpentine, well dissolved. The drawing should be previously washed over with a solution of isinglass.

Birdsnest Pudding.—Peel apples, and cover the bottom of a pie-dish with them whole; pour over them a batter, or custard, more or less rich according to circumstances, and bake in a quick oven.

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To Escape From or Go Into a House on Fire.—Creep or crawl with your face near the ground, and, although the room be full of smoke to suffocation, yet near the floor the air is pure, and may be breathed with safety. The best escape from upper windows is a knotted rope; but if a leap is unavoidable, then the bed should be thrown out first, or beds prepared for the purpose.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. I.—Evening Dress of Pink Tulle.—The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with four flounces edged with narrow white blonde. Above the flounces is a narrow gathered frill. The upper part of the skirt is puffed lengthwise, and separated by narrow gathered frills. White tulle under-sleeves, below the short pink cap. The berthe corresponds with the skirt. Wreath of flowers and ribbon.

Fig. II.—Ball-Dress of White Tarletane.—The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with ruffles of tarletane, pinked; above these are five puffings, and surmounting all is a rich black lace flounce, gathered on one side by a bow of tarletane. Body and sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress, a wreath of flowers.

Fig. III.—The Rosalind, a cloak of black velvet, quite full at the back. There is a square yoke behind, trimmed with gimp and wide Maltese lace. This lace extends to the front of the cloak which has no yoke. The sleeves are larger, and are trimmed to correspond with the yoke.

Fig. IV.—The Beatrice, a cloak of gray cloth, trimmed with a band of black velvet. This cloak falls in like a shawl behind, except that it is not pointed at the bottom, but nearly straight. The cape reaches a little below the waist at the back. This, and the preceding cloak, are Paris patterns, which we have just received.

Fig. V.—The Imogen is a peculiarly neat cloak, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. The material is very fine French cloth and black. It is cut plain across the shoulders, following the outline of the person, and slopes into gradual fullness from the waist down. At the shoulders a graceful drapery is formed, which takes the effect of a flowing sleeve when the arms are in place, and slopes in graceful drapery to the bottom of the garment; over this is worn a small Victorine, which forms a cape behind, and falls in long, square tabs in front almost to the bottom of the garment. This Victorine, with the whole garment, is trimmed at the edge with double rows of silk gimp, finished with crochet buttons and drops set thickly on the extreme edge.

Fig. VI.—The Portia, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. We have this month a French beaver cloth sacque. It is very long, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, and is trimmed round the bottom with three rows of gimp, two rows extending up the front. It has coat sleeves, with a lappet on the front part, rounding off at the back and trimmed with two rows of braid. Large coachman's cape with small collar, trimmed like the sleeves, with the addition of one more row.

Fig. VII.—Braided Morning Dress.—This dress is made of slate-colored cashmere, braided in black. A kind of vest is made by a puffing of white muslin or cashmere, and the Zouave jacket is like the skirt, and braided in black.

Fig. VIII.—Opera Cloak of White Cashmere, trimmed with a figured velvet ribbon around the bottom, the sides, and the hood. These two are Paris patterns.

Fig. IX.—Promenade Bonnet, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, of plain black velvet. The cape is corded with white silk, and the joining of it to the bonnet is covered by a three-cornered piece of black velvet, edged with white silk on two sides, and connected at the top of the cape in the center by a bow of black velvet ribbon about an inch in width, the ends falling below the cape. On the top of the bonnet is a cluster of black Garabaldi and ponceau roses, with steel-sprinkled balls and a steel leaf. Extending from the flowers on either side is a plaiting of black velvet, finished with black lace over white about three inches wide. The inside is faced with white silk covered with black lace; the top has a cluster of flowers to correspond with the outside, and on both sides of the flowers a loop of ponceau velvet edged with black lace and one of black velvet; a band of black velvet extends down the front, finished on both sides by narrow black lace over white. Black strings edged with white.

Fig. X.—Another Bonnet from Mrs. Cripps, is a Prince of Wales purple velvet reception bonnet, plain cape, the plaiting at the top faced with white silk. On the top is a purple flower, a steel-sprinkled leaf and balls; the cluster is surrounded by a white point lace about three inches in width which extends down the left side, at the bottom finishing in a half rosette. On the right side is an aigrette feather, the most expensive and elegant feather that can be had. The inside is faced with white silk covered with black lace; on each side is a band of purple velvet edged with narrow black lace over white. The top is trimmed on the right side with a looped bow of purple velvet with a steel buckle in the center; on the left, red flowers and leaves with steel balls and leaf; separating the clusters of flowers from the bow is a red spray with green grass.

Fig. XI.—Garabaldi Shirt of White Muslin, embroidered with red working cotton. This shirt is to be worn under a Zouave jacket.

Fig. XII.—Head-Dress of Black Silk Tulle embroidered in spots, and trimmed with black blonde. Bows of ribbon are placed behind, and at the sides there is also a bow covering the plaits which form the head-dress.

Fig. XIII.—Royal Ermine Cape.—We have selected a set of royal ermine from Gunthers, 46 Maiden Lane, New York. The cape, which we have illustrated, is remarkable, both for the graceful fall of its folds about the person, and for the exquisite purity of its fur. In forming a garment like this, the choicest skins are selected from the best that can be imported from Russia, a single defect, or a tint of gold too much, is sufficient reason for rejection; thus out of a hundred skins, perhaps not two can be found sufficiently perfect in all respects to form a portion of one of these truly regal garments. In form, this cape is of easy fullness, extending considerably below the waist, slightly pointed at the back and extending down the front in rather long tabs, rounded at the ends and forming a half-circle when closed in front. The lining is of thick white silk neatly quilted, and it is closed in front with four silk crochet buttons and loops.

Fig. XIV.—Ermine Collar.—This is a charming little novelty, invented by the Gunthers, rather as an addition to the furs usually worn, than as a substitute for any portion of them. It is fitted neatly to the neck, and gives a pretty finish to the dress early in the fall or spring.

Fig. XV.—The Cordelia.—Circular of gray and white striped ladies cloth from Benson's, New York. It is made very full, with a bias seam down the back and shoulder; on each side of the seams are three plaits stitched part way down, and separated by a bias piece of black silk with currant-colored stripes finishing in a point. A long currant-colored and black tassel around the neck, in form of collar, black silk edged with currant-color extending down the front in Greek pattern, each square fastened by two currant-colored and black buttons.

General Remarks.—Though flounces and plaitings maintain paramount favor as trimmings for dresses, yet there are others which may be pronounced decidedly fashionable. Bands of plush, for instance, have been employed for trimming some of the newest silk dresses. A dress of brown

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silk has been trimmed with bands of plush of the same color. Another dress, composed of black silk, is ornamented with violet plush disposed in arabesque pattern. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt, and a pelerine of plush is intended to be worn over the corsage.

NARROW BANDS, OR ROWS OF VELVET, have again become fashionable as a trimming for plain or *negligé* dresses. Six, seven, or nine bands is the number usually employed for the skirt, and they may be of two different widths, those of the narrower width being placed alternately with the broader ones. Narrow fluted flounces placed round the lower part of the skirt in waves, or festoons, has a very pretty effect. Plaitings and bands of plain silk or velvet are also sometimes disposed in waves. Passementerie or gimps will be much employed for ornamenting the fronts of skirts. The Greek pattern is one of the prettiest on dresses. It is usually made of velvet, though it may be formed of ribbon corresponding in color with the dress, or even of very wide worsted braid. The skirts of all the new dresses are long, expanding very much at the lower part, and gradually narrowing from the edge to the waist. Dresses braided, as in *Fig. V*, are very fashionable. Sometimes the braiding extends only up the skirt of the dress, and on the body and sleeves, but it is usually carried around the bottom of the skirt. One of the prettiest dresses for house wear which we have seen, was composed of a beautiful shade of purple cashmere, and braided in black around the bottom of the skirt and up the front. The Zouave jacket was also braided to correspond.

THE GARABALDI SHIRT of white muslin, like *Fig. VIII*, is a beautiful addition to these dresses on a slender figure. As basques are out of style, one of the most economical articles of dress of which we know is the Garabaldi shirt. These shirts need no jacket over them, and one shirt will answer to wear with two or three old dress skirts, after the bodies are no longer fit for use. They can be made of either velvet, silk, merino, cashmere, or flannel. Gray or dark blue flannel is a favorite material; and we have seen one of bright scarlet on quite a young lady, which looked charmingly with a black silk skirt. These skirts are much improved by braiding.

DRESSES for the house and for walking, are still made in the Polonaise or Imperatrice style, that is, without any joining at the waist.

SATIN will be a fashionable material for dresses during the winter. It has already found favor for bridal costumes; some of the newest wedding dresses being made of white satin. We have seen one with the skirt very long, and having a small round train; the trimming is composed of fluted quillings of satin, in five rows, placed on the lower part of the skirt, and not rising higher than a quarter of a yard. Fashion has made white almost uniform for evening dresses. Some dresses of *tulle* and *tarletane* are made with bows of the same material, which sometimes sustain the upper flounce; at others, are thrown carelessly at intervals over the whole. Ribbon bows and flowers are also used. An evening dress of white tarletane, just completed for a young lady, is trimmed with fluted flounces at the lower part of the skirt. The corsage is full, and the fullness is drawn to a point in the center of the waist. A ceinture or waistband of blue silk has the ends edged with white blonde and black lace. A white muslin dress may be described as follows: The skirt is trimmed with narrow frills reaching from the edge to about the height of the knees, and disposed in a diagonal or slanting direction. Above them descends a flounce four or five inches broad. This flounce has a heading, through the center of which passes a puffing with a running of mauve-color ribbon. The corsage is low, and over it is a fichu trimmed with ruches. The sleeves are demi-long, and in puffs.

THE SWISS CAPE OR FICHU is very popular for evening dress, and is to be worn over a low-necked body. It is made of muslin with narrow tucks or folds. It is finished at the throat by a narrow row of black velvet, and it is edged on each side by a broad row of velvet, forming braces, and terminating in a bow at the waist, both in front and behind. The dress has short sleeves formed of puffs, terminating with a frill, and under them are muslin sleeves with narrow folds, to correspond with the fichu. The muslin sleeves are confined at the wrists by bracelets of black velvet.

WHILST DRESSES CONTINUE TO BE WORN LONG, and to require the skirt to be raised up in promenading, the jupon, or petticoat, will always be an object of some importance in costume. However pretty the petticoats of former seasons may have been, those of the present year are even more so. They are now made in almost every color and material, and are ornamented with trimmings the most varied. Some consisting of cashmere, taffety, or reps, are richly embroidered; others are braided or trimmed with velvet to about the height of the knees. Many, composed of black or violet silk, are trimmed with several rows of plaited ribbon; and some few are ornamented with five narrow flounces alternately of black and violet, black and blue, or black and groseille-color silk. These flounces are placed very close together at the lower part of the jupon, and are frequently edged with a piping. The trimming just mentioned, besides its elegant appearance when the skirt of the dress is held up, has also the advantage of supporting and expanding the edge of the dress when allowed to fall completely over the petticoat. The same kind of trimming, but more plain in style, is employed for jupons of alpaca, Orleans, or any other woolen materials. Several of those composed of woolen textures figured with stripes have a broad row of black velvet placed just above the hem. A beautiful and serviceable petticoat can be made of gray flannel, and braided with wide black worsted braid in a Greek border.

NETS, consisting of black and colored chenille, still continue to be a fashionable style of coiffure. The *Resille Imperatrice* is pretty and simple; it is of black chenille, and is trimmed above the forehead with a bow of velvet. Black nets are in general preferred to colored ones.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COAT OF FAWN-COLORED CLOTH FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is made in a loose sacque and is corded with dark blue silk. At the bottom of each seam is placed a bias piece of dark blue silk, fastened with three large buttons. The flowing sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Hat of fawn-colored felt, trimmed with a band of blue velvet and a white plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with four flounces bound with Magenta-colored silk, and edged with a narrow black lace. The body is high at the back, but opens in front over a plaited chemisette, and has the revers formed of Magenta-colored silk, and edged with narrow black lace. The short sleeves and waistband correspond. Full white under-sleeves, reaching not quite to the wrist.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses for small boys are but little varied, but those for girls are in greater variety. The *Garabaldi* is very much worn by girls over six or seven years of age. One of the prettiest was black velvet, worn with a crimson shirt of plain poplin. Another was of Magenta-colored cashmere trimmed with black, and the skirt was of the same material, with a band of black cashmere a quarter of a yard deep around the bottom.

ZOUAVE JACKETS are also very much worn with colored shirts, with a full white under body made high in the neck with long sleeves.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

FEBRUARY.

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McLaughlin Brothers Pra

Pattern for

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THE HARVEST MOON.

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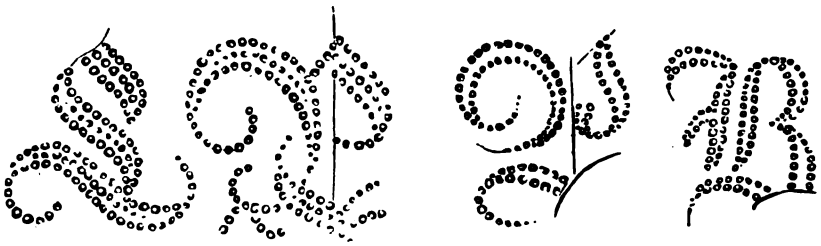


RUSSIAN SABLE MUFF.



RUSSIAN SABLE CAPE.

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LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CHILD'S DRESS.

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LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CHILD'S DRESS.

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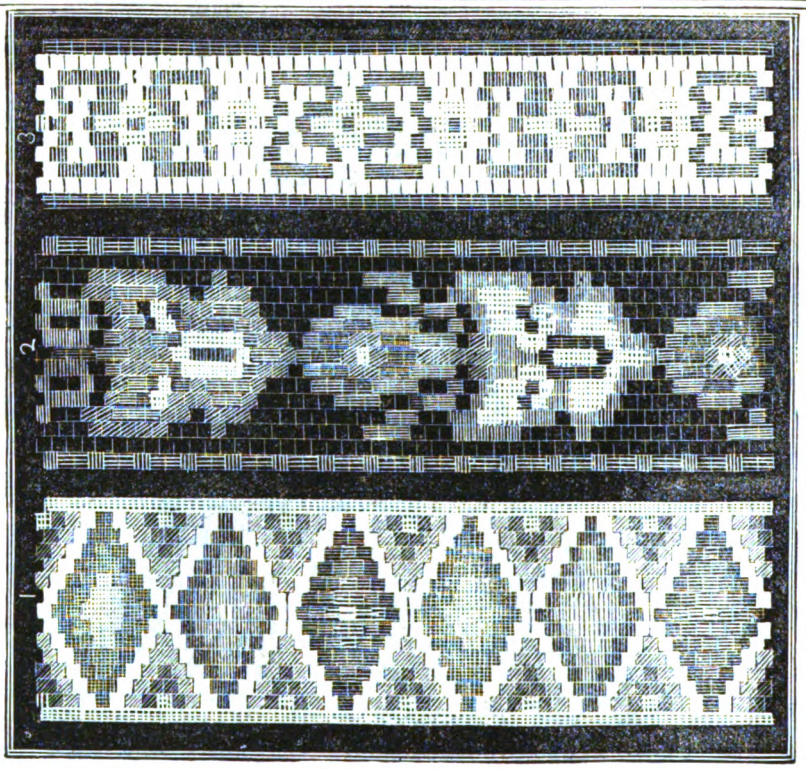
THE IONIAN.

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THE MORESQUE.

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GLASS-BEAD BORDER.



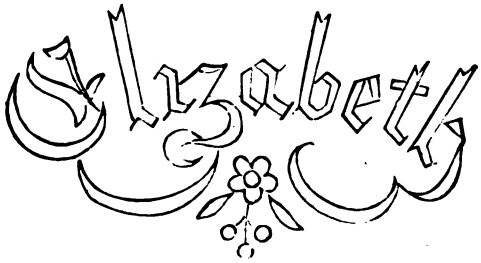
SOAP-BAG.

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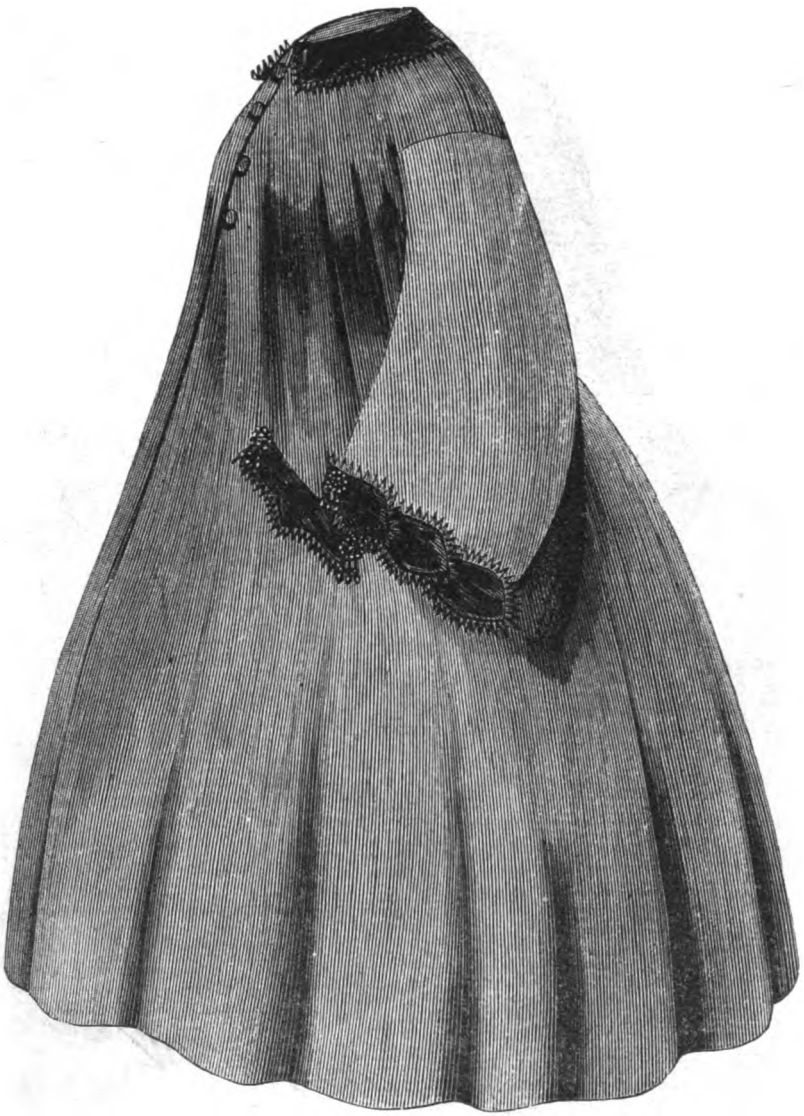


LETTERS FOR PILLOW-CASE.

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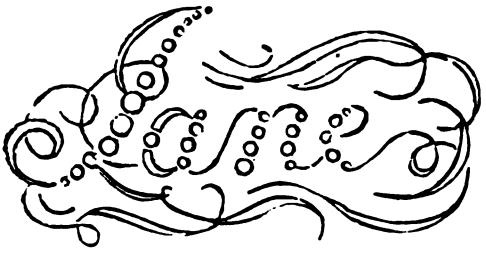


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BLACK BEAVER CLOTH SACQUE.

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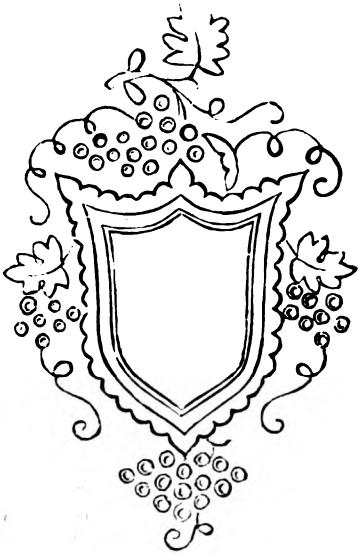


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PLAIN BEAVER CLOTH SACQUE.

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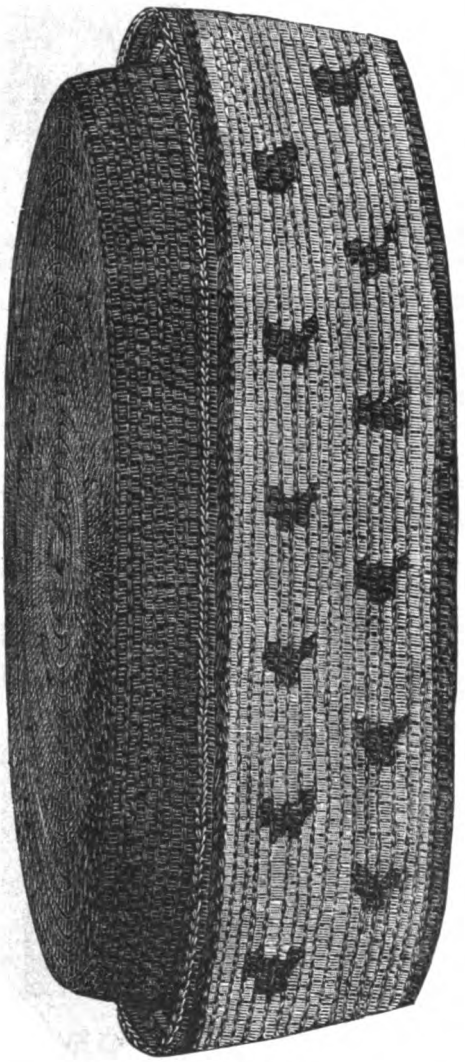
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



BOY'S CAP IN CROCHET.

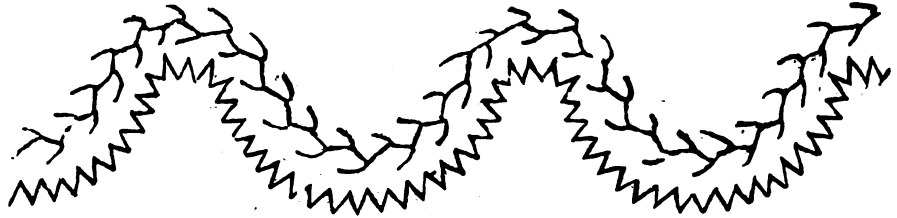
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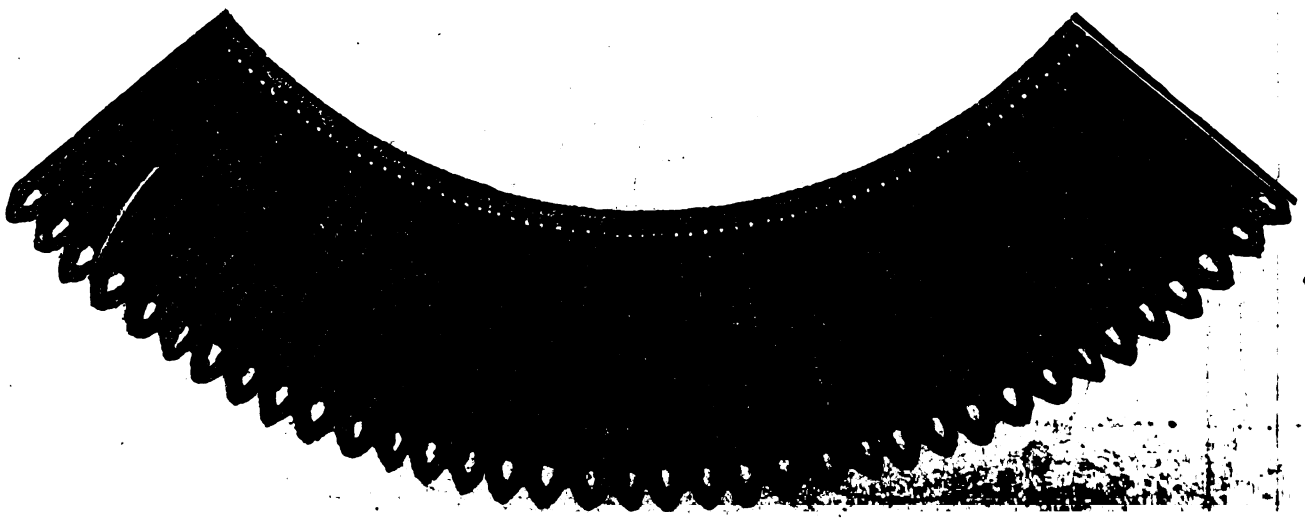
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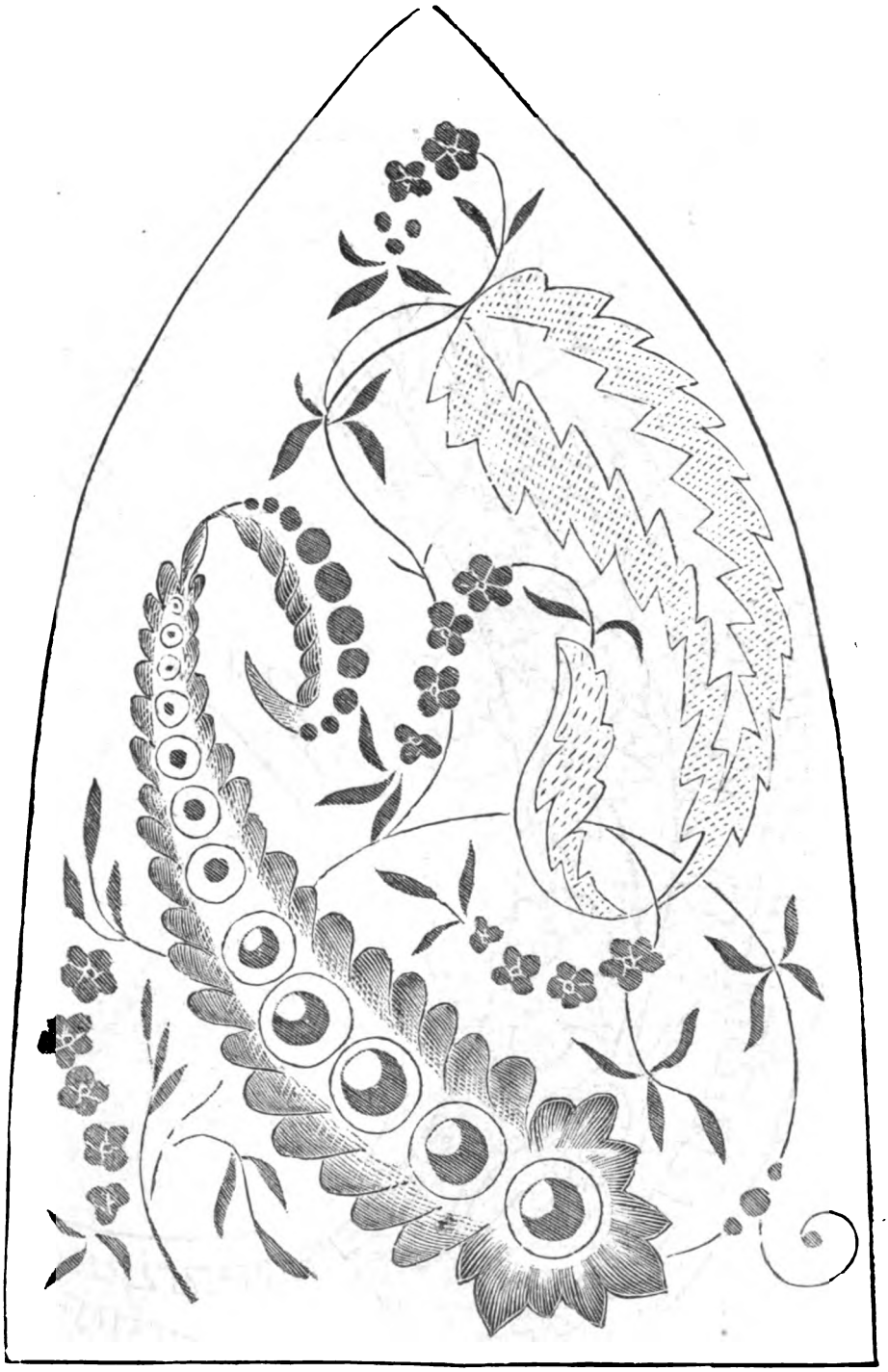


CHAIN-STITCH FOR FLANNEL PETTICOAT.



KNITTED COLLAR.

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PATTERN FOR SMOKING-CAP IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

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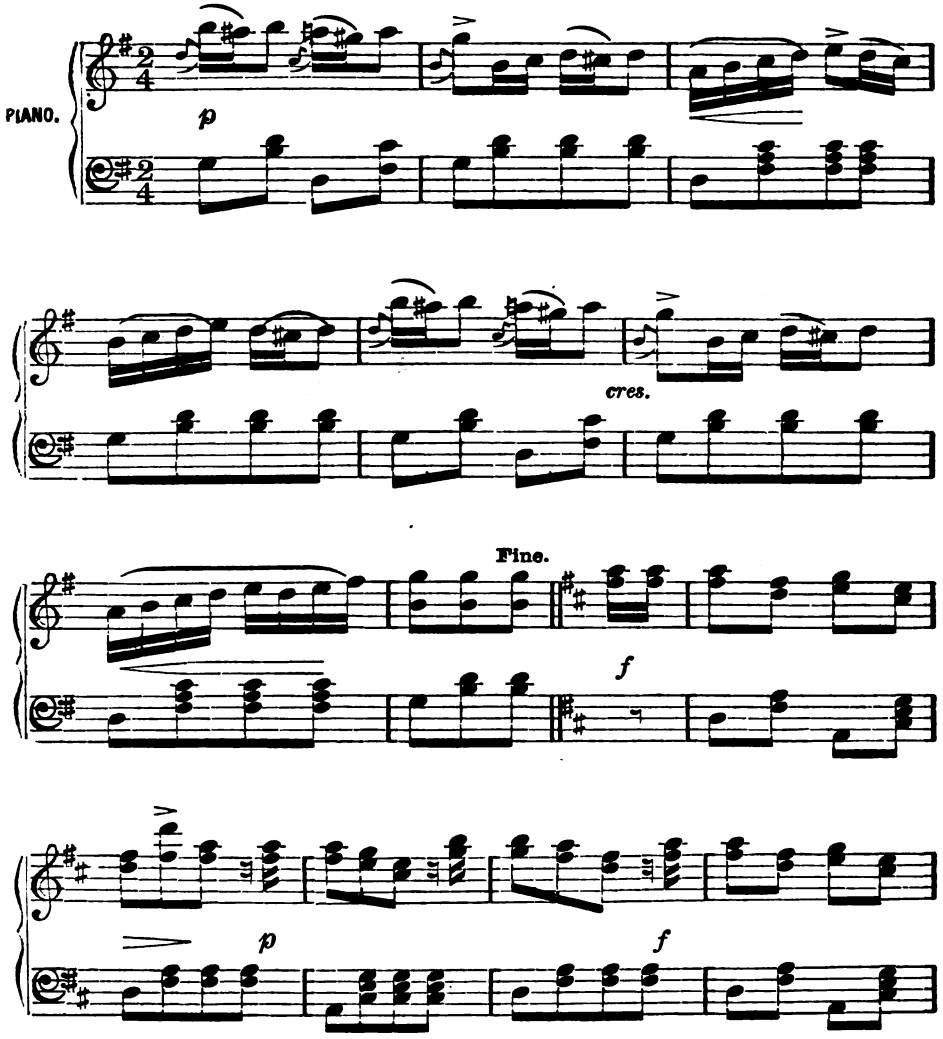


FULL-SIZE PATTERN FOR PENDANT PIN-CUSHION.

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"KINIKINICK POLKA."
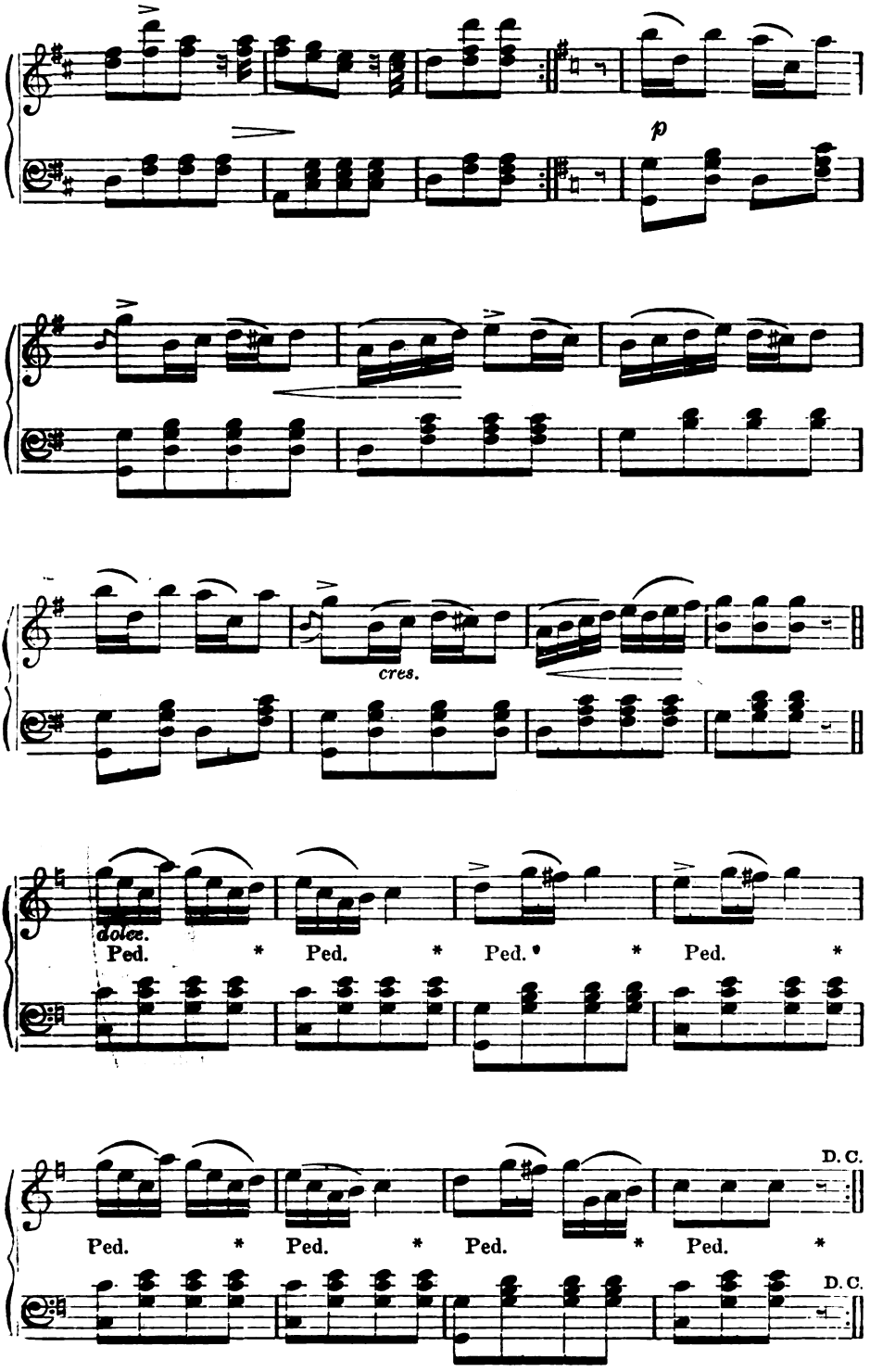
ARRANGED FOR PIANO

BY SEP. WINNER.

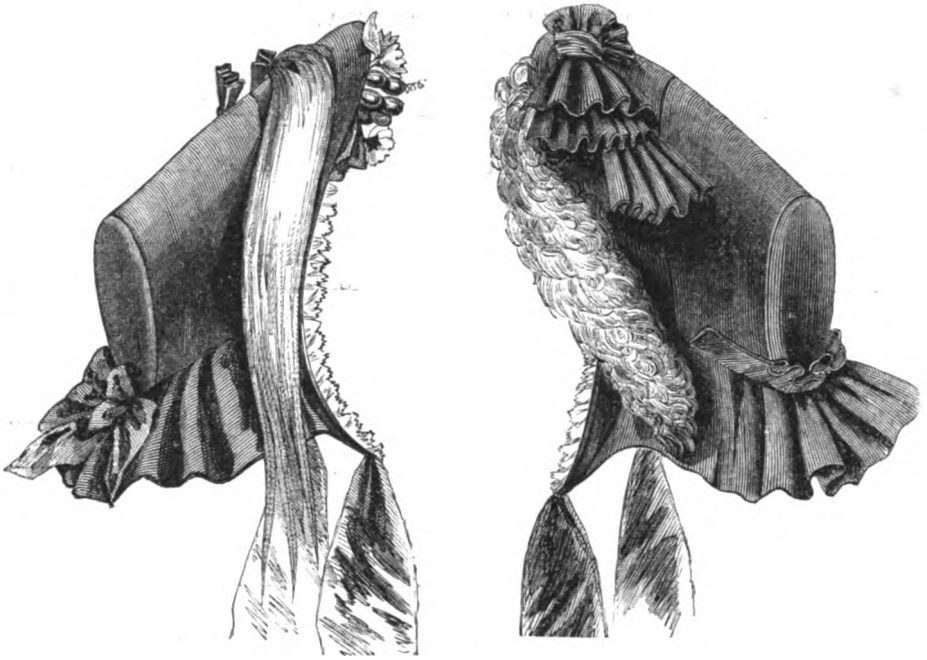


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KINIKINICK POLKA.



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NEW STYLE BONNETS.



JACKET, VEST, TROUSERS, AND GAITER FOR LITTLE BOY.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1862. No. 2.

"ICICLES."

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

"OH, mamma! see! see! the first icicles! They are all over the little tree I planted! I am so glad it snowed last night! Ain't they beautiful? When the sun shines see how many colors, and how they glisten, and the white, white snow makes them still prettier. May I go out and get one, just one? I can reach them so nicely on the little tree!" and, without waiting for an answer, the child hastily tied a scarf around her neck and ran out on the snow-covered steps. Like most earthly treasures hers were too high to grasp, and the long stick she used to knock the pretty treasures down, only served to shatter them to atoms at her feet, till a call from her mother reminded her that open doors in winter did not warm kitchens, and she came in.

"After all they would melt in here," she said, going to her old place at the window, "and they look just as pretty from inside."

And that one sentence was the key-note to little Bertha Schwindan's heart. She was a German child, with soft, sunny hair and deep blue eyes; and while she could look back on baby recollections of her native land and her father's care, she could still take a bright view of the new home, the narrow means, and toil-some life which followed emigration, and her father's death. Gustavus Schwindan was one of that ill-fated class, a genius! From early boyhood music had been his goddess, to be wor-shiped, courted, at any cost, and all seasons. In his own country he had not prospered. A situation as second violinist in a mammoth orchestra had afforded sufficient income for his bachelor life; but when he married, he deter-mined to cross the wide ocean and tempt for-tune in a new clime. Little Bertha was six years old before this pet scheme was carried out; and before she saw her seventh birthday the sods of America lay heavy on her father's breast, and her mother, a stranger in a strange land, turned her footsteps to the West, the land of promise. Kind hearts had seen the gentle widow, and remembered the gifted musician, and a subscription was raised in the new land to aid the patient stranger. It was a narrow house, ill-furnished, in a sparsely populated spot, where Gertrude Schwindan found her home; but the few neighbors spoke in the tongue of the Fatherland, her child's heart was light, and her voice glad on the free, open country: there was a promise of work, and she was content so to live. One room in the little cottage was tenanted by its owner, and he gave Gertrude the rest, free, for the simple repast which he shared with her and Bertha. He was a man of some forty years of age, with a hard, stern face, not a German, though the language came easily from his lips. And while Bertha, with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, looked lovingly and admiringly on the lovely winter's prospect, this man's eyes were fixed upon it from his window, and his heart was full of bit-terness as he murmured,

"Icicles! Cold, bleak, desolate! Fair and smooth as a woman's face, cold and hard as her heart! Glistening as her false smile, beautiful afar off, chilling if grasped! Oh! where can I turn that all will not remind me of the past? I have left home and friends, the crowded cities and the lovely country-seats where we were together, to busy myself here, among new faces in a wild spot, only to find memory more busy in loneliness, imagination more ready to find smiles in every sight and sound. My books weary me, my thoughts madden me. Where can I find rest?"

"Mr. William! mother says breakfast is ready."

"Ah! is it you, little Icicles?" said he, giving her a nick-name, from the occupation at which he had just seen her. "Come in!"

She entered and stood demurely before him.

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"Are you not sorry," he said, gently, though no smile came on his face, "are you not sorry that winter has come? The ground is covered with snow, and the air is bitterly cold. You cannot run out, and all the pretty flowers are gone!"

"But mamma says they are only sleeping under the pretty white snow, to waken up again in spring-time."

"But you?"

"Oh! I can run out for a little while, and then come in to sew, or try to find out what the funny English letters stand for. Mamma says I must learn to talk and read too in English now: but I don't get along very fast. Wilhelm, the old carpenter, helps me; but it is so far to walk, and he is so often busy."

"Then the winter days are long," said Mr. William.

"I can learn more and help mamma more."

"You, little one! What can you do?"

"I can bring in the wood from the shed, and run for the dishes, and sweep up the hearth, and call you when meals are ready—and oh, dear! What will mamma say? Your coffee will be cold, because I stay here chattering so long."

"Gertrude," said Mr. William, as he sat down to the breakfast-table, "Bertha is old enough now to study regularly."

"Yes, almost eight!" sighed Gertrude.

"Let her come to me from nine to one every morning, and I will attend to her studies. It is not necessary," he added, as Gertrude began her eager thanks, "I have more time than I can use," and he sighed heavily.

The Germans learned to wonder at Bertha's love for the cold, grave American, whose stern face never relaxed, and whose step was so slow and heavy; but in the morning hours of study the child could win gentle words, and, though rarely, a smile which lighted the stern face like sunshine. She little guessed her power. Into a heart made desolate by a false love, an unworthy friend, and broken trusts, her childish happiness, her loving disposition, and rare intellectual gifts, had entered like a new life. He read on the broad, white brow the genius her father left as his legacy; while in the sensitive mouth, the clear blue eye and low-toned voice, he saw again her mother's gentleness and pure faith; and little "Icicles," as he loved to call her, became pupil, companion, friend to the weary, heart-sick man, whose face brightened for her alone, whose rare smile was her choicest reward for patient study.

Nine years later, and looking in upon Bertha Schwindan, where shall we find her? Not in her old Western home, but in a lovely cottage some ten miles out from New York, where Mr. William had placed her and her mother, previous to his own departure for Europe. For nine years he had made her life happy, by opening before her eager mind new paths of knowledge to be explored, training her ready fingers over the ivory keys of the piano he procured for her, and urging her daily to new efforts. Neither Bertha nor her mother could tell when they first learned to look upon him as their guardian and friend; but the little cottage brightened with his gifts, and work flowed in for busy fingers, at his suggestion, among the richer neighbors; and now, in their new home, Gertrude had found the savings of the past years well invested for her use, and Bertha, in a farewell letter, learned that she was independent of work.

Friends soon came to call upon the German lady and that "beautiful blonde," her daughter. The new neighbor was pronounced lady-like, the home *comme il faut*, and the German girl an acquisition to the parties, and Bertha found herself "in society" without an effort. And he, the guardian and teacher of her childhood, the beloved instructor and friend, where was he? Far away on the bounding Atlantic, trying to still a new tumult in his weary heart. His child had become a woman; and he loved her! All the coldness of his heart which she had thawed, in her winning childhood, gathered there again when he left her. He dared not tell her of his love, for she was a child yet in her innocence of all worldly forms, all society; and her secluded life was too recent to trust her, to let its love be lasting when she left it. So, to try his darling, to see if the pure heart could resist the glittering temptations of the world, he placed her in her new home where his name was known, and his introduction opened to her the dazzling mazes of fashionable life, in which his generosity gave her the means of shining; and then, unable to stand by and see perhaps another win his treasure, he left her, again to resume his lonely life and try once more to forget a past.

Look in upon a parlor, small it is true, but furnished with every elegant appointment which taste could suggest or money supply. Two years has it been the home of Gertrude Schwindan and her daughter. The piano stands open, with choice music scattered carelessly over it, and the center-table is covered with books and work. Gertrude, still lovely with her gentle face and graceful figure, is bending over her embroidery; but Bertha will touch nothing. Up

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and down with quick steps she paces the little parlor. Her tall, graceful figure in its dark silk shows health and freedom in every motion; her rich profusion of light hair shades with its glossy braids a face full of high intellect and of rare beauty.

Some one comes softly to the door of the next room, sets it ajar, and, unseen, retires: but Bertha still keeps up her hasty, troubled walk.

"Mother, did you hear Mr. James describing the new house that has been built on the site of our little cot, our old home?"

"Yes, dear! It must be very magnificent. Quite like one of the palace homes of the old country. I wonder why Mr. William has never written to us."

"Oh! the old house, the dear old cot!" cried Bertha, with an indescribable longing in the tones of her rich, full voice; "I am sick of all this gayety and waste of existence, weary of the world, weary of myself. Well might our friend call these butterflies of fashion, icicles; they freeze, they chill all noble impulses, to coldly cut the soul down to the narrow limits of their own ideas of etiquette and propriety. No trust in the pure instincts that make a woman—a true woman—shun all vulgarity; no safeguard but the sharp words or cold looks that make their fancied barrier against error. I am sick of it all, and most sick when there is no help for me. Why did he leave us? Why did he guide, counsel, lead me, a wayward child, till my whole life was in his hands, to leave me lonely when I first learned how I loved him?"

"You always loved him, Bertha!" said her mother, gently, as she stretched out her hand to the excited girl.

"Yes, as a child loves her father; but I am a woman now, and in the offers I have received, the flattery I have heard since he went away, I have learned a new lesson of my own heart. Learned"—and she knelt down beside her mother, trembling violently, while her voice thrilled with its deep emotion—"learned, mother, how a woman loves! He has gone away! He has forgotten me! And I love him!"

The golden head drooped low, and the woman, humbled by her own frank confession, bent like a child at her mother's knee. Softly the door of the inner room opened wide, and a tall figure came quietly into the room; the stern face lighted with a new hope, the lip smiling at the heart's gladness.

"Bertha!"

The deep voice thrilled to her very soul, and she sprang to her feet to stand in lowly submission before him. One glance at his face, and, with a cry of joy, she was in his arms, clasped fast to the bosom she loved to rest upon, feeling the strong heart-throbs which told of an emotion too deep for words. At last he spoke,

"The old home waits for you, Bertha. The icicles hang from the tall tree you planted, glittering now as brightly as when your baby hands were stretched out to grasp them. Will you come home again, my wife, my Bertha?"

And in the upraised face, the deep blue eyes resting so confidingly upon his, he read his answer.

Thus it was that the grave, stern teacher won his little "Icicles."

GOD SAVE OUR LAND!

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

God save our glorious land—
Stretching from strand to strand!
God save our land!
Long may her banner wave
O'er freemen true and brave!
And shade each patriot's grave!
God save our land!

God make our Union strong—
Untouched by hate and wrong!
God make it strong!
From foes our land release!
Grant us Thy perfect peace!
Thy blessings still increase!
God save our land!

God make our Nation pure!
Through time may she endure!
God make her pure!
Tried by refiner's fire—
Blood-bought by son and sire—
Let not her fame expire!
God save our land!

God bless our noble land!
With unction from Thy hand,
God bless our land!
Make her in might to grow!
On her rich gifts bestow!
Guard her from every woe!
God bless our land

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MADELEINE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

A HOUSE in a quarter of the city once fashionable, but now merely respectable. If you ring the bell, a small servant will respond to the summons, whose hastily donned apron will not disguise that indescribable something which betrays the maid of all-work.

Having entered the parlors, you will observe, however sedulously they may have been darkened, that the carpets and curtains are worn and dingy; and, should you be curious enough to displace the linen covers, you will find the furniture beneath shabby and moth-eaten. The eye will light upon but one article capable of giving it pleasure—a piano which is beautifully finished, and bears upon its silver plate the name of a celebrated maker.

Years ago the Blanchards had been one of the leading families of New York, and danced gaily through life upon the topmost edge of the "upper crust." Mr. Blanchard ranked first among the "merchant princes," and, marrying a reigning belle, took the town captive with splendid equipages, costly dinners, and other extravagances of a similar nature. But unfortunately the "upper crust" proved itself no stronger than any other, and one day, overwhelmed by luckless speculations, Mr. Blanchard and his family felt the structure they had fancied so solid crumble away beneath them, and themselves—to their utter bewilderment—let down into another world, where there were no more dinners, no more fetes, no more splendors, and from which the sunlight of society was entirely withdrawn. To be sure God's sunlight was left, but that is so common-place every one can enjoy it!

There was but one connecting link left with that gay world from which they had been so unceremoniously banished. Mr. Blanchard's eldest daughter, Madeleine, even at the age their downfall took place, possessed a voice remarkable for its capacity and melody. Heretofore regarded as a prodigy, she now sank into a convenience. She made a desirable *parti* at *matinees musicales*, etc., while her voice filled up the gaps most creditably upon divers occasions. Therefore the Blanchards were not "dropped" entirely; and, as Madeleine grew older, occasional carriages stopped at their door, to tender invitations to her alone, which she accepted—her mother would not have permitted otherwise for worlds—with a bitter consciousness that it was her voice, and not herself, to which the honor had been extended.

Poor Mrs. Blanchard! Madeleine was the only hope she had left; through her they might possibly be restored to at least a shadow of their former grandeur, and it was sad to see her hoarding trivial sums, pinching herself and family cruelly, that her daughter's appearance might be enhanced by some new and becoming article of costume. But it was sadder than all to see Mrs. Blanchard sitting up of nights, attired in a faded cashmere dressing-gown, which time could not quite deprive of its soft richness, waiting for Madeleine's return, and questioning her eagerly thereupon respecting the gay scenes she had left, and for which, poor lady! she had never ceased to sigh.

These years, however, were far from bringing unmitigated pleasure to Madeleine. A keen eye might discern this fact by glancing at her today, as she sits engaged in sewing upon some fabric, pretty in tone, but the material of which is noticeably coarse. She is possibly, but not positively handsome; the outlines of her face and form being somewhat angular for beauty; still there is a certain regal carriage of the head and shoulders which renders her observable at once. Just now she is seen under an unfavorable aspect, for a dense gloom rests upon her face, and the wide, dark eyes are wet with tears that are not permitted to fall. This is not a usual thing with Madeleine, but the experience of last night amply accounts for these manifestations of unhappiness. On the evening alluded to, Mrs. Winthrop had surpassed herself—a feat she alone could accomplish—by giving an entertainment the result of an especial purpose.

Among the most prominent of New York's citizens was Horace Grandon, whose wealth no one ventured to compute. Nor did they dare to guess the method of its acquirement. But there were floating rumors of vessels fitted out from Northern ports, that sailed far away, and were not apt to return to the points from whence they started: whither they were bound, and where their cargoes were shipped, could only be a matter of conjecture.

This rich man had one son, whom he would

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have given his soul—had it not already been bartered—to be proud of. But that son was an—imbecile. Not that the fact was ever whispered. Why should it be? Clarence Grandon had features chiseled and perfect, made an unexceptionable bow, and danced as well as could possibly be required. His colloquial powers to be sure were not extensive, but his partners had not been taught to look for "conversation," so he passed muster quite as well as many others; and when his father signified to Mrs. Winthrop—his most intimate acquaintance—he acknowledged no friends—that he wished to marry his son, the lady willingly promised to assist him in the endeavor. She, therefore, sent cards to all the marriageable demoiselles in her set—and to a few out of it—that they might pass in grand review before the gentleman she wished to gratify.

Madeleine had also been invited—to sing. On the day the affair was to take place her mother came to her, and, slipping four silver quarters into her hand, said,

"You've not had a new pair of gloves in a long time past. I only wish I could give you a new dress as well."

Now Madeleine knew the children had been half-starved for a week that she might have this money, and so replied,

"I can't bear to take it, mother. I wish you would let me stay at home."

"Hush, child! Do as I tell you. Who knows but——"

Mrs. Blanchard stopped, the rumor of Horace Grandon's intention had reached her ears; but she feared to tell her daughter what she had heard. "She is so proud," she thought to herself, "perhaps she would refuse to go."

Madeleine, still protesting, took the money and went out to make her purchase. As she paused before Steward's, a meagre hand plucked her dress, and a thin, weak voice begged for alms. Madeleine looked down into the pinched face of the woman, and at the shivering child she carried, and one of the quarters changed hands; for, however circumstances might have warped it, Madeleine possessed, originally, a noble and generous nature. The latter had made something of a sacrifice, for she was obliged to purchase gloves of an inferior quality—a fact particularly unfortunate when the color is white.

Madeleine was not long in making her toilet for the evening, simple enough, except a bit of rare lace about the neck—a remnant of her mother's wardrobe, who had hoarded it with religious care. She was quite ready when Mrs. Russell—her *chaperone* for the evening—called; and, as they drove toward their place of destination, her thoughts were colored by the one romance of her life.

It has been hinted that this life was by no means a desirable one; yet it had not been without its honey. She had met with mortifications manifold; she had been flouted and humiliated by those born her inferiors. Yet there was one from whom she had received nothing but kindness. When Rio Thurston was present, Madeleine lacked no attention it was in his power to bestow. He admired her intensely, and, had her position been different, would probably have sacrificed himself sufficiently to have married her. As that was out of the question however, he was not unselfish enough to deny himself the pleasure of her society whenever it could be obtained; as for possible consequences resulting therefrom, he considered himself totally irresponsible.

Madeleine stood in the dressing-room before the mirror, giving those last touches to her attire so dear to a woman's heart, while her *chaperone*, a fussy, good-natured matron, sat by fanning herself—being one of that unlucky class who are always warm—and exhorting her charge not to hurry herself in the least—that there was "plenty of time," etc., when her ejaculations were cut short by the entrance of the Misses De Grey.

These two young ladies, by virtue of brilliant complexions, and *toilettes* that were apt to border upon the audacious, had achieved the position of New York belles. They favored Madeleine with a cold stare and supercilious nod, smiled graciously upon Mrs. Russell, and then placed themselves before the glass, from which, upon their entrance, the former had withdrawn. Madeleine, meantime, was engaged in smoothing down her gloves, which fitted her illy. The eldest Miss De Grey, Flora by name, glanced at them scornfully; then said, as she drew on her own of delicate French kid, "Mercy! how I hate coarse gloves! I threw away two pair of Boivins, to-night, before I could get any to suit me." The youngest tittered and glanced at Madeleine. Just here their escort tapped on the door, and, as they sailed away, Madeleine heard them laugh contemptuously, and add, "A relic of old times!" and knew they referred to the lace about her neck.

"Never mind, dear!" began Mrs. Russell, as they disappeared. "If they are so much admired, I always have insisted that they are dreadfully ill-bred." But Madeleine did mind. It galled her immeasurably that such as these

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should dare to look down upon her. But still as she and her companion made their way below, she remembered that Rio Thurston would be present, and from him, at least, she was sure of caressing words and tender homage—and her wounded pride was soothed by the reflection. But she was destined to a bitter disappointment. As soon as she entered the room she saw him indeed; but the sight was scarcely a satisfactory one. He was bending over the chair—how often he had bent over hers in precisely the same attitude!—of a little girl of about sixteen, with pink shoulders, blonde curls, and china-blue eyes—reminding one exactly of the dolls that sit in state in Broadway windows at Christmas time. As Madeleine entered, he looked up and bowed profoundly. "He will come to me presently," thought she. But he did not.

Mr. Grandon, for whose especial benefit the guests had been assembled, was also present with his son. And the shrewd, keen-eyed old man was gratified, beyond words, as he looked around upon the elegant *toilettes*, and noted the studious care that had been exercised in concealing defects and enhancing charms in order to attract his eye.

The regal character of Madeleine's carriage has been alluded to; and, to-night, offended pride made it more perceptible than usual. It did not escape the well-trained eye of Horace Grandon. He whispered his son, who presently approached Madeleine and tendered her an invitation for the dance.

The phraseology and manner were unexceptionable; the voice soft and low, and possessing a melody plaintive and peculiar; but the words themselves were lacking in a certain sharply-cut decisiveness which sets each word by itself—a characteristic, at all events, which belongs, in perfection, to but a favored few.

Scarcely conscious of what she did—for indignant pain rendered her indifferent to exterior circumstances—Madeleine accepted the invitation. Now Clarence Grandon's dancing was perfect. As is apt to be the case in these circumstances, nature, grudging and unrelenting in other directions, was generous in one speciality at least. This perfection of motion possessed by Clarence Grandon was owing not a little to the entire symmetry which everywhere asserted itself, and which, it appeared, would not admit of awkwardness. At all events, every movement was distinguished by a singular gracefulness, albeit the grace was mechanical and distinctive from that variety which is an expression of the soul through the medium of the *physique*.

As has been intimated, Clarence Grandon was not apt to be profuse of conversation with his partners; but to-night he seemed determined to bring in practice whatever colloquial power he possessed for Madeleine's benefit. His desire to please was evident; for whenever he spoke a smile of vague sweetness played about the chiseled lips, accompanied by a timid, appealing glance of the eye, which would have touched the pity of some woman, and, in those of a certain kind, might even have awakened interest and affection. But Madeleine's nature was not originally a soft one, and the education life had given her tended to embitter it. Besides this, her thoughts were concentrated elsewhere; so her partner's attempts at conversation received only cold monosyllables; for, in her present state of mind, conversation of what kind soever was felt as an interruption.

At the close of the dance Madeleine's partner handed her to her seat and stood beside her, looking down at her with his smile of clouded sweetness and a wistful, entreating look in the soft large eyes, which, somehow, suggested to an imaginative mind that his mother must have been very lovely and very unhappy. But Madeleine, in temperament, was neither ideal nor romantic, and it is to be doubted whether this suggestion would have occurred to her at any time—certainly not now, when her thoughts and eyes had ample occupation given them elsewhere.

By-and-by it was signified to Madeleine that it was time for her to sing. She complied with an odd choking in her throat, which, by a strong effort, was prevented from affecting her voice. When she had finished, Horace Grandon, turning to Flora De Grey, observed,

"The young lady has a charming voice."

"Ya—as," was the drawling reply; "but she does dress so queer."

Madeleine had already endured too much. Throughout the entire evening one vision had haunted her: Rio Thurston bending over her of the blonde curls; and now, yielding to the headache and dizziness that oppressed her, she hurried up stairs, and, passing through the dressing-room, took refuge in an ante-chamber beyond. Here, throwing herself upon a lounge, she wondered, through a dull maze of misery, if the racking pain in her head would ever cease. She had not been here long, when there was loud chattering and laughter on the staircase, and the Misses De Grey came into the dressing-room. Flora was saying,

"Oh! Bell, I have the richest joke of the season to tell you!"

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"Well, let's have it," was the rejoinder.

"I wanted to tease Rio Thurston; so I asked him, for fun, when he and Madeleine Blanchard were going to strike up a match. He made one of his bows and said he couldn't afford to marry the daughter of a 'broken-down merchant.'"

"Do you see how attentive he is to-night to that little Minnie Hinton? They say she's worth piles of money. Pretty, ain't she, Flo?"

"Bah! I hate blondes!" retorted Flo, herself a brunette; then added, "Let's go down again. If we stay till four in the morning, I'm in for more dances than I shall get through with."

If Madeleine could have known the truth, she would not have had occasion to writhe in such terrible pain, or had need to stagger to a table near, and deluge herself with the cologne thereon, in order to retain her senses.

The Misses De Grey were looked upon by the superficial as having been "splendidly educated." That is, as soon as they were able to speak they had been placed under the supervision of a French nurse, at whose knee even their prayers were lisped in Gallic, while "mamma" and "aunty" stood by, laughing audibly at the infant petitions for the reigning family of France included therein. As they grew to young ladyhood they had been sent to "finishing school," from whence they emerged full-blown young ladies, and were universally admitted to speak French as well as English. But, unfortunately for the admission, they were lamentably deficient in the latter language.

Strange to say, this course of instruction had not deprived the Misses De Grey of a certain innate coarseness, which the above conversation had proved. A clear, unvarnished statement of facts is a sure mark of your lady and gentleman—and Flora De Grey had misrepresented Rio Thurston.

This was the truth. She had called loudly from the other side of the room, "Thurston, come here!" It was the style of these young ladies, in addressing gentlemen with whom they were well-acquainted, to drop the appellative Mr. "Thurston" came, and she interrogated him, as she had stated to her sister. Rio had simply replied, with a laugh and bow, "It would never do for a man of my expectations to marry any woman but an heiress," and pointed the remark by returning to Miss Hinton's side.

Unfortunate young man! who had only a paltry income of a few thousand a year to live upon! To be sure men have supported themselves and families comfortably upon less; but then Rio had himself only to look after, and number one is proverbially expensive.

When Madeleine came home that night, white and trembling, her mother plied her with questions, which she strove in vain to answer; then, breaking off abruptly, said, plaintively, "Please let me go, mother; I will tell you all you wish to know some other time." Mrs. Blanchard was quick to reproach herself with thoughtlessness, and complied with her daughter's request.

Now you know why it is that such a steady gloom overshadows Madeleine's face to-day, and why her eyes are moist with tears. These last have submitted to suppression long enough, and are beginning to fall in great, heavy drops; like splashes of rain that precede a tempest, when there is a ring at the door, a little bustle in the hall, and presently Mrs. Blanchard, in a flurry of haste, her eyes gleaming with excitement, enters her daughter's room, exclaiming,

"Madeleine, Mr. Grandon and his son are down stairs!"

"Well, mother?"

"Child, child! be not so indifferent! Promise me, before you go, that, if Horace Grandon asks you to marry his son, you will not refuse"

"Are you wild, mother? Clarence Grandon is——"

"Hush, pet, hush! He will be the easier to manage. You will have everything as you wish. Think, dear one—we shall no longer be wretched! Little Ella has wanted a pair of shoes so long, and her feet are frost-bitten. Besides, you will be grander than all those who despise us. My darling will no longer be obliged to wear such things as this"—trampling the fabric which Madeleine had been making under foot.

Then Mrs. Blanchard, in a fever of impatience, caught at her daughter's hand with hers—once so smooth and fair, but now yellow and shriveled—and pleaded as if for life for Madeleine's promise.

The latter obeyed her mother's injunction—and thought. She knew the words which she had just heard were true. It might depend upon her to restore to her family all they had lost. "Besides," she added to herself, despairingly, "it doesn't matter much what becomes of me now;" then she said aloud,

"After all it may not be as you think, mother. They may only have chanced in to hear me sing as other gentlemen have done."

"But if it should be as I say, promise me, Madeleine. It is your mother who entreats. Your mother, who has loved you so well through all these weary years."

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The girl, thus conjured, drew her breath quickly, then answered,

"I promise you, mother."

Madeleine's quiet salutation to her guests was responded to by the elder Grandon, with greeting the most conciliatory and courteous of which he was capable. His son held her hand in a gentle clasp for a moment, looking at her meantime with the touchingly wistful expression of the previous evening. A few common places, and Mr. Grandon asked, "Can I see you alone, a short time, Miss Blanchard?"

Miss Blanchard led the way into the back room. Her companion placed a chair—slid the folding-doors together—then began in a cool business sort of a way, his shrewd, hard eyes fixed upon his listener's face.

"You have probably heard, Miss Blanchard, that I wish my son to marry. You are possibly aware also—that, to state the case mildly—the presumption that he will ever be able to set the North River on fire is not in his favor. Nevertheless, he is docile and teachable." The speaker uttered these last words as if they represented qualities he execrated, then continued, "I will neither sham with you, nor cant to you. My name left in his charge to sustain would be a vain heritage. I therefore wish a woman to marry him who will absorb him utterly. Spirited enough, and gifted enough, to cause his very existence to be forgotten. I request you to be this woman. All you can possibly desire will be at your command. And on your wedding day—I mention this as a consideration—a house, and one hundred thousand dollars in your own right shall be settled upon you."

Madeleine shivered as she remembered her promise. Had she ever been taught that honor and religion are the only guides for the soul, she had not now listened to the tempter. Had this proposal come a week ago even, when her being was soft with the thought that she was beloved, love would have kept her safe. But she had been instructed from her earliest years that they had been expelled from a social paradise, to which poverty forever barred their reentrance. For a moment she was undecided. God, and the angels, and her own soul, none of which she had ever been taught to consider, plead with her a space. Then her heart hardens, a desperate ambition takes possession of her, a wish—Lucifer-like—to reign, though it be in hell. These feelings are accompanied by milder visions of family aggrandizement. She sees her mother happy, her young brothers and sister, now pale and sickly, plump and pretty.

Then a profound blush spreads over her face and throat—that girlish flush will not be apt to come in the future—even now it settles into an ashen gray, as she answers in cold, slow terms,

"I accept your offer, Mr. Grandon."

The gentleman expressed his thanks in a manner—for him—enthusiastic beyond record. Then, opening the doors, he gave Madeleine his arm, and advancing said, "Clarence, this lady has promised to be your wife." Clarence arose, took Madeleine's hand reverently, and covered it with kisses. The latter looked pleadingly toward the elder Grandon, who said sternly, "There will be time enough for that hereafter. We must leave now." This son—for the first time in his life probably—evinced symptoms of rebellion; but, finally submitting to the stronger power, obeyed.

Madeleine's wedding took place in the house her father-in-law had given her; her mother standing near, half the lines of care swept from her face, and radiant with the thought that the old delights were once more restored to her.

The rooms were crowded with guests, among them Rio Thurston, and plump, pink-necked Minnie Hinton, whom every one said he would marry. As he bent down to listen to her prattling, Miss De Grey, passing by, tapped him with her bouquet and inquired,

"Well, Thurston, what d'ye think of the bride?"

Rio lifted his head and "took in" Madeleine, standing pale and superb in drifting clouds of lace; then glanced at the bridegroom, with his regular, handsome features, upon which came an expression of admiring awe, whenever he looked at Madeleine; and ground his teeth together.

Miss De Grey, for once, was content to remain unanswered; and afterward announced it as her opinion, that Rio Thurston had cared more for Madeleine Blanchard than any one supposed.

It was said that a desperate ambition had taken possession of Madeleine. It was destined to be gratified at every point. We are told that the women of Circassia, when they are brought from their mountain homes into the Turkish cities, are not lovelier than others. But fed upon conserves of rose-leaves, and jellies tinted with amethyst, and bathed in perfumed waters of magical virtue, the roses thus subtilly infused into the blood steal softly into lip and cheek, while the skin becomes soft and fair as that of the Houris, with veins of tender purple palpitating along the transparent surface. So Madeleine's capability of beauty wrought upon by every grace of the toilet, and the consciousness of absolute power reached its culminating

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point. If she had sacrificed herself, she would make her life such a dream of splendor, that others as well as herself should discern the idea as an impossibility. And as from time to time stories of her unparalleled extravagance reached the ears of her father-in-law, he smiled grimly, well pleased at the acumen he had displayed in the choice of his son's wife. For, as he had foreseen, every thought of Clarence was lost in the contemplation of Madeleine's magnificence.

The latter having traveled abroad—the elder Grandon being the presiding genius of the tour—returned with the additional prestige of having been presented at several European courts. She is to go out to-night for the first time since her return. Flora De Grey has made a brilliant match during her absence, and to render her entrance upon married life more marked, is to give this evening a grand entertainment.

Madeleine had excited the envy of her acquaintance, by bringing with her a waiting woman fresh from Paris. Though you would hardly have guessed—judging from her appearance—the hair dressed *a la mode*, and the rich, perfectly-fitting silk—that such was her position.

As Madeleine's toilet progressed under the masterly touch of Rochelle, it will scarcely be deemed remarkable that, remembering whose guest she was to be that night, her thoughts reverted once or twice to the times that were past; but they did so in a vague, wondering kind of way, that such a state of things could ever have existed.

"Dees ees de feenist," said Rochelle; as, opening a velvet case, she brought to view the latest gift of Madeleine's father-in-law—diamonds of rare lustre, and grouped after an original design.

Rochelle fastened the *parure* in her mistress's hair, that straightway seemed as if a shower of stars had fallen thereon; then placed the pendants of tremulous light against the argent of Madeleine's bosom, upon which one immediately received the impression of sea-foam bursting into spray beneath the sunlight. Madeleine could afford to wear diamonds, for her splendor outrivaled theirs!

Rochelle, touching into place the folds of Madeleine's dress—a dead white silk overgarlanded with arabesques of silver—and beholding the effect she has assisted to produce, has just ejaculated,

"Madame always beautiful, ees dees night magnificent"—when the door opens, and, with a malicious light sparkling in her eyes, she adds, "It is monsieur, who comes to offer his *hommage* to madame!"

"Madame" looks defiant; then says in a concentrated tone, "You may go, Rochelle," and the latter obeys the command with a significant smile on her face.

Clarence Grandon approaches his wife with that smile of misty sweetness upon his lips, and that wistful, entreating look of the eye which she detests, for it appeals to her pity, and she has none to give. Gazing at her with admiring awe—as does a child when he sees the moon rise large and radiant in the sky above him—he says in his soft, muffled accents, "One kiss, beautiful Maddie!" Had not the woman's heart of her whom he addressed been of granite hardness, she must have responded to this appeal. As it was, she drew back with a quick movement of refusal. Whereat the petitioner knelt down and caught at her dress. "Do not touch me!" cried Madeleine, excitedly; a hard and cruel pride expressing itself in every line of her face. Without a remonstrance, Clarence rose and withdrew to the further end of the room, where, casting himself on a divan, he burst into uncomplaining sobs.

Madeleine stood looking at him in a passion of disdain. Just here a feeble wail falls upon her ear from the next room: it is the cry of her six weeks old babe. Listening, her face relents—and walking quickly toward the sobbing Clarence, she holds down to him a marble cheek, which he kisses with loving eagerness; then Madeleine, shivering, draws her wrappings about her, and going down enters her carriage.

An hour afterward, Rochelle returns to place the dressing-room in order, when, glancing into the mirror which has so lately reflected her mistress' image, she exclaims with a gesture, "*Ciel*, if madame's wardrobe were but Rochelle's!" And madame would hardly have cared to know that her waiting-woman was jealous of her.

When Madeleine entered the crowded rooms of her, who, as Flora De Grey, had despised and slighted her, she would indeed have been insatiable, if the profound sensation that greeted her appearance had failed to gratify her. Nor was this sensation unfounded, for women, who had been lovely until she came, faded and paled away and were no more seen, lost in the splendor of her presence. Rio Thurston forgot his *fiancee*—blonde-haired, frisky little Minnie Hinton—and pressed impatiently through the crowd that surrounded Madeleine to offer his homage.

This gentleman was pertinacious and determined; he had proved these attributes by carrying off Miss Hinton from before the eyes of

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twenty competitors; and now a rampant vanity, aided by some deeper feeling perhaps, urged him to ascertain if this woman, who absorbed all eyes, had yet left in her heart a remembrance of himself or his ancient admiration.

Toward the close of the evening, by a series of devices, which proved him a born tactician, he found himself alone with Madeleine, in a room which seemed expressly designed for *tete-a-teles*. A fall of curtains shut it in on one side, on the other was the conservatory, whose rows of brilliant exotics bloomed clear and fine in a mellow haze of light. Madeleine, drawing off her glove, stood dipping her hand in and out of the basin of a little fountain beside her. Her companion had intended to test her—to turn over the leaves of her heart—in the hope of finding his name inscribed somewhere thereon. But Rio Thurston, cool and prudent as he had ever been, for once forgot and overreached himself. Gazing at Madeleine, he ceased to remember that there was another woman in the world. Dazzled, blinded, he threw himself before her, and in tangled, incoherent phrases, declared he would die for her, entreating her to love him, if it were but a little, and even presuming to urge his old admiration as a claim upon her.

When Clarence Grandon had assumed a similar attitude that night, he had not received a look of more entire disdain than Madeleine now bestowed upon Rio Thurston; except that this time her wide eyes opened in haughty surprise, as she answered freezingly, "I imagine your *fiancee*, Miss Hinton, is looking for you."

That look and tone raised Rio Thurston to his feet, and pale and deprecating he stood before the woman toward whom he felt his conduct had been an insult.

He changed his position just in time, for the curtains were swept aside, and the hostess, with a bevy in her train, rustled in.

"Dear, dear Mrs. Grandon," said Flora, in a tone that was actually fawning, "we are all dying to hear you sing. Will you favor us?"

The rest murmured acquiescence; and Madeleine, bowing her head in stately fashion, suffered herself to be led into the drawing room.

She seated herself at the instrument, too well accustomed to triumphs to remember the time when her voice had been patronized by those who now held their breath to listen. Clear and pure rose her splendid soprano, the notes brilliant as ice-drops, and just as cold. The paralysis of soul that had fallen upon the singer, evidenced itself more surely through the voice than in any other direction. The heart had ceased to find utterance through the music; but those who listened were not, for the most part, the ones likely to be pained by this defect.

As Madeleine arose, she saw that Rio Thurston's eyes were holding her in a reckless, steady gaze. She had no mind to furnish theme for scandal; and with an imperious gesture said, "See if my carriage is waiting, Mr. Thurston." He went, performed his errand; then stood in the hall waiting for Madeleine's descent.

Presently she came down the wide staircase. A burnous fell about her face in frosty flakes of white. Her merino cloak swept down over her gleaming dress in soft drifts of snow, and, falling away at the throat, disclosed the cold glitter of diamonds. It was the queen of the Arctic zone that he gazed upon. Regent over realms where endless icebergs freeze ever faster beneath the cold-faced moon and the frigid light of stars—or, catching the sheen of boreal lights blaze with radiant palaces—realms where the heart of nature herself freezes, and she cannot express one hint of warmth.

As Madeleine, thus suggestive of these regions of eternal cold, swept toward Rio Thurston, he seemed to feel the air congeal at her presence; and, smiling bitterly, pronounced himself a "fool," as he recalled the passionate appeal of a few moments since. Yet he would suffer none but himself to hand Madeleine to her carriage, and, as closing the door he placed her sweeping drapery within, he lifted its hem and touched it with his lips. The infatuation her beauty had inspired, her inaccessibility transformed to adoration.

So Madeleine drove through the streets, emotionless and calm, until she reached her home, and bent over the tiny bed whereon, enveloped in a cloud of laces, slept her lately born child; perfect in every limb and curve, dimpled and flushed with slumber; "roses his cheeks, and a rose his mouth." As Madeleine gazed upon her child, the icy calm of her face shivered and broke up. You would scarcely have thought her capable of emotion before. But now a paroxysm of tenderness transformed her whole aspect. Fearing to awaken the little one with kisses, she hung over it, and caressed it a thousand times with her eyes, which presently distilled great round tears of love and pride, that falling down amid the laces, lay gleaming there like pearls worn by the oceanides.

The months passed on, bringing but one change with them. A baffling and inexplicable fever seized upon Clarence Grandon; it left him, taking with it whatever feeble glimmering of intellect he had possessed; and he was no longer fitted for the society of men. Made-

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leine performed her duty faithfully and rigidly, watching beside him night and day, until she left him lying cold and quiet, with that dignity death confers upon the weakest resting upon the handsome chiseled face.

Madeleine's sufferings through these weeks could not have been small; for when her task was ended, she came forth worn to a shadow, with heavy disks of purple about her eyes.

A little while, however, and this passed away; her pulse grew full and bounding once more; she felt as if a mill-stone had fallen from her neck; she had not hoped for so much happiness as her new-found liberty had brought her. She said to her soul, "I have been in the flames, and have come forth scorched, it is true; but bringing my child with me safe and unharmed." And it cannot be denied that Madeleine thought whatever sacrifice she had made of her youth and womanhood, justified by the triumphs of the past and the hopes of the future. Looking down a vista of years, she saw for her child crowns of honors, manifold happiness; and in this vision the pride and ambition of her nature, with its affections as well, found an outlet.

One day her boy was not well, and she sat with him in her arms, awaiting the physician's arrival. Near by sat Rochelle, engaged upon a dainty bit of embroidery for her mistress's idol. Madeleine, after kissing her child over and over, calling it meanwhile her little angel, her perfect boy, added, "Do you know anything of children, Rochelle? Isn't my precious the least bit in the world backward?"

A disagreeable light came into Rochelle's eyes; but she returned no answer. Something in her silence irritated Madeleine, and she said imperiously, "Why do you not answer me when I speak?" Still Rochelle remained ominously silent. "Do you hear me?" iterated Madeleine, trembling she scarce knew why.

Rochelle returned slowly and bitterly, "My sister have a child who was a *cretin*, and——"

Madeleine, springing to her feet, gathered her boy to her bosom, and cried angrily, "Do not dare to speak such a wicked word again."

The other answered sullenly, "When *monsieur le docteur* arrives madame sall ask of heem."

Monsieur le docteur enters shortly; and Madeleine, striving for calmness, says, "Rochelle, repeat to this gentleman what you would have said to me just now."

Rochelle replies gloomily, "Madame asks a question and eensists for an answer. I say—my sister have a child wich was an imbecille, and so I learn de sign of one."

"Do you hear her?" burst in Madeleine, scornfully. "Hear what she would imply?"

But the doctor looked sad and grave, and answered,

"Mrs. Grandon, the woman is right. Your child will never be as other children are!"

After this, life had no further misfortune for Madeleine. The weightiest blows that destiny could inflict were feather strokes compared with the awfulness of this affliction.

Madeleine, yielding her fine house to her family, took her child and went to Paris. Perhaps physicians—more skillful—would reverse the cruel verdict. The hope is in vain. And while Mrs. Blanchard sits in state at home, talking of her "dear daughter, Mrs. Grandon," who has gone abroad for her health, on every fine day a carriage drives through the gay boulevards of Paris, containing that daughter closely veiled, with her boy beside her, whom many turn to look at, for he is as fair as sunlight.

Glancing under Madeleine's veil, you will see that though her face is still young, her hair is quickly turning gray, for she knows the lovely child by her side will never comprehend her love—never know her for his mother—never, it is probable, utter an intelligible sentence.

Let not the reader delude himself, that because the marriage of Madeleine was in some respects exceptional, that the result was similarly so. The curse that inevitably attends marriages, where love is absent, always asserts itself in some shape; but in her case God's disapproval was perhaps more visibly expressed.

Yet amid the thick darkness of her great affliction shines one radiant gleam of light. Through it Madeleine has learned to look forward to that hereafter, when her Maker, no longer unrelenting, shall bestow upon her child a soul as beautiful as his body.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

I CRAVE not a seat in the halls of a palace,
'Mid those who may boast of their fame and their worth;
I ask not to drink from that glittering chalice
That fortune bestows on her favored of earth.

I ask for no garland that fame is entwining
For thousands who bask in the light of her smile;
I crave not a gem from the myriads shining
In radiant clusters on sea-coast and isle.

I ask for Remembrance to place in the bosoms
Of friends whose affections are dear to this heart,
One beautiful wreath of her amaranth blossoms
To whisper of Helen till life's dreams depart. H. A. B.

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THE GAME OF FORFEITS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

CHAPTER I.

"SUPERFINE! and the last!"

"I doom the owner, upon her honor and conscience, to say nothing which she does not mean for the space of three weeks next following this evening; and as a pledge for the fulfillment of her penalty, I will retain the pawn myself.

With a quick and sudden movement the speaker rose and gracefully seized the hand which held a small emerald ring suspended over his head, and, in a way that was imperative without being rude, possessed himself of the bauble and placed it deliberately upon his little finger.

"Paul, you are not fair!" exclaimed the young girl, hastily, and, for an instant, her swelling lip and turbulent eye promised resistance. But Paul Ashley was not a man to be braved. He had been thoroughly in earnest in his determination to keep the ring, so much so, that he could afford to jest about it.

"Indeed, Fanny," he said, "I've seen this ring upon half a dozen fingers within a month. There's virtue in the seventh wearing, you know."

Fanny was as spirited as she was pretty. Seeing that resistance was useless, she replied, with a light laugh,

"Very well; you can keep the ring if you like—it is a matter of small moment to me." She checked herself at the close of the speech, however, as if recollecting her sentence, and added, with a glowing flush of consciousness, "I will not give you even the semblance of a right to it by saying what I do not mean. If I liked you, I should not care about your wearing the ring; but as it is——"

Fanny didn't complete the sentence. Her voice trembled with vexation, a tear came in her eye, and she abruptly left the circle.

"Paul Ashley is a brute!" whispered more than one young man. "He's always teasing Fanny Archer and setting up his authority over her, as if he were her guardian or her grandfather. He deserves booting."

But Paul, heedless of these scathing criticisms, was busily engaged making himself agreeable to the daughter of his hostess; and the languid grace of his gestures, and the flash of his dark eye were just as irresistible as ever.

I think Fanny Archer was the only girl of her set who had not acknowledged the power of Paul's fascinations. Not that he was handsomer than other men, or, in fact, more talented, though he passed, especially among women, for a singularly gifted person. But he possessed a strong will, unbounded ambition, and precisely that temperament which made it impossible for him not to command, by his very presence, all weaker minds among whom he moved. And as these were usually the multitude, he was of course the acknowledged king of his set—a sovereign feared, though not beloved.

Fanny Archer was, as I have said, an exception to the general rule. Her sprightly grace and piquancy, and her delicate and spiritual beauty attracted Paul, however; and her open insubordination to his rule only added zest to his fancy. Upon this evening he was determined to make an effective *coup*. For a time he fancied that he had done so; but scarcely half an hour had elapsed before Fanny reappeared before him, gay and unruffled as ever, and exclaimed,

"Tit for tat, sir! Here is something which you would give your eyes to possess, and which you must redeem from me with a promise."

She held up before him a small miniature upon ivory, set it an oval locket, and the whole enclosed in a crimson velvet case.

Paul Ashley grew pale as death and drew a quick, hard breath. Sweeping a penetrating glance about him, he saw that a dozen were watching them; but it cost him an effort to answer.

"I'm not so certain about that. But what are your terms? I am willing to be fair with you."

"Promise to do whatever I bid you for the next three weeks."

"What! submit myself to such a mad-cap as you?"

"Even so."

"It is dangerous."

"Are you a coward?"

"You might require of me impossibilities."

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"In which case you would be reasonably absolved."

"I never saw a woman whom I thought incapable of abusing such power."

"That is not to the point."

She held up his precious crimson case once more. Paul's eye flashed, his fingers tightened as if to grasp it; but there was an air of command in her manner now which daunted him.

"Very well, I am a fool—but I promise it."

The promise had scarcely escaped Paul's lips before he repented it. What, if she should ask him for the history of that picture? What, if—he could think of a thousand unendurable contingencies.

Paul and Fanny each went home, that night, with a new sensation. Fanny was, at heart, truthful to a fault; but her reputation for wit, and the attention which she was wont to attract in society, had fostered a habit of saying, at random, a thousand things which never came from her heart. Paul's energetic, though half-playful, rebuke of the fault had, at least, set her thinking about it; and she determined—three weeks was not an eternity—scrupulously to fulfill her obligation. She had a vague feeling that it would be very stupid always to be sincere; but she would try it at any rate.

As for Paul, he was in more serious trouble. It was not so much that he feared the arbitrary exercise of Fanny's power, though, in truth, he was not at all certain but the little witch planned some severe revenge for his audacity, which might humble him before her a good deal more than he cared to be humbled; but to feel himself, in the slightest degree, in the power of any one, and particularly of a woman, was a sensation by no means pleasurable. Besides, had he not meant to read Fanny a lesson, and had she not turned the tables upon him? And what man, with the heart of a man in his bosom, could ever bear to be outdone by a woman?

CHAPTER II.

Fanny had been secretly surprised at the comparative readiness with which Paul had acceded to her demand. Of the history of the locket she knew nothing, except, that, as she had been vehemently wishing, in the presence of one of her friends, for some revenge upon Paul, he had taken it from his pocket and had said, "Here is something, Miss Fanny, which I doubt not will answer your purpose. I found it some time since, and fancy, from some circumstances with which I am acquainted, that it may have been lost by Mr. Ashley. Try him with it."

As, on the morning after the party, Fanny sat in her own room, with the precious locket open before her, gazing upon the soft, saint-like features therein enclosed, she felt a strange desire to know the history of that singularly lovely being. The artist had well performed his labor, and the pictured face was one of those, which, looking up from the insensate ivory, thrills one with a sense of life—of being. Fanny felt the influence of the soul which had informed those sweet, truthful eyes, which had made the curves of the perfect mouth so soft and flexible; and she had a dim consciousness, which, if it had been explicitly translated, would have read somewhat after this fashion:

"If that girl is alive, I want to know her. We might be dear as sisters to each other. She is so truthful, so yielding—I stronger, but more passionate, more wayward."

But Fanny was little given to moralizing. So, after a moment's pensiveness, she said to herself,

"I wonder if this *is* Paul Ashley's fancy! Who knows but he may have been in love some time? I'll find out. I'll tease him. How I do dislike that man's conceit of himself! But for that—I'll confess to-day what I never did before, even to myself—I might find him endurable. Heigh-ho! how it will bore me always to say what I mean to him! It is such sport to fly in the face of all his whims from mere contrariness."

Two days afterward she met Mr. Ashley. I am not sure but they both looked embarrassed at the meeting, but Paul was the first to regain his composure.

"Good morning, Miss Fanny," he exclaimed. "I can hardly say I'm happy to see you, since one naturally doesn't like to encounter one's tyrant. Still I trust you are well, and find your character improving under your penance."

"Really," she replied, "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth-telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been pretty enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.

"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock-deferential bow. "But first let me remind you, that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge

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your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."

"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere in the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

"Very well. I simply put you upon your honor."

After that Fanny did not like to ask about the portrait, as she had intended. It would have seemed to betray too deep an interest in Mr. Ashley's confidential matters.

Paul had penetration enough to see that she was checkmated; and suddenly it occurred to him that her power was, after all, not so very arbitrary, since it was bounded, upon all sides, by her pledge of truthfulness and her own maidenly sense of propriety.

"Really," he said, in a rallying tone, "you do not sustain your part with the spirit I anticipated, Miss Fanny. I shall begin to think you intend to make your office a sinecure."

"By no means," she replied, quickly. "From this time forward I appoint you the champion of the absent, the weak, the evil-bespoken. Keep ever a spare lance, sir knight, for the defence of these, my retainers. Set your ingenuity at work to devise excuses for them, and use your eloquence to maintain their cause. Remember it is not the unfortunate only, but the weak and the erring, whom you are to uphold—and that not with scornful tolerance, but with humble, earnest zeal."

"I am shot with my own arrow," exclaimed Paul, after a moment's pause. "Really, Miss Fanny, you improve under my tuition."

"You may be blinded by your own vanity, sir! Teachers often are."

"You provoke me to ask if that is your honest opinion, or simply put forth as a suggestion."

"No. I have been heedless; a little self-culture will doubtless do me good."

"Do you see," broke out Fanny at last, in the old vein, "how very stupid all this is making us? I wish we might go back to the old way and talk nonsense, instead of making father confessors of ourselves, and weighing every word in the balance. A truce to philosophy and welcome a little downright gossip. Have you heard how shamefully Phil Mountjoy has behaved in breaking his engagement with Ellen Vane? Is it not strange that men can be so devoid of honor and principle?"

Paul hesitated a moment before replying.

"Philip has been unfortunately educated," he said, at length. "He has never had any stronger motive than the love of money and his own ease instilled into his mind. It is strange how much education has to do in making or marring the beauty of our lives."

Fanny looked up with a pleased smile. This leniency and generosity were so much more genial than Paul's usual arrogance and cynicism.

"It is true," she said. "But I pity Ellen. She is such a weak, confiding creature, it will have a bad effect upon her character, I'm afraid."

"Possibly not. It may arouse some dormant qualities, and make a stronger and better woman of her. I hope so at least."

The last was said with a sigh, which Fanny did not quite understand. After a short pause, during which the thoughts of both had been busy, Paul said,

"I am determined to be even with you. Since you have put me to the test, though I believe it was unconsciously, let me retaliate. I am going to ask you a question, to which, a week ago, I should not have expected a truthful answer."

"A very vile insinuation."

"Not in the least. You would have evaded me, put me off with pretty jokes and much bantering, and I should have ceased the play of wit just as wise as I commenced it. But now I have hope of a better result."

"Well then?"

"I will not ask you how a certain miniature came into your possession; you might not like to tell me. But I am very desirous to know how much of its history you are aware of."

Fanny hesitated. It was a strong temptation. She replied at length,

"Quite as much, I presume, as you would wish me to know."

Paul bit his lip and looked very pale.

"Your answer is sufficiently indefinite. I am to understand that you do not wish me to know anything about it."

Again Fanny hesitated. She wanted to make him feel that he was in her power.

"For the present, yes," she replied.

"You may be aware that it is very painful for me to be held in such suspense."

"I should judge that it might be."

"I thought we were getting friends, Fanny."

No reply.

"How did it seem to you?"

"I had hardly thought about it."

"I am sorry to think you intentionally cruel."

"I don't think I am. You assumed the right to be my judge and award me sentence upon unexpected points. If I return the compliment you ought not to complain."

"You are giving me the benefit of a new sensation."

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They were parting. Fanny offered her hand and said,

"I would like to bespeak a truce to all ill-feeling for the present. At the end of the three weeks I promise to satisfy you: that is, if you succeed in redeeming the picture."

She smiled at the close of the sentence in a friendly, playful way; and he replied,

"Ah! I see you are still bent on playing the tyrant!"

CHAPTER III.

Society was excessively amused at the metamorphoses in the character of Paul and Fanny.

It was as good as a play, they declared, to see Paul lowering his pride so gracefully, and defending with such chivalric zeal those whom a week ago he would have spoken of with scorn and impatience. Aside from the entertainment of the thing, so many good qualities in his nature unfolded into bloom in the warmth of such genial feeling, that people began to love him in spite of themselves.

As for Fanny, the young men scolded at first, but presently they found that she had not lost quite all her piquancy, and the fact that it was toned down to the mellowness of truth added a very engaging charm to it; and presently it began to be discovered that, if Fanny was less fascinating than formerly, she was more lovable.

But how was it going with Paul individually? Paul was not a man of the world, though he might have been; yet there was one chapter in the book of his life, the leaves of which he kept carefully pinned together. How much of it had passed under Fanny's revision? Since that last interview this question had perpetually perplexed him. And, strange enough, it seemed to him that he cared less for the fact, that his cherished secret might have been ruthlessly dragged to light, than for that other possibility, that Fanny might have been made acquainted with it. This discovery led to deeper self-examination, and with that came a strange revelation. Fanny was given to flirting; she did not always speak the truth, at least when she jested; she fell, in fact, several degrees below his ideal standard of female perfection: yet Paul loved her. And to be in the power of the woman he loved! Paul, who had thought some time to cast his eye upon a flower which he might crush, and stooping very gracefully to lift the drooping flower from its lovely stem and lay it in his bosom! It seemed very strange to Paul that fate should think of playing him such a shabby trick—he, Paul! But there he was.

There was but one thing to do. He must get out of this false position as soon as possible. He would scrupulously fulfill his promise; he was lawyer enough to be able to do it with credit, if not with *eclat;* he would find out from Fanny how much she knew about—he winced as he thought of that, and then he would tell Fanny that he loved her. Ah! but if Fanny knew all about that picture, what would she say to his love?

There were ten days yet of the time remaining. For once he played the coward's part, and resolved to meet her as seldom as possible.

But this did not suit that young lady. She did not choose that her penance should prove only nominal, and she took care to see her victim as often as she could. She treated him with candor and courtesy; her sweet, womanly dignity and trustfulness made her more than ever charming to Paul.

At last the eventful day arrived. Fanny dressed herself simply but tastefully that evening, wondering if Paul would call. She thought he would. Eight o'clock came, and nine, and no Paul; and Fanny began to feel discouraged. The little French clock on the mantle had struck the quarter, and the half; and still no Paul. Fanny yawned, rose, and went to the mirror, retouched her hair, broke a flower from a bouquet and fastened it in her bosom, and then laughed and called herself a silly girl to care for her looks, when she was just going to bed.

But the bell rang; Fanny's heart beat audibly, the door was opened and Paul entered.

"Good evening," he said. "I am late, but I dared not risk myself in your presence during this last hour of your tyranny. I was afraid you would not be able to resist the temptation of humbling me. The time is out, I think."

"You are mistaken," she replied. "There is yet an hour, it was later than this when the forfeit was given. Moreover, your cowardice tempts me. What if I insist still upon my prerogative?"

Paul hesitated a moment. I do not know what good spirit prompted him, but, by a sudden inspiration probably, he said the only thing which could have helped him.

"I was a coward! I am such no longer. I trust you fully, Fanny. Administer whatever test you please."

Fanny had not gotten over her curiosity about the picture. She longed to ask for its history: but how could she touch upon a subject which might, for all she knew, be a painful one, which indeed she had reason to think was a painful one, when he was so free, and trusted her so

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implicitly, for his tone had been perfectly sincere? At last she replied,

"There is something that I want to know very much, but I will not ask it till after ten: then we will consider the time out, and each accept our liberty again. After that, if you choose to answer my question, I shall consider it a very great favor."

"And you do not forget that I have something to ask of you at that time?"

"No," she replied, gravely. "But there is one thing I want you to tell me truthfully now while I can demand it. What made you think of exacting such a forfeit from me?"

Somehow Paul had not intended it; he had a great deal of ground to clear up before he told Fanny the state of his affections; but a strange impulse woke up in his heart and took possession of his tongue, and he said with emphasis,

"Because I loved you, Fanny. Your character, with that one exception, seemed to me the perfection of womanliness and beauty; but I could not bear to hear your lips so frequently profaned with trifling and insincere words. I meant, besides, to test your firmness and resolve. Was the offence unpardonable?"

Fanny's face flushed very red, and she did not answer. She was thinking of that picture. So was Paul: wondering if Fanny, in her heart, despised him, and would tell him so presently, when she got breath.

In the silence the clock struck ten.

Fanny looked up and smiled.

"Tell me, Paul," she said, "who is the original of that picture. Is she living? What are your relations to her, and can I ever know her and call her sister? I am sure I should love her!" Paul drew a long breath.

"Then you know nothing of her?" he said.

"Nothing whatever!"

He was tempted to vow that she never should. But the experience of the past few weeks had done Paul good. He, too, had needed self-examination, self-discipline, and, somewhat to his surprise, had found that Fanny was capable of reading him a lesson.

There was a moment of silence in which Paul's face was very pale, and his eyes were shaded with his hand. At length he said,

"You shall know all, Fanny, and then you shall tell me if you can love me. The original of that picture was my cousin. She was an orphan and my father's ward. You can see that she was beautiful; her character was not less engaging than her face. We were betrothed, and the union was considered a very desirable one for me; for she was wealthy. I was jealous and exacting—she the most unsuspicious and trusting creature in the world. A piece of girlish levity on her part gave me a momentary pang, and I cruelly broke the engagement. Affairs became complicated, and I would not humiliate myself by seeking, or even accepting, reconciliation, though I plainly saw myself in the wrong. Indeed, had I not been, forgiveness would have been easy. In a few months she sickened and died. I had murdered her. After her death it was found that she had left me, by will, all her property.

"You see, Fanny, what a perfect man I am; how competent to judge of the faults and failings of others, and pass sentence upon them! Can you accept such a one as a lover, and, by-and-by, as something dearer?"

I think Fanny had never loved Paul until that moment. What his pride had failed to do, his humility accomplished. Her heart was touched, and she laid her hand in his and said, tearfully,

"I will try."

It was not the response Paul had once dreamed of receiving in answer to such a question, but it satisfied him then.

"And the picture?" she added.

"You shall keep it, dear. It was carelessly lost, and I deserve to forfeit it. And your ring shall remain on my finger. To-morrow night I shall place one upon yours."

The game of forfeits had a life-long result. Paul grew lovable, and Fanny grew truthful; and the ring and the picture are among the choicest of their family treasures.

SONG.

BY MRS. HOWARD.

Come, come, my early friends,
I wish you ever near,
To bring me back both youth and love,
And oft a gladsome tear.
We were so gay in our young days,
Nor dreamed that doubt or care
Could sever hearts that loved so well,
With trifles light as air.

For those that in the church-yard sleep,
The oft repeated prayer
I nightly tell; and sadly weep
The many buried there.
Come, come, my early friends,
I wish you ever near,
To bring me back both youth and love,
And oft a gladsome tear.

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THE MURRAYS OF MURRAY HOUSE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "KATE AYLESFORD," "THE OLD STONE MANSION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.

IV. HELEN ERSKINE.

We wish we could describe Helen Erskine.

It is not enough to say that she was beautiful. That she had dark blue eyes, golden hair, rosy cheeks, and a form of exquisite symmetry and grace. For she might have had all these, and not been Helen. She reminded you of all things happy and bright. Her presence influenced you like sunshine, or fresh breezes, or the songs of of birds at daybreak, or the fragrance of wild flowers in woods. Everything about her was natural and true. But, perhaps, the best way is to let her describe herself. We shall, therefore, lay before our readers extracts from a diary, kept by her, and which has come down to us with other family papers, from the period of which we write.

Our first extract goes back to nearly a year before our story opens.

June 8th, 1774.—Ugh! what a rain. Patter, patter, patter, soak, soak, soak. A drizzling sort of rain, that says, "Make yourself as comfortable as you can, for there will be no let up;" and as I look from my window across the country, I see the gray watery haze enveloping the whole landscape, I feel that I might as well accept the inevitable, for there is no going out for me to-day. Now if I only had that volume of "Clarissa Harlowe" here, wouldn't I cuddle up in the window seat and enjoy it! To think that it's half a mile across wet fields, to Murray House. I wonder, by-the-by, when the Murrays are coming back from Europe: when they do, I shall have to give up going to their library. Father says they are to bring back that son, of whom their housekeeper is always talking. Poor Mrs. Martin! she thinks there is nobody as good as a Murray. If I only dare ask Martha to go and get Mrs. Martin to send the book to me; but I really think I am more afraid of Martha than I ever was of anybody in my life. Not that she'd mind the rain! Not a bit, for she's only an amphibious animal at the best, and enjoys paddling about in tucked-up petticoat and "galoshes," as she calls them, as much as a duck enjoys water; but then she's "contrairy," and likes to make a fuss, and would come home and complain of the grass "draggling" her so; and of feeling "the rheumatiz a-flying about her like a Jack-o-Lantern;" and of her hard life, "a slaving and a-slaving so when her old bones ache so much," whilst Mrs. Martin sits frumped up at Murray House, for all the world as if she was the lady of the place. But oh! if I only had "Clarissa Harlowe!" Mamma would argue an hour with me, if I said a word about going for the book myself, and I should wish it still in manuscript in Richardson's desk before I got off. I know just how it would be: she'd say, "My dear, there are plenty of books in your dear father's study, why don't you read some of them?—they'd do you a great deal more good than these silly novels." And then I'd say, "But, mamma, I don't want to read 'Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws,' I've read it till it's taken all the spirit out of me; and as for entertaining books, the most entertaining papa has is Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' All the rest are old musty law books, except that dreadful 'Rapin's England,' in its huge folios, which is stupider still." And then she'd say, "Well, I'm sorry, Helen, to see that you can't live without excitement." And then, perhaps, (I don't know,) my respect for my dear mother would prevent my saying anything more; but I should feel that I'm young, and have impatient blood in my veins; and should inwardly fret for excitement of some kind, if it was only to be out-of-doors with the fine rain drizzling on my face, and the damp air cooling my spirits. Yes! I know how it would be. Dear mamma! she is quite content to sit by the fire-side in winter, and in the piazza in summer, and knit and knit, till the click, click of her needles almost drives me crazy sometimes. I really believe there isn't a baby about, from Mr. Logan's son and heir, in fine cambric and embroidery, down to the thirteenth child of poor Mrs. Brown, in its bright yellow flannel and homespun, that hasn't poked its tiny toes through socks of mamma's knitting, or hasn't been covered up,

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ears and nose, in one of her baby blankets, or been aired in one of her warm, little hoods. A new baby is a godsend to mamma. But, dear me! if I could only coax her to let me run across to Murray House for that book. There, I knew how it would be. There goes Martha pattering down the yard, over the wet grass, square and formidable, pouncing like a great hawk on the poor, half-drowned young turkeys that she wants to shelter, and getting finely pecked by the old hen whose little chicks she's taking from her. What a hard, grim way she has of doing everything! She seems to have no mercy in her kindness. Now I suppose that old hen will look upon her as her enemy for life, when she's only saving the lives of the tiny, fuzzy, yellow balls, and will put them in a basket by the kitchen fire, and cover them up with a bit of old woolen shawl, and stuff them with moistened Indian meal; and then, as she marches about the kitchen, "on household thoughts intent," she will answer their piping "peep, peep, peep," in a tone as near like their own as she can make it. Heigho! What sport poor, dear Eleanor Murray and I used to have, at Murray House, on rainy days, rummaging in the attics, and dressing up in old-fashioned sacques, such as Lady Murray, her grandmother, had in Queen Anne's time! How we used to drag them out of their moth-eaten trunks, fix ourselves before the old mirror, turn around and around to see how we looked, and then walk into the parlor, where Eleanor's aunt sat in state! What charming stories she used to tell us of the times when she and her sister, when they were on that visit to their cousins in England, wore this or that dress, went to this or that ball, and had this or that beau! Dear Miss Gloriana! How she must have changed from the gay, flirting belle of her youth, to the quiet, dignified old maid! They say she and Lord Trevor were in love, but that the match was broken off, nobody has ever known why: but that's how she never married. She always used to sit in that one chair by the fire-place, summer and winter, and her greatest effort was to put her hand up to the bell-rope to ring for a servant. I think I never saw her without her gloves and her little work-bag. What a picture she was! Always so erect, never leaning against the antiquated, straight-backed chair, but sitting as she had been taught to do when she was at boarding-school in England, her gloved hands crossed on her work-bag that lay in her lap. I sometimes wondered what she thought of; whether of that nephew, away in London, she talked about so much; or of Lord Trevor; or of her presentation at court, when the king was so struck with her. But she was always placid, and followed Eleanor, her pet, wherever she went. What merry times we used to have then, us two, still children, though we were sixteen! It's but two years ago, and yet it seems an age. And I shall never see Eleanor again. Well, I can't think of that; of those long days of sickness, when we two, with mamma, watched by her bedside; and of that midnight; and of the day, just like this, when we laid her down with the dripping rain on her coffin. No wonder Major Murray couldn't bear to stay, after that, in the old house. But he can't be happy either, away from it; and I'm glad he's coming back. I used to be a pet of his. What stories he would tell of the old French war, of the bivouac in the forest, and of the whoop of the Indians that often startled them from their beds in the night! Two years! I shall get the blues if I stay up here any longer, so I'll run down to mamma, and we'll try to decide whether the socks for the next baby shall be blue or pink.

June 11*th.*—Such a provoking thing! I wish "Clarissa Harlowe" was at the bottom of the Schuylkill. How was I to know, forsooth! that Hector Murray, Esq., was to come, like a ghost, on some stormy night to Murray House. I had seated myself so comfortably in the deep window ledge of the library, this morning, intending to read; but the sweet summer sun came glinting down so brightly through the green leaves of the huge old elms, by the window, making a fret-work of gold on the grass and in the room; and the bright periwinkles turned their dewy blue eyes up to me, from their green bed below; and the oriole sung and swung in his nest from the tree; and the little, brown house-sparrow, that had his home in the rose-bush, hopped about on the ground, perking his head around so saucily; why, how could I read? The morning was like a beautiful poem, and as I looked and looked, a feeling of unutterable content came over me. So I coiled myself up in the window-sill, which is a capital seat, for the walls at Murray House are three feet thick, and resting my head on my knees, which I had clasped with my arms, I forgot all about the book, which I had been so anxious to have for the last three days. Presently, the library door opened, and, supposing it to be good Mrs. Martin, I did not move. The door was closed in a moment again, and I felt no curiosity or concern, till I heard my own name mentioned, and a man's voice ask, "Helen Erskine! and who's Helen Erskine? Oh! I remember, lawyer

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Erskine's daughter, that Eleanor used to write about, and I've heard my aunt describe as such a wild slip of a thing." Mrs. Martin's reply was so low that I only heard the words, "read" and "library," and "her father is Judge Erskine now." Then again came the man's tones. "Oh! no, let her have as many books as she wants. Only, if you can, suggest to her to take them home with her to read. I hate the very sight of ribbons." And directly I saw my Lord Paramount striding down the avenue, with great black Carlo at his heels. So this was Hector Murray, the "my son, Hector," of pompous Major Murray, and "the brother Hector" of dear Eleanor. I don't like him. What business had he to suppose that I should continue to frequent the library, after I knew he had returned? No hint would have been needed from Mrs. Martin; and I'll not take his books either. I'm "a wild slip of a thing," am I? I wonder what fascination he thinks there is about himself to make it necessary to "suggest" to me to read at home. And then, too, I can't bear a man who isn't kind to animals. Poor Carlo, who evidently remembered him, though it's been years and years since they met, went jumping and bouncing around him, now pulling his coat skirt, then springing in front of him, all the time eager for some little notice, which his high and mighty master never gave. He isn't a bit like dear Eleanor. They talk of the Murrays as a handsome race, but, for my part, I think Eleanor, who favored her mother's family, was the best looking. I'd rather be descended, too, from the old Norsemen, which her mother was, than from the Dutch Murrays, though they did become kings of the Isle of Man. Yes, it was nobler to be a martyr in the grand old days of Queen Elizabeth, as Eleanor's maternal ancestor was, than to lord it, by brutal force, over poor, degraded serfs, as the Murrays and Erskines did, in those dreadful dark ages. What a fine old face Eleanor's great grandfather had! And how he used to kindle up, when he talked of those heroic times, when his ancestor laid down his life at the stake! His grandson doesn't look a bit like him. I waited till the conceited fellow was out of sight, and then hunted up Mrs. Martin. I told her I regretted that my being there, that morning, had made young Mr. Murray uneasy, as I should certainly not frequent the library now that he had returned; that I had replaced the book I had been reading; and before the good soul could collect her faculties, which I had scattered by my hot temper, I was off. I'm too sorry, now, that I took any notice of the affair at all: it was both childish and undignified. Mamma did not seem to think the thing a matter of any importance; but it wasn't to her it was "suggested" to read at home. "A wild slip of a thing" indeed! Mamma says she could have told me that the Murrays had come back, if she had thought of it. Father heard of it, yesterday, in town. They are staying there till they get rested, and till their things are unloaded from the ship; for it seems they have brought home a quantity of beautiful furniture and some fine pictures. Father is to call upon them to-day. "You'll see a great deal of them, my child," said mamma, "for they're our nearest neighbors of the gentry; and you know you're a pet with both Major Murray and his sister." But if I see much of them, they'll have to come here. I should like, indeed, to kiss the dear, good old major, for he's a darling soul, though he is so pompous. And as for Miss Gloriana, what a treat a morning's chat, with her, would be! How she could tell all about the newest fashions, and what books are out in London, and who's the toast at court! But that Hector I detest, and I hope I'll never see him again.

V. HOW MASTER HECTOR GOT HIS PORTRAIT TAKEN.

We give another scrap from the diary.

June 14th.—Well, I've had my revenge on Hector Murray, Esq. It was too good. I can't help laughing now when I think of it. Serves him right, though, for coming to Murray House at all, and keeping me out of the library, which both Eleanor and her aunt said I should always use. Besides, I can't see Miss Gloriana, dear, darling old maid! half as much as I wish. How glad she was to meet me again, when mamma and I drove in, yesterday, to call on her! But she needn't have apologized for her nephew being out. I have seen him once too often already. "A wild slip of a thing" indeed! But I've had my revenge to-day. I got up this morning, and said to myself, What am I to do with no books to read? I tied up the vines in the garden, and snipped off dead roses; I played over my small stock of music, but my poor piano jingles terribly after that splendid one at Murray House; and I walked till I had tired myself to death: so I had no resource left but sketching. Now I know that I draw miserably, in a sort of Chinese style: still it was some kind of amusement, and as it was a charming day, I took my portfolio and pencils, and went down to the Schuylkill. How beautiful it was, from the rock overlooking the river: the rapids above, the island down the stream,

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and the calm, lustrous water sleeping in the quiet sunshine! So I "executed" water birds and hemlocks and jagged gray rocks and moss-covered stumps, and the Schuylkill forming a dusky pool under the shadow of the cliff where I stood; and, being dissatisfied with all, I gathered my materials and went around to see how the picturesque old mill would look on paper. It was such a glorious day! The afternoon sun looked askance over the round shoulder of the hill opposite, and then came slanting down the rift in the valley, throwing a golden light over one half of the water, while the other was dark with the wooded shadows. The brown, creeper-covered mill took a deeper color from the declining sun, and, as I was drinking in all this beauty, a little boat came gliding around a head-land. It was just the picture that I wanted. The uplifted oar of the rower, with the water falling from the blade in glittering diamond drops; the slouched hat and bright red shirt; a small boy lazily trailing his hand in the river; the golden sunlight and dark shadows; and above all, high overhead, a solitary hawk floating idly. The boat soon stopped, and I saw fishing tackle being prepared. It was exactly in the proper spot. I was breathless with fear lest it should move; so I called out to the man, "If you will stay just as you are, my good fellow, for a few minutes, I will give you a shilling." He looked around, as if he did not quite understand me; but on my repeating the request he answered politely enough, "Very well, Miss." I sketched more rapidly, and better, than I had ever done before; and in a few minutes I had finished, and called out, "Thank you, now I've done, and here is the shilling." I did not look up, but went on, adding a line here and a shade there, and did not notice my lay figure till he stood before me. In fact, I scarcely noticed him then, so occupied was I with my unusual success, till, on handing him the money, I caught such an amused expression in a pair of very handsome dark eyes, while the figure, that had looked ordinary enough when seated in the boat, gradually, to my astonished vision, changed to grace itself. Then the truth flashed upon me. I had paid Hector Murray, Esq., a shilling to be "taken." I was too amazed to do anything but gape, with my mouth and eyes wide open; and before I had recovered myself, he was in the boat again. Well, I am not sorry. What business had he to be going about, under false pretences, with a red shirt and slouched hat? I had seen the men from the mill in just such a costume a dozen times. Mamma is horrified, and says it all comes from the terrible habit I have of speaking to everybody, just as the whim seizes me. He may call me now "a wild slip of a thing" as much as he likes. We're even, at any rate. I called him "my good fellow," and I wonder how his High Mightiness liked that.

June 15th.—He has been here. He came out, with his father and aunt, to call on us. The major and Miss Gloriana rode in their coach, and he attended them on horseback. They are to move out for good, next week, and then, the major said, they hoped to see much of us. He—the son, I mean—is not such a bad-looking youth after all: at least his horseman's dress quite became him. I think, too, he is quite as much like his grandfather as like the Murrays. He has the same winning smile that Eleanor had. Poor fellow! I pitied him, when he first came in. Papa had told us, the night before, that they were coming out: so I was prepared for them; and mamma says nobody can be more self-possessed than I can, when I wish to be so. I felt myself color a little, but that was all. As for him, he blushed like a peony, and was so embarrassed he could scarcely make his compliments. For a long time, whenever I addressed him, he blushed and stammered like a boy. I see he doesn't know that I overheard him at Murray House. He thinks only of the ridiculous figure he cut being "taken." I hope it will be a good lesson to him. The young men are so vain, now-a-days, that they want snubbing. He is not a fool, though, if he is awkward. No, I can't call him awkward either; he is only abashed. He talks well, even eloquently. Somehow, I don't believe he has so much of the silly Murray pride, as his father has. When he spoke of his grandfather, to-day, the tears almost came into his eyes. "I am glad you loved him," he said to me; "there are no such Nestors now, Miss Erskine; what judgment he had! what a heroic soul! ah! he was one who could have died for his country!"

June 30th.—I have been to Murray House. We all went over there to dinner yesterday. The Chews, Logans, and the rest of our set were there; and Sally Norris, that "wild slip of a thing," as young Mr. Murray called her: he seems to have a fancy for the phrase. I wondered who would take me in to dinner. I expected the heir of the house to lead out Miss Sally, as her family has had a Speaker of the Assembly; but lo! it was poor me that he offered for: I suppose because his aunt, or father, told him we were their oldest friends. I wonder if all young girls are such arrant flirts as that Miss Legree. Or is it because she's partly

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French? I should like to know if they're all as forward as she is. It was, "Oh! Mr. Murray," till I got ashamed for her: I'm sure the young gentleman, even if he'd been less conceited, must have noticed it. Then to see how she handled her eyes! I'm not astonished that young Mr. Murray "hates the very sight of ribbons," if that's the way he's been made love to by the girls. He was very civil to me though. Not that he was rude to Miss Legree either; but, through all his politeness to her, I think I saw that he was annoyed. I believe he looks on me as reserved. He said as much, indeed, in a half-doubtful way. I did not talk much, it is true: I thought he might do that himself. He shan't have any grounds for regarding me, after this, as a "wild slip of a thing." I suppose I am, as mamma says, too free sometimes. But I hate hypocrisy, and I have high spirits: surely we can't always be prim! In the evening they asked me to sing. I tried to beg off, but Major Murray wouldn't hear of it; and his son, very politely, came and turned the leaves for me. The major was profuse of compliments; and so was his son, for that matter; but these young men seem to think they must flatter us girls, whether or no, poor things! Still, Hector, as they call him, has a way of saying a graceful thing, which is quite different from other young men. I suppose a London education does improve the manners. But for that matter, he has been in Paris too; and he quite raved about the dauphiness, who is said to be the most beautiful woman in Europe. I call her the dauphiness, but she is queen now. He tells me that, in some things, I resemble Maria Antoinette. "You both have the same air of high courage," said he. That seems to me to be a queer compliment: to tell a woman she is courageous. But I do believe I am. I was never afraid even of ghosts. I suppose I'm an Alrunen maiden, as young Mr. Murray called me, and that's why I like the old Vikings so much. I certainly shall like him better than I ever expected to, if he will look more as he did to-night, more like his grandfather, like a young Viking himself.

Here we abandon the diary. It is not fair to quote further from it. It has answered our purpose, we hope, of giving a truer idea of the fair Helen, than any description of ours could have done; and it has told in what way an acquaintance began, which soon ripened, on one side at least, into love. The piquancy of Helen's manner had a fascination for Hector which he could not resist. At times, he flattered himself she was not insensible to him; but again her cold, haughty indifference sent him from her side in despair. Throughout the summer, the winter, and the spring, he had wooed her persistently; yet up to the time at which our story opens, without gaining any real foothold. Just as he thought he had secured her, she was off: it was the old chase of the butterfly over again. A dozen times he vowed never to go near her: she was heartless, she was a coquet, she only made sport of him. But, somehow, he never could keep these resolutions.

On one subject, however, they thought entirely alike. The difficulties between the colonies and mother country were rapidly approaching a crisis; and Hector was enthusiastically on the side of America. How could a generous heart, like Helen's, be other than patriotic also? She sympathized, from her very organization, with whatever was noble, heroic, or in favor of freedom. The knowledge that Major Murray and Judge Erskine leaned to the parliament, by preventing an exchange of sentiment with them, drew these young people closer together. Often, when Hector was with Helen, he forgot even his suit, in dilating on the wrongs of his country. At such times, her earnest attention, the rising color on her cheek, her heaving breast, and her kindling eye, would have flattered most men with the opinion that she loved them; but Hector had no vanity of this description, and he attributed her emotion, justly, to her patriotism. There was no quicker road, indeed, to Helen's heart, than to speak of whatever was noble and good.

Helen was his only confident in regard to his military pursuits. She had long known that he was drilling a company in anticipation of a war. But her nature was more sanguine than his: she could not believe that England would persist in oppression; and she had never supposed, therefore, that this scheme of Hector would be known at Murray House. The intelligence of the battle of Lexington, which her father brought out, on the very day that Hector was disinherited, first made her think of the peril he ran. She was too well aware of Major Murray's opinions, and had too much faith in the patriotism of his son, to doubt that there would be a quarrel. The very thought took away her breath. She knew, also, that her father would take Major Murray's side. He had seemed terribly excited at dinner, more so than she had ever seen him; and had once made an allusion, which she thought could only apply to Hector, and to some knowledge of his late military pursuits. She felt as if everything, suddenly, had become dark around her. War, always terrible, appeared to her now more

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terrible than ever. And yet, how could it be averted? A strange depression seized her. She sought a secluded arbor, at the bottom of the garden, and, burying her face in her hands, gave way to tears.

Suddenly she heard a step close beside her, and, looking up, beheld Hector.

VI. THE INTERVIEW.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of Hector as he left his father's dining-room, they were so various, and even conflicting. But a burning sense of injustice soon obtained the mastery of all others. His pride and anger rose against the cruel decree which banished him.

For this reason he did not stop to bid even his aunt farewell, though, as he passed the north parlor, he heard her sobbing within. Nor did he seek the stable for his horse. "I will take nothing with me," he said, hotly. "I will carve out my own destiny."

He was soon in the high road. The evening sun was setting behind the wooded hills; the western sky was a blaze of golden glory; the Schuylkill glowed, in the reflection, like a river of Paradise. A few late apple-blossoms floated lazily down. All was quiet and serene.

The calm scene, combined with his rapid pace, sensibly soothed his thoughts. His anger died out and gave place to regret.

Suddenly he became conscious that he was approaching Erskine Place, and, for the first time since his altercation with his father, he remembered Helen.

And yet, in reality, it was her influence, unconsciously to himself, which had led his steps in that direction. There were two ways of reaching the city from Murray House, one of which passed by Erskine Place; and this one, from long habit, he had taken now, though the other was really the shorter. Just as he saw where he was, he beheld Helen pass down the garden walk, her eyes on the ground, evidently seeking the arbor where he and she had passed so many happy hours.

Had Hector stopped to reason, the last thing he should have done, under present circumstances, would have been to seek Helen. But twenty-two is not an age where reason is always paramount. Whatever right he might have had, an hour ago, to press his suit, his being disinherited had totally altered his relations to her. For now he could offer her nothing but beggary; now he could bring her only his father's curse. He had told his aunt, that, until Judge Erskine had approved of his addresses, he should consider it dishonorable to sue directly for Helen's love: and that approval had not yet been given, nay! it would now never be given.

But all this, which he ought to have considered, he did not think of now. He saw Helen before him, evidently in distress; and, in the impulse of the moment, he placed his hand on the garden palings, leapt lightly over, and followed her. Had he looked around first, he would have discovered that the judge, at that instant, was coming out on his front door-step, and had observed him; and that, with lowering brow and hasty strides, the incensed parent was starting to intercept him. The gardens, however, were extensive; the arbor was at the furthest point from the house; our hero was close to Helen; and so a few minutes were left to the young people before they were interrupted.

We have said that Helen had already reached the arbor, when, suddenly, she heard a step beside her, and, looking up, beheld Hector. Though he was, at that moment, uppermost in her thoughts, he was the last person she had expected to see. She gave a start and scream, and tried to avert her face, remembering her tears and why they had been shed.

"Helen," said Hector.

"I am going away, perhaps forever. You have heard that there has been a battle, haven't you?"

The hands fell from her face at these words, and she looked quickly up, her eyes shining with tears.

"Going away? To join the army?" she cried, breathlessly. "Oh! Hector, what will your father say?"

He had seized her hands, and now stood, holding both of them in his, and gazing earnestly down into her face. Her eyes fell before that ardent gaze, while the blushes rose to her very forehead. She made an effort to withdraw her hands; but Hector forcibly retained them.

"I have been disinherited," he said.

Helen gave a sudden start, which he misinterpreted; for, dropping her hands, he said, bitterly,

"Yes! I am a beggar now, to be shunned by everybody."

He folded his arms across his chest, as he spoke, and looked down on her reproachfully.

"Oh! Hector," cried Helen.

Even yet his proud, sensitive soul misinterpreted her.

"I have given up all for my country," he said, "I have even risked a father's curse, and there is no one now to care for me."

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He turned on his heel, as he spoke, and was about to leave her.

But, at sight of his unaffected misery, Helen sprang up and caught him by the arm.

"Oh! no, no, we all care for you," she cried.

With what a look he turned on her!

"And do *you* care for me?" he said. "Oh! Helen, it is parting from you that is so dreadful. You know how I love you. Say that my love is returned and I will bear my lot cheerfully."

This passionate avowal came upon Helen so unexpectedly, that, even if other thoughts had not overmastered her for the time, she would have been unable to analyze the nature of her regard for Hector. In her virgin innocence she had regarded him in the light of a brother, often wishing that he stood in that relation to her; and the grief she felt now at his departure, and at his quarrel with his father, she would doubtless, if she had thought of it at all, have attributed entirely to this sisterly sentiment. But all she realized, now, in relation to the matter, was the conviction that his suit was one to which she would never be allowed to consent, and that, therefore, it would be cruelty to give him hope.

What she would have said we cannot tell, however, for at this moment a nervous hand, seizing Helen's arm, flung her away from the young man's side. Both the daughter and Hector recognized, at the same instant, Judge Erskine, who had approached unheard.

Usually, the judge was placid and courteous to a fault. His profession had taught him to control his features to an extent not common with other men. But the angry father now stood there, interposing between his daughter and the young man, with a frown on his brow, and his tall, thin figure seeming to dilate to twice its ordinary height. One hand held Helen behind him, the other was raised at Hector, the forefinger pointing threateningly.

"You call yourself a man of honor, Hector Murray," he said. "And yet you steal in here, like a thief, to persuade my daughter to disgrace her name! Not a word, sir," he cried, in a voice quivering with passion, as he saw that Hector was about to deprecate this accusation. "I saw it all. I have heard, to day, that you had long been plotting, in secret, against your king; and he who will betray his monarch, will not scruple to betray others. Begone, sir!"

He stamped his foot, as he spoke, and imperiously waived off Hector, who advanced to expostulate.

The young man hesitated, even yet, for an instant. His blood boiled at the taunts of the judge. To any one but Helen's father, or in any presence but that of a woman, his answer would have been a mortal defiance. Even as it was, and though conscious that he had acted imprudently, he could not think of bearing such language in silence. It was due to himself, at least, to defend himself, as far as he could, from the baser imputations of the judge. He longed, too, by the delay even of a minute, to catch another look from Helen, so as to be assured, that, in spite of her father's anger, she was not wholly indifferent to him. But the violence of the incensed parent forbade all explanation, forbade even this little delay. It became evident, that, if Hector remained even for a moment, the judge, in the extremity of his rage, would strike him. Helen, foreseeing this, wound her arms around her father, and darted an imploring look at Hector. It was not such a look as the lover had longed for: it was only a wild look of terror and entreaty; but he could not disobey it. Though it left him smarting with the brand of dishonor her father had fixed upon him, though it gave him no indication, not even the slightest, of the character of her own sentiments, he was forced to yield to it. He turned, and, leaping the fence, was on the high road, a moment after, on his way to the city.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'TIS NOT THE VALUE OF THE GIFT.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis not the value of the gift
That Friendship's hand may tender,
Although it be rich jeweled gems
Of costless price and splendor,
That wins the heart's pure, truest love,
Or wakes a fond emotion;
The simplest flower may be the means
To claim a life's devotion.

A rose-bud culled by us when first
The showers of Spring unfold it,
May seem itself a worthless thing,
And fade while yet we hold it;
Yet 'tis a type of honest love,
And may become a token
From heart to heart of ardent vows,
That never shall be broken!

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A STORY OF COUNTERPARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A QUIET, uneventful life was mine until I left the shelter of my father's roof in Gorham, and accepted the desk of a book-keeper in the wholesale clothing establishment of Shears & Prescott, in the busy little city of Weston.

But there, one fine afternoon in October, just in the midst of the Indian summer, I invited Lillie Prescott, with whom I was very nearly in love, to walk in the park with me.

Her little hand in its delicate primrose-colored glove rested on my arm, her black eyes were lifted to my face. I felt particularly tender and confidential, and at peace with all the world. We were speaking of the gorgeousness of the distant hills, clothed, as they were, in their mantles of crimson foliage, when I was brought to a stop by hearing my name pronounced in a tone neither sweet nor agreeable.

"Mr. Smith, I'll jest trouble you to stop a minnit!"

I looked up. A woman of fifty, or thereabout, effectually blocked up the sidewalk before us; indeed her proportions were colossal. If ever I have seen the personification of indignation, I saw it in her expressive countenance.

"Madam?" I exclaimed, retreating a little from the battery of flashing gray eyes which she brought to bear upon me.

"You needn't madam me!" cried she, waxing redder. "I'll jest trouble you to settle this little bill!" And she thrust an ominous piece of paper before my eyes, which read, substantially:

RICHARD SMITH to MRS. JULIANA DIGGINS, Dr.,

For six months' board, - - - - - -	$96.00
For " " washing, - - - - -	12.00
	$108.00

I returned the bill to her.

"I owe you nothing, madam. I never saw you before in my life."

"You needn't lie to me!" cried she, setting her arms akimbo. "I hain't kept a genteel boarding-house fifteen year for nothing, sir! You'll either fork over on the spot, or I'll take the law!"

"Take it," remarked I; "you're welcome to it."

"You think to sarse me, young man! Remember what you promised! I'll have you took up for it as shure as my name's Diggins! I'll larn you better than to deceive a trusting widder woman in that way! You desateful hypocrite!"

"Madam, you insult me! I——"

"Oh! it looks well for such as you to stand on your dignity! Mighty lofty, all to once! You've forgot the cream flapjacks I used to make you, and the kisses you used to give me every evening after the rest of 'em was gone to bed! You've forgot the half-dozen shirts I made you, and never charged you a cent! You've forgot that you solemnly promised that you'd marry me last Tuesday morning! You've forgot that, have you?"

"Yes—yes—I never! no!" stammered I, dropping Miss Lillie's arm in consternation.

"Do you dare to deny it?" cried she, in a rage.

"Yes; forever and a day afterward!" I roared out. "Do you think I would marry an old termagant like you? I'd sooner wed my grandmother!"

I saw the fire flash up in her eyes. The widow was waxing dangerous. I dodged the reticule she aimed at my head, and fell over backward as she charged upon me with her half-mourning parasol. Miss Lillie turned and fled. I thought discretion the better part of valor, so I leaped over a garden fence near at hand, and was immediately attacked by a large watch-dog that sprung out of a kennel near by. I seized a dahlia pole, and, hurling it at the belligerent, made good my escape by fording a duck pond and reaching the next street, from which I hurried home at the best pace I could command.

I was resolved that I would not remain in Weston a day longer. Evidently there was in the city some other Richard Smith, for whose notorious self I was mistaken.

I penned a hasty note to my employers—giving my reasons for leaving them—packed my trunks, paid my board, and, marking my baggage "R'D SMITH, NEW HAMPTON," I entered the cars for the locality specified on my trunks.

In selecting New Hampton as my destination, I had no very definite purpose in view; but in

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a place of its size I had no doubts of being able to secure some lucrative situation, and the office of "Boots" was better, if I could be left unmolested, than the station of President, if I must lose my identity, and be attacked by viragos in the streets.

It was near noon of the next day when the train whirled up to the depot at New Hampton. I alighted, and was hastening down the platform to look after my baggage, when I saw a young lady, in a brown silk walking dress, earnestly regarding me. As she caught my eye, she threw up her veil and sprung toward me. As the veil swept back it revealed the loveliest face I had ever looked upon. I had never even dreamed of anything half so beautiful. In involuntary admiration I stood still. She threw herself into my arms—her arms fell around my neck—her velvet cheek touched mine—and such a kiss as she planted full on my lips! My face was in a blaze. I felt as if I had been stewed in honey, with lavender for flavoring.

She repeated the kiss—the munificent little angel!—exclaiming,

"Dear, dear Richard! How delighted I am that you have come at last!"

I was dumb. My mouth was sealed up with the sweetness of her kisses. I dared not speak lest I should dissolve the spell.

"We have been expecting you for four whole days! Only think what a period of suspense!" went on the soft voice of the lady, as, clasping my hand, she drew me unresistingly to a phaeton in waiting. "There; make yourself easy. I'm going to drive. Isn't it pleasant to be waited on, Richard?"

The arch brown eyes sought mine, as, drawing up the fur-lined robes, my companion shook the reins over the white horses, and we were whirled rapidly away.

"Papa is so anxious to see you once more, Richard; but his rheumatism is worse to-day, and he could not drive down. William is absent on an errand for the bride. But I would come! I wanted so much to be the first one to greet you, dear Richard! Alice is so beautiful! and so deeply, beautifully happy! Richard, you ought to be the most grateful man alive!"

"I—I—believe I am!" exclaimed I, as, reaching up her sweet face, the little enchantress favored me with another kiss, which, this time, I repaid, with compound interest, and then blushed boiling hot to think of.

At this moment the phaeton stopped at the door of a fine old mansion on an aristocratic street; and, mechanically, I alighted and lifted out my companion.

The hall door was flung open. The clasping hand of the young lady drew me within the vestibule—her musical voice called softly, at the door of a *boudoir*,

"Alice! Richard has come!"

Instantly the door flew open, and a dark-haired, beautiful woman came forth. She gazed at me an instant with unutterable tenderness, and then embraced me, with a mingling of fervor and shyness absolutely bewildering.

Verily, I was a favored individual!

An elderly gentleman, supporting himself by a cane, now came forward and saluted me, calling me his "dear son," and cutting short everything I attempted to say by his joyful volubility.

The folding-doors separating the sitting-room and parlors were thrown apart. I heard the subdued hum of voices, the rustling of heavy silks; and, waiting in the alcoved arch of an east window, I saw a clergyman in gown and bands.

The elderly gentleman took the hand of the dark-haired Alice and placed it in mine.

"Take her," he said, with emotion; "and may God prosper you! We will have the most important thing first, and dinner afterward. The guests are already getting impatient."

I glanced at Alice's dress. It was bridal white; and her beautiful hair was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms.

The sight gave me a tremor. I felt weak and faint. My pallor must have alarmed Alice; for she clutched my arm wildly, and gazed into my face with painful anxiety.

"What is it, Richard? Are you ill? Merciful heaven! Helen, look at him! He is ill!"

"It is nothing—nothing!" I gasped. "Only, I cannot—cannot marry you! I——"

"Oh! heaven!" cried Alice, in horrified dismay; and, seeing she was about to fall, I flung my arm around her for support.

At this moment the hall door was opened, and, turning at the sound, I saw, with my own eyes, my second self enter the room! My exact counterpart! Richard Smith, No. 2.

His fierce eyes took in the scene at one swooping glance. He rushed toward me with a wild ejaculation, and, tearing the half-fainting Alice from my arms, he planted his firm grasp on my throat. It put my hand on the same locality of his body.

"What are you doing?" he thundered in my ear.

"What are *you* doing?" I thundered, in response.

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"Your life shall pay the forfeit!" he exclaimed, with mad violence. "The man who has dared to win Alice Hereford's love shall die!"

"Gentlemen"—interrupted the sweet voice of her whom they had called Helen—"be patient; there is some mistake. Which of you is named Richard Smith?"

"I am!" replied I.

"I am!" replied my counterpart.

"But which of you is Richard Smith—the son of Archibald Smith?"

"I am," said my second self.

"And I am not," said I; "my father was named Robert."

Helen looked at me a moment, half in doubt, evidently, how to treat me after what had occurred. Finally she held out her hand,

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith; it was all a careless mistake of my own. Can you forgive me?"

I thought of the kisses she had given me, and wished the same mistake might be made over again, though I was wise enough not to make known my wish.

"Let me explain," she continued, frankly. "We were expecting my brother Richard home from the South, where he has been some four or five months past; and were quite sure that he would arrive on the train which brought you: he has been some years engaged to Miss Hereford, and the marriage ceremony was to take place immediately on his arrival. I went down to the depot to welcome him, and because of the striking similitude in your respective personal appearance, I mistook a stranger for my brother. That is all. Brother Richard, Mr. Smith is entirely blameless of any wrong. We gave him no time for explanations. Let me present you to each other as friends."

My counterpart shook hands with me, and begged my pardon for dislocating my neck-tie. I granted it, and begged his pardon for committing a like depredation on his neck-tie.

And then, at a sign from the elderly gentleman, we all walked into the drawing-room, where, in a brief space of time, my counterpart was made the husband of his blushing Alice.

The acquaintance so singularly begun with the Smith family, soon ripened into friendship, and became one of the most precious of life's blessings to me.

Helen Smith had kissed me, and she could not forget it. If a man can get a woman to think of him—it hardly matters in what way—he has a claim on her; and so it was in my case. I believe that I never met Helen but she blushed at the memory which stole over her.

Three months after our first meeting, she kissed me again and called me "Dear Richard." And this time she was well aware that she was not addressing her brother.

Is it a fortunate, or an unfortunate thing, to have a counterpart? When I think of the boarding-house-keeper, I say, "No;" but when I look at Helen and recall the circumstances of our introduction, I am accustomed to answer, "Yes."

MEMORIES.

BY NELLIE NELLWOOD.

Slowly rocking to and fro,
With my stately head bow'd low,
Then dear memories will come—
Of my father's house at home:

When, beneath the orchard trees,
Cheeks fann'd by the Summer breeze,
I, with basket full of flow'rs
Pluck'd from Nature's sweetest bow'rs,

Wove sweet chaplets, gay and fair,
For my sister's golden hair.
Dear Viola! thou art gone!
Of our band the sweetest one!

And proud Inez! thou'rt gone too!
Ah! we almost worship'd you!
Jet-black eyes, and raven hair—
Thou, oh! thou wast very fair!

Lovely Carrie! Sister sweet!
Gay and cheerful, ever meek!
Thou, who cheered our home with song
Can it be that thou art gone?

And our handsome brother Hank!
Always clever, always frank;
Ever gentle, ever gay—
Thou, alas! diedst far away!

Oh! my mother! how we loved thee!
Mother dearest! hast thou left me?
And my father, kind and good!
Oft beside his chair I've stood,

List'ning closely while he told
Some sweet fairy-tale of old.
But our father left us, oh!
How can I describe our woe!

Sitting, rocking to and fro,
With my haughty head bow'd low,
Then sweet memories will come—
Of the dear "Old House at Home."

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TWO MISTAKES.

BY JESSIE STUART.

Two young ladies, in full ball-room dress, passed slowly by a window opening from the brilliant room on to a cool veranda.

"Lou," said one, in distinct, though low tone, "I should think Mary Dean had better come home and attend to her *fiance*—shouldn't you?"

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because," lowering her voice, "don't you see Mr. Worthington is devoted to her pretty cousin! Mary would not fancy that, I know."

"Probably not," replied Lou, as they passed out of hearing without observing a young girl who stood within the window, near enough to hear their remarks. While they were speaking, every vestige of color left her face, and she pressed one little hand on her heart, as though oppressed for breath. Then as suddenly the color rushed back, and the only change apparent in her was a little prouder carriage of the queenly head, and a little deeper crimson on the cheeks.

Quite different was the effect produced on her companion. He looked like a man on whom a heavy sorrow has fallen. His face was ghastly, and expressive of great pain. His form trembled, he seemed scarcely able to stand.

Ella Loomis, chancing to glance at him, was frightened.

"Mr. Worthington, shall we go into the air? You seem ill!"

Mechanically he offered his arm, and they walked out into the garden, where many of the gay people were already promenading. Ella laughed, and talked, and seemed determined to give him no opportunity to speak. But seated at last in a quiet spot—in a secluded corner of the grounds, her gayety flagged a little, and he thus began:

"Ella, may I speak to you?"

The answer came quick and breathless. "It is not necessary, Mr. Worthington."

"It is necessary to me—I must tell you."

No reply.

"Ella," he said, vehemently, "these few weeks that I have known you have been the happiest I shall ever see. I was a fool!—worse—a madman!—to forget my obligations. I thought I might bask a short time in the sunshine of your presence, and do no harm. I was wrong," his voice trembled, "very wrong. It has revealed to me what I did not suspect was in me, a warm——"

"Hush!" Ella said, peremptorily, "you must not talk so."

"I know it. I will only say it has made my future life a long agony. Can you forgive the deception?"

The maiden's heart throbbed fast; but she controlled herself, and replied calmly,

"There was no deception; you were not obliged to announce your engagement; I should not be apt to——"

"Oh, Ella! do not misunderstand me! I never, for a moment, thought I had the least place in your heart. If I had been so blessed," he said, softly, "as to win your love, I think I should defy the world and cling only to that."

"It is folly to talk of this," Ella said, suddenly; "let us return to the house."

At a late hour that night, Ella Loomis sat in the low window seat of her own room at her uncle's house. All the family were in bed, and her room was dark, except for the moonlight which streamed over her from the broad window. She had not removed her white evening dress; but her long, dark hair was loosened from its braids, and floated in wavy masses over her snowy shoulders. Her face was buried in her hands, and her form bent over and tremulous with emotion.

"I have been a simple fool!" she thought, bitterly. "I have believed every word from his mouth, and every look of his eyes; I have trusted in him, believed in him with unquestioning faith. I have—oh! stupid fool!—loved him! My God! my God! what will become of me? What am I going to do with this strong emotion that possesses me—this new, strange feeling, that life is nothing to me without him, that I cannot let him marry Mary? Oh! that *I*, proud and cold as I thought myself, should have to acknowledge, in my heart, that I love him as I never can another—better than life, than heaven!—better—this is dreadful!" She rose and walked the room excitedly, tossed the falling hair back from her face, and tore away the lace and muslin that seemed to impede her breathing.

"I feel as if I could not breathe, as if I

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should smother. Oh! Stuart, Stuart!" she whispered, in tones of inexpressible tenderness, "you love me—you have taught me, in all these weeks, to love you—and now must I see you marry my baby cousin?"

When Ella entered the breakfast-room, next morning, no traces of the storm that had passed over her remained. And Stuart Worthington, who, after a night of agony, came early in the day to cast his heart at her feet, saw her so calm and self-possessed that his hopes died within him, and he thought, "She cares naught for me—she would scorn me."

Then came days of torture to Ella. Unable to get away until her cousin returned—forced to see Mr. Worthington suffering, with her heart aching to comfort him; yet fearing to show her sympathy, lest the self-control, retained with so much difficulty, should utterly escape her—he discover her secret—and Mary's happiness and life be wrecked.

Mary came home. A frail, delicate invalid—blue-eyed and golden-haired—the idol of parents and friends, the petted baby of all, and the affianced bride of Mr. Worthington.

Ella saw how her heart was bound up in him; how she hung on his words; how her very existence seemed dependant on his; and the hope, which she had unconsciously cherished, that she should find Mary indifferent to him, had a sudden and violent death.

Five years passed over the head of Ella Loomis, maturing every grace of mind and person, richly fulfilling the promise of her glorious girlhood. A calm, dignified woman, she stood, one evening, at her window in the house of her cousin Mary.

Four years of wifehood had changed the loving, beautiful child into a sad-eyed woman, pale and delicate, who scarcely ever left her room, and who only waited the summons to take her flight to another world. Lonely and dying, she had, with much difficulty, prevailed upon Ella to spend a winter with her, and this was the evening of her arrival.

This was not the simple-hearted country girl, who had bestowed her whole heart upon Stuart Worthington. Five years of travel, society, and books, had placed life in a different light before her; and she longed to see the idol of her girlhood with her more mature judgment. Love had mocked her all these years. Unconsciously she compared every suitor with the image enshrined in her heart, and never one could approach it. She hated herself for this devotion to a memory; and she thought no such man ever existed, it was only her girlish eyes that adorned him with every perfection. When she saw him in his house, the matter-of-fact head of a family, all this glory would depart—he would shrink to the proportions of other men—and she would be free.

So she stood by her window, thinking of all this, until the tea-bell rang, and she went down.

Stuart Worthington had nerved himself for this meeting, which he was well assured must be painful to him; but he was entirely unprepared for the surprise that awaited him. When the imperial beauty entered the room, old memories, old feelings rushed over him; his heart seemed bursting; for a moment he was breathless with emotion.

Ella was not less moved. She was inexpressibly shocked at his appearance, he had grown so old, so care-worn. Tenderness beamed in her eyes; and in the eager, searching look which he bent on her face, she read that his heart was faithful to the past. He took her hand, gave it one convulsive grasp, and then slowly relinquished it; both were speechless.

This strange emotion was not lost on the pale, soft-eyed wife, who stood by. She noted every look, every feeling, and she read their hearts as well as themselves did. An expression of deep pain passed over her gentle face, quickly succeeded by one of resignation, as she held her thin hand a moment over her fluttering heart.

Before a week had passed, Ella was forced to admit to herself that her idol was not fallen; that her girlhood's hero had lost none of his superiority; and her girlish idolatry changed to deep respect, to earnest admiration, to sincere sympathy in his life and aims.

Their life settled into a regular routine. The day was spent by Ella in the sick-room with reading, conversation, sewing, or music. As soon as the delicate invalid had her tea, she was prepared for bed; and then Ella took her work, or book, and went down into the little sitting-room. Mr. Worthington would come in soon, and tea was served to them there; after which books, music, or conversation, passed away the long winter evenings.

For the first time, Ella enjoyed the society of one in all respects congenial, who read the same books, whose tastes were in harmony with hers, who could sympathize with her as no one had ever done.

And Mr. Worthington! Was it no pleasure to him to meet a fresh, original mind, like hers—a cultivated taste, joined to perfect sincerity? With strong, active sympathy, and earnest appreciation of all that was noblest and best in

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him, with power to inspire and call forth all the grandeur enshrined in his nature. One glance from her earnest eyes put everything else to flight—one tone of her voice made the strong man tremble. He could not resist. He gave himself up, after many struggles, to his old, all-sweeping love and devotion.

"Ella," he said, one evening, "I cannot read to-night; come and sit here by me and talk."

Ella took the seat indicated, but some time passed in silence, he looking into the bright coal fire.

"Ella," he said, suddenly, "five years have laid heavy hands on me. Do you see these gray hairs?" running his fingers through his luxuriant hair, slightly sprinkled with gray.

Ella replied quietly that she had noticed them.

"Yes," he went on, "I have become a sedate man, with no hope or ambition beyond making a fortune; while you—oh! you have grown into something too beautiful, too——"

She interrupted.

"I do not wish to be flattered."

"Flattered! I never could flatter you, Ella; common flattery would die on my lips."

Her heart fluttered strangely at his words, and still more at the tones of his voice; thoughts of the past overpowered her and made her speechless, she turned away her eyes.

"Ella, what shall we talk about? Matrimony? What do you think of ill-assorted marriages?"

"Nothing. I know nothing of them."

"Shall I tell you something about them? *I* know of them."

His voice thrilled her. She dared not look at him—but she must talk—with an effort she replied,

"It will be time to discuss that when I have had some experience."

"God forbid," he said, fervently, "that you should ever have any such experience!"

Ella could not speak, and a silence of some minutes followed.

"Ella," he commenced again, "look at me. I want to look in your truthful eyes, and see what you think and feel to-night."

She could not raise her eyes from the floor. He leaned over her and whispered passionately,

"You are afraid to look! Do you dread what you shall see in mine? Or do you fear I shall dare to read in yours something which——"

She started up. He seized her, and, putting his arm around her, gently forced her to sit down.

"Forgive me. I will try to keep calm; but I must talk with you, Ella."

Ella could not control herself longer. She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Dear Ella, forgive! I did not mean to grieve you; I thought I had acquired self-control. But I can't endure always, and I cannot see your tears——"

"Mr. Worthington, why do you talk so to me?" faltered Ella.

"Oh! Ella, I love you! I cannot help it: it will drive me mad! I have never ceased to love you since that summer long ago. I have tried to do my duty. It has made me old before my time; but—I have always loved you. Look up, Ella; let me see if you love me."

He gently lifted the bowed head and looked deep into her eyes. Love answered to love: her heart spoke in her eyes. He clasped her rapturously.

"You love me! You know you do! Did you love me in the old time? Speak, Ella—whisper—did you?"

"Oh! yes!" trembled from her lips.

"Bless you! bless you!" He held her close to his heart, whispering, huskily, "I have you now at last! You are mine—mine! I will never let you go! The world may say what it will—God made you for me! I have had nothing but misery so far; now I shall have you!" After a pause—"Ella, what are we going to do with this love, which is such bliss and agony together?"

She drew herself out of his arms.

"We must crush it!"

"I can't!"

"You must—you must! It is the only way for us!" And Ella tore away from him, rushed up stairs, and into her own room.

Several days passed. Ella complained of illness and did not go down to her meals, or to the little sitting-room, evenings. She was more than ever devoted to her failing cousin; but she felt that this could not last—that she must go away.

Passing softly through the hall, one evening, a tall figure met her, seized her hand, and drew her into the sitting-room. He led her to her usual seat and sat down by her.

"Now, Ella, this cannot go on so any longer."

"I know it; I am going away."

"You must not—you cannot! You promised to stay with Mary; and she cannot spare you. What excuse will you make to her?"

"You must help me get away."

"I?"

"Yes," she said, pleadingly. "You know this is wrong—you know I must go! Help me!"

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"I know you must *not* go, Ella."

"Oh! Stuart, have some pity!"

"Pity? I have. I pity myself! I cannot let you take away the dearest thing I have on earth!"

"I *must!*"

"Now, Ella, I tell you seriously: if you persist in going, I will go with you."

"*Do* be reasonable!"

"I am reasonable, and in earnest; I will surely do it!"

"Oh! my God, help me!" And she burst into tears.

Mr. Worthington walked hurriedly across the room a few times; then came and sat on a low seat at her side.

"Ella! darling! don't feel so! I will do anything on earth you wish. Let us talk calmly of this. Now, hear me," he took both her hands in his, "while I swear, that if you will only stay and let me have the happiness of seeing you—by all that I hold sacred or dear! by my sainted mother! by your own precious self! I swear that never, in word or deed, will I breathe my love! never shall these longing arms enclose you! I will maintain the most scrupulous reserve toward you if you will only let me see you!"

"Oh! Stuart! don't—don't!"

"I beg you to listen to me! I implore you to grant my request! It is the first thing I ever asked of you. Will you cruelly refuse?"

Tears fell from her eyes; but she whispered,

"You know I *must.*"

He sprang to his feet, seized her in his arms, and pressed her so closely to his heart that she could scarcely breathe. There was a fierce look in his eyes that frightened her.

"Then we will go together! I will tell my wife—she will curse us—and we will go out into the world alone." He started for the door. She gasped out,

"Stuart, you will kill me!"

His manner changed in an instant.

"Do I hurt you, darling?" He loosened his clasp. She broke away.

"Ella," he said, softly, seing her look of despair, "do you think I am a brute? I believe I have acted like one; your obstinacy makes me mad. Forgive me! Don't look so! I will not do so again. Come and talk to me."

She sank into a chair, faint and speechless.

"Ella, I want you to remain with your dying cousin. Won't you stay for her sake? I will promise to keep my oath."

After a few moments' painful thought, Ella spoke.

"Poor Mary needs me. God help me if I do wrong. I will stay."

A few weeks of misery dragged slowly away; and, one dark, cold morning, the sick wife felt that she was dying. Pillowed up in her bed, the life slowly ebbing away, Mary Worthington called Ella to her side. Her husband was already there, seated by her bed, holding one thin hand in his.

These last weeks had changed him fearfully; and the wife noticed it. An expression of pain swept over her wasted features, as she looked at him, pale and suffering. Ella, too, had suffered, as her altered looks testified. Mary took her trembling hand and spoke, softly,

"Ella dear! You have been a sister to me—you have soothed my passage to the grave—and I thank you with my whole heart! I cannot pay you; but there is one who will." Still holding her hand, she turned her face to her husband.

"Stuart, my beloved husband, you have been the kindest, tenderest, best husband—you have done nobly! You must never forget that I said, on my death-bed, that I bless you for your kindness to me." She hesitated, and the tears came into her soft blue eyes. Tightening her clasp of the two dear hands, she went on, in a whisper, "Stuart, I know—I have long known—that you never loved me!" He bowed his head on her pillow. "Don't regret now, Stuart. You have done well. You fulfilled your engagement—you tried to make me happy—you—I—was not fit for you. I know it. I have long felt it. If you had told me, before our marriage, I would never have stood between you and happiness—I could have been generous as you. It was a mistake, dear. Ella, dear sister!" she said, drawing her closer to her, "you love him. You can make him happy. Promise me that—you——"

When Mr. Worthington aroused himself, after the shock of his wife's death, he found Ella gone; and, although his heart longed for her, he was forced to acknowledge to himself that she had done right. As soon as possible he sought her at her father's house, in a neighboring county; but was inexpressibly shocked to learn that she had not returned home from his house: she had disappeared most unaccountably. The old father, of whom she was the idol, told Mr. Worthington, while he wept like a child, that she had written to him, and begged him not to seek her, assuring him that she was well and comfortable, and would return some time; but assigning no reason for such a strange step.

As soon as Mr. Worthington heard this, he

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commenced a thorough search for her. Finding no clue, he traveled, at random, all over the country—looked into every car—opened every stage—stopped at every out-of-the-way place—peered into country schools—glanced into boarding-houses—in fact, for four years, he had scarcely rested a moment. The fatigue of body added to despair of heart, which had taken possession of him, brought him down; and, at last, he lay in his splendid mansion, stricken unto death, as all believed.

"Are you the attending physician?" asked a trembling voice of the burly doctor. as he was leaving the steps of Mr. Worthington's house, one morning.

He looked up and saw a lady, closely veiled, just stepping from a carriage.

"I am, madam."

She was much agitated as she asked the next question:

"How is he?'

"No better—can't live a week—sinking unaccountably!" And the hurried M. D. touched his hat and sprang into his own carriage, which was waiting. For a moment the lady was dumb and motionless; then she ascended the steps and entered the house. Everything was in a state of neglect. Doors open—curtains up—furniture misplaced and covered with dust, looking as if everything had been left to hired servants. Passing by the well-remembered drawing-room, glancing, with fast-coming tears, into the sitting-room beyond, she went up stairs, threw her hat and shawl on a chair, and, after a moment of irresolution, turned her steps to the sick-room.

He lay as if in a heavy sleep, perfectly stupid. At first she thought the spirit had fled, and, with a suppressed cry, she sprang to his side; but, seeing that he breathed, she stood softly and gazed on him. Tears fell from her eyes as she contemplated his altered looks; and she realized how he must have suffered.

"Oh! God, forgive me, let me atone!" she prayed in her heart.

In a few moments, with her womanly instinct, she began to attend to his comfort, she smoothed the tumbled bed-clothes, she softly opened the windows, and turned down the blinds so as to admit air, but not light. Then she returned to his bedside, and, finding his brow hot and burning, she wet a linen cloth and softly bathed it. An expression of relief stole over his face, and his eyes mellowed and met those of his nurse. His lips moved, and with difficulty, with frequent pauses to breathe, he murmured,

"Beautiful dream! do not depart—look like her with those loving eyes—let me dream she has come back. Sweet spirit! breathe one kiss upon my lips, and let me die!"

She bent over him, and, with a deep flush, pressed her lips to his. He was agitated, he looked earnestly at her.

"Who are you, who look like her, and weep for me? Are you Ella's spirit?"

"I am Ella," she said, softly. At sound of her voice his face changed, an eager look came into his dim eyes, he could only murmur,

"Thank God!"

Ella leaned over him, and, taking one of his thin hands, whispered,

"Yes, I have come back, and I am going to stay and take care of you; by-and-by, when you are stronger, I will tell you all you wish to know; but now you must keep still." A look of perfect happiness stole over his face; and after awhile he closed his eyes and slept, still holding tightly her hand.

From that moment Ella was nurse, companion, housekeeper, and everything. Stuart Worthington began immediately to get better, and in a week was able to sit up.

Just as the cool evening breeze began to steal through the open windows, about a week after Ella's arrival, the convalescent was pillowed up in a large arm-chair, and drawn up to the window. Ella sat down not far from him.

"Ella," he said, at length, "you seem sad this evening."

"Yes; I have been thinking of the story I must tell you."

"Don't, if you had rather not. I can trust you. Never tell me if it distresses, or even grieves you."

"I had rather," she replied, in low tone. "It is better for me. I have made such a mistake."

"A mistake! You?"

"Yes," she said, sadly. "Shall I tell you now?"

"When you choose, Ella."

Ella leaned her face on her hands, and looked out of the window as she hastily commenced,

"I think I was a little insane. When I left this house, after Mary's death, I was possessed of but one idea: that I was her murderer—that, but for me, she would have lived and been happy—that added to——" Her voice faltered; but, collecting herself, she went on, scarcely above a whisper, "I had not been very happy through the winter, it had worn upon me; and when she died, and I was seized with that idea, it bewildered my faculties. I certainly do not know how I came on board a train of cars bound to the far West."

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"Poor child!" Stuart said, soothingly.

"When I came to myself and began to think, I felt that I was a dreadful wretch; and the only atonement I could make for my guilt was to renounce you—to crush my love—to——"

"Ella, Ella!" exclaimed Stuart, seizing her hand, and turning her face toward him, "you did not!—you could not!—you were not so mad!"

Her eyes fell beneath his gaze. She said,

"I tried faithfully—I refused to think of the past—I dared not imagine your feelings. I resolved to see none of my friends till I was free from the guilt."

"Darling child!" he said, tenderly, "love is not a crime; the love which it is my joy to believe you felt for me was pure as an angel's! Tell me you did not succeed in crushing it, Ella?"

"I did not," she replied, softly. "I grew thin. I traveled about with a matronly woman, whom I procured to attend me. I constantly saw new things; but I could not forget the old—I could not banish memory!"

"Poor sufferer! how did you manage to travel so long, and not call on your father for money?"

"You know I have a small independency; I have an agent who takes care of the property my aunt left me, and to him I applied."

"I had forgotten that you had property; and that was one of the bitterest drops in my bitter cup—I feared you were suffering."

"No. I suffered for nothing that money could procure."

"Little Ella, how did you know I wanted you? Why did you relent at last?"

"I saw in a New York paper that you were very ill; the shock opened my eyes to the folly and wickedness of my course. I see that I have been very wrong;" she turned her tearful eyes away, and her voice trembled. "I have brought sorrow on my father's gray head; I have injured my own character; I have caused suffering to you." She broke down. Stuart was much moved, he drew her tenderly to him and enclosed her in his arms.

"Weep no more, my dearest, the joy and happiness of having you here again has banished all memory of sorrow. In your conduct I see only the pure impulses of a noble heart; I am not surprised that you felt as you did. But oh, Ella! why could you not trust me—*me*, who loved you better than life, who would have died to serve you? But you have atoned, darling; you have come back when I most needed you."

"Yes," she said, sadly, "I have put the crowning act on to my singular conduct. I have deliberately put my name at the mercy of a merciless world."

"The world shall not *dare* to meddle with the name of my *wife!*" he said, proudly.

A crimson flush passed over her face, leaving her pale again before she replied,

"I cannot be that—I have proved myself unworthy—I have forfeited all right to any such place. I shall go to my father."

"You shall do no such thing," he said, again drawing her into his arms; "you are mine, you can't get away from me again—you *must* be my wife!"

She hesitated and tried to leave his arms; he loosened his clasp and said sadly,

"I will not hold you against your will; but when I tell you that I shall never be happy without you—that I love you more tenderly than ever—that it is the one desire of my life to receive you for my wife—will you refuse, Ella? Will you coldly turn away and make my suffering life-long? Oh, Ella! will *you* give the death-blow to the dearest hope I have?"

Ella uncovered her face.

"Oh, Stuart! if I am worthy—if you *can* love me still——"

"If I *can* love you!" he echoed, clasping her and covering her face with kisses. "Then to-morrow you shall give me this little hand for better for worse."

"Stuart! to-morrow!"

"Yes; I can't trust you out of my sight again."

And on the morrow, simply attired in snowy muslin, with mist-like veil floating over it, she took her place at the side of the invalid's easy-chair, and by her father was given away to the proud and happy husband.

TO MY SISTER.

Your dear kind eyes are haunting me,
Though you are far away;
Your gentle voice I think I hear
This dreary Autumn day.
But well I know, beloved, 'tis nought
But memory's fleeting dream,
For many miles of hill and wave
Between us intervene.

God bless you, dearest! may your eyes
Be ever bright as now,
And may no cloud of sorrow rise
To shade your bonny brow;
May He, our Father, spare you, dear,
For many years to come,
To gladden with your happy face
Our loving hearts, and home.

J. W. S.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER II.

THE Lady of Clanranald watched the departure of her husband's kinsman with keen interest, while the eyes of the old lady followed the movements of his little vessel with the sharp glance of a falcon. They saw his yacht put forth from the cove and go flying out to sea like a bird with its wings spread. So long as the distance would permit, they could discern the old chieftain standing up with his forehead to the wind.

The distance at which the strange man-of-war lay was far too great for any certain knowledge of what was passing around her; but the two ladies gazed anxiously that way till their kinsman's craft was swallowed up, as it were, by the black shadows which fell from her vast hulk. Then they looked at each other with glowing faces, and wondered together if it could indeed be a ship from the fleet that Charles Edward had promised his adherents in Scotland.

Still, amid this ardent conversation, they kept searching the distance with their eyes, eager for some action that might confirm their hopes.

At last they saw a movement. The black mass began to sway to and fro upon the waters, cleaving the sunshine with ponderous motion. They watched this cumbersome evolution with breathless awe.

By degrees, the outlines of her vast proportions penciled themselves on the blue background. They could see the great black anchor lying, like the root of an uptorn forest tree, on her bow; the delicate limning of her cordage, and the row of port-holes frowning upon them. They saw, also, groups of men talking eagerly. The old chieftain stood by the bulwark with only one man by his side in priest's garments, who was gazing earnestly toward the point of land from which the Clanranald dwelling looked down upon the ocean.

The yacht came skimming along the water, playing with the wind against which the great ship toiled—a beautiful thing that lighted its way as a dancing girl relieves the gloom left by a tragedy.

The vessel bore down toward south-west and let go her ponderous anchor beneath the windows of Lady Clanranald's bower chamber.

"Mother," she said, all in a glow of excitement, "cast your eyes upon the deck yonder, and tell me if among those men looking so earnestly hitherward you see any face that reminds you of King James."

The old lady shaded her eyes with one little withered hand and bent forward searching the faces lifted toward them. She dropped her hand after a moment and shook her head.

"Daughter, I cannot tell. My heart is active as ever, but the old eyes are not."

The Lady of Clanranald looked lovingly down upon her mother.

"The dear eyes! they are full of tears. It is the heart that blinds them—not age, mother."

The old lady took out her kerchief and passed it across her face, laughing a little deprecatory laugh.

"Was it that, daughter? See, what a child I am! and at this age! It is well no one saw me but you."

"See, mother, see! our kinsman lifts his bonnet! The priest—what a fair, sweet face it is!—looks this way—how earnestly!"

The old lady cleared her eyes with the kerchief, and, leaning from the casement, looked down. A prolonged gaze—a cry of thrilling joy, and the snowy kerchief, still wet with her tears, went fluttering to the wind.

"Mother, mother! what is it?"

"What is it, child! I have seen the Prince! The face of King James—the smile of Mary Beatrice! Look! yonder in the cowl!"

"The Prince! the Prince!"

"Look, look! The wind has seized upon my white kerchief and bears it toward him! It took my soul with it! Kneel down, child, and let us thank God."

They knelt down—those two noble women!—and wept plentifully in each other's arms, uttering broken thanks to God.

After this outburst they came back to the casement, and, flinging it open, stood together,

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framed in the massive stone-work, a picture full of vitality richly colored with gladness. An oak tree, rooted in the rocks which walled in the mountain torrent, spread its branches out toward the window, and nearer yet hung wreaths of ivy and clusters of Ayrshire roses. Lady Clanranald leaned forth, and, with her white arm and hand exposed, tore off branches of the oak and flung them upon the wind. The old lady, who could not reach so far, seized upon the ivy and roses that clung around the stone-work and scattered them after, crying with joy like a child on its first May crowning.

In a moment the air was alive with oak branches and rose garlands.

When the Prince saw the oak leaves falling, he flung the priest's cowl back upon his shoulders and stood before the two women bare-headed and smiling. His heavy heart woke up. The oak leaves were a right royal welcome, which he understood. It was the first warm greeting he had received. The tears came to his blue eyes as he bent them on the implacable chief. The old man shook his head and turned away.

"Women are always ready to scatter smiles and roses," he said, gruffly; "but culverins and iron balls are the welcome a Stewart should have; and of those things the English have bereft us."

"Nay, my good friend, give us but a true greeting like that, and we will conquer the rest," said the Prince.

"God grant it!" was the wise reply. "I would chop off this right hand with my father's claymore if it could be turned into war missiles; nay, fling the grizzly head in at the bargain! But without them——"

"Tush! tush! old friend," said one of the officers, who had overheard this conversation. "If you will not give us help, I pray you dash no cold water on our hopes. See, the boat is lowered. Will his highness be welcome?"

"Doubting that I will not step my foot upon the Clanranald lands!" said the Prince, with a flush on his brow.

The old chief's forehead grew swarthy.

"This is hard!" he said, and his fingers worked nervously in the basket-hilt of his sword. "If there were a foot of land belonging to the Clanranald which would not welcome the Stewart as a guest, I would shovel it into the sea. My Prince, will you descend to the boat? One and all shall find a welcome."

Charles Edward was not yet ready to cast off all disguise; yet it was with some reluctance that he drew the unbecoming cowl over his features, while fair women stood looking on. He descended to the boat, and, with a few companions selected from his followers for the excursion, proceeded to the land. Upon the path which the old chieftain had trod in the morning Charles Edward first set his foot on British soil. A thrill, half pleasure, half a pang, seized him as he landed. His cheek grew pale, and, casting a wild look back upon his vessel, he said, in a low voice, "It is my right. Am I not a Stewart?" But, observing that his emotion had a chilling influence upon his followers, he turned it to good account. "My friends," he said, in a manner that gave to his pale face the depth of a solemn determination, "this foot is planted on the soil of my father's kingdom. Is it for victory or death?"

A suppressed shout, the more solemn from its low thunder, went up through the hoary old trees. The chieftain bent his head as if a storm was passing over it, but stood in silence; his eyes, full of heavy thought, fixed on the earth.

"This is the path," he said, as the shout wailed itself to death among the trees. "Let us be silent and cautious; for the man of Hanover has his emissaries even here."

Charles Edward drew the priest's garments more closely around him, as if chilled by this hint that enemies were to be guarded against in that remote spot. The chieftain did not seem to heed this action, but, pointing with his claymore up the hill, said, in a more cheering fashion, "We mount by this way, my Prince."

The royal party had climbed about half-way up the ascent, when a little sailing vessel came round the point and shot into the cove, disturbing the water, till it dashed in curves of silver along the shore, and made the boat which the Jacobites had just left rock upon the swell.

A group of young men who stood upon the deck of this pretty craft leaped ashore, talking eagerly. One, a splendid young chieftain, who wore the Clanranald plaid folded across his broad chest, and a single eagle's feather in his bonnet, had so much of the dignity and bearing of the old man who was marshaling his Prince up the hill side, that no one could have doubted that he was of the Macdonalds also, and no humble member of that extensive family. There was a strong family resemblance, also, in two or three of the other faces, though the eagle's plume and a certain richness in the weapons which he bore marked the young man as a leader among them. It was, indeed, young Macdonald of Clanranald, who had returned home from his visit on the main-land, bringing some of his young kinsmen to South Uist on a visit to his mother.

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The war ship which lay frowning below his residence had caused a world of conjecture among them, and their surprise was increased by the strange boat.

While they stood on the shore discussing this subject, Macdonald of Boisdale had mounted the hill, and, with his strange guests, was moving toward the main entrance of the dwelling. He walked but slowly, however; for there was a responsibility, which he did not like, in introducing such dangerous guests to a lady so rich in generous enthusiasm as his sister-in-law, when the head of the house was absent. She was almost certain to become a partisan with the first sound of the persuasive voice that had so nearly betrayed his own firm heart into treason against his judgment. Knowing how devotedly the young Lord of Clanranald loved his mother, the wise old man could not but foresee that this interview between the Prince and the lady must almost perforce drag the ardent young man into what seemed to his own mature judgment a wild, though just, rebellion.

Thus it happened that the old chief loitered, pointing out this pretty view and that historical association, till the group of young men we have left on the beach came in sight.

When the chief caught a glimpse of them moving through the trees, his brow cleared and he walked more briskly forward. The great responsibility which he dreaded would soon be lifted from his shoulders. The young man would be free to judge for himself without the influence of his mother's preconceived opinions; for Charles Edward would meet them both almost at the same moment.

The great entrance door was wide open now and a little army of retainers lined the hall, harmonizing grandly, in their picturesque costume, with the groined arches and massive corbeil that encrusted the ceiling above them.

Near the grand stair-case stood the Lady of Clanranald, ardent and queenly, waiting for a confirmation of her hopes. The mother hovered at her side, the withered softness of her cheeks glowing with a mellow crimson, and her eyes kindled with happy expectation. The younger lady had made no change in her already rich dress, save that she had woven a garland of oak leaves over her still abundant hair, and had even shaded the silvery whiteness on her mother's temples with a few of the kingly leaves.

Macdonald of Boisdale came forward side by side with the Prince in his priestly disguise. His brow had darkened on seeing so many of the retainers lining the hall. He gave no other sign of annoyance, but advanced at once.

"Fair kinswoman, I bring you some strangers from foreign parts. They have been long on ship-board, and I have promised them a good supper, and, if they choose, a bed in my nephew's house."

The Lady of Clanranald turned her fine eyes on the disguised Prince. By the eloquence that spoke in all her features, and a drooping movement of the stately person, the chief saw that she was about to offer some unusual homage to the priest. So he spoke, abruptly, in order to prevent it,

"Nay, fair kinswoman, our guests are but just off the sea, and, I'll be sworn, are reeling in the head too wearily for a formal greeting. Besides, Clanranald is but now at the door, and will, I know, like best to meet our friends in the bower chamber if you will grace them so much."

The lady cast a bright glance from her kinsman to the priest, who made a gesture that enforced the old man's wishes. So she drew her mother's arm within her own and mounted the great oaken stair-case, followed by the Prince and his followers.

When they were all in the bower room, the old lady, who had been trembling like a frightened child, closed the door softly and drew the fall of tapestry over it. Then she moved, with a quick step, toward the Prince, and, falling upon her knees, took his hand, kissing it with a glow of affectionate reverence that sent a mellow warmth to the young man's face.

"Now," she said, arising, and gently wiping her eyes, "now let me depart when it pleases Him to take me; I have seen the Stewart on his own soil!"

Charles Edward threw off his disguise. The sunshine came back to his face; he stooped over the old woman, and, taking her two hands, kissed them reverently.

"It is the first woman's welcome that meets me in Scotland," he said, in a warm, rich voice that made its way to every heart in the presence. "I hail it as a harbinger of success, as a blessing from one who watches over us from up yonder."

"I know who it is. The Queen Mary Beatrice, my mistress. They broke her heart at St. Germains; but she has now a seat which no usurper can reach."

Again the Prince lifted her little hands to his lips—this allusion to his grandmother touched him to the heart; but as he was about to speak the door opened, the tapestry was swept back, and Macdonald of Clanranald, the young master of that mansion, came into the room.

The mother stepped forward to receive him,

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her face all aglow with affection. She led him forward in her sweet, queenly happiness and stood with him before the Prince.

"It is the son of our king, Macdonald—it is Charles Edward. Kneel and give him welcome to our poor home—to his own kingdom."

Macdonald stood for a moment so astonished that he had no power to move. The color came and went in his face, his dark eyes filled with fire.

"Is this indeed so?" he questioned, in a maze of bewilderment.

Charles Edward smiled and reached forth his hand.

The young chief fell upon his knees and pressed his lips upon it, trembling from head to foot. His young kinsmen crowded up and joined him in this impulsive homage. They were tall, powerful men, carrying in their presence habits of command. They were armed too, and this gave their act an appearance of military homage.

The Prince looked round on his followers with triumph in his smile. His eyes fell on the old chief, and a glance of reproach shot from them.

"You see how the Stewart is welcomed!" he exclaimed.

The old man shook his head.

"My Prince, you will not understand me."

"Nay, but I understand this!" exclaimed Charles Edward, smiling down upon the young men at his feet. "When heart leaps to heart there is little need of interpreters."

The young men arose, their eyes glistening and their arms clanging against the floor.

"That has the true sound," said the old lady, with a shiver; "I remember it in the fifteen."

That year she had been made a widow. No wonder the old woman remembered the clash of arms which had sent the father of her child home with the strong life, that had only that morning bidden her a kind farewell, frozen to marble in a minute's time. Still we love that for which we have made great sacrifices; and the death of all she loved best could not quench the loyalty in that frail woman's bosom.

The Prince cast another glance at Macdonald of Boisdale; he triumphed in the uncalculating loyalty. The old man stood firm; but there was sadness in his aspect. After a little he drew his nephew to a distant window, and they conversed together some minutes. Bad news is quickly told. Only one vessel, scant munitions of war, and little hope from France. No wonder the young man's brow clouded with anxiety. A rebellion without arms or money, how could it end?

The old man watched him keenly and his countenance changed. Perhaps in the bottom of his soul he hoped that he of Clanranald would dispute his advice. It was faithfully given; but still the old man's heart yearned toward the Prince, but wisdom kept him silent.

Directly the young kinsmen of these two men drew around them, leaving Charles Edward with the ladies. He talked with them in a low, agitated voice, for he knew well that his destiny was being settled among that little knot of men. His own followers stood apart. It was not for them to intrude on this council of native chiefs. After a time the suspense that had seized on Charles Edward become insupportable. He arose and joined the group of young men. They became silent as he approached.

"I have cast my all upon this die," he said, breaking into their deliberations with a voice full of eloquent pleading, which sometimes melted into pathos. "The government of France has trifled with me; a storm has driven back my vessels with their cargoes of arms. I come among you ill-provided, with but few friends, and such small sums of money as I could obtain from the sale of my personal jewels.

"The time has come when the Stewart must conquer his own, or Scotland give up its ancient line of kings forever. It is for you to determine if they shall be crowned in Holyrood and London, or be still wanderers on the earth. I had thought—God help me if I was wrong!—but I had thought that, in the Highlands and here, the very destitution of your king would be his best appeal. I could not bring fleets or money. From monarch to monarch, I, a Stewart, went pleading for help, but in vain. At last, when all else failed, I remembered old loyalty and came here. Will you send me back to your king with tidings that Scotland refuses to take up arms in his behalf?"

The Macdonalds had listened with hushed attention; the deep sough of their breathing, when he paused, bespoke a depth of excitement which went hand-in-hand with his eloquent pleading. No one was prepared to speak first; perhaps this power was lacking. Macdonald of Boisdale stood leaning on his sword, looking upon the ground, but his stern lip quivered. The young men grew red and pale by turns. Some clenched their hands, impatiently waiting for their elders to speak. One half-drew his sword, but thrust it slowly back into the sheath when the old man of Boisdale looked steadily at him. Again Charles Edward spoke. His voice was unsteady, and his eyes glistened.

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"Am I pleading the cause of your king in vain?"

The old man drooped his head and the sword trembled under him. Macdonald of Clanranald turned very pale. His mother drew close and laid a hand on his arm. He put it gently aside; the struggle within his brave heart was fierce enough without that.

"You will not abandon me thus!" cried the Prince, appealing directly to him with an energy and warmth that sent the brave blood with a rush to the young man's face.

His claymore leaped from its scabbard.

"No," he cried. "If every man in Scotland refused to follow you, I will stand by your side alone."

Instantly half a dozen swords leaped from their scabbards, and point to point were lifted on high. Each blade was grasped by a Macdonald; and, above all, shone the sharp point of old Boisdale's weapon, which quivered like the tongue of a serpent, as he made the deep-chested oath which bound him to Charles Edward and his cause.

"Now," he said, thrusting the sword back to its scabbard—"now, my children, ye shall find that the old man of Boisdale is ready to risk his life and the few acres that is his with the most daring of you. I might not counsel my brother's son to enter a rash contest; but his choice is made, and we win or fall together. Long live King James!"

The shout which sprang to so many burning lips was smothered, for in their exultation came some thoughts of prudence; but the scene which followed was not the less impressive from that enforced silence.

Macdonald of Clanranald went up to his mother, while his whole frame was in a thrill of enthusiasm.

"Are you content, mother?"

"Nay. I should be, my son, if this hand could bear a claymore to defend your life and his. It is hard to be a woman and helpless in times like these!"

The Prince heard her, and turned his blue eyes upon her face.

"Ah, if we ever win the throne of England, it is women like this that shall grace our court," he said, joyously.

"Wait a moment; there is one who will soon earn greater claims on your highness than I can ever have," answered the lady.

That moment the door opened, and the old lady, who had stolen forth unnoticed, came in followed by two men who bore an iron coffer between them.

"Set it down," she said, gently; "and go forth till I call for you."

The servants withdrew; and the old lady, kneeling before the coffer, put a key in the lock and cast back the lid. It was full of gold pieces.

"What is it?" said the little lady, brightening under the eager questions. "Since the struggle of fifteen I have hoarded half my income, year after year, for our king when he should make a new struggle for his own. It has been a long time waiting, and I am getting old. Fearing that death would come suddenly, and that strangers might squander the gold, I took a journey hither in order to see my child, and give the coin to her, in trust, till the day should come. It is here, I have lived to see it. My Prince, take the gold; use it for the son of Mary Beatrice. Now I am ready to die!"

A blissful shiver ran through that tiny frame; great tears of joy stood trembling on those soft cheeks, so fair in spite of the wrinkles.

The Prince bent over her, smiling, but with moisture in his blue eyes.

"After all it is a woman who gives us that which we most need," he said, gratefully.

"It is your grandmother's most devoted friend and servant, who made a vow to save gold and become miserly that she too might accomplish something even in her feeble old age."

"But this gold would have been a noble dower for this fair lady, your daughter; or might enrich the domain of her son."

The old lady laughed pleasantly. "Nay, I did not play the niggard, and, after hoarding money, let it out at usury for my daughter or her son: that had been a thing to blush at. It was a loyal hoarding, and so I made the most of it. See now of what use it will be. The Macdonalds can bring something besides their sharp swords to the field."

"Indeed these are no times for a Stewart to turn his back upon gold, nor anything that promises to give strength to his cause. Still we can but feel that this is something like a robbery of our hostess and her son."

The young chief of Clanranald came forward with a frank smile on his lip.

"This lady's son had not hesitated an instant to pledge his sword and his clan to this good cause, could he have guessed of his grandame's treasure. This will give us a fair start and a show of means that must stop all caviling. See how my uncle of Boisdale treads my lady mother's bower-chamber. His prudence has burned itself out. He would not counsel us hot-heads to inaction now, I'll be sworn!"

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"Nay," said the old man, with a grim laugh, "this dainty lady has shamed us with her thrift. By St. Andrew! her gold will go farther than our good swords in our master's cause. This looks like success."

The old lady sat over her box of gold, lifting her brown eyes to each new speaker with a look of such intense gratification, that you might have fancied she was about to receive the treasure, not divest herself of it. The Lady of Clanranald shared her generous pride.

"Now," exclaimed the old man of Boisdale, "let us hold council. This fair dame's gold kindles the first fires of a rebellion that shall, with God's good leave, hurl the Georges from the throne they have degraded too long. There must be no delay. The Highlands should be aroused at once. Messengers must go from fastness to fastness till the bagpipe sounds on every hill. Let the Prince rest here awhile. I will go to Skye and place our cause fairly before our kinsman, Sir Alexander, then return and gather the Clanranalds. Every one of us must start at once to arouse the chieftains of the North. You, my nephew, shall pass over to Inverness, calling on such of our friends as lie on the route, and win over Simon Fraser, the old Lord Lovat. Get him once fairly under arms and all that part of the country will rise at once. He is cautious and crafty, and thus will carry more weight with the timid and over prudent. Does this meet your wishes, my Prince?"

"Nay," he said, "I only desire that our friends shall be gathered speedily. The time and means I leave to those who know the country best. This Lord Lovat is a powerful noble, with extensive influence, his prompt accession is important."

"Then let us disperse at once, my children. The Macdonalds shall spread the news that our Prince is on the soil, east, west, north, and south. Now each one on to his mission. Let our rendezvous be on the main-land."

In less than an hour after this arrangement was completed, two light vessels swept out from the cove, each manned with the Macdonalds; the one which carried the old man of Boisdale steered for the Isle of Skye; that one on which the young chief of Clanranald sailed made directly for the main-land.

Meantime the man-of-war lay heavy and black in the deep waters below the promontory; and Charles Edward rested in the mansion of the Clanranalds, while the news of his presence in Scotland did its work among the Highland chiefs.

CHAPTER III.

Castle Dounie, the residence of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, stood at the head of a wild, desolate vale, hedged in by those bald mountains, which, but for the rich purple tint imparted to them by the heather, would seem barren indeed. Still these scenes in Scotland have a beauty all their own; in the ravines fine old trees shook their foliage in the misty air; and mountain torrents found their way to the valley with a rush of such music as falling water always gives to the loneliness of mountain scenery. The building itself was a rude old stronghold, bare and frowning, like the rocks among which it stood. The scene it looked down upon was, as I have said, singularly bleak and unattractive; a long stretch of uncultivated valley land with but little verdure wearied the eye with its monotony. Up this valley ran a bridle road, which crept like a serpent along the stunted heath and sparse vegetation.

Uninteresting as the scene was, a young girl sat gazing on it one summer afternoon from her chamber over the grim entrance hall. Bower chamber I may not call it, for it was every way unlike the sumptuous room to which Lady Clanranald gave that antique name. The stone floor was uncarpeted and cold to the feet; the casement, heavy with lead, and crowded with tiny diamond-shaped glass. Two or three high-backed chairs, straight and ponderous, but rickety—in fact refuse furniture—stood against the wall; and a cabinet of black oak, in which there was timber enough for a modern cottage, loomed opposite the window, filling all that side of the room with uncouth shadows. The young girl who occupied this gloomy chamber was all too bright and beautiful for such surroundings. She was richly dressed too, for the Lord of Lovat, if careless of his grand-daughter's comfort, was princely where a display of wealth could add to his own consequence. Thus the young lady's dress was all too rich for the discomforts of her room, though it well befitted the beauty of her person.

Katharine Fraser had been reading one of those religious romances that made up the lighter literature of the time; but, wearied by the slow unwinding of the romance, she had allowed the volume to lie open upon the window-sill without glancing at it; and, falling into those misty dreams which are a part of our youth, she had been for an hour gazing down the valley earnestly as if it had been a vista of paradise—so earnestly that she had not even thought upon the objects which her eyes roved over.

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While in this dreamy state, she saw three horsemen coming up from the distance, plainly destined for the castle. The foremost was evidently a gentleman of birth and breeding: a tall, powerful man, in the prime of youth, and carrying himself bravely as if he had seen service; the two men who rode behind him were apparently retainers. They wore the ordinary Highland costume; and she could see that each carried, independent of his side-arms, a musquetoon swung at his back.

The leader was also armed. The dagger which appeared from beneath the folded plaid was richly inlaid, and mounted at the haft with one of those fine Scotch pebbles that are bright and red as old wine when you pour it from the flask. His horse also was a noble animal, better fitted for the field than that toilsome road; and, more than all this, Katharine saw by the single eagle's plume in his bonnet that he was the chief of some powerful clan.

A strange agitation seized upon Katharine as the features of the traveler became more and more distinct. It seemed as if that noble face, those dark gray eyes, had just come out clear and definite from her dreams, where they had been haunting her in a vague way for months.

The travelers rode directly toward the great entrance of the castle; and Katharine, leaning gently from her casement, saw the young chief alight, leaving his horse with the retainers. Then she saw some of her grandfather's servants come forth, and the whole party disappeared.

It is possible that Macdonald of Clanranald would have lifted those fine gray eyes had he dreamed of the beautiful face that looked down upon him from behind the lattice; for it was one to have made the free heart beat faster in his bosom. But he did not lift his eyes, and so passed away into the great hall of the castle, where the old Lord of Lovat came forth to meet him. The old Lord of Lovat—he of a nature so base and of birth so noble, that history itself must fail to reconcile the incongruities of a character so complex!

The old noble came down his hall slowly; for age and illness had rendered his motions heavy. At first sight there was something almost pleasant in his face, which, with his person, was broad and full. A look of quaint humor, which, sometimes, assumed the expression of benevolence, cheated the beholder on a first acquaintance and puzzled him afterward, when the man came to be known by his actions. A twist of the short neck, which drew his head a little on one side, added somewhat to this contradictory expression. Altogether there was much to command respect in the old man's appearance.

"And so you are a Macdonald from the Isles, my people tell me; old friends to the Lords of Lovat in days gone by. I give you fair welcome to Dounie, let your business be what it will."

The young chieftain had doffed his cap and stood regarding his host with respectful attention; for his errand was a momentous one, and he was anxious to read some promise of success in the old man's face.

"Many thanks, my lord. I trust this business of mine may not prove distasteful to a nobleman who is known to love the king."

The old noble started and looked around to see that no ear save his own had heard the emphasis laid upon the two last words of Macdonald's speech. But his retainers, though numerous in the hall, were under too strict regulations for dangerous proximity when their master was talking. So, with a deeper flush on his face than the old port from his cellars had left, Lovat said, hastily,

"Come this way. The hall is damp at all seasons of the year."

Macdonald followed the lord's shuffling steps into a large room comfortably and richly furnished after the stately fashion of the times. The ponderous chairs were luxuriously cushioned. Book-cases, one mass of elaborate workmanship, held volumes so numerous and rare that Macdonald could not keep his eyes from them. One side of the room was occupied by a vast fire-place surmounted by one of those kingly mantle-pieces of black marble that occupied artists a lifetime in chiseling. Macdonald did not know how great was the contrast between this apartment and the one in which Katharine Fraser spent the most of her time. Had he done so, the fact might have given him some insight into the old lord's character. Nothing that was not exquisite in taste and sumptuous in quality was permitted to mingle with his surroundings. The apartments which he occupied—the table at which he sat—the garments that he wore, were subjects of especial moment to him. Beyond that he never gave a thought; indeed, in his bitter moods, it was sometimes a subject of annoyance that it was impossible to enjoy the luxuries of his wealth and rank without sharing them, in a degree, with others, most of all with the heir, who was sure to possess them when he was nothing.

"Sit down," said the old lord, sinking into one of the tall chairs himself and resting his foot on a velvet cushion placed near it. "We are alone here; no danger of my varlets seizing

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the words from your lips before I will gather them myself. Is there news from over yonder?"

Macdonald took a letter from the folds of his plaid and drew closer to Lord Lovat.

"I have news, my lord, and a letter for your own hand."

"A letter? From whom?"

"My lord, from the chevalier."

"Where dated? In France?"

"No, from my own poor domain in South Uist."

"What! here in Scotland? Why, man, he is mad!"

"Not if his friends in the North are ready to redeem promises solemnly made."

"I—I, for one, made no promises that were not founded on fleets, men, and money from beyond the sea!" exclaimed the old noble, while his brows lowered and his eyes gleamed under them.

"Our king has been compelled to trust somewhat to the generosity of his people. France has but half-kept her promise. The elements themselves have worked against him; but he has thrown himself on our magnanimity: and I, for one, am ready to stake all in his cause!"

"Tush! sir; you are a young man——"

"And, therefore, have much to give—everything to risk!"

Lord Lovat looked at the animated countenance of his guest, as he uttered the patriotic speech, with quizzical scrutiny. His head bent still more to one side, and he laughed a low derisive laugh.

"And what have you to give which will compare with the lands of the Frasers and the hosts of brave men that cover them?"

"I have a life, sir, and a strong arm, if nothing more!" answered the young chief, hotly.

"And how many men?" asked the old man, with another laugh.

"Enough, my lord, to defend the life and rights of their sovereign. At any rate, they are the first to step forward to his aid!"

"Nay, how many? I guess your errand and the purport of that letter; but the man who comes, even as a messenger, to the Frasers from —yes, I do not mind saying it here—from the king, should be one of note and power."

"The Macdonalds, my lord, have always the power to repel insult single-handed!" cried the chief, burning with indignation.

Again Lovat broke into a laugh.

"Tush! tush! young firebrand! I meant no insult, and never fight single-handed. Heaven save the mark! what should I do with a sword, except it were to use it for a staff! So, cool down this wrath; it reminds me too forcibly of my son, the Master of Lovat—as proud a hawk as yourself! There, now give me that letter. It will not be the first time I have seen the chevalier's hand-writing. I knew his grandmother—a woman worth risking great things for. So, now the letter!"

Lord Lovat reached forth a plump hand which looked white as a lady's under the delicate shadow of its lace ruffles, and took the letter, casting a side-glance at the flushed face of his guest.

"Wait for me here awhile. I will find a more private place wherein to read what the Prince has to say. Meanwhile you will find company in yon volumes; nay, well thought of! I will summon one who shall entertain you better than ten thousand musty tomes!"

The nobleman arose from his chair, touched the bell which stood on a table near by, and directly a servant opened the door.

"Go, tell Mistress Katharine that I have guests and desire her company in the library."

Without more ceremony Lord Lovat left the room, carrying the letter with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY BERTHA BERTON.

When the light of the Summer is waning,
And the year is growing old;
When, for long, long days, it is raining,
And the nights are frosty and cold;

And when, in the long October,
With colors of gorgeous shades,
Hath Nature been touching her pencil
To forest or still grassy glades;

When Autumn hath garnered her treasures,
And, over the forest and field,
The sunshine and shadows are mingled,
With pencil no artist may wield:

'Tis then, in the slow-deep'ning shadows
That gather o'er meadow and wood,
That I love to roam in the stillness,
Where, for ages, the old trees have stood;

And list to the low, wailing music
Of the wind, in the arms of the trees:
Like a mother, in each gentle motion,
They sway to and fro with the breeze.

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THE THIRD NIGHT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We went, my wife and I, to visit Evan Barstow, a distant connection upon my mother's side. The invitation had been a matter of great surprise to us; for since he settled in America, nearly five years previous, Mr. Barstow had, with even more than English reserve, kept himself aloof from any of his relatives in this country.

I had seen him on several occasions: a singularly cold, distant man. I should have thought him insufferably haughty, had I not fancied that I detected in his face traces of long and poignant suffering, which made me believe that some more pardonable feeling than pride or moroseness made him choose so solitary and misanthropic a life.

I had been obliged to meet him on business; but when I found that he chose to consider me the same as any stranger, curtly rejecting all invitations to visit my house, or form any nearer acquaintance, I determined that he should never be troubled by importunities or civility from me. Heaven be praised! I, Richard Morgan, and my wife, Katy, had happiness and comfort enough in ourselves without calling the world into our dear home, or submitting to the caprices of relatives whose wealth might far surpass our own.

Indeed, after the first wonderment and indignation, with which Katy received my account, I dare say we should have forgotten all about Evan Barstow and his odd humors, had they not been recalled to our recollection whenever any relatives chanced to visit us. With all the relations the stern Englishman was a favorite topic; and the stories they held good concerning him, and the fancies they conjured up in regard to his life, did great credit to the family imagination.

Perhaps those who had offered friendship on the score of kindred ties were somewhat excusable for the spite and indignation they exhibited; for Barstow had certainly treated such, one and all, with the utmost coldness, and those who made a second trial had been told, more plainly than courteously, that Mr. Barstow desired neither their good feeling nor their acquaintance.

He had purchased a property in a distant part of the state, where we lived—a lonely, worn-out farm with a house that had stood through the Revolution; and there he lived, with his two servants, as much aloof from the rest of mankind as a hair-shirted hermit buried in a cave.

Naturally I forgot the impression I had at first received—that Barstow had become so misanthropic through sorrow—and, like the rest, decided that he was probably a disagreeable old miser, who feared we were all in pursuit of his money; although, as I had enough of my own, that belief did not make me at all bitter, and I never grew offended with Katy, who persisted in pitying him. In that respect I differed from several of the far away cousins, who showed that they longed to box her ears whenever she expressed her sympathy. But my wife was too straightforward and truthful a little body to be in the slightest degree put down; and, after a time, the subject was, in a measure, dropped during the family gatherings at our house, since it betrayed symptoms of ending in something disagreeable. They hinted that he had committed some mysterious crime, and was expiating it by a life of solitude; they said people in the neighborhood where he lived declared that his house was haunted; and they marveled and fretted—and there the matter ended.

So five years elapsed, and, as we had seen none of our relatives during the past six months, Katy and I had quite forgotten Evan Barstow and his oddities, when, upon a sudden, came that invitation to visit him at Springbrook Farm.

When we opened the letter and saw the signature at the bottom of the page, we were so taken aback that we could not, for several moments, read a line, and, like other foolish mortals in similar circumstances, sat wondering what reason he could have for writing us, instead of taking the simpler method of reading the letter in order to find out.

"Will you and your wife come and visit a desolate, fanciful invalid?" he wrote. "I can extend no inducement except the consciousness you will have of showing a kindness to a solitary man. I offer no explanation or apology for my long silence. When I came to this

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country, it was to break every tie that bound me to my kind; but now, with death near, I ask you to come to me; and, from the knowledge I gained of your character during our few short interviews, I am certain that you will not refuse."

There were several lines more; then a broken sentence carefully blotted out, and the letter closed.

"Poor man! poor man!" exclaimed Katy, wiping the tears from her eyes, as I folded up the epistle. "I always said he was to be pitied. I am glad I did not believe the things they told of him."

"Are we to go?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Of course," replied my little wife, with her usual decision. "Why, Richard, you would not refuse?"

"Perhaps it would not be right; but somehow——"

"I do believe he is afraid the house is haunted!" exclaimed Katy, clapping her hands. "Just think, how romantic! Why, to visit there will be like reading one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's novels. Now we must go, Richie! Poor man! sick—perhaps dying! You cannot refuse: we should never have a moment's peace after!"

So it was settled that we should start in three days; and I dispatched a letter at once to Mr. Barstow, announcing our intention.

You may easily imagine that we set off in a state of great excitement, which only increased as we pursued our journey. We had a night's and a-half day's travel by steamboat and railway, and then learned that we had still a journey of over twenty miles to make, by carriage, before reaching Ashford, the village from which Mr. Barstow's letter was posted.

It was not far from sunset when we reached the town; and, while our driver stopped at the little inn to water his horses, I made inquiries of the landlord concerning the distance and the road to Springbrook Farm.

"Goin' to visit that Britisher?" he asked, his features fairly convulsed with surprise and curiosity. "Wal, I never know'd nobody to go there afore. Maybe you're relations?"

I did not see fit to enter into the details of my genealogy to the worthy landlord, and only repeated my questions.

"About four miles," he answered, evidently offended at my uncommunicativeness. "Keep this road till you come to the old sawmill; then turn to the left."

I returned to the carriage; but he followed me, peered at my wife, and added,

"Wal, it's the funniest thing! Guess you'll wish yourselves away the first night. Tell you what, it's a queer place if all's true folks say; and he's a queer man."

Luckily our driver was anxious to reach his journey's end with all speed and get as far back on his road that night as possible. So we drove off before the landlord's wonderment and inquiries could go further; but as long as the carriage was in sight I could see him staring after us and shaking his head.

Katy and I grew very silent. We could not converse upon indifferent subjects, and we were so impressed by our approaching arrival that we had no spirits to indulge in suppositions or fancies. The sun set, and in the gray twilight we ascended a hill crowned with a grove, in the midst of which—a man we met had told us—Springbrook was situated.

A little beyond the summit we came to a great gate. Through the trees we caught glimpses of tall chimneys looming through the gloom. Our journey was at an end.

We drove along a winding carriage road which seemed to have been cut directly through a wood, the primeval pines and hemlocks towering up on either side; and in the stillness we heard the rushing of the brook which gave its name to the place.

Soon the house was in sight. A plain brick dwelling with substantial wings—a long porch in front covered with ivies; nothing else could be made out. The driver drew up his horses before the verandah, saying,

"It don't look as if anybody lived here; it's dark as a prison."

As he spoke the door opened, and an elderly man came out on the porch, bearing, in every movement, those unmistakable signs which would make an English domestic recognizable in Kamschatka. I sprang from the carriage, and he approached.

"Is Mr. Barstow at home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It is Mr. Morgan, I suppose? Master is expecting you; please to come in."

He looked so solemn that I felt Katy shiver as I helped her out of the carriage. The man showed me into the hall, where we were met by a middle-aged woman, who received us with a courtesy as imposing as her fellow-servant's bow, and, while the man was helping the driver down with our trunks, conducted us into an unlighted room, apologizing for the darkness and making haste to light the lamps upon the mantle.

While she went to summon her master, Katy clung fast to my arm; but the apartment looked

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so commonplace and comfortable that, after a little, she subdued her nervousness and concluded to sit down.

Very soon Mr. Barstow came in. He was greatly changed since I had last seen him. His iron-gray hair had grown almost white, his tall form was bent and fearfully attenuated. He greeted us with subdued cordiality, thanked us for granting his request, and apologized for not having sent a carriage to meet us at the railway station.

"I did not receive your letter until to-day," he said, in explanation; "and it was then too late."

He showed us up to our rooms himself, said that supper would be ready when we came down, and left us to stare at each other and make hurried preparations for the meal.

"I am so glad we came!" said Katy. "He looks ill and very wretched."

I was satisfied to find that she had no misgivings, and we decided that we had done our duty. The three rooms allotted to us were large and comfortably furnished, and looked as little mysterious as possible; so that Katy quite took heart and declared that all the stories we had heard were sheer nonsense, and that our relative, in spite of his sickness and quiet manners, was a charming man.

Seated opposite him, at the supper-table, I was more shocked than ever by the change in his appearance. He could not have been much over forty; but he looked nearer sixty. He had evidently been a very handsome man; even now, wreck though he was, there were traces of that beauty left.

The evening passed pleasantly enough. Katy, woman-like, feeling it her duty to make everything cheerful, talked incessantly, and actually made our grave host smile several times.

Before the evening was over I found what it was that struck me as so peculiar in him. It was not his quiet, nor his deathly paleness; but he looked like a man in constant expectation of some dreaded event. His eyes had an expression I never before saw—dumb suspense and wild anxiety. The mouth, in repose, was compressed; but I fancied that the hopeless patience recorded more mental agony than physical suffering. At times he seemed to forget the conversation and our presence; then the wild light in his eyes deepened—and once, when a door closed violently somewhere, I saw that expression change to a look of absolute horror.

But the evening passed quietly enough; and when we went to bed Katy was so cheerful and so full of sympathy for our host, that I did not trouble her with the thoughts which beset me.

The next morning was bright and pleasant; and, while we were standing on the porch, admiring the old trees, Mr. Barstow joined us, asking, it struck me, with singular solicitude, if we had slept well.

"Never better!" Katy said, laughing. "I was asleep before my head touched the pillow."

I thought he seemed relieved, and when we went in to breakfast he was positively cheerful. Then we went about to see the house a little. It was large and commodious, and the rooms were well furnished. A door at the end of the hall led into a square passage, and when Katy asked what was beyond that, Mr. Barstow answered,

"Only my library, full of dry, old books; such works as will please you are in the breakfast-room."

He did not offer to take us into his library, although the rest of the house was free to us; and when the circuit was made, I had mentally to confess that the dwelling differed little from any other romantic old mansion.

"I keep but two servants," Mr. Barstow said, in answer to some remark of Katy; "old Philips and his wife have been with me many years—they are my friends rather than domestics."

When Katy ventured a hint about his health he was not communicative.

"I have a painful malady," was all he said. "I have exhausted the skill of physicians, now I am waiting God's time."

When he saw that his words saddened her, he took us out into the grounds, a perfect wilderness of old trees and wild flowers, where everything grew in its original untrained wildness.

We had an early dinner; then I took Katy to drive in a little one-horse chaise; after that we had tea, and so the first day passed.

"It really is pleasant," said Katy; "if I were not so anxious about poor cousin Evan I should be quite happy, everything is so odd and out-of-the-world seeming."

She had called him cousin Evan from the beginning, and he seemed pleased with it. Indeed, I saw from the very first that he took greatly to Kate—not that I wondered at it—and I was more than ever glad we had come since her presence could do him good.

During the evening Katy offered to sing to him, although he had no piano, and very sweetly her voice sounded. Barstow enjoyed it I could see, shading his eyes from the light, and yielding

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to the spell music possesses for the unhappy. I was lounging near the door to smoke my cigar at a proper distance from Katy, listening to the song, and, I confess, studying our host. Suddenly, from the square passage which led into the library, I heard a noise—I cannot describe it—a sort of rustling like heavy draperies disturbed by the wind; but there were no curtains there, and no wind to stir them.

I glanced at Barstow, he had caught the sound. Again across his features passed that look of horror; but when he saw that my wife had not noticed the noise he forced himself into stillness. The song ended. Again I heard that peculiar rustle, followed by the echo of a footstep; then a noise as if a distant door had opened.

"Excuse me one moment," said Barstow, to my wife; "when I come back I shall claim another song."

She answered laughingly, and he went out closing the door behind him; I heard him walk down the hall toward the passage. I said nothing to Katy, but I confess that all the strange stories I had heard crowded upon my mind, and a superstitious thrill shot over me.

It was some time before Barstow returned. Pale as he had before been, it was nothing in comparison to the ghastly whiteness of his features then, and the hopeless, horror-stricken look in his eyes appalled me. Yet his endurance and self-control did not desert him; he sat down, made Katy sing to him, but I saw how every sound made him glance toward the door, as a man might who knew not when it would open and some terrible object confront him.

I went to bed strangely excited; but there was nothing beyond the power of my own fancies to keep me wakeful, for the old house was quiet as the grave.

The next morning Barstow was paler and more feeble than ever, but he proposed our driving to see a famous fall some miles from his house; we were to stay at the hotel that night and return the next day. Everything passed pleasantly enough: the day was fine, the falls really a splendid sight; but I saw that Barstow's anxiety never, for one moment, left him. Katy ascribed his manner to illness; but I was certain that no bodily pain ever gave to any face the look which was upon his.

When we returned, the next day, the old servants met us quiet and respectful as ever. I saw Barstow give Philips an anxious, inquiring look, answered by a bow and a low sigh; then Barstow left us abruptly and remained alone in the library for a long time.

I went out into the garden, where I saw Philips at work and began to talk with him, but a statue could not have been much more rigid and silent.

Another evening passed, and though nothing happened, I fairly wished that Katy, at least, was back in our own snug home.

Long after she was asleep I lay watching the moonlight through the muslin curtains, and at last forgot my vague uneasiness in thoughts of a personal nature. I must have fallen almost asleep, for I was roused with a start. I sat up in bed—again I heard that peculiar sound which had disturbed me in the rooms below—it seemed to come from thence now. I could not tell whether it was fancy, or whether my hearing was strangely quickened, but I heard that rustling sound begin in the square passage, move steadily through the long hall, and there pause. I tried to laugh at my own folly, to bury my head in the pillow and go to sleep, but in vain.

The sound reached me anew; it swept up the stairs, low but distinct—it passed through the upper hall. Then I heard a door open and a step that I recognized as Barstow's; I heard him speak in a low, appealing tone. My first impulse was to start up and open the door, but I feared to alarm Katy, and so lay still. Barstow went down stairs—behind him followed that sound—rustle—rustle, with a regularity which made the blood creep in my veins.

All was still for a time; I almost succeeded in arguing myself into the belief that everything was fancy, except Barstow's step—the restlessness of an invalid had caused him to arise.

The moon set, the chamber was gray and dark, and, as the gloom grew more complete, a chill passed over me, which seemed to raise my hair on end and to freeze the blood in my veins.

I sat up in bed, overpowered by the consciousness that there was some invisible presence in the chamber. I had heard no sound; my eye, growing accustomed to the gloom, could detect nothing but familiar objects; yet the chill in my frame grew stronger, and I could *feel* that inexplicable something drawing closer and closer to the bed. I could not endure it longer. I rose, went to the table and lighted the lamp, but, except Katy and myself, there was no living thing in the room.

My wife woke and asked why I was up.

"One of my old restless fits," I said· "don't mind me. May I smoke?"

"Yes, monster," she said, laughing sleepily.

When she was again asleep, I took the lamp

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and walked through our suite of rooms; but nothing rewarded my search. I went back into the bed-room, closed and bolted the door, and sat down. The windows were shut. Nevertheless a rush of cold air swept through the apartment, followed by a loud rustling, which extinguished the light and woke Katy.

"Why on earth have you opened the window?" she asked. "The wind blows a gale. Where is the light?"

"I suppose the wind blew it out," I answered, as composedly as I could.

"Pray shut the window," she said, not well pleased at what she deemed my neglect.

I pretended to comply with her request. The rustling and the rush of cold air ceased, and I returned to bed. From that time until morning nothing disturbed the stillness, but till long after daylight I never once closed my eyes.

When we entered the breakfast-room Barstow was already there. He followed his morning salutation by his invariable question,

"And did you sleep?"

"When Richard would let me," replied Katy. "He must needs get up in the night to smoke and open a window upon me."

"Were you ill?" he asked, turning quickly toward me.

"Only restless," I said; but I felt myself color under his gaze.

"The wind must have blown hard," continued Katy. "When the window was opened there was a rush of air cold as death, and the curtains rustled dolefully."

Barstow caught at the back of his chair for support; but Katy was busy with the teacups and did not notice it.

Katy sang, sewed a little, gathered flowers, and did her best to make the house cheerful; but I confess that it was very difficult for me to appear composed, and nothing, except the folly of the thing, prevented my expressing a desire to take her away from the place.

That evening we sat, as usual, in the little parlor off the hall, and I was nearly as absent as Barstow himself.

"Cousin Evan is in pain, and Richard is stupid," said Katy, trying to be gay; although I saw that the pervading gloom was beginning to affect her. "Shall I sing to you, cousin?"

"Do, please," he answered. And she began at once a simple air which he had admired.

In the very midst of her song I heard, issuing from the square passage, that rustling sound which had grown so terrible. It swept through the hall, gathering force as it went, made Barstow start upright, and roused Katy.

"What is that?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Only the wind," I answered, seeing that Barstow could not speak. "Philips has left a door open; I will close it."

I rose, determined to find out, if possible, the meaning of this; but Barstow checked me.

"Ring the bell," said he, almost sternly. I obeyed; and when Philips came in, he ordered him to close the doors. I knew well there was no door in the hall open—I had noticed it when I entered the room; but the old servant bowed and said, apologetically,

"I forgot it, sir, when I went out to close the shutters."

Barstow asked Katy to sing again; but I saw his restlessness increase. His eyes dilated, and he wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead. Once he put his hands before his eyes as if to shut out some object visible to him alone. Katy ceased her song. No one spoke. She tried to go on with her embroidery; but I saw her hands tremble. Suddenly Barstow started to his feet like a man impelled by force rather than from any act of volition.

"I must ask you to come into the library," he said, with a suddenness and violence so unexpected and disproportionate to the words, that I fairly started, and Katy grasped my arm. Perhaps Barstow noticed the shock his words had given us; for he added, quietly,

"I always sit there of an evening, and I cannot feel at home in any other room."

Again I saw that shudder shake his frame, and the smile he had tried to force upon his lips only made their blueness more ghastly.

He rose and rang the bell.

"Are the lamps lighted in the library?" he asked, when Philips entered.

The old servant gave him a quick, frightened look; but the stern eyes fixed upon his face awed him at once, and, answering in the affirmative, he went out. But even at the door he paused, threw a glance toward my wife and me, and another appealing look upon his master. But the cold gaze was on him still. He hurried away without a word. At Mr. Barstow's request we followed him through the hall and the square passage, and, after an instant's pause, he threw open the great door that led into the library.

Katy was still clinging fast to me, and I felt a vague anticipation that something strange, perhaps terrible, was about to happen; yet my wonder and excitement mastered the feeling of dread which had before had possession of me.

The library was a large room. The walls were lined with book-cases; a great reading-

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table stood in the center of the floor, about which were gathered several easy-chairs. Two lamps burned upon the table as we entered, and several others were placed on the mantle.

"What an illumination!" said Katy, her spirits rising as she looked about. "Really, cousin Evan, although this is a gloomy sort of room, you have made it pleasant."

He faltered out some answer, but his eyes were fastened upon the farther end of the room that was filled by an immense bay window before which hung curtains of heavy dark cloth.

"Perhaps Morgan will read aloud?" he said, suddenly. "Here is a Shakspeare."

I turned to "As You Like It," and read several of the comic scenes. Katy quite forgot her uneasiness and laughed merrily; and when Barstow felt her eyes upon him, he would rouse himself and try to appear interested.

My wife was seated close by my side. My hands were resting on the book, when, suddenly, she exclaimed,

"Why, Richie, what a rude joke!"

I looked at her in astonishment.

"See, cousin Evan," she said, "he has thrown my work into the middle of the floor."

Sure enough—there it lay; but I had not stirred, nor, if I had tried, could I have thrown the thin fabric so far as it had fallen. I was about to speak; but Barstow checked me by a look. He picked up the work and restored it to her without a word. Katy thought he was offended at my boyish jest, and glanced reproachfully at me as she resumed her task and motioned me to go on.

Before I could do so she uttered an exclamation. I looked and saw the embroidery flutter from her lap as if blown by a strong wind.

"Is there such a draught here?" she asked, tremblingly.

No one answered. Instinctively I put my arm around her and drew her close to my side, while Barstow rose and stood a little before us. As we looked, the great lamp in the middle of the table was moved to the farther end; yet no one touched it—no one had moved. Two of the lights upon the mantle went out, and as Katy gave a low cry the rustling began again, sweeping steadily across the room.

"In God's name! Evan Barstow, what does this mean?" I exclaimed.

The wretched man stood rooted to the spot, his eyes glaring in the direction of the window, yet appearing to fix themselves upon some object midway in the room. Katy was clinging convulsively to me, her breath coming in quick sobs, although she did not weep.

The rustling increased, the curtains and table-covers shook as if in a wind.

"Barstow!" I cried again.

He seemed unable to turn his eyes from the spot where they were riveted; but he threw out his hand, calling, in a hollow voice,

"Go away, go away! Take her out of the room, quick!"

I drew my wife toward the door. The noise ceased; we looked back. He was standing in the same attitude.

"Oh! don't leave him, don't!" pleaded Katy, her womanly tenderness overcoming all fear.

"Call him," I whispered.

"Evan! cousin Evan!" she exclaimed; but he did not stir. "Come with us, cousin; do come!"

"I must stay," he answered, in the same unnatural tone. "Go quickly, go! Do you see them? There—it is too late! Don't look!"

The room was quiet—no strange sight visible.

"He is crazy," whispered Katy; "don't leave him."

"But you must go," I said.

"No, I will not; I am not afraid."

We went back to his side; but at that instant the noise began afresh—and the chill wind flickered the lamps.

"Do come away, cousin!" cried Katy.

He made a violent effort and turned to us.

"Take her out of the house!" he moaned. "You must not stay another moment! I did not think they would come any more. Go, go!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"This house is haunted!" he groaned. "Not this spot alone, but wherever I go! Now, do you understand? The curse has followed, even so near the grave it will not leave me."

Every feeling left me but pity for the miserable man, and Katy's face showed me that she had forgotten all fear.

"You must not stay here," cried Barstow; "take her away—I warn you—be quick!"

I heard Katy repeat a verse of a favorite prayer; then she said firmly,

"Evan, we will not go! I am not afraid—there is nothing will do me any harm."

He pleaded and struggled, pushed us almost rudely away; but I could not leave him, and no inducement would persuade Katy to quit me.

"Then you must stay!" he exclaimed, grasping our hands, as if he found comfort even in the midst of his horror.

He tottered and would have fallen had I not caught him in my arms. We placed him in an arm-chair, and in a few moments he revived.

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"I thought it was death," he muttered; "that will come soon."

We could not speak. Appalled and horror-stricken, we could not give the lie to our own senses by telling him that he suffered from diseased fancies.

Suddenly he rose from his chair, stiff and rigid he made several steps toward the window.

"There, there!" he gasped, in a horrible whisper.

"What is it?" I asked. "What do you see?"

"They are both there," he continued. "See, she pities me, she pleads with him; he turns away, but he does not look so stern. Margharetta, is death near?"

"Whom are you speaking to, Evan?" cried Katy. "There is no one there."

"Don't you see them?" he questioned, straining his eyes in the direction to which he pointed.

At that moment the rustling and movement which had continued, though faintly, during the whole time, ceased altogether. No one stirred. I could think of neither danger to Katy nor the fear she might suffer—could only gaze fixedly on the spot to which Evan still pointed.

A dull, numbing pain crept through all my nerves. I felt that some unseen intelligence was struggling with my will and trying to make itself visible to my sight. I made no effort to shake it off, I could only stare blindly before me, helpless and rigid.

Suddenly it seemed as if a mist passed before my eyes. It gathered substance—then I knew that it was no fantasy of sight; I saw a blueish white cloud growing stronger and more palpable. It separated—side by side the thin clouds rose more and more distinct.

"Margharetta!" I heard Barstow exclaim, but I could not move my eyes. Dimly through the clouds the outlines of two human figures appeared to form; then I heard a cry—I knew that Katy fell fainting in my arms, and I carried her out of the room.

When sense returned, I was in the little parlor bending over Katy; the old servant and his wife were sprinkling her face with water, and by the door leaned Evan Barstow, ghost-like and still.

"You saw it?" whispered Philips. "We never did; it's 'cause the same blood runs in your veins."

When my wife recovered, we took her up stairs and administered a powerful opiate, the effects of which made her sleep until late the next morning, while old Mabel and I watched over her; but I saw Evan Barstow no more until the next day.

When Katy woke she was very feverish, and believed that all she had seen upon the previous night had been a sick fancy, and I did my best to confirm her in that conviction. I could not permit her to rise; and, when she fell asleep again, I left Mabel to watch her.

"Where is your master?" I asked Philips, whom I met in the hall.

"In the parlor," replied the old man, who was crying like a child. "Oh, sir! he won't see another day out."

The moment I entered the room and saw his face, I knew the man was right—death was legible on Barstow's worn features.

"It is almost over," he whispered, as I bent near the sofa where he lay.

"You must have a doctor at once," I urged.

"It could do no good," he said; "they called it heart disease, said I might die any moment. You will know what killed me, Morgan."

During the day I divided my time between Katy's room and his. She was in a state which caused me considerable alarm.

Barstow grew weaker as night came on, and insisted upon being helped into the library.

"They call me," he said; "I must go."

Barstow lay upon a low couch and I watched over him, disturbed at times by strange noises, which seemed to proceed from several quarters of the room at once.

"I shall die to-night!" Evan said. "Richard, can you bear to stay, or must I die alone?"

"I will stay," I replied.

He lay quiet for some time, his eyes fixed upon the window—mine wandered there too, but saw nothing.

"I must tell you," he gasped suddenly; "they force me to tell you."

He began abruptly the story of his life, speaking rapidly and with an energy I had never seen him exhibit.

"I was in Naples in 183–, I was young, but of a gloomy, retiring disposition. I met a young Italian, Margharetta Lusini, and loved her with all the intensity of my strange, jealous nature.

"She lived with an old uncle, a retired, lonely life, and it was but natural that she should return my affection. We were to be married, but from some inexplicable reason Margharetta several times postponed our wedding day. At last I grew mad with jealousy; I could not understand her hesitation at leaving Naples, where she had few friends, and where, as she told me, all of her family had been wronged by the government. But she would give no reason, perhaps she hardly understood how jealous I was, and for the third time the day of our marriage was postponed.

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"I left her house that evening frantic, almost cursing her and myself, and vowing to go away forever. I started for my lodgings, but half way there I turned back; for hours I wandered near her dwelling, impelled to do so by the mad passion which had taken possession of me.

"It must have been long after midnight when I saw a man steal through the little court-yard of her habitation, which was situated upon the ground floor of a deserted old dwelling. I followed in his footsteps, saw the door open, saw Margharetta admit him. Then I understood all—she was faithless! My first impulse was to rush in and kill him before her eyes; but I checked it. I crept round to a little balcony over which I climbed, and through the window draperies could look into the chamber. Margharetta was standing with her head upon the shoulder of the young man, his arms were about her waist, and she was weeping passionately. 'You must not come again,' she said; 'think if you were seen—the officers would arrest you.'

"Like lightning a fiendish plot shot through my brain; I could punish her more terribly than by giving him a death-blow before her eyes. I crept away, gained the street, and sought the nearest guard-house, warned the officer that a man, of whom they were in search, was in the dwelling I had left. A party of men sallied out at once, and I followed. I heard Margharetta's shrieks, saw the young man dragged forth; and, starting forward, I cried out, 'It is I did this, woman—this is my revenge!'

"With a cry she fell senseless upon the ground; the prisoner turned upon me like a tiger, but he was overpowered and carried away. There I stood until Margharetta came to her senses, never, never approaching her. She raised herself and saw me standing there. 'God forgive you,' she groaned, 'you have murdered my brother!'

"It was true. It was her brother whom I had doomed in my frenzy, and she had not dared hint, even to me, the knowledge of his presence there. Nothing availed—no tidings could be gained of the prisoner. Three days after Margharetta died, forgiving me with her last breath.

"For months I lingered in Naples little less than mad. At last I discovered the prison in which Lusini was confined. I believed myself dying—I must have his pardon first. From the king himself I obtained permission to visit the captive. I found him in a dungeon, chained hand and foot. He knew me at once; before I could speak he lifted his voice and cursed me. 'I shall die at last,' he said; 'then I will haunt you. I will force Margharetta to pursue you—you shall have no peace—no home—no friends.'

"I cannot repeat his words—I fell fainting before he had finished. For several years I wandered aimlessly about. At last my house became filled with fearful sounds. I knew that Paolo was dead. Since that time I have had no peace. Go where I might those horrors followed. People shunned me as one accursed; only that faithful old couple clung to me. I came to America, there was no escape! Night after night the murdered man stood before me, dragging Margharetta by the hand. I thought at last I was forgiven. With death near, I believed that I might send for some of my own kindred; but the consolation of having you near me without any of those terrible sights or sounds was not permitted.

"They will come once more, perhaps to bring my pardon."

As the words left his lips he sprang upright.

"They come!" he whispered—"there!"

Again I saw the blue cloud form—separate—the outlines of human figures shaped themselves under the veil.

"Margharetta!" cried Barstow. "She smiles—she beckons—he consents. I am forgiven—I can die at last!"

He fell back upon the couch. I could not move—could only watch that dim cloud approaching nearer and nearer. The door opened. I heard my wife's voice in a cry of fear and agony—heard her fall heavily upon the floor. Then the cloud swept nearer and nearer the couch till it hovered over Barstow. I heard a low sigh; and when I looked again the phantoms had disappeared, and Evan Barstow was dead.

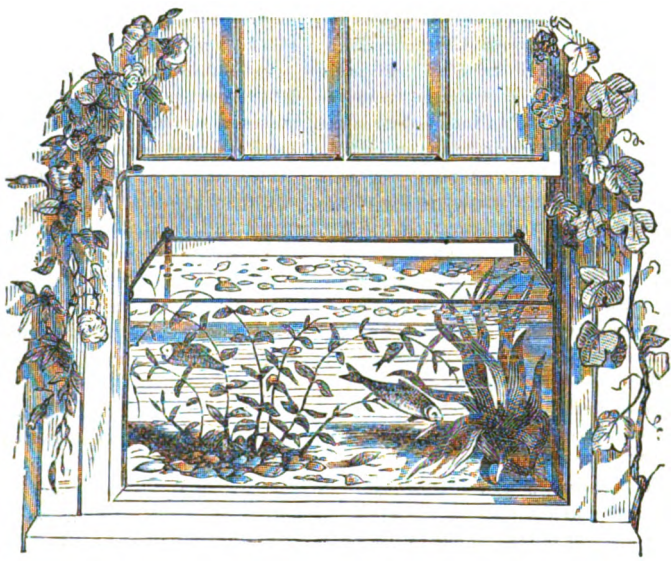
I took my wife away from the house, and three days after Barstow was buried. She was raving for weeks in a brain fever, and years elapsed before she recovered from the shock of those nights. As for myself, my hair the next morning was iron gray, just as you see it now.



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A CHEAP AND SIMPLE AQUARIUM.

BY H. J. VERNON.



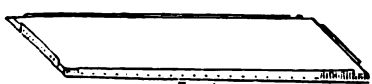


Fig 1

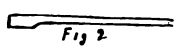


Fig 2

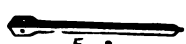
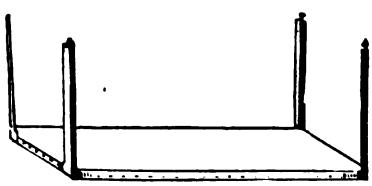


Fig 3



Some time ago I conceived the idea that with a little care and thought I might construct an Aquarium; and, being fond of Natural History, I determined to make the attempt.

My first considerations were of what kind and shape I should make it, and where should it stand? I speedily fixed all the points, and decided upon a glass tank of such size and form as would fit in a window, which, having an aspect toward the west, appeared suitable for the purpose.

The sill of the window was 2 feet 8 inches; and its breadth 6½ inches; the height of the first row of panes 11½ inches. I procured from a glazier two sides, two ends, and a bottom, of the proper dimensions, cut from thick glass. The sides were each 2 feet 7 inches by 10½ inches: the ends each 10½ inches by 5½ inches, and the bottom 2 feet 7 inches by 5½ inches. I also obtained, from a carpenter, a well-dried inch-board, 2 feet 7½ inches long, and 5¾ inches broad.

This was for the bottom, and you will perceive that when the glass intended for the bottom was fastened down to it, there would be a space of one-eighth of an inch all round (equal to the thickness of the glass).

I next fastened to each edge of this board a

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straight planed lath, an inch and a half broad, which, therefore, stood half an inch above the surface of the board.

The laths did not come quite to the corners of the board, for I left a space of an inch on each side of every angle. This board, with the lath at its edges, is represented in figure 1.

I now cut out, from the same lath (which was a quarter of an inch thick), two pieces, in the form of figure 2. Both were 11½ inches long; and the first was five-eighths of an inch broad at the top, and one inch at the bottom; the other was seven-eighths of an inch broad at the top, and an inch and a quarter at the bottom. These, by means of a little glue and sprigs, I fastened together at right angles at the edges, and stuck a little brass ornament on the top, when it presented the appearance of figure 3. The greater width at the bottom extends upward for an inch and a half; and you will perceive that when this was applied to one of the corners of the board, figure 1, it would just fit in the opening. As I wanted four of these, viz: one for each corner, and as they must be very strong, I took this model to an iron foundry, and obtained four castings from it.

Two screw holes were now drilled through each, not opposite to each other, for then the screws would meet in the wood, but in the positions shown by the small circles in figure 3.

Having now obtained the standards, I screwed them firmly to the corners for which they were intended, which completed the vessel as far as is represented in figure 4.

It now remained to fit in the glass. For this purpose I procured some putty from the glazier. I first spread some putty all round the edge of the board forming the bottom, and put a few portions in the middle; it is not necessary to cover all the board; if the edges are carefully done all round, and a little in the middle, the glass will be held quite firmly, leaving a margin of an eighth of an inch all round.

The inside of the standards, which I first painted with white paint, now had some putty applied to them, and the sides and ends filled in. A slight framework round the top completes the vessel.

No white lead should be allowed to get inside, as it will prove injurious to the fish.

After remaining in this state for a few days, and being tried and found water-tight, it was time to think of stocking it. I covered the bottom with sand, which I washed several times previously to remove the clay which was mixed with it, added a few pebbles, also washed and scrubbed very clean with a brush, and then filled up with rain water.

In half an hour the sand had all subsided, and left the water clear; if the sand had not been well washed before using it, this operation would have required several days, and even then have been liable to be stirred up easily.

I then obtained some aquatic plants from a pond, and planted them in the sand at the bottom; afterward, I procured some fish—but yet I lacked a few water insects. To catch these, I set forth early in the morning, armed with a walking-stick, a piece of stout wire, a small net, and a vessel to contain and carry home my specimens.

I bent the wire into a circular form, put the net on it, and attached them to the end of my walking-stick. With this instrument I soon captured several insects, and two or three fresh-water shell-fish, which, on my return, were speedily transferred to their future home.

I would strongly recommend any person who is fond of Natural History—who delights to study and observe the habits of animals—and who can, as it were, converse with a frog or a lizard, to construct one of these Aquariums, as even if they possess little mechanical skill they can scarcely fail, and with regard to specimens cannot go wrong.

The total cost of mine was about one dollar. Little trouble is required to keep it in order—removing decayed leaves, and adding more inhabitants when the vessel appears capable of sustaining them, constitute the chief points of care.

Some recommend that the water should never be changed, and others that a small quantity of water should be taken out every day, and an equal quantity very gently added. I follow the latter practice.

EDGING FOR CHEMISE.



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PENDANT PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—¼ yard of velvet; 1 spool of gold thread; some embroidery silk; ½ yard of silk cord; 2 yards of ribbon.

This Cushion may be made either of velvet or silk. We give the full-sized pattern in the front of the number: allow for the seams.

The pattern is to be embroidered with gold thread and silk. The outlines of the flowers and the border are to be done with the gold, in the following manner: Lay the thread upon the pattern and sew it down with sewing silk, (same color as the embroidery silk,) making an overhand stitch at equal distances (thus – – –), fill in the flowers and leaves with the embroidery silk. Stuff the cushion with wool or bran, and suspend with the cord. Finish with bows of ribbon as designed. Only one side need to be embroidered.

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BRAIDED SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is a very pretty pattern for a Sofa-Cushion, to be braided in merino or velvet; the colors to be arranged according to the taste of the person making it.

NOTE-BOOK IN LEATHER AND VELVET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE engraving of this appeared in the January number, without any description, none being thought necessary. But, as a correspondent has asked for one, we now give it.

MATERIALS.—Fine gray leather; brown and black velvet; shaded green embroidery silk; cherry embroidery silk; gold cord; fine bullion; black beads.

Place the leather for both sides in the frame without cutting. The palm is of brown velvet, and the trimming (that is the long end) is black velvet. Cut out the palm, sew in on the leather, covering the edges with the gold cord as seen in the design. The vein in the palm is the stem, gold cord, the little dots on the outside, beyond the balls, are black beads, and those between the gold cord (which forms the stems to the balls), are gold beads. The centers of the balls are filled with cherry silk, and the leaves at the bottom of palm are of the shaded green silk, bordered with gold cord. Send to the pocket-book manufactory to be made up.

BOY'S CAP IN PLAIN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

FOR the engraving of this Cap, see the front of the number.

MATERIALS.—¼ oz. brown double zephyr; ¼ oz. white double zephyr; ¼ oz. Flosselle silk, black; coarse cotton cord, brown or black.

Crochet over the cord with the brown wool,

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in plain crochet, beginning with six or eight stitches. Widen enough to keep the work flat, until you have 25 rows for the top of crown; be sure to have 200 stitches on the 25th row of the crown, it must measure 16½ centimeters across the top.

The next row begins the side of the cap. Work 23 rows, and only widen 11 stitches in the whole side; turn the cap so as to begin on the wrong side, for the rim, which should turn up all round.

1*st Row.*—Brown.

2*nd Row.*—White.

3*rd Row.*—White, widen to 224 stitches.

4*th Row.*—White, widen 26 times in the whole row. Make 12 stitches of white and 2 of black floss silk. Repeat this 18 times around the cap.

5*th Row.*—Make 1 white stitch over the last black one of 4th row, and then 2 black ones, to form the pattern.

6*th Row.*—Same as 5th row, and exactly over it.

7*th Row.*—Like the 4th row.

8*th*, 9*th*, *and* 10*th Rows.*—All white.

11*th Row.*—Like the 4th and 7th, only observing to make the black spots come in the center, or between those of the lower row.

12*th*, 13*th*, *and* 14*th Rows.*—Like the 8th, 9th, and 10th.

Finish with 3 rows of white, 1 row of black silk; the last row of brown zephyr; black zephyr may be substituted for the spots if the silk cannot conveniently be procured.

KNITTED COLLAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the engraving of this Collar see front of number.

Materials.—Finest knitting-needles; cotton, Nos. 40 or 50.

1*st Row.*—28 stitches, knit plain.

2*nd Row.*—Seam.

3*rd Row.*—Knit 25 stitches, seam, wrap the thread 3 times and knit 3 seam.

4*th Row.*—4 stitches plain, 1 seam, and 26 plain.

5*th Row.*—Plain.

6*th Row.*—Bind off 3, seam to the end.

7*th Row.*—Seam.

8*th Row.*—Plain.

9*th Row.*—25 stitches plain, wrap 3 times and knit 3 plain.

10*th Row.*—4 seam, 1 plain, 26 seam.

11*th Row.*—Seam.

12*th Row.*—Bind off 3, and knit out plain; 150 plain and 150 seam rows are sufficient for the collar. Finish off at the neck with 1 row long and 1 row short crochet, to shape it.

SOAP-BAG FOR TOILET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the engraving of this Soap-Bag see front of number.

Materials.—½ oz. white single zephyr; 2 skeins crimson or scarlet zephyr; two fine steel knitting-needles.

With the white wool cast on 100 stitches.

1*st Row.*—Four plain and four seam.

2*nd Row.*—Four seam and four plain.

3*rd Row.*—Like 1st.

4*th Row.*—Like 2nd.

5*th Row.*—Four seam and four plain.

6*th Row.*—Four plain and four seam.

7*th Row.*—Like 5th.

8*th Row.*—Like 6th.

Repeat one hundred and fifty rows in this way, then bind off.

For the Pocket.—Cast on 36 stitches. Knit in black same as before until you have 52 rows. Crochet 1 white and 1 red row; crochet right tight around the pocket, then sew it on the bag. Finish off the bag with 1 row white and 1 row red in crochet. For the handle, crochet 25 stitches in white and turn, then do 1 row of crimson, same as round the bag.

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HOSPITAL SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THESE slippers are made of carpet, lined with Canton flannel. Cut the carpet all in one piece exactly after the diagram (the full-size of which is given by the number of inches designated); line the slipper with lead-colored Canton flannel, cutting the flannel one inch larger than the outside. Hem the lining down on to the outside of the shoe, then shape it. Sew it up on the top of the foot by joining D D and C C together. Then sew the toe together. The heel is formed by turning up the middle section marked A A as far as it is notched, then fold the inside over it, joining B B and E E together. Hem the lining around the top of the foot over on to the outside, and the shoe is complete.

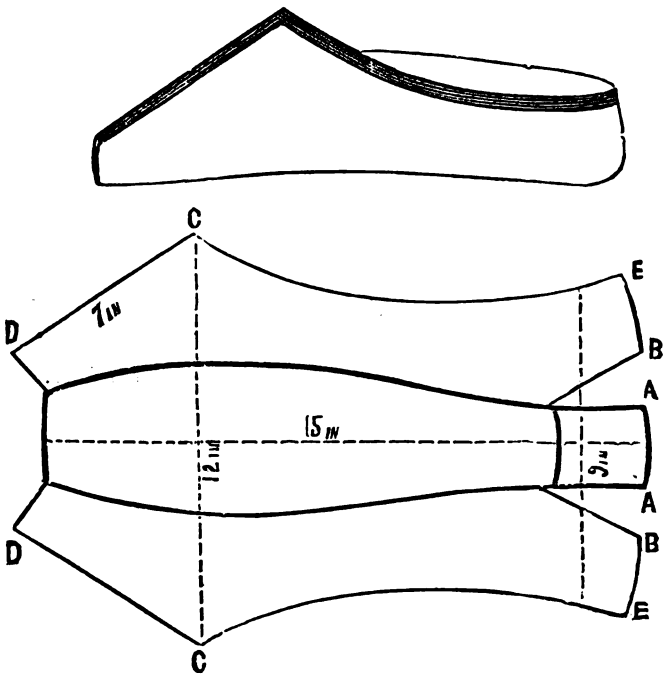
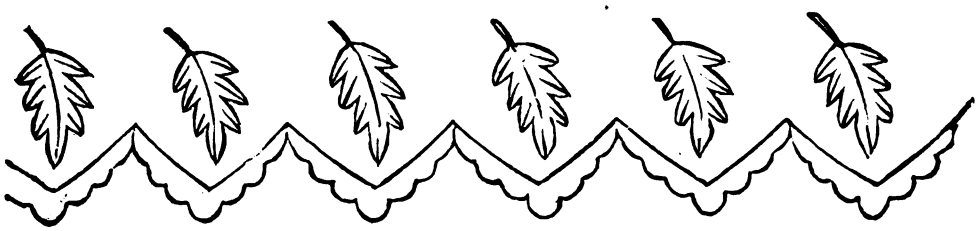


DIAGRAM OF HOSPITAL SLIPPERS.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EDGING ON SILK.



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.

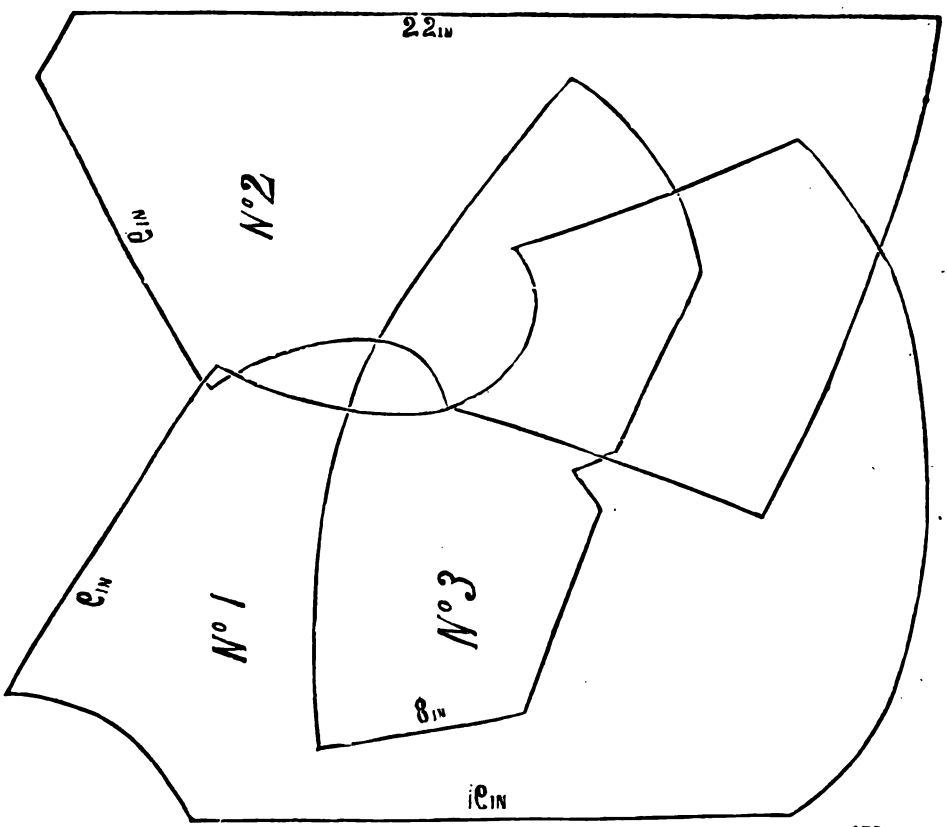
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BLACK VELVET CARACO.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE pattern in this number is that of a black velvet *Caraco*. In the pattern, we have rounded the corners of front, many ladies preferring them thus, to being left square, and it is much easier to leave them square, than to round them gracefully. In the Costume, the sleeve is the wide pagoda, but we consider the sleeve shaped at the elbow will be more useful, as it is likely to be a favorite style of sleeve, both for dresses and jackets during the present season. This *Caraco* may be trimmed in various ways, either braided, embroidered, or *en application*, the same as that in our engraving.

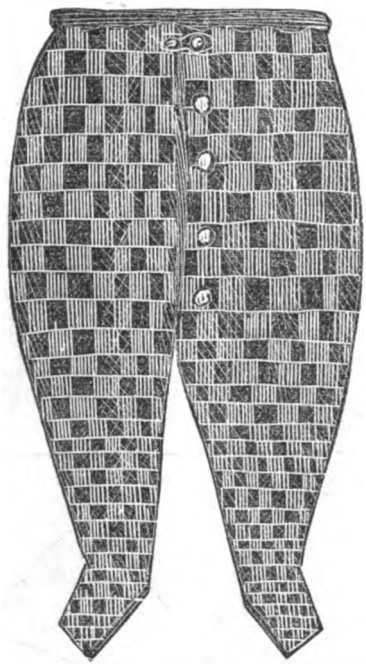




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KNITTED DRAWERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Oz. double zephyr; pair wooden needles, about one-quarter of an inch thick; pair No. 10 steel needles.

Cast on 50 stitches.

1*st Row.*—Knit plain.

2*nd Row.*—Purl.

3*rd Row.*—Knit plain.

4*th Row.*—Purl. Repeat this until you have knitted 24 rows.

25*th Row.*—Take off the 1st stitch without knitting, then bring the thread forward and knit one. Kepeat this to the end of the needle.

26*th Row.*—Knit plain.

27*th Row.*—Purl.

28*th Row.*—Knit plain.

29*th Row.*—Purl. Repeat until you have knit 12 rows.

Put 15 stitches plain for each side of the front, and knit the center stitches of the back in blocks of 4 stitches each, that is, knit 4 stitches plain, then 4 stitches purl (allowing 13 stitches purled for the center of the back). Repeat this until you have 3 rows knit.

The 15 stitches for the fronts are not to be knitted in the three rows just described, the back only to be knit, in order to make the back 3 rows longer than the fronts. Seam or purl 1 row between every block. Make two blocks in this way for the back, and knit to the end of the needle in the seam.

Then knit in blocks all the way out, (observing to make the blocks come evenly one over the other,) picking up 4 stitches on each side where you have knit the back longer. Continue these blocks until you have 13 ribs or rows of blocks. In the middle of the back, in the block that has the 13 stitches, narrow 1 stitch in every other block, so that when you have the 13 rows of blocks completed, you will have but 6 stitches in the middle block, which at the beginning had 13 stitches. Now change the needles, using the steel ones, divide the stitches

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in half and close the leg by using 4 needles. Knit 4 rows of blocks without narrowing, then knit 12 rows of blocks, narrowing 1 stitch in every row of blocks in the inside of the leg, then knit 4 rows of blocks without narrowing. Then take the 12 center stitches for the top of the foot and knit 3 rows of blocks, pick up all the stitches around the foot and knit plain 1 row, purl 1 row, knit plain 1 row, purl 1 row. Bind off. Do the other leg in the same manner. Then pick up all the stitches (on the right side of the work) in front on both sides, and knit 6 rows purl and 6 rows plain alternately. Bind off. Hem the right side down and sew 4 large porcelain buttons on it. In the 4th row of the left side you must make 4 buttonholes, and hem the half of the 8 rows down so as to meet the buttonholes. Hem down the top (at the waist) to the row of holes, and finish with cord and tassels.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Feminine Decorations in Different Countries.—The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The blackest teeth are considered the most beautiful in Guzerat, and in some parts of America; while in Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she were not plastered with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of she-goats; and, to make them so, their youth is passed in the torture of small wooden shoes.

In some countries, mothers break the noses of their children; and in others, they press the head between two boards that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair. The Turkish women, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The Indian is thickly smeared with bear's fat. In China small eyes are not admired. The Turkish ladies dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows, to cause them to appear prominent, and they tinge their nails with a rose-color. The female head-dress is, in some countries, singularly extravagant. The Chinese fair one carries on her head the figure of a bird: this bird is composed of copper or gold, according to the quality of the person; the wings, which are spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples; the tail is long and open, and forms a beautiful tuft of feathers; the beak shades the top of the nose, and the neck is fastened to the body by a spring, that it may freely play, and undulate at the slightest motion.

Bruce writes, as the climax of female decorations, his description of the favorite queen of Senaar:—"A ring of gold passed through her under lip, and weighed it down till it almost covered her chin, leaving her teeth bare, which were very small and very fine; the inside of her lip was blackened with antimony; her ears reached down to her shoulders, and had the appearance of wings; there was a gold ring in each of them, about five inches in diameter, and somewhat thinner than a man's little finger; the weight of this had drawn down the hole where her ear was pierced so much that three fingers might easily pass above the ring. Her neck was adorned with a gold necklace of several rows, one above the other, to which were hung rows of perforated sequins, and upon her ankles were two rings of gold, larger than those used for chaining felons." Another of the wives, in addition to these, "had chains coming from her ears to the outside of each nostril, where they were fastened. A ring was also put through the gristle of her nose, and it hung down to the opening of her mouth; having altogether something of the appearance of a horse's bridle."

The Most Brilliant in the Field.—We promised that our January number should excel anything of the kind ever published; and the press, everywhere, pronounces that we have kept our word. As a type of scores of notices to this effect, we copy the following from the Boston (Mass.) Traveler:—"The January number of *Peterson's Magazine*, which is received by A. Williams & Co., is the most brilliant periodical of the season. It has seventy-five engravings and fifty-three articles, and in every way appeals to readers of discernment. Among the embellishments is a pattern for Ornamental Basket in Berlin-Work, in twelve colors."

A Woman of Good Taste.—The London Quarterly Review has a capital sketch of "the woman of taste." It says: You see her turning a cold eye to the assurance of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or, at least, made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cording. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh; and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowledge of the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well-informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

To Knit a Mitten with One Finger.—Cast on three needles sixty-four or more stitches according to the size desired, and knit about two inches of ribbing; then, at the middle of one of the needles, bring in the thread to make an eyelet to begin the widening for the thumb; then knit one round, knitting in that stitch; on the next round, make an eyelet on each side of the first one, and so on every second round, making the eyelet to the right or left of the previous one, widening until about seventeen holes are made on each row; then, take off all these extra stitches on a string, cast on five or six stitches and knit one round, narrow one stitch at each end of the cast-on stitches, and again at the second round; then, knit until time to make the finger, and take off on a string one-fourth of the stitches, dividing them equally on each side of a line with the thumb, cast on four or five stitches to make room between the fingers, knit one round, and narrow one at each end of the cast-on stitches, knit as long as you wish the mitt, then narrow and finish. Thumb—Put on the stitches from the string, fasten the thread at the right hand side, knit on until you come to the cast-on stitches, take up like for the heel of a stocking, knit one round; then narrow at each end of the cast-on stitches until the thumb is reduced to the size desired, knit until long enough and finish. Finger—Take up the stitches off the string, narrow one or more stitches, knit as long as the mitt.

Instructions in Netting.—In a former volume of this Magazine we gave full instructions in netting, which were subsequently republished in our "Dictionary of Needlework." We make this statement, in reply to M. A., as well as other correspondents.

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OUR LITERARY MATTER.—We make no idle boast when we say that the stories of this Magazine are very much better than those of periodicals of its class. Such tales as "A New Cinderella," "The Mirror-Room," and "The Locked Chamber," in our January number, are rare even in the best English magazines; and "The Third Night" and other stories, in this number, are hardly inferior. The Whitewater (Wisconsin) Register, among other papers, calls attention, particularly, to this fact. It says:—"The January number of Peterson's magnificent Two Dollar Monthly, is quite equal, in all respects, so far as we can see, to any number of a magazine yet printed in America. It is handsomely embellished with engravings on steel, and fine wood cuts, *and its literary matter is better than* that of any illustrated monthly in this country. In this latter respect, we place Peterson in advance of all its cotemporaries. C. J. Peterson, its editor, commences, in this number, one of his characteristic novelets, 'The Murrays of Murray House,' and the opening chapters promise a tale of sustained interest and power. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens also begins a new story, 'The Jacobite's Daughter,' and those familiar with her writings need not be told that this will be a work of great and thrilling interest. Other well known writers will also contribute to 'Peterson,' and fully sustain its established reputation."

A NURSERY THOUGHT.—Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the little feet patter round to us so aimlessly? Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, and rolling and reaching, and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love which so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied. A busy creature is a little child—to be looked upon with awe as well as delight, as its clear eyes look trustingly into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask; as it sits down in its little chair to ponder precociously over the white lie you thought it "funny" to tell it; as, rising and leaning on your knee, it says, in a tone which should provoke a tear, not a smile, "I don't believe it." A lovely and yet fearful thing is that little child.

HOW TO CARRY FLOWERS.—When sent by mail nothing is better than wrapping them in oiled paper; when carried otherwise, a piece of wet sponge fastened inside a woolen box, or layers of wet brown paper, or wet flannel as a lining to the box, or freshly gathered cabbage leaves, with their under side placed next the flowers, are unobjectionable. If the box is of tin, well secured at the lid, then a source of moisture is less requisite, for the leaves and flowers themselves will form an atmosphere of sufficient dampness for a short time. Another method, which answers extremely well when flowers are gathered in dry weather, is, as soon as they are cut, to throw them into a bag, like a carpet-bag, made of mackintosh. If the snap of such an article closes well, flowers will remain fresh all day long in a broiling sun, as some botanical travelers well know. The reason why such flowers are preserved is still the same—the air around them is damp. Those who hunt after wild flowers, or ferns, should provide themselves with a bag of this description.

OUR BERLIN-WORK PATTERN.—We give, in this number, another of our beautiful Berlin patterns in colors. The present one is double-sized as well as chaste and beautiful.

FACTS ABOUT MILK.—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If milk is therefore desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on that account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thunder weather. The season has its effects—the milk in the spring is supposed to be best for calves, in summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn the butter keeping better than that of summer. Cows less frequently milked than others give rich milk, and consequently much better. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

WANTED, INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.—An intended bride, who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began. Twenty fashionable young ladies, who dare to be seen wielding a dusting brush, or darning their brothers' stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call. The same number of independent young ladies of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnet to church on a fine Sunday. The same number of young ladies, "who are anybody," who dare to be seen in the street wearing shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm. The same number of young ladies of sufficient age "to go in company," who dare confess they ever made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

A DOLLAR CHEAPER.—Recollect, when getting up clubs, that this Magazine is a dollar cheaper than others of a similar class. On this subject the Oswego (N. Y.) Times says:—"The three dollar monthlies will have to be up and doing, or PETERSON will distance them in the race. Although the Magazine costs but two dollars a year, and still lower to clubs, it is not a whit behind those that cost one-third more."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hickory Hall; or, The Outcast. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Since the war began, book-publishers have been comparatively idle. A few firms, however, exhibit enterprise; and among these are T. B. Peterson & Brothers. These publishers, moreover, understand the important truth, that, in times like these, people must have cheap reading, or they will go without. When a Magazine can be had for one dollar and a quarter a year, and when that Magazine contains as much as four or five of the novels usually sold at that price, readers will take the Magazine first. The only way for book-publishers to find a market is to print books at lower prices. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are doing this. They have issued Dickens' last novel, "Great Expectations," in fifty cent and twenty-five cent editions, "For Better and Worse" in a twenty-five cent edition, and now "Hickory Hall," one of Mrs. Southworth's most absorbing fictions, in a fifty cent edition. "Hickory Hall" has never before appeared in book-form, though our old subscribers will remember it, under its second title of "The Outcast," as having been published, in this Magazine, in 1858. To those who have not read it, and who desire a thrilling story, we can recommend it as sure to gratify their wish.

The Lady's Almanac for the Year 1862. 1 *vol.*, 32 *mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.*—A very pretty little volume, handsomely embellished.

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The Physical History of the Creation of the Earth and its Inhabitants. By Eli Bowen. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a work not to be dismissed with a word or two only. Its purpose is to vindicate the cosmogony of the Bible from the assaults of modern science; and such a treatise necessarily involves not only a careful, but an extended analysis also, on the part of the critic. At present we want both leisure to write and space to print such a criticism. We will say, however, that, from a rapid reading of the book, we derive a very favorable impression of the author's argumentative powers, as also of his scientific knowledge, and that we hope soon to be able to study the treatise carefully, in which event we shall not hesitate to lay the result of our observations before the reader.

The Sutherlands. By the author of "Rutledge." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton, late Rudd & Carleton.—This new novel appears just as we are going to press. It is, in no respect, equal to "Rutledge." It would have attracted little attention, or none at all, if it had not been preceded by that very popular book. We were one of the few, who, while admitting the freshness of "Rutledge," denied its merits as a work of art, and questioned the ability of its writer to succeed in future efforts. Our opinion has been verified by "Sutherlands." We have several lady-contributors to "Peterson" who could write a far better fiction.

In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Rarely has so beautiful an edition of any work been published in America. The paper is of that creamy tint which all book-fanciers love; the type is elegant; and the printing is equal to that of an early Bible. The admirers of Tennyson owe a debt of gratitude to Ticknor & Fields for this edition.

The Stokesley Secret; or, How the Pig Paid the Rent. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This new work for juveniles, by Miss Younge, will be welcomed by a large circle of readers. It appears, too, at an appropriate season. The story is well written. Several illustrations embellish the volume.

HORTICULTURAL.

Moss instead of Soil for Flower-Pots.—Fill a flower-pot with coarse moss of any kind, in the same manner as it would be filled with earth; plant a cutting or plant in this moss. Most plants will grow better in moss than in garden mould, because the moss, pressed into the pot and subjected to frequent waterings, is soon brought into a state of decomposition, and becomes a pure vegetable mould; and this, as is well known, is the best material for the growth of nearly all kinds of plants. Another advantage of the moss is, that it does not absorb more moisture than is adapted to the absorbent powers of the root—a condition which can scarcely be obtained with any certainty by the use of earth. For transporting plants to a distance, also, it is well to root them in moss on account of its lightness.

Hyacinths thrive admirably in glasses filled with moss instead of water. For this purpose the darkest glasses should be selected. Care must be taken to supply water regularly to prevent the moss from becoming dry.

Ivy for Bay-Windows.—A pot of English ivy on each side of a bay-window will soon give it the appearance of a summer bower. It is a hardy plant that will thrive in any part of the house, provided it be kept moist. To insure this condition, it is best to put the pot containing the ivy into a larger one, and fill the space between with moss, which must be kept constantly soaked. The German ivy is of a thinner texture than the English, and, unlike the latter, requires sun and light to keep it in a thrifty state. In a sunny window it grows very rapidly.

A bay-window festooned with ivy, and adorned with a few camelias, azaleas, geraniums, or similar plants in full bloom, will add more to the appearance of the drawing-room than the costliest articles of *vertu*. It is, in effect, a miniature conservatory, and one which frequently affords more pleasure than the large and well-appointed one, for whose well-being the gardener alone is responsible. We need not suggest the addition of song-birds to the "winter bower," as adding immeasurably to the charm: or a few hanging-baskets and vases, filled with pendulous fuchsia and trailing verbenas in all their rich variety of colors, resting gracefully on their moss-like cushion of flexible lycopodium, (lycopodium flexuosa.)

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET, ETC.

To Keep the Hands White and Soft.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to ensure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon-juice will restore their whiteness for the time. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. It is made thus:—Beat up four ounces of bitter almonds, add to them three ounces of lemon-juice, three ounces of almond oil, and a little weak spirits of wine and ether. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest:—Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose-water. Gloves should always be worn by ladies on exposure to the atmosphere.

To Clean Gold Ornaments.—Dissolve a little sal ammoniac in spirits of wine, and wash the gold in it; or, try the following method: Mix some jeweler's rouge with a little salad oil, and with a tooth-brush rub the ornament till perfectly clean. Then wash it in warm soap and water with a clean brush, and dry it with wash leather.

To Remove Stains from Mourning Dresses.—Boil a good handful of fig-leaves in two quarts of water till reduced to a pint. Bombazine, crape, cloth, etc., need only be rubbed with a sponge dipped in the liquor, and the effect will be instantly produced.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

The Universal Traveler; or, A New Way of Playing at Jack Of All Trades.—The traveler quits the room; all the rest fix respectively on the country they wish to represent, somewhat in this fashion:—A Turkish lady twists a handkerchief for her turban, and with a stick appears to be smoking a pipe as she reclines on a cushion. A German student may be represented with mock knapsack, book, turned down collar, and singing a Rhine song; a German lady should be knitting with feet on the stove. A Laplander, warmly wrapped, should be shown by appearing to drive reindeer, which may be represented by chairs turned down, and a hearth-rug over his knees. A gipsy's tent may be easily contrived, and other countries similarly personated; and when all are ready, the Traveler comes into the room, and endeavors to guess what nation each represents by their appearance, occupation, etc.

The Nosegay of Flowers.—One of the tallest boys present holds at arm's length a piece of wood or stiff card, about six inches square, on which is placed a small bouquet of real or artificial flowers; and the board is suspended by four strings, one from each corner, to the end of a stick,

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which the boy holds at the other end. Taking his place at the side of the room, he calls out,

"The blind man's bride sits alone in her bower,
As yet undecked by a single flower."

Upon this, another person comes forward, and being placed at eight feet distance from the challenger, and carefully blinded, takes a small wand in his right hand, and manfully steps forward, in hopes of walking straight to the bouquet, which, if he succeeds in hitting the board so as to shake it to the ground, becomes his to present to a young girl, previously selected and seated on the sofa, or an easy-chair. Should he fail, the challenger takes off the covering from his eyes, saying,

"Go, worthless knight, and banish'd be,
From this noble company."

Others try to do better, and the game is closed by tying as many bouquets as have been won into a wreath, which is then placed on the head of the same young girl, the rest of the party singing or saying,

"Gentle bride, we bind thy hair
With a wreath both sweet and fair:
She who's sworn the blind to cheer,
Unto every heart is dear;
So upon thy youthful brow
Place the crown of honor now.
May thy life-time, strew'd with flowers,
Be happy as these evening hours."

TABLE RECEIPTS.

CRUMPETS.

To a pint and a-quarter
Of warm milk and water
Add one tablespoonful of yeast,
An egg, and a small
Pinch of salt, and beat all
Up for twenty-two minutes at least;
Then set by the batter,
To rise or grow fatter,
And, when it is ready, procure
A large ring that will take
In a cupful, and bake
Till the top of it looks of a pure
Auburn color; then turn it,
Lest the oven should burn it;
And, as soon as the other side's brown,
You may take it away
Without further delay,
And, in like manner, put others down.

Beef Fritters.—Take the remains of cold roast beef, pepper and salt to taste, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pint of water, two ounces of butter, the whites of two eggs. Mix very smoothly, and, by degrees, the flour with the above proportion of water; stir in two ounces of butter, which must be melted, but not oiled; and, just before it is to be used, add the whites of two well-whisked eggs. Should the batter be too thick, more water must be added. Pare down the cold beef into thin shreds, season with pepper and salt, and mix it with the batter. Drop a small quantity at a time into a pan of boiling lard, and fry from seven to ten minutes, according to the size. When done on one side, turn and brown them on the other. Let them dry, for a minute or two, before the fire, and serve on a folded napkin. A small quantity of finely-minced onions, mixed with the batter, is an improvement. The fritter will take from seven to ten minutes to cook.

Haricot of Mutton.—Take the remains of cold neck or loin of mutton, two ounces of butter, three onions, one dessertspoonful of flour, half a pint of good gravy, pepper and salt to taste, two tablespoonfuls of port wine, one tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, two carrots, two turnips, one head of celery. Cut the cold mutton in moderate-sized chops and take off the fat; slice the onions, and fry them, with the chops, in a little butter of a nice brown color; stir in the flour, add the gravy, and let it stew gently nearly an hour. In the meantime boil the vegetables until nearly tender, slice them and add them to the mutton about a quarter of an hour before it is to be served. Season with pepper and salt, add the ketchup and port wine, give one boil, and serve. Cook for one hour.

To Preserve Oysters.—Take good fresh oysters, take them out of the shells, put them into a saucepan, and add water just enough to cover them; put the saucepan on the fire, and, when the oysters are firm, take it off. Put them on a wicker frame about two feet and a-half from the ground, and light a fire of green wood beneath; the smoke will dry the oysters and give them a yellow color; turn them from time to time; thus prepared, put them in a dry place exposed to the air till they are quite dry, then pack them in barrels with a little salt and saltpetre. When the oysters are wanted for use, soak them for some hours in water; they may then be used in various dishes; they are very good fried in batter, in stews, and different sauces, either white or brown.

Portable Lemonade.—Take of tartaric acid, half an ounce; loaf-sugar, three ounces; essence of lemon, half a drachm. Powder the tartaric acid and the sugar very fine in a marble or Wedgwood mortar (observe never to use a metal one), mix them together, and pour the essence of lemon upon them, by a few drops at a time, stirring the mixture after each addition, till the whole is added; then mix them thoroughly and divide it into twelve equal parts, wrapping each up separately in a piece of white paper. When wanted for use, it is only necessary to dissolve it in a tumbler of cold water, and fine lemonade will be obtained, containing the flavor of the juice and peel of the lemon and ready sweetened.

A Delicate Omelette.—Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely-chopped parsley, half ditto of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three good tablespoonfuls of cream; beat them well together; then put two ounces of butter in an omelette-pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and, as soon as the butter is hot, pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set; then shake the pan round, leave it a moment to color the omelette, hold the pan in a slanting position, just tap it upon the stove to bring the omelette to a proper shape, and roll the flap over the spoon; turn it upon your dish, and serve as soon as done. Take care not to do it too much.

Apple Marmalade.—Pare, core, and cut the apples into small pieces. Put them into water with a little lemon-juice to keep them white. After a short time take them out and drain them. Weigh and put them in a stewpan. If for present use, half a pound of sugar will be sufficient for each pound of apples; but if for keeping, double that quantity will be necessary. Add to it a stick of cinnamon and the juice of a lemon. Put the stewpan over a brisk fire and cover it. When the apples are pulped, stir the mixture till of the proper consistence, and then put the marmalade into pots.

A French Beverage.—Boil four ounces and a-half of powdered ginger in fourteen quarts of water, wine measure. Then beat up four whites of eggs to a froth, and mix them, together with nine pounds of white sugar, in the preceding. Then take nine lemons and peel them carefully; add the juice and the rind to the foregoing ingredients. Put the whole into a barrel; add three tablespoonfuls of yeast. Bung down the barrel, and, in about twelve days, bottle it off. In fifteen days it will be fit for drinking; but it improves by keeping.

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Milk Griddle Cake for Breakfast.—Take a pound and a half of flour, and about three ounces of butter, and a little salt; rub the butter into the flour well, and wet it with milk enough to make it a stiff paste. Knead and work it well, roll it out very thin, cut the cakes out with either a tin cutter or a tumbler, prick them all over with a fork, and bake them on a griddle. A little additional butter will make them richer, but that is according to taste; cream may be used in place of milk.

Pork Cutlets.—Take the remains of cold roast loin of pork, one ounce of butter, two onions, one dessertspoonful of flour, half a pint of gravy, pepper and salt to taste, one teaspoonful of vinegar and mustard. Cut the pork into nice-sized cutlets, trim off most of the fat, and chop the onions. Put the butter into a stewpan, lay in the cutlets and chopped onions, and fry a light brown; then add the remaining ingredients, simmer gently for five or seven minutes, and serve.

A Currant Cake Suitable for Young Folks.—Rub into two pounds of flour the ordinary quantity of salt; add a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, with a little of the flour first, and then with the whole; then put a quarter of an ounce of muriatic acid in a pint of cold water; mix it with the flour and other ingredients, adding half a pound of currants nicely washed; knead it well, and put it in the oven immediately.

How to Toast Well.—Stir the fire until there is a clear, glowing surface, free from flame or smoke; cut the bread moderately thick, and do not hold it close to the bars, but at such a distance as to see when it is beginning to burn; move it gently up and down until the whole surface is a clear, uniform brown; when thoroughly toasted, serve it up as quick as possible before it has time to cool.

SCIENTIFIC RECREATIONS.

Combustion without Flame.—Light a small *green* wax-taper; in a minute or two blow out the flame, and the wick will continue red-hot for many hours; and if the taper were regularly and carefully uncoiled, and the room kept free from currents of air, the wick would burn on in this manner until the whole was consumed. The same effect is not produced when the color of the wax is red, on which account red wax-tapers are safer than green; for the latter, if left imperfectly extinguished, may set fire to any object with which they are in contact.

Currents in Boiling Water.—Fill a large glass tube with water, and throw into it a few particles of bruised amber; then hold the tube, by a handle for the purpose, upright in the flame of a lamp, and, as the water becomes warm, it will be seen that currents, carrying with them the pieces of amber, will begin to ascend in the center, and to descend toward the circumference of the tube. These currents will soon become rapid in their motions, and continue till the water boils.

To Make Paper Apparently Incombustible.—Take a smooth cylindrical piece of metal, about one inch and a half in diameter, and eight inches long; wrap very closely round it a piece of clean writing-paper; then hold the paper in the flame of a spirit-lamp, and it will not take fire; but it may be held there for a considerable time without being in the least affected by the flame. If the paper be strained over a cylinder of wood, it is quickly scorched.

Boiling upon Cold Water.—Provide a tall glass jar filled with cold water, and place in it an air thermometer which will nearly reach the surface; upon the surface place a small copper basin, into which put a little live charcoal. The surface of the water will soon be made to boil, while the thermometer will show that the water beneath it is scarcely warmer than it was at first.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Prevent Ink from Damaging Steel Pens.—Throw, either into the inkstand or the bottle in which the ink is kept, a few nails, broken bits of steel pens (not varnished), or any piece of iron not rusted. The corrosive action of the acid contained in the ink is expended on the iron introduced, and which is soon covered, by the decomposition of the sulphate of copper, with the coppery hue observable on metallic pens used with common ink. The ink will not now affect the pen; or, should it still do so, it will only be necessary to add more iron, and the mischief will be entirely remedied.

Hints on Hyacinths.—In purchasing your hyacinth glasses, avoid those which have a rounded indention at their opening, in which the water may rest, as, when the bulb itself lays in water, it has a tendency to decay. It is only to the level where the fibres at the bottom of the bulb put out that the water should reach. The glasses should be put in some dark place until the roots strike. It is a good plan to plant the bulbs in your garden until this takes place, and then remove them to the glasses, which should be placed in a good light.

To Check the Flow of Blood.—Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows: Take fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound; at all times accessible and easily to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would, probably, make no better prescription if he was present.

To Season Earthenware and Iron.—It is a good plan to put new earthenware into cold water, letting it heat gradually until it boil, then letting it cool. Brown earthenware, especially, may be toughened in this way. A little rye or wheat bran, thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing from being injured by acid or salt. New iron should be gradually heated at first, as it is very apt to crack.

To Obtain Flowers from Bulbous Roots in Three Weeks.—Put quick-lime into a flower-pot until it is rather more than half-full; fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness; and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

For Gum-Boil, or Weakness of the Gums.—Take of acetate of morphia, two grains; tincture of myrrh, six drachms; tincture of krameria, one ounce; spirits of lavender, three ounces and a half. Let a lotion be made.

Wash for the Head.—Take of borax, half an ounce; spirits of camphor, one drachm; oil of almonds, six drops; eau de cologne, half an ounce, or a tablespoonful; boiling water, a pint.

For Tooth-Ache.—Take of chloroform, spirits of camphor, laudanum, of each one drachm. Apply on a little cotton wool.

"*Lamb's Wool.*" This beverage is made of ale mixed with sugar, nutmeg, and the pulp of roasted apples.

DESSERTS.

A Chartreuse of Apples and Rice.—Boil six ounces of rice, with a stick of cinnamon, in milk, until it is thick, stirring in a spoonful of rose-water or orange-flower water. Pare ten or twelve apples—golden pippins are the best—scoop out the core, and fill up the orifice with raspberry-jam. Border a deep dish with paste; put in the apples, leaving a space between, and fill it up with the rice. Brush the whole over with the yolk of an egg, and sift sugar thickly over it; form a pattern on the top with sweetmeats, and bake it for one hour in a quick oven.

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Almond Custard.—Boil in a pint of milk, or cream, two or three bitter almonds, a stick of cinnamon, and a piece of lemon-peel pared thin, with eight or ten lumps of sugar; let it simmer to extract the flavor; then strain it and stir it till cold. Beat the yolks of six eggs, mix it with the milk, and stir the whole over a slow fire until of a proper thickness, adding one ounce of sweet almonds beaten fine in rose-water. *Or:*—Blanch and beat four ounces of almonds with a spoonful of water; beat a pint of cream with two spoonfuls of rose-water, and put them to the yolks of four eggs, with as much sugar as will make it pretty sweet; then add the almonds; stir it all over a slow fire till it is of a proper thickness, but do not boil.

Pumpkin Pudding.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt in half a pint of warm milk a quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter. Beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wineglass of rose-water and two glasses of wine mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

To Make a Plain Pudding.—Weigh three-quarters of a pound of any odd scraps of bread, whether crust or crumb, cut them small, and pour on them a pint and a half of boiling water to soak them well. Let it stand till the water is cool; then press it out and mash the bread smooth with the back of a spoon. Add to it a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, some moist sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of currants. Mix all well together and lay it in a pan well buttered. Flatten it down with a spoon and lay some pieces of butter on the top. Bake it in a moderate oven and serve it hot. When cold, it will turn out of the pan, and eat like good plain cheese-cakes.

A Charlotte Pudding.—A good pudding for those who cannot eat pastry. Grease a pie-dish and put in it a layer of bread-crumbs; then a layer of apples peeled and sliced, with a sprinkling of sugar and a little allspice or nutmeg. Fill the dish with alternate layers, letting the bread crumbs be at the top; pour over all a sufficient quantity of milk or melted butter to moisten the bread-crumbs, and bake one hour; or, if very large, it may require rather longer time to bake.

Pomme Mange.—Peel and core one pound of apples, and put them, with half a pound of sugar and a quarter of a pint of water, into a stewpan; add the peel of a lemon. Allow it to boil until it becomes quite stiff, and then put it into a mould. It will be found excellent.

Flemish Cream.—Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in one pint of brandy; color it with currant-jelly; whisk it up into a light froth, and put it into a mould.

RECEIPTS FOR SOUPS.

Mock-Turtle.—Half a calf's-head will be quite sufficient, even if it be small, to provide soup enough for a moderate party, as it will fill a tureen of two quarts; but it must be fresh and unstripped of the skin, which is the most gelatinous part. Take out the brains; clean the head carefully in hot water, by squeezing it with the hand to press out the blood, and leave it afterward for an hour in cold water. Then put it into five or six quarts of warm water along with two pounds of veal, two pounds of delicate pickled pork, chiefly fat, a roasted onion or two stuck full of cloves, and the thinly pared rind of a lemon, together with a large bundle of savory pot-herbs, two sliced carrots, and a head of celery. Let this boil for two hours: then take up the head and the pork. The head must be stripped of its skin, and the brain, tongue, and eye taken out; let the bones of the head be broken and returned to the soup, and boil two hours longer—the brains being made into forcemeat balls, the tongue skinned and sliced; the black part of the eye should also be taken out, and the remainder minced; the skin being cut into pieces of little more than an inch square. While the stock is boiling, put into a stewpan a small quantity of butter, with some onions sliced thin, a little basil, marjoram, and parsley, a small quantity of thyme, two blades of mace, a few allspice; sweat all these well over the fire; when done, add sufficient flour to thicken the soup. Stir in the boiling stock by degrees to avoid its being lumpy; let it boil gently for an hour, then rub it through a sieve, set it over the fire; when it boils add the meat. When thoroughly cooked, season the soup to your taste with salt, a small quantity of cayenne pepper, lemon-juice, together with nearly a pint of either Madeira or sherry. Serve with two lemons upon a plate, cut in half, as some persons like the soup to be somewhat acid. Mushrooms are sometimes added. The soup will take at least seven or eight hours in preparation. A calf's-head requires its own weight of meat to make the broth of proper quality.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK, FIGURED WITH MAGENTA.—The skirt is trimmed with two ruffles, one of pearl-colored silk without figures, and one of Magenta silk, pinked. Above the ruffles are eleven ruches of pearl and Magenta silk. The body is high and plain, and the sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A broad sash of Magenta silk, pinked, finishes this beautiful dress. Head-dress of white lace, black velvet and bunches of cherries.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF FRENCH GRAY SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two ruffles, the lower one quite deep, and above each ruffle is a ruche of green silk. Body high and plain. Sleeves rather close. Head-dress of green ribbon.

FIG. III.—THE IONIAN.—A cloak of gray cloth, with a Greek or Ionic trimming in black velvet.

FIG. IV.—THE MORESQUE.—A cloak of fawn-colored cloth, trimmed with wide and narrow black braid. The trimming at the back is exactly like that on the front of the cloak. This and the three preceding costumes, are from Paris.

FIG. V.—A PLAIN LONG BLACK BEAVER CLOTH SACQUE, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York, with velvet collar, edged with crochet and velvet trimming. Plain loose coat sleeves, trimmed at the hand with three loops of black velvet, edged with trimming like the collar on the front of the sleeve. The pockets are put on diagonally, and are trimmed like the collar, each end being fastened by an ornamental button, one of the same pattern heading the first loop on the sleeve.

FIG. VI.—A PLAIN SACQUE WITH CAPE, also from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. On the back of the cape is a large crochet ornament; the sides of both sacque and cape are trimmed with large crochet buttons. Loose coat sleeves with pointed half-cuff, fastened down by buttons to correspond with those on the cape. Pockets ornament the front.

FIGS. VII AND VIII.—CAPE AND MUFF OF RUSSIAN SABLE. From Gunther & Sons, 46 Maiden Lane, New York. Last month, we selected a set of ermine; this month we give our readers a cape and muff of Russian sable. The cape is shaped very much the same as the ermine, but it has a collar, and each tab has four tails instead of ending plain. The front is fastened with brown silk, crochet buttons, and loops. The cape is lined throughout with richly quilted brown silk. The muff is dark sable fur, lined to correspond with the cape, and finished at either end by a heavy cord and tassels.

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FIG. IX.—A BONNET OF DRAB VELVET, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, laid on the foundation plain, top finished by a full bow and ends of velvet, with a blue French feather falling from the inside. Face trimming full bow and ends of black velvet, edged with white blonde, full blue velvet flowers intermingled with pink moss rosebuds and small feathers. Broad white strings striped with drab and blue; at the sides of the face black velvet bands, edged with black and white blonde.

FIG. X.—A RICH BLACK VELVET BONNET, also from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, laid on the foundation plain, drawn in plaits at the back of the crown and finished by a full bow of black. An elegant bird of Paradise ornaments the right side, the rich golden plumage shading into white. The face trimmings consist of an orange velvet lily, with a cluster of purple grapes on the right side, and loops of black velvet intermingled with small brown velvet flowers. Broad orange-colored strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is still no change in the make of dresses. The corsages of those destined for out-door costume are high, and may be either pointed or straight at the waist; this depending on the taste of the wearer. In sleeves the variety of form is very great. Some are slit up the whole length of the arm, and edged with plaitings or bands, or with any trimming corresponding with that on the rest of the dress. In others the slit extends only a few inches in length, and the sleeves are rounded at the ends; the same trimming which passes round the edge is placed over the seam. Sleeves full at the arm-hole, close at the wrist, and with cuffs, retain their wonted favor; and we may enumerate the following as among the most popular forms: 1st. Sleeves demi-wide and with revers, but without fullness at the arm-hole. 2nd. Wide flowing sleeves, not very long, set in with large plaits fixed by bows of ribbon or lace. 3rd. Sleeves of narrow width, shaped to the elbow, and with revers. 4th. Lastly may be mentioned sleeves demi-wide, without revers, and finished at the ends with a plisse, or any trimming in harmony with that employed for the skirt of the dress.

Among many very pretty out-door costumes worn during the present season, is one consisting of brown poplin, trimmed round the lower part of the skirt with a band of black velvet; up the front is a row of black velvet buttons and bands of black velvet. With this dress is worn a shawl of black embroidered cashmere, trimmed with a deep fall of lace headed by a ruche of black silk. The bonnet, composed of black velvet and black spotted tulle, was trimmed with red flowers, and the strings were of black velvet. An elegant out-door dress consists of blue silk, having the edge of the skirt trimmed with a plaiting about six or seven inches broad; the corsage high and trimmed with plaitings, and the sleeves shaped to the elbow and with revers. A pardessus of black silk, wadded, and having a pelerine of black guipure, has been worn with the dress just mentioned. The bonnet is formed of a combination of blue silk and velvet, and trimmed with blue bells in velvet.

A good many dresses have capes or pelerines. In one of plain green silk, the collar, rounded and bordered with a green frill, is continued in a graceful lapel, cut at the edge and bordered with the same small frill and a row of Valenciennes.

ZOUAVE JACKETS in all their varieties continue to be worn. Some are very richly ornamented with colored braid, and of these we noticed a very original one with bright red braid, jet beads, and a fringe of jet and red tassels. With these are worn those chemisettes of embroidered cashmere, which divided favor with muslin ones during the past summer, and will altogether replace them now.

UNDER-SLEEVES of worked muslin, with collars to match, are prettily trimmed with bows of blue ribbon and black velvet. One of the new Zouave chemisettes, or vests, consisting of nansouk, is ornamented with narrow tucks and a small plaited frill edged with Valenciennes. The sleeves are wide enough at the ends to allow the hand to pass through, and are finished by a turned-up frill.

BALMORAL PETTICOATS are universally worn, particularly in wet or muddy weather when it is necessary to loop up the dress. They are made of a variety of materials: some of the prettiest consisting of gray flannel, braided with red or black braid, or having a band of black velvet around the bottom. A very beautiful one has a rich pattern in gold braid on a black silk or alpaca.

SHAWLS made of cloth, embroidered and wadded, are very much worn. Some have a rich fall of lace at the edge.

CLOAKS.—As trimmings for dresses and cloaks a great many crochet ornaments mixed with velvet are now made. The "Louise" pardessus, composed of black velvet, has a pelerine of guipure lace. The front, from top to bottom, is ornamented with rich embroidery; and the sleeves, which are shaped to the elbow, have embroidered revers. A cloak, named the "Henrietta," in fancy cloth, is made with three plaits at the back, each fixed by a large button. The sleeves are very long, slashed, and flowing, and have three plaits at the shoulder fixed by buttons.

FUR is a favorite trimming for mantles, and is much used for Zouave jackets. We have seen some of gray cloth, with a border of Chinchilla; one of maroon, bordered with black seal-skin; and black, edged with gray.

BONNETS.—Many of the most fashionable bonnets have the fronts less pointed than those which have lately been worn. They are now rather straight above the forehead, and wide at the ears. The combination of black and white for bonnets has lost none of its wonted favor. Bonnets of velvet are trimmed with lace and blonde, feathers or flowers. Under the brim, full trimmings are preferred.

HEAD-DRESSES.—A stylish and elegant head-dress is formed of a diadem of black velvet, worked with stars in steel and jet. At the right side a small black feather and a bunch of roses, and a long white feather reaching round the other part of the head-dress.

A most stylish head-dress is formed of Vesuve chrysanthemums, with clusters of black fruit. It is slightly raised in front, and terminated in a point at the back.

DRESS CAPS are composed of white and black lace, mixed with ribbons and flowers; and most young married ladies wear a white coiffure, however beautiful and luxuriant their hair. It is quite the fashion in full dress.

STEEL AND JET are much employed in ornamenting coiffures.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN.—The front is ornamented with bands of black velvet and rows of black braid. The neck of the dress, the lappels, and the sleeves, are all trimmed to correspond with the front of the dress.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF GRAY MERINO FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—At the bottom of the dress is a broad band of crimson merino. This is ornamented with a row of gray braiding. Above this is a row of crimson braiding. The sleeves, berthe, and waistband are all bound with crimson merino and braided in crimson braid on the gray.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The pants, vest, and jacket are of fawn-colored cloth braided in black. Gay striped stockings. Black cloth cap.

FIG. IV.—CLOAK FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—This cloak is a loose sacque made with a French coat sleeve, with a deep quilted cuff. A crochet ornament is on the shoulder. Black velvet hat with a long plume.

FIG. V.—A LITTLE BOY'S DRESS of any dark blue cashmere, trimmed with black velvet.

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GARIBALDI DRESSES.

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THE SOLDIER OF '76 LEAVING HOME.

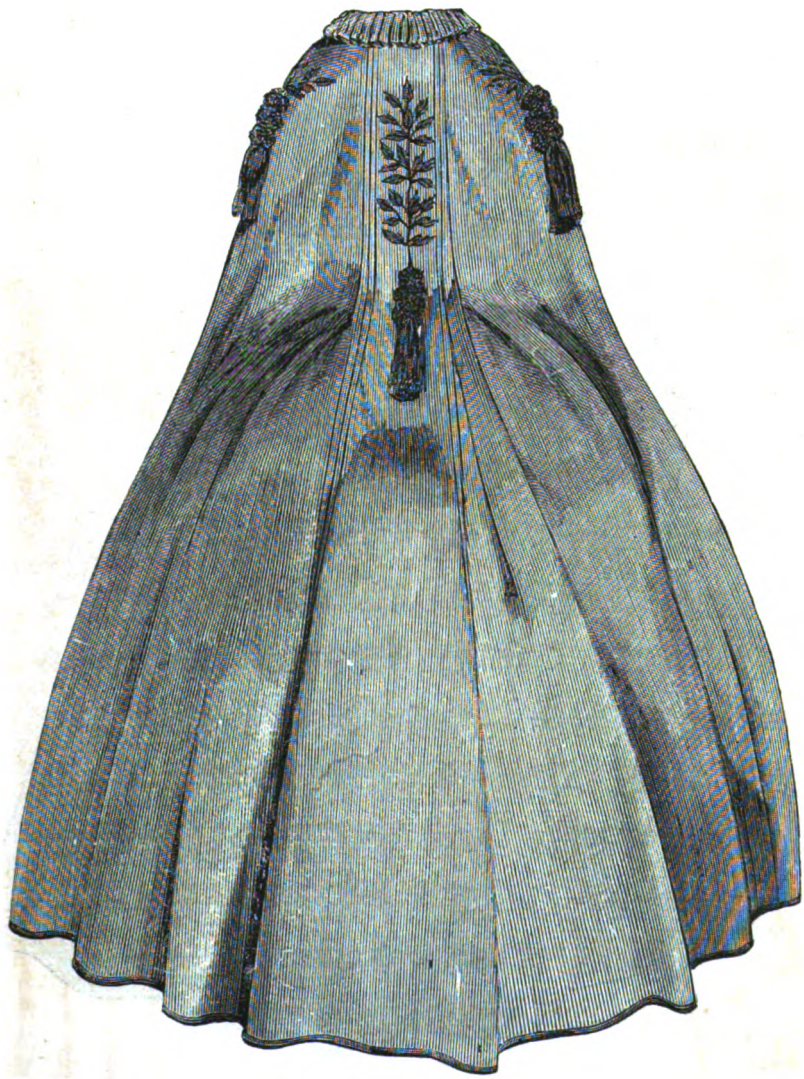
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MISSES' HATS.



PLAITED BLACK CIRCULAR.

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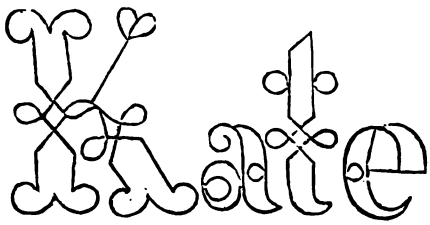


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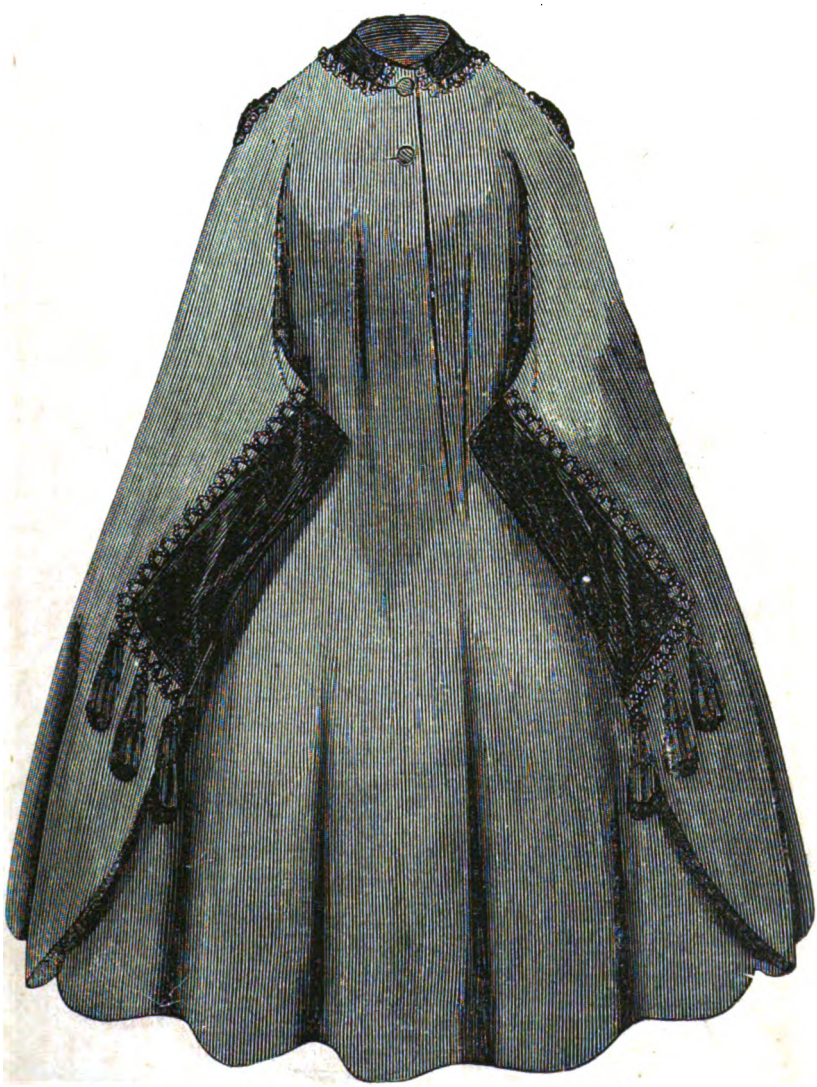


VELVET CLOAK.

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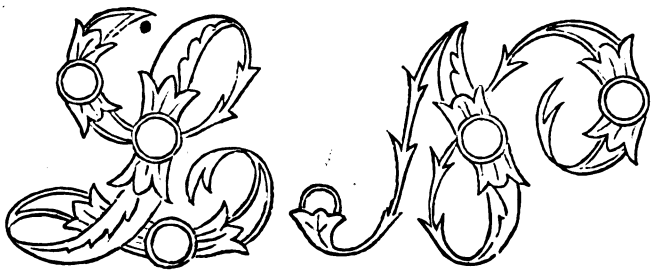


CLOTH CLOAK.

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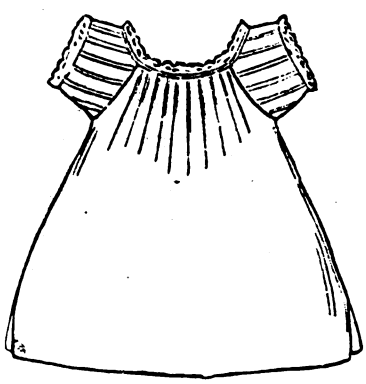
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CHILD'S CHEMISE.



BOY'S PALETOT CLOAK.

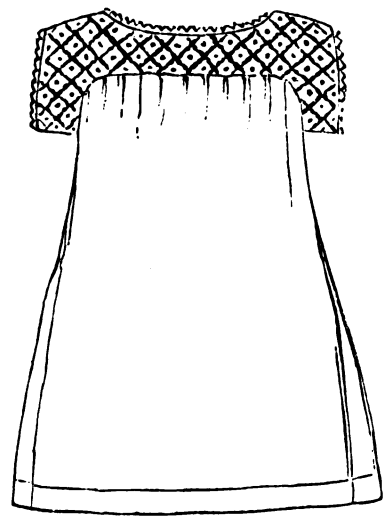
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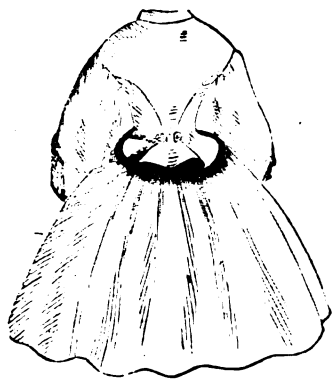
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LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.



CHEMISE.



WALKING-DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.



GARIBALDI SHIRT.

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THE MARIANA.

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THE LUCIA.

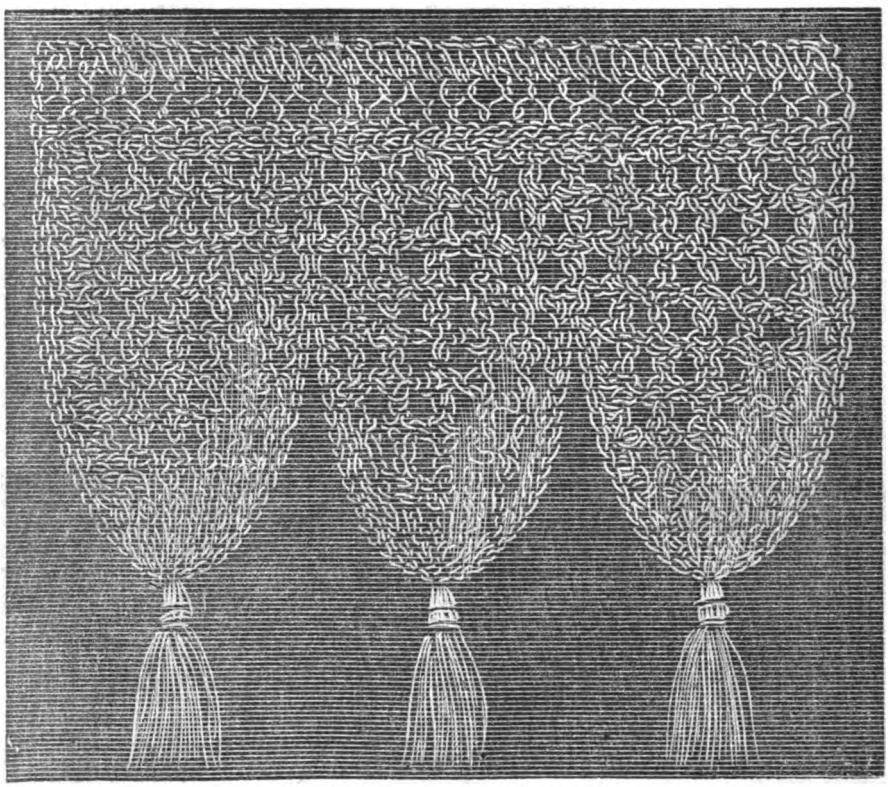
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LACE CAPE.

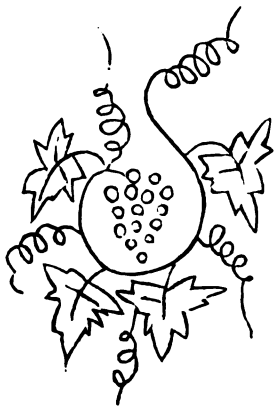


EARLY SPRING BONNET.



KNITTED BORDER FOR COUNTERPANE.

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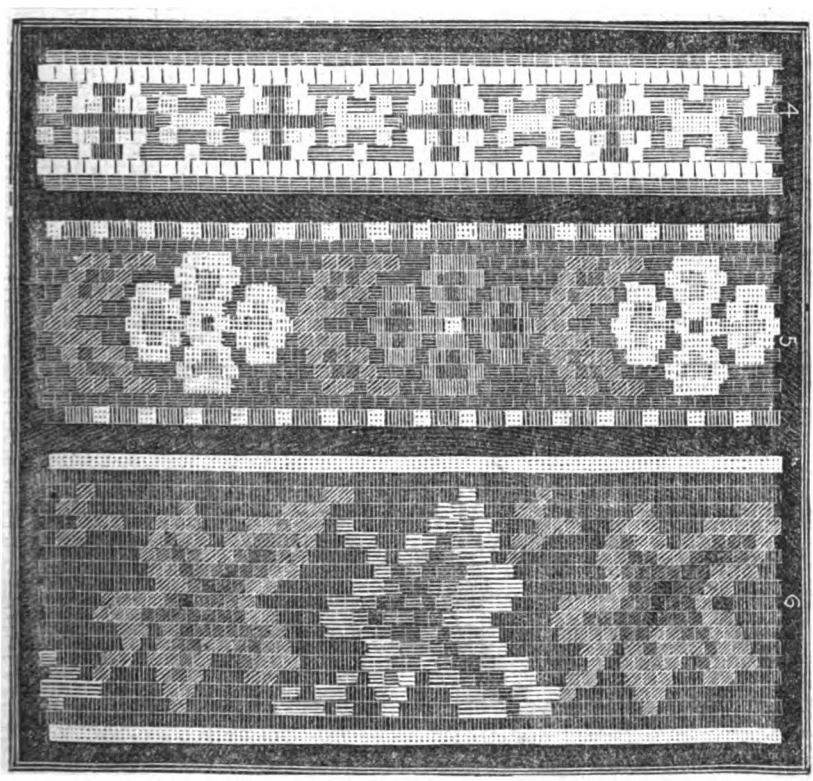
SHIRT FRONT.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



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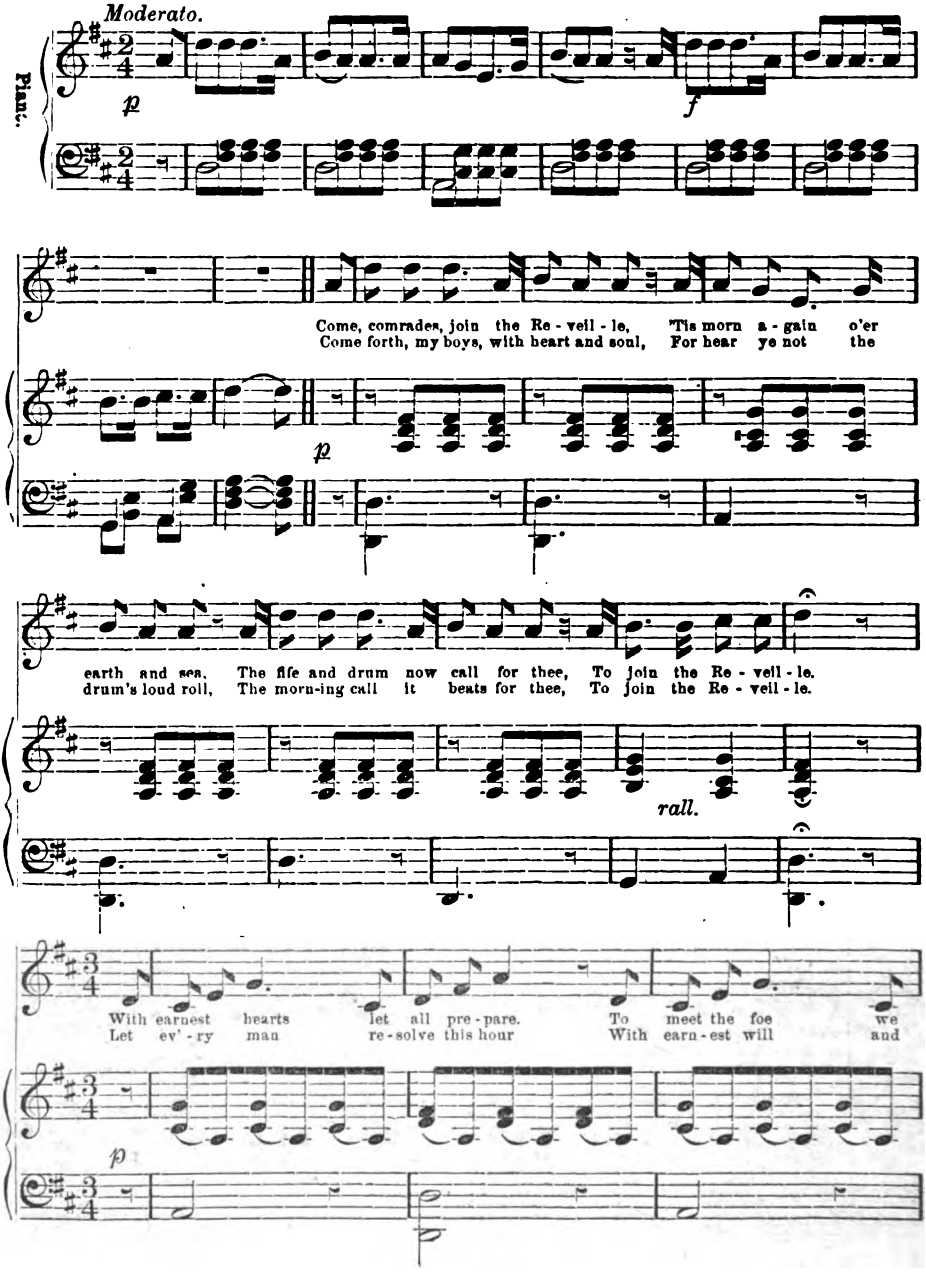


GLASS BEAD-BORDERS.

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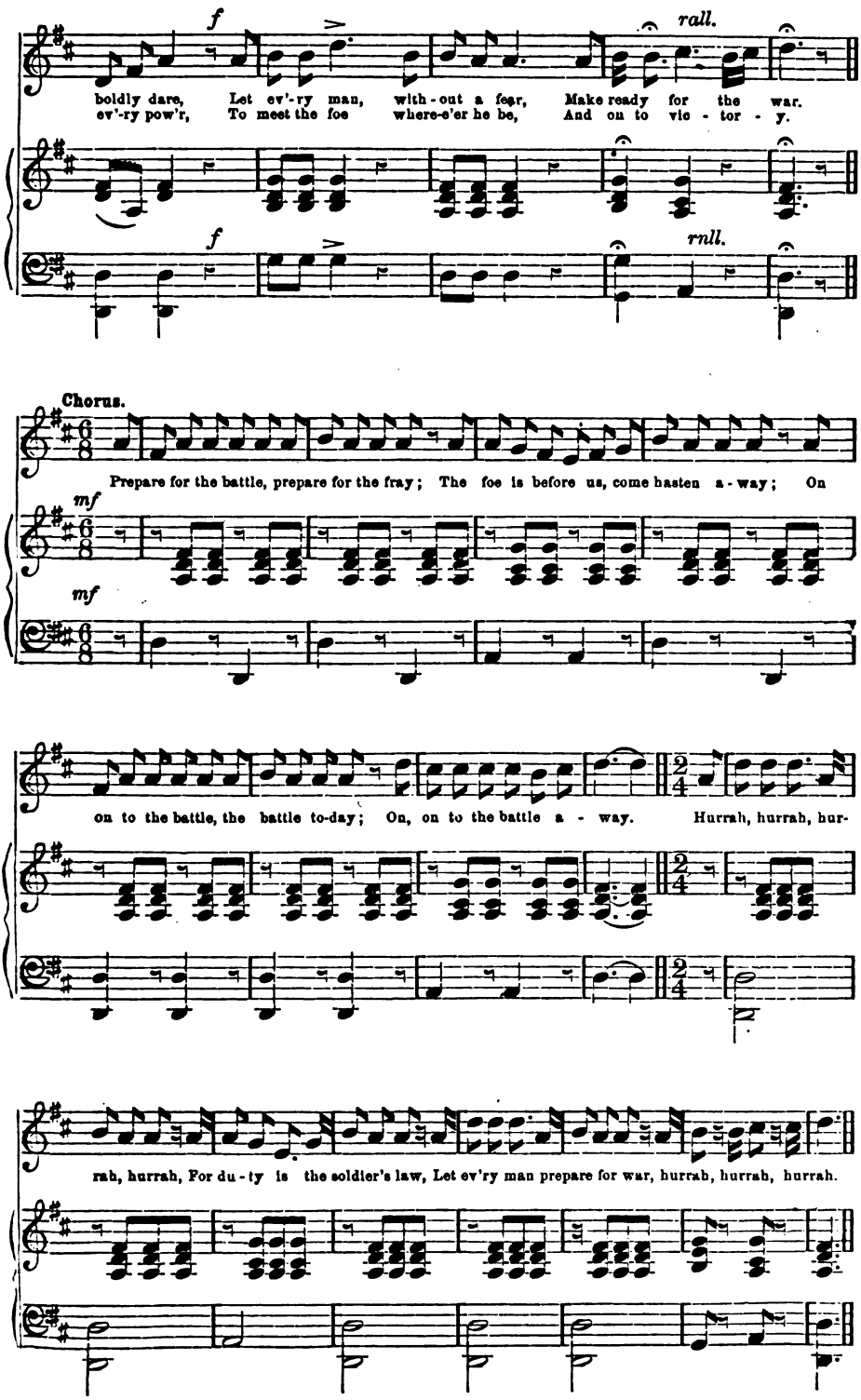
THE REVEILLE.

BY SEP. WINNER.

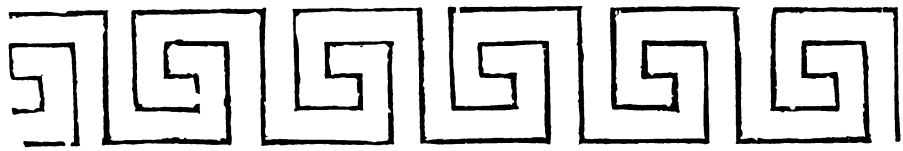
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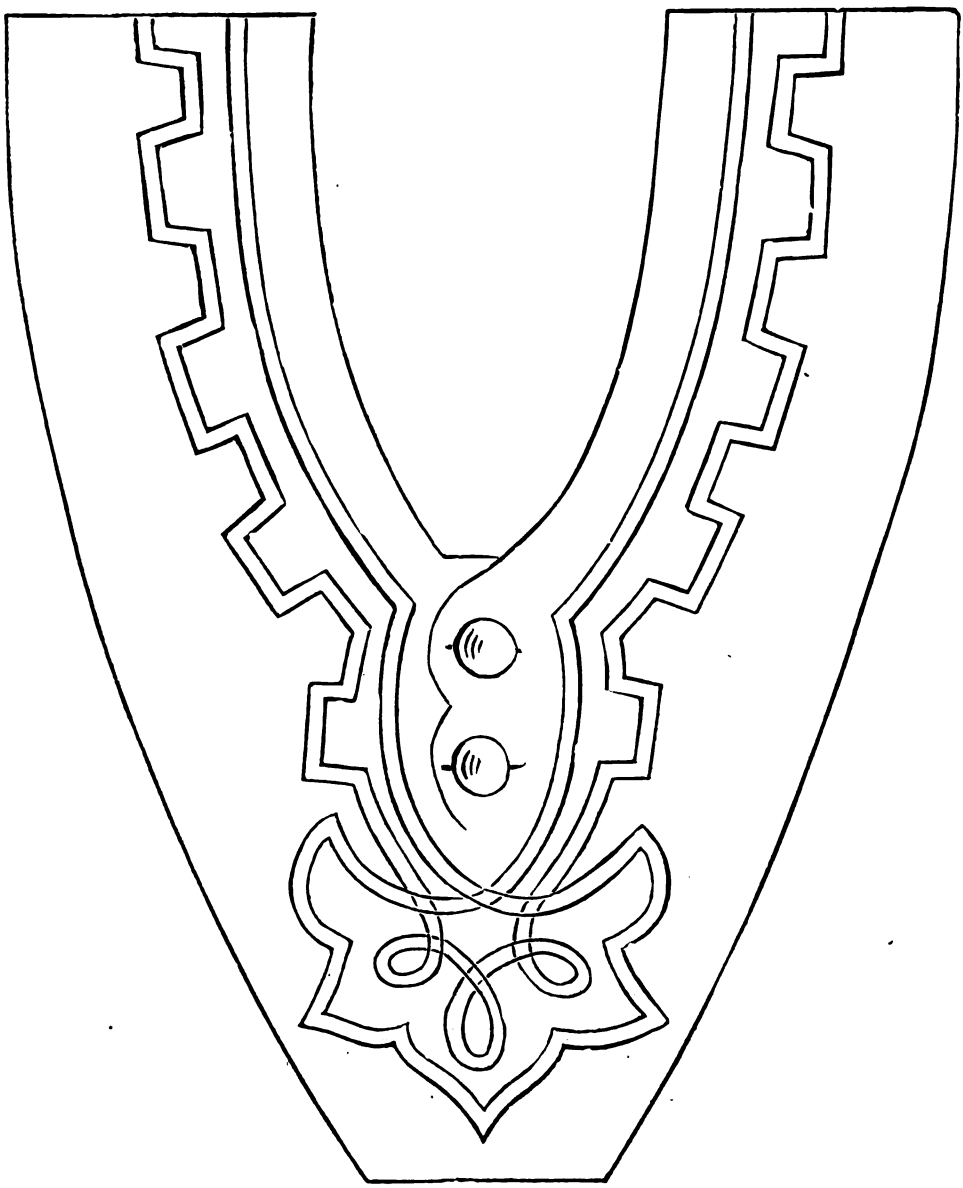
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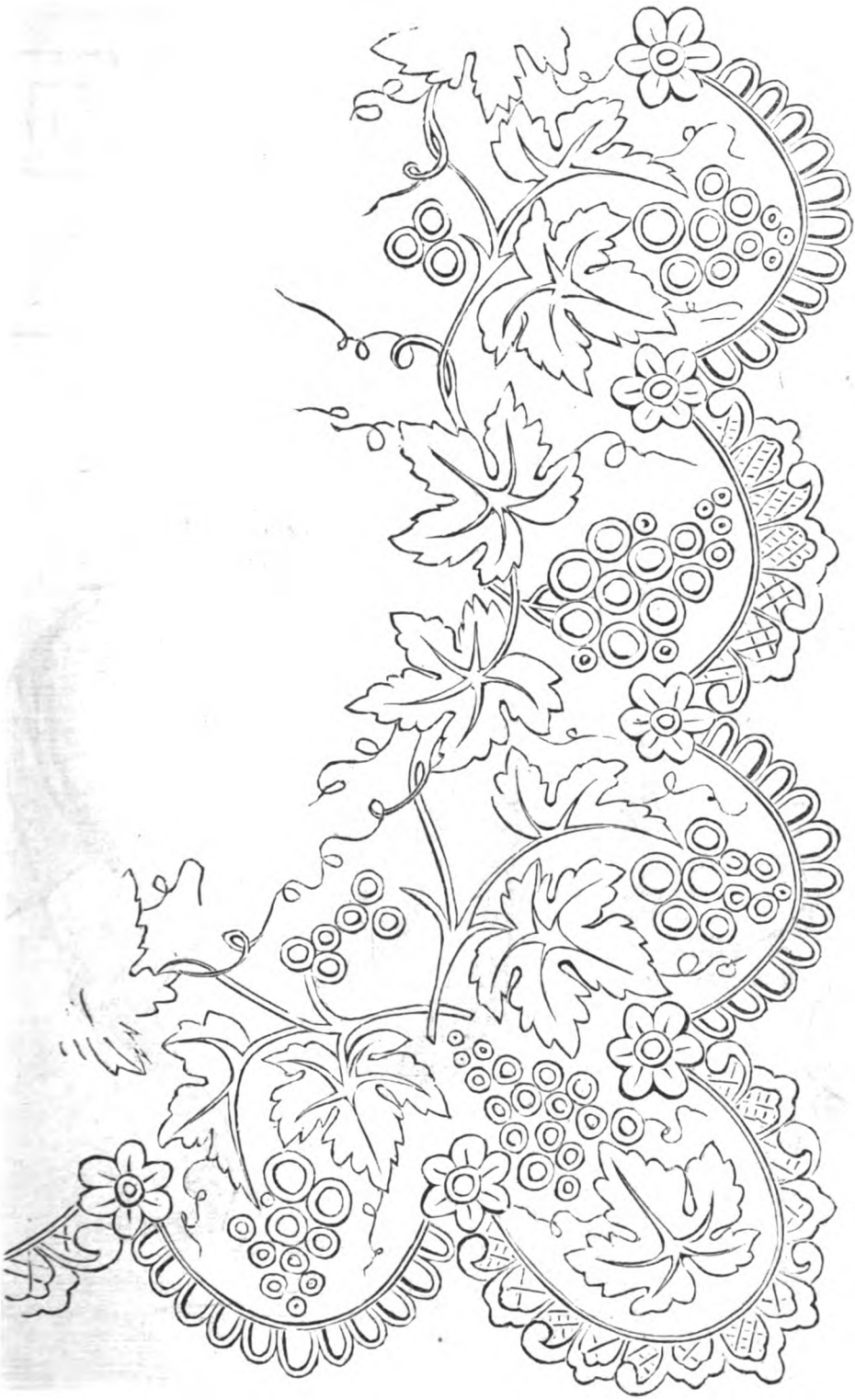


HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN CHAIN-STITCH.



CHILD'S BRAIDED SHOE.

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HANDKERCHIEF CORNER: DESIGNED BY MRS. E. OBST.

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EQUESTRIAN COSTUME FOR 1862.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1862. No. 3.

THREE RAINY DAYS.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

NETTIE HOLMES sat by the window looking out upon the pattering rain, which fell with a steady, quiet determination, as if resolved to give the sun no sort of opening for even a peep out. The dark brown curls which swept over the window-sill showed, here and there, a glimpse of the little white hand nestling in their tangled masses; and the soft hazel eyes did look up sometimes from the wet garden walks to seek for a glimpse of sunshine. There was a sorry, disappointed expression on the child-like face: but no ill-temper, not the faintest tinge lingered round the sweet rose-bud of a mouth, and not a frown disfigured the broad, smooth forehead; only the sadness, almost tearful in her eyes, and the drooping, listless attitude, told that the rain was interrupting some cherished scheme.

"Why, Nettie!" said her aunt, coming in with the quick, light step peculiar to active little women, "what are you looking so lugubrious about? Not dressed! You will catch cold in that thin wrapper, and with bare feet too. Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes. What's the matter?"

"It is the seventeenth of July!" said Nettie, dolefully enough.

"So it is! I had forgotten all about it. How it rains too! No pic-nic to-day. Well, well, there are plenty more summer days left, and you are not to go home for two or three months."

"But, auntie, no day can be like to-day for our pic-nic, because Ion will go to Canada in the fall, and he accepted the invitation for to-day."

"Ion! Who is Ion?"

"Oh, I forgot! I did not tell you about it. Don't you know that dear, charming book, 'Seaweeds,' that interested us so much?"

"The best book I have read for years."

"Well, the author only signed himself Ion, and nobody knows the rest of his name. Last week, when Miss Calvert's brother came here to fish (you remember he called on us), he came in the car with a gentleman who was pointed out to him at the depot by Mr. A——, the publisher, as 'Ion, author of Seaweeds.' Mr. Calvert saw him get out here, and take a room in the Blue-Bell for this week, and then go on. So we, the committee for the pic-nic, wrote a note inviting him to join us to-day; and yesterday we received an answer, signed Ion, accepting the invitation. He only took rooms for a week, the landlord said when Mr. Calvert left the note, and gave no name, and Mr. A—— says he is going to Canada in the fall."

"So your pic-nic will probably miss its lion. Never mind! Perhaps there will be some other wild beast in the village next week. There's the breakfast-bell. You must hurry," and away went Mrs. Holmes to pour out the family coffee; while Nettie made a hasty toilet, and came in late enough to receive a laughing lecture from her uncle upon the advantages of early rising.

She had left all her disappointment up stairs; and if there were clouds without, there was sunshine in the dining-room when her bright face came in.

"A rainy day, Nettie! and you promised to paint the sails of my wind-mill on the very first wet morning," was her little cousin George's greeting.

"And my doll's Bloomer hat, you promised that too, Nettie," said Laura.

"I shall be at home to-day," said her cousin Harry, "so we can practice that furious passage in our duett. The one we always get too slow."

"Time enough for all," said Nettie, brightly. "A rainy day does not seem likely to be an idle one, auntie."

"You let the children pester your life out," said her uncle, laughing.

"Including me?" said Harry.

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"Your six feet and that faint suspicion of a moustache don't prevent your being one of my children," said his mother, "and a troublesome comfort I find you! No! kisses won't melt me! Who took away my scissors yesterday for just one minute?"

"Oh! they are on my bureau. I forgot!"

"Harry Heedless!"

"Come, Nettie; mother has one hundred instances of my carelessness to record. I see them in the corner of her right eye. Come to the piano now, and you can attend to the rest of the children afterward. By-the-way, wasn't this our pic-nic day?"

"Yes; and I was so glad you came home yesterday;" and the story of the mysterious guest was repeated.

"Oh, Nettie! What a goose! As if an author was any better than anybody else!"

"But I am sure Ion is. I want to see a man who can feel as he must feel to have written Seaweeds. I am as convinced of his nobility of soul as I am of his high intellectual powers. I am sure he is a man to be admired."

"Fudge! You little enthusiast. I'll introduce you some day to a man worth six authors. The smartest fellow in our class, and the best cricketer, boater, and shot in all the college. He graduated last term; but he promised to come here this summer for a holiday."

"Your hero, Leigh Rivers?"

"Yes. Now he *is* a man worth breaking one's heart about. He is as tall as I am, straight as an arrow, with a forehead like a Jupiter, and a mouth like a woman's. Fearless as a young lion, and gentle as a girl. One day last term, one of our boys in a rage was whipping a little fellow from the town for frightening his horse. Leigh saw him, caught the whip as it fell, and, with one swing of his arm, threw the fellow into the middle of the road. Then, before I could recover voice enough to exclaim, he had the little ragamuffin in his arms, and was speaking to him as softly as mother does to us when we are sick. After he had comforted him, he put him down, and then turned to me with his big black eyes full of tears, and said,

"'I lost my only brother, a little fellow like that, some four years ago, and, remembering how I loved him, it hurts me to see any one strike a child.'

"Will Hoyt, the man who was pitched so unceremoniously into the road, made a great bluster for a day or two; but I think one test of Leigh's strength was enough, for he never sought another, and bore Leigh's contemptuous indifference in silence."

"Oh, Harry, I know he is a fine fellow, you have told me so many such stories; but," she added, sighing, "he didn't write Seaweeds."

Two hours later, when Nettie was deep in the mysteries of Bloomer hats and wind-mills in the dining-room, she heard her cousin Harry calling,

"Nettie! Nettie! You must come here. Never mind George and Laura, I want you."

"Then you must come to me, Harry Heedless, for I am busy."

A quick, light step across the entry, and then Harry opened the dining-room door and came in; but not alone. Another tall figure followed him, and

"Nettie, my friend Mr. Rivers, my cousin Miss Holmes, Leigh!"

Nettie could not check one glance of consternation at the disordered room, and her own morning dress; but she rose with a winning, shy grace and greeted Mr. Rivers.

"Now, Nettie, I have got Leigh, and I mean to keep him. Think of his having the audacity to go first to old Moore's, down in the village, the tavern-keeper, I mean, instead of coming here. Mother has sent for his trunks now however——"

"One carpet-bag, and a valise, Harry."

"Never mind! Don't you let me hear the word *go* from your lips! Make yourself at home; for, comfortable or miserable, you are a fixture here for some time."

Nettie, who had resumed her work, and was furtively watching Leigh from under her long eyelashes, did not wonder, after Harry's story, to see his eyes resting with a loving look on Georgie, nor at the child's ready answering smile.

"Making a wind-mill, are you? I used to be famous at such work; let me see if I cannot help you," and he drew his chair beside the little boy's, and took out a penknife from his pocket.

Harry, delighted to see that Nettie was pleased with his hero, gave his fingers too to George's service; and, under the combined exertions of the young men, the toy assumed a shape and beauty that drew forth shouts of delight from the children. With busy fingers, and a ready invention for their amusement, the visitor had his tongue ready for the older ones, and animated conversation flew round till Nettie's cheeks glowed with pleasure. The dinner bell found the group still busy. Laura, with her blue eyes full of delight, was on Leigh's knee watching his fingers shape a chair for her doll: George, at his feet, was still admiring the wind-

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mill; while Nettie and Harry, one making the cushion, and the other the legs of the chair, were listening with deep interest to an animated description of a shipwreck Leigh himself had witnessed off the coast of Maryland.

Three days of rainy weather kept the party at Mr. Holmes' house-bound, and never did time fly by more swiftly. Books, music, conversation, and, above all, the children furnished constant occupation; and in those three days of of quiet home intercourse, the young people grew better acquainted than they could have done in years of the formal meetings of the usual social friendships.

At last the sun shone. It was the afternoon of the third day, when the bright monarch broke through the shifting clouds to bring out the prismatic colors of a rainbow. All the family were gathered at the window admiring the gorgeous arch, and Nettie stood next to Leigh.

"To-morrow or the next day," said Harry, "we can have our pic-nic. I wonder if your hero is still in the village!"

"Ion," said Nettie, laughing. "I hope so!"

"Ion?" cried Leigh.

"Yes," said Harry; "my most romantic cousin has fallen in love with an author, who——"

"Now, Harry, that is too bad. It is the author of Seaweeds, Mr. Rivers; and I do admire the book, and think the man who wrote it must be noble and good."

"I wish you loved him," said Leigh, as the rest of the party left the window. "He loves you deeply and truly, though he has known you but three days. Nettie, dear Nettie, no praise was ever so sweet as that from your lips, for I am Ion!"

Through the long summer months Leigh was Harry Holmes' guest; and when in the fall he returned to his home in Canada, Nettie went with him, for while she was happy as Ion's wife, her parents were pleased to see their daughter the bride of the wealthy and talented Leigh Rivers. Amongst memory's brightest spots, Nettie always places the three rainy days at uncle Holmes' house when she could not go to the pic-nic.

WHY DO WE LIVE?

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Why do we live?—the question ask
Of bounding pulse and heaving breath,
And Nature owns, though hard life's task,
She dreads the mysteries of death.

Why do we live?—the dreams of youth
From manhood's waking hour may fly,
But won by virtue, pledged by truth,
There is a love that cannot die.

Why do we live?—hope's flowery ties
Twine even around the chains of care,
And, like the plant of Southern skies,
Can feed their blooming life on air.

Why do we live?—an honest fame
Is more than brilliant nothingness;
A Howard's and a Franklin's name,
Are beacon-lights for worlds to bless.

Wealth, even wealth, can joy impart,
A luxury blameless and complete;
When thou hast cheered another's heart,
Does not thy own with rapture beat?

Why should we live?—with all its cares,
This life a glorious boon may be;
Use it aright—that use prepares
A bright and blest Eternity!

ALBUM LINES: TO A FRIEND.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

When morning dawns so fresh and fair,
And sunbeams drive the dew away,
And all the earth seems clothed in smiles,
And birds sing songs so wildly gay;
And every breeze is perfumed with
The flowers that deck the verdant lea,
Ah, at the hour of morning's dawn,
Then turn your thoughts to me.

When twilight throws her mantle round
The shoulders of voluptuous day,
And the last rays of gold have passed
From the bright Western sky away;
And requiems for the hours departed
Are chanted by the billowy sea—
Ah, at the hour of twilight gray,
Then turn your thoughts to me.

When evening comes with calm and rest,
And showers of dew begin to fall,
And stars shine brightly overhead,
While darkness seems to cover all;
When moonbeams dance with witching grace
On brook, on lake, and on the sea—
Ah, at the hour of midnight hush,
Then turn your thoughts to me.

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THE ASBESTOS BOX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

CHAPTER I.

I REMEMBER an odd story about a will, which, I believe, I have never told before. It is not long, though it covers a good many years.

One winter evening I was entertaining a few friends at dinner. Some Parisian notoriety was among them, and my housekeeper, intent on upholding the *cuisine* of old Virginia against all France, outdid herself. The truffle-sauce was as delicate as Fouillet's own, the Perigord—pardon me—but I *am* fond of good eating. What wise man since Solomon is not?

Just as the Clicquot was beginning to fire the eyes and mellow the laughs about the table, Pine, who had been playing major-domo in the servant's hall, came behind my chair and slipped a note under my plate. "Pierse's Jake fetched it. From his young mistress."

I saw Bob Johns, who was sitting a little way down the table, prick up his ears at this. The clatter of voices and glasses was loud enough for Pine to continue his whisper, unheard, as I furtively glanced at the note. "Jake says the old man's bent on makin' his will, right off. Fur de Lord's sake go, Mars' John. It's de debbil of a night, though." And he slipped off to get overcoat and wrappings.

Pine, a portly dignitary of forty, knew my business about as well as I did myself. Far better than that lazy, handsome scamp, Bob Johns, who had been loitering out four years in my office, becoming a rare critic of hock and champagne, and the last *pas seul* at the theatre. Yet, though Bob's knowledge of the law was of the flimsiest, he was relished even among the old limbs of the courts about my table for his keen wit and hearty good feeling. "A sad dog, Bob!" they would say, "just like his father." True enough! like his father in the flushed genial face, the open hand, the big foolish heart, whose weakness every beggar in Richmond knew how to swindle; to end like his father, too, it might be; life and hope wrecked in drink; to be remembered, years after, as "poor Bob," with censure and tenderness such as no faultless morality would have earned. For reasons that I had, I handed him the note when I had read it, in answer to his eager look. I ought to go; that was certain; so, with a mournful glance at the jolly faces around the cloth, I pushed old Tom Berkley into my chair, and excused myself for an hour.

When I came down into the hall, a few minutes after, I found Bob Johns ready booted and spurred. I laughed inwardly. "Well, Bob, does old Pierse want to consult you about his will?"

He stammered, and grew red. "I thought, sir——"

"You thought little Hester might need consolation, so mean to offer your ghostly aid? Well, boys will be boys. Help me on with this shawl here, and get along with you."

We rode off together. A dull, drizzly night. Bob's thoughts of little Hester may have kept him warm, but I found it decidedly uncomfortable, and just like old Pierse to choose such a night for his preparation for the next world. A word of explanation, that you may understand the exigences of the case as well as Bob and I did.

Some five years before, this same reputable old Pierse had married a widow from Loudon county: a certain Mrs. Wray with one daughter, Hester. The widow was rich, had been an heiress in her girlhood, when, by-the-way, she had known and loved this man Pierse, but had been forced to marry Wray by her father. She never cared for him, nor his daughter; in less than a year after his death, met and married her old flame Pierse. She was one of these whey-skinned, pale-eyed women, whose loves and hates go down into the grave with them. She did love old Pierse enough to make me doubt her sanity. It was a perpetual miracle to me: but there never was a Bottom yet who could not find a Titania to "stroke his amiable ears." Well, the woman died at last, and then one would have hoped there would be an end of her lunatic coddling. Far from it. She was a native of Baton Rouge, and her property doubly ensured to her by settlement, and the laws of Louisiana, where women have more "rights" than ever Abby Kelly claimed. To justify the title of her sex to an inherent sense of justice, the woman devised her property entire to her husband, leaving Hester utterly dependent on his good will. I don't say old Pierse was a scoundrel. I only quote Shakspeare, and

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say Titania had been "enamored of an ass." A pompous, fat animal—perpetual high grand of braggarts—if any seeds of brain or feeling were in the man originally, turtle and brandy had choked them out. Like all braggarts, the man could be led by a child with flattery. Now Hester was no flatterer. A little girl with a low, loving voice, it is true, but a most decisive way of putting down her small foot, and a hearty contempt of all humbug. The two were not colleagues—how could they be? Besides Pierse knew how thoroughly public indignation had been roused on behalf of the girl, and disliked her accordingly; submitted her to numberless vexations—not the least of which was the introduction into the house of a mulatto slave as housekeeper, a woman whom the girl had every reason to fear and shrink from. Some two years back Pierse had made a will, leaving the property to his brother, then in Cuba. I knew of it, and for Hester's sake had brought every influence to bear on the wretch to induce him to alter it, but vainly. In the last year gout had rendered him helpless. Hester had nursed him for the memory of her dead mother; whatever kindly feeling was buried in the mass of flesh had kindled into life, and day after day I hoped he would do her a late justice. You comprehend now why I hurried to obey his summons? Bob Johns' interest in the house perhaps you can guess at. Poor little down-trodden Hester was a favorite of mine, and for her sake as well as his own, I wished Bob would turn into a slower, surer path through life; but talking, as usual in such cases, did no good.

The girl came out to meet me on the steps, her blue eyes swelled with crying; the old fellow had been kind to her since he thought himself dying, and a few words of kindness are enough to melt hearts like Hester's. However, when she saw Bob, her grief abated in a series of intense blushes and shy dimples about her mouth. That gallant young fellow, whom half the girls in Henrico county were in love with, was quite awkward and silent, which made me believe him entirely in earnest, and think all the better of him. I left them in the parlor, and went up to the chamber, where old Pierse was growling and swearing to the confusion of spirit of half a dozen blacks.

Pierse, his growls, or his oaths have nothing to do with my story; so suffice it to say that the will was made, leaving the property, as was just, to Hester, with the exception of some legacies, and was duly witnessed by the doctor and Jones, the overseer. I heard Jones, rough old rowdy as he was, mutter a thank God as he scrawled down his name. I kissed Hester's thin cheek heartily as I came down, and marched Master Bob off with me. The fellow was so lost in rapture or sulkiness that he said nothing the whole way into town. Never once thought of the will, I honestly believe. One thing annoyed me. Pierse kept the will himself, "To have a hold on the girl," he said, and there was no calculating on his moody fits.

He lived four weeks after this. All negrodom was alive with tales of his whims and "debblishness," which Pine occasionally forgot his high-breeding enough to repeat, when the younger servants were out of hearing, coupled with sympathy for "dat chile lef' to such a 'God-forsaken' wretch." At last one morning, as Jim was shaving me, Pine came in fresh from the morning paper, announcing that, "Bress de Lord, old Pierse was done gone at last."

I glanced over the notice of "the lamented death of our highly respected fellow-citizen" while at breakfast, and then drove out to the Pierse plantation. There was a crowd before me; undertakers, negroes down stairs, Hester's friends (she had true ones of her own, and the heiress of two plantations and eight hundred slaves was likely to have enough). Pierse's first attorney, up in the drawing-rooms, and bustling women everywhere. I sent for uncle Joe, who had been the constant attendant of the dead man, and was his only mourner, I fancy.

"Is the will safe, uncle?" I asked.

"Tink so, massa," he said, anxiously. "Mars' kep it in dat black box um had under his bed, but um were cranky—beyond belief at de lass. Lord knows what um's done."

I saw something weighed on Joe's mind and beckoned him aside. He drew something mysteriously from his pocket.

"When ole mars' died, dis key wor in his trousers' pocket. It opens dat curous box—an I tought twos best to make sure—ef de will's dar, which um good Lord grant!"

The box was curious, as Joe said, a black casket lined with asbestos, fastened by a peculiar lock. I remembered the old man had put the will in it, looking at some bank bills it contained with a chuckle. Brady, the lawyer Pierse had formerly employed, joined me in the library, where a funereal lamp burned dismally.

"Rumor says you have a will made lately, Mr. Page," he said. "I'm glad to hear it. A more diabolical piece of injustice than the one I drew up it would be hard to find. The whole property went to his brother. I mention this, *sub rosa*, of course. Though it matters little, as the deed is null."

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I confess Brady and I, however, grew a little impatient for the funeral to be over. Pierse, in the imbecility of his last hours, had gabbled incessantly of the will to the blacks about him, one hour threatening to burn it, the next praying maudlin blessings on Hester's head.

The funeral was over at last, and with Brady and Dr. Folke, who was appointed administrator, I proceeded to search for the will. Hester had been removed to the house of an old Quaker lady the day before. The demure Friend Cox, however, had left "the maiden Hester" asleep, and driven over to see if "justice had been done by that ungodly man." The good old lady checked herself at this unwonted outburst, and smoothed her forehead and lavender silk at the same time, seating herself placidly in the sunniest corner of the drawing-room. Just as we were beginning our search, a buggy drove up to the door, and Mr. Sholter was announced. Now Sholter was one of the wiriest, wiliest, lowest pettifoggers in Richmond. Brady drew himself back into his iciest politeness, when this intruder bustled in with outstretched hand: and my own welcome was hardly more genial.

"A sad loss! Sad loss!" he said, summoning a face of woe to cover his embarrassment.

Nobody spoke.

"Have you claims against the personal property, Mr. Sholter?" I asked, seeing that the others waited for me to speak. "Otherwise—our business at present is urgent, and——"

"Pre-cisely," with an ill-concealed smirk. "My business is yours, I am proud to say. I am commissioned by Mr. Samuel Pierse, brother of the deceased, now in Cuba, to attend to his interests in the matter. A will in his favor, I am led to believe, is held by Mr. Brady." Brady bowed haughtily. "I am also informed that suspicions are entertained that the deceased made a later disposition of his property. Eh! Correct? Well, well, we'll see to that! Unless the testator altered his mind and burned it. Our departed friend was not a rock in his intentions. Ha! ha! More like St. Reuben than St. Peter; d'ye take, gentlemen? I must have my little joke," rubbing his hands. "Come, let's to business. Most happy to be associated with the first members of the Richmond bar," etc., etc.

"Never mind!" I laughed to Brady, who was chafing up to his usual exploding point; "we'll have done with him presently!" and so led them to the old man's chamber, going directly to the corner where the box always had stood.

It was not there.

Let me cut my story short. The box was gone; neither chamber nor house held it. There is no need to tire you with our dismay nor rage, nor Sholter's triumph hidden under a condoling face. Well, poor wretch! no wonder he rejoiced! The agency falling into his hands was a good. fat living to him. The box was gone.

Uncle Joe said that the old man had examined the papers it contained two nights before his death, and then hid the casket carefully under the mattrass of the bed; since then he had not seen it. We resolved to keep the loss quiet for a day or two, until a thorough search was made. Meanwhile, Brady, in obedience to the power of attorney held by Sholter, delivered to him and the administrators named therein the former will.

"I will grant you, Mr. Page," said Sholter, condescendingly, "a day's grace to produce the document before I proceed to record the will."

I could have gnashed my teeth at the fellow; but I only bowed and answered, "All right. The document will be forthcoming. I do not believe it is burned."

"There I differ with you, sir," he said, with his detestable smirk.

We passed out on the portico. The house servants crowded about me. "Is it all safe, Marster Page?" said uncle Joe, acting as spokesman. "Who'd we belong to, marster?" The old negro's voice was husky.

"It will be all safe, uncle," I said, cheerfully.

"You are sanguine, Mr. Page," sneered Sholter. "If the estate becomes the property of Mr. Pierse, I doubt not these hands will be transferred to the Georgia market."

Uncle Joe's face grew livid. "De good Lord help us!" he muttered, turning away.

I watched Sholter bowling down the park, whistling as he went. I suspected almost to certainty that he had been employed by Pierse in Cuba to obtain possession of the box by clandestine means. But how to prove it? I turned with Brady and entered the drawing-room, where the old Quaker lady was pacing the floor, trying to look calm.

"I hope, friend John, thee brings good tidings?" she said, stopping short.

"We will hope for the best," I said, evasively. She looked keenly at us; then began slowly to pin on her shawl and bonnet. "I must return to Hester," dropping the subject instantly; though I saw her anxious eyes.

As I went out to help her into the old-fashioned coach, she leaned forward out of the door, her smooth cheek coloring like a girl's of sixteen. "Friend John, is the young man, Robert Johns,

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betrothed to Hester? I ask not for idle curiosity."

I smiled. "I have suspected such a thing to be possible, Friend Cox." She looked more anxious. "You do not like the idea? He is a clever boy—generous, talented." She shook her head.

"A noble young man, as God made him; but as he has made himself—the wine-cup, thee knows?—'at the last, it stingeth like an adder.'" I was silent. I knew the page in her own story that made her cheek grow pale now and her gray eyes fill with tears.

"I think better of Robert," I said. "His worst fault is indolence. Remember the education the sons of our well-blooded, poor families receive. Besides, as the husband of Hester Wray, he will have enough to do to control the plantations."

"When he cannot control himself? Oh! friend John, thee had ever a weak side for the follies of the young!" And the old lady drove away.

CHAPTER II.

Two days after this, late in the evening, I mounted my old hack and rode out to Friend Cox's plantation. Slowly, reluctantly; for I was the bearer of ill tidings. A bright fire burned in the library, flashing jets of light on the gray silken curtains, the plain rich furniture and books, the group of faces gathered about it. The mild eyes of the old Quaker were the only ones that had any tinge of sadness. Bob Johns' face, with the brown hair pushed back, fairly lit up the room with its hearty glee. Why should it not? Life had always been pleasant—opened brighter and warmer now. No day had thwarted him of all these years gone. And Bob's heart and brain were steeped in the most crimson flush of love just then, sitting on a low foot-stool at Hester's feet. She had been singing—she had a low, chirping voice, Hester, very pleasant to hear—singing some quaint old Scotch song about the "Land o' the leal." Melancholy enough! yet its sadness deepened the joy, somehow, for the two young hearts. It touched the old one, too, if I mistake not, notwithstanding the "testimony" of her sect against music; for the face was flushed coming to meet me. A quiet, happy breath pervaded the room. I settled down in it among them, uncertain how to break my news.

Perhaps Friend Cox saw it on my face and thought it had better be broken abruptly.

"Thee comes to say that the will is lost, friend John?" she said.

"I came to say it," looking in the fire, avoiding all eyes. "Gone. Sholter, as proxy for Samuel Pierse, takes possession of the plantations to-morrow."

"And the people?" cried Hester, starting up.

"They are all to be transferred to the place in Georgia."

"Sold?"

"No; not immediately."

The girl burst into tears, pacing the floor. "My own people! They were kind to me when no one else was kind—not even my own mother! Old Maumer! that nursed me in her arms! They shall not go! They shall not!"

"Can nothing be done?" said Friend Cox, half-crying.

"Nothing! I proposed taking the house servants off Sholter's hands; but he would not."

"Hester forgets her own loss," she said, in a whisper.

"I do not," the girl stopped. "It is unjust. God knows I feel that! I am no meek saint. But I can help myself. What can *they* do—my poor people? You think me silly, perhaps; but they were all I had to love for years!" her face growing crimson as she looked at Bob.

A silence followed. Bob leaned his head on the window-pane. The girl paced to and fro, controlling herself.

"Hester," said the Quaker, at last, "I see but one hope for thy house people. It may be that, in time, this man Pierse will relent, and dispose of them to me or friend John here. Then it will all be right. Thou art my child now, thee knows?"

"Except my share in her," I said.

Hester was near the old lady. She turned impulsively and threw her arms about her. "You know I thank you both!" Her voice was clear enough now. "But, listen to me. I have made up my mind. My father, nor his daughter, ever took back a promise, and I have made one in my heart to my people. I can not be dependent on you—on any one. I will earn my own bread, Friend Cox, and, after a time, I'll buy them back." Friend Cox smiled and smoothed her hair. But I saw the fashion in which the girl's lips closed, and knew she would keep her word.

Bob Johns pushed away the curtain and came up to the hearth. I don't think he remembered that I or the old lady were there: he saw, spoke to Hester only.

"Do you know what I think of myself, Hetty?" he said, in a tone whose bitterness seemed to come scalding out of his heart. "Do you see

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me standing here—a man of twenty-five ignorant, penniless years, and chances squandered, when I ought to have been strong to help you and these wretched souls? Squandered! God help me!" He covered his face with his hands. She put hers trembling on his shoulder. "I've a strong arm yet, and a strong will!" he broke out, catching the little hand. "*You* work! Never! if there's any trace of manhood left in me! I can dig, if nothing better! Hetty! Hetty! Make a man of me! Let me work for you! Give yourself to me now! You shall see me other than the idle wretch I have been. Only believe in me—believe in me!"

"I do—I always did, Robert. You shall work for me. But not together. Let us each try our strength first. Let me do something for my people." The girl's strength was giving way. She grew pale, trembling.

"Come, child," said Friend Cox, "thee has borne enough. To-morrow we will talk this matter over," and led her from the room.

Bob Johns and I soon after took our leave. Friend Cox had upbraided me with too lax a manner in dealing with young people. I thought this a good time to reform. So as we rode down the avenue, I began in a tone calculated in itself to carry conviction.

"Young man, you might have been prepared for this. I have warned you of the helpless, inefficient thing you were making of yourself, time and again, but to no purpose. A more stiff-necked, hardened youth in following his own idle fancies never fell under my control. What can I do now?"

"Well, uncle John," said Bob, turning his face with a miserable smile, "you might as well just call me 'Bob' again, and let me work out my own salvation. Little Hetty's tears have preached more to me to-night than all your counsel."

"Bob, you're a reprobate," I answered. "However, we'll try and have you admitted next month, and I can throw a good deal in your way the first term."

Somehow I had no doubt of Bob's earnestness and perseverance, nor was I disappointed. He "took hold," as the Pennsylvanians say, of work and study, gave up wine and cards with scarcely an effort. After all, a man must have stimulant. Bob had found the purest earthly strength-giver; the hope of working for a heart that loved him.

She did love him, little Hetty. Loved him enough to work at *her* task cheerfully, trustfully. She worked hard, no shrinking, or shirking, or make believe. She was employed as a teacher in Richmond, and a good thorough little teacher she made by-the-way. Friend Cox would not give her up altogether, so kept her with her; and every dollar the girl owned was laid up for the one great purpose, to bring back her "people" to their old home.

CHAPTER III.

Years passed. Strange enough, you think, that two true, honestly loving hearts should be kept apart for years by the want of dollars and cents. Yet I have known such things happen more than once in novels, if not in real life.

Now comes the unusual part of my story. Immediately after the property passed into the hands of Samuel Pierse and his agent, the negroes were sent, as I before stated, to Georgia, and the house offered for rent. An Alabamian planter and his family took it, who were spending the winter in Richmond. He leased it, he informed me, for two years. I was surprised, therefore, when I met him in the reading-room of one of the hotels a month after and learned that he had removed to town. "The house was unpleasant." Very soon after another tenant occupied it; but only for a few weeks. Another followed, and another. Strange stories began to be bruited about of noises and lights unnatural, and not to be accounted for by any rational theory. The negroes talked; the white tenants themselves, half-ashamed, whispered mysteriously, said it was nothing, but presently decamped. Sholter was in despair. Satan himself was in the house, he said. Other people said it was only the ghost of old Pierse. To make a long story short, things went from bad to worse, until the house was utterly deserted a year after Pierse's death.

So it stood for about five years. In the meantime Bob Johns had been gradually taking his place among the reliable thorough members of the Virginia bar. I helped him to practice, of course: so did Brady; so did everybody. But he helped himself most. Earnest, eager, throwing himself into every cause as if the cause were his own, and gaining every day a deeper, more subtle knowledge of the science of jurisprudence, Bob Johns bade fair to rank among our highest jurists. He came to me one day, as I was leaving the office, and leaned over the back of my chair in his old boyish way. "Uncle Page," for he had a fashion of calling me this when anything touched him, "uncle Page, wish me joy!"

I looked up, and said, "Hester has relented?"

"Not altogether. She will be my wife; but

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she will persist in helping me bring back the servants. God knows when we will be able to accomplish it. Hetty had a scrawl from uncle Joe last week, that would touch your heart. We'll have to struggle hard enough, but we'll get on, I don't fear." Neither did I, looking in his face.

The wedding I learned was to be in a month. It so happened, that very night, that I was riding out past the Pierse plantation. I called Pine up to me as we reached the house.

"I thought, Pine," I said, "that house was vacant now?"

"So 'tis, Mars' John. Lord save us, see dat light in dem winders?"

"Certainly. Sholter must have a tenant in it."

"Not a tenant. De house am haunted, dem ignorant niggers say. No truf in dat, ov course."

"Very well, Pine, suppose you ride up and see about the light. It only would be right to give Sholter notice if the house is tenanted by vagrants. The furniture is there just as Pierse left it."

Pine turned a sickly yellow.

"Mars' Sholter's no friend of mine. Guess I'll not go if marster'll 'xcuse me."

There never was a more arrant coward, I well knew, than Pine. His horse kept in advance of mine a few paces out to the country house where I was going to dine. Coming home, I was joined by Brady. We jogged along together, slowly, for the road was muddy. Arriving near the Pierse house, I perceived the light again, and pointed it out to him. Brady was a young man, reckless, and, to be honest, excited by our host's champagne.

"They say that house is haunted, Mr. Page," he said; "did you know? May I never die if I don't go up and have a bout with old Pierse's ghost!"

He turned his horse to the roadside, hitched him to the fence and began to cross the field.

"Come back, Fred," I cried. But he would not. "Well then, I'm with you," I said, and followed, determined to see it out.

What would the junior members of my law-school have said if they had seen me lumbering over a stubble-field at midnight in search of a ghost? However, they did not see it, and impelled by some boyish whim breaking out under my gray hairs, I pushed on, followed by Pine, his teeth chattering. "Gor-a-mighty," he said, "old mars' is done cracked! Hope he'll pay for dis in his gouty toe!"

We reached the house at last. Brady scrambled up the porch and peeped in the windows.

"Old Pierse has met with congenial company, if his ghost is about," he whispered, coming down. "Though I thought the woman led him such a termagant dance as he wouldn't care to repeat."

"What woman, Brady?"

"The mulatto—don't you recollect?—that he kept as housekeeper, and who ruled the old wretch with a rod of iron."

"Impossible. He sold her a year before he died to a Louisiana trader."

"Ef he did, Mars' John," said Pine, taking courage, when he found the conversation was reasonably un-diabolic, "she comed back. Ole Kit you mean? Fore old Pierse died she was hangin round the swamps, they say, an I heard got in an saw him once when none knowed it but Jake. After the rumpus bout dat box he wor feared to tell."

The same thought struck us all. Pine, forgetting his fears and rheumatism, climbed up and peeped in. "It's Kit," he said, descending. "She's sittin' in style there."

"Mr. Page," said Brady, "will you ride into town and bring out a couple of policemen? I will be better able to keep watch if she have any accomplices."

An hour after Kit and a big strapping boy, her son, were safe in custody. The boy was recognized as Beefsteak Jim, a notorious thief in the neighborhood. Under cover of the reputation of the house as haunted, the woman had now occupied it for years unharmed.

While the magistrate was committing them to jail, Brady and I held a short consultation in my office, determining on what course to pursue with the woman, to ascertain if she were an accomplice of Sholter in destroying the will.

Early the next morning we went to her cell. She was an old negro, with high cheek bones and sallow eyes, denoting Indian blood, and more than Indian craftiness.

"Before the death of your Master Pierse," I said, (assuming the assertant scheme for extracting evidence), "you got into his chamber alone, and terrified him into confessing that his will was made and hid in a box under the mattrass. You carried the box off and concealed yourself and it somewhere in the house, until after the funeral was over." I saw by the woman's face I had guessed correctly, and despite her oaths and curses persisted, threatening her with the utmost punishment of the law if she refused to confess. Aided by Brady and the magistrate, I succeeded in eliciting the truth. She had not acted as Sholter's agent. We had wronged him there. Partly to revenge

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herself on Hester for having caused her dismissal, partly to ensure the house as her own hiding-place, she had devised and carried out the plan. Under the granaries there was a secret cellar, communicating with the house by a passage in the wall. In this cellar, of which she only was cognizant, she had concealed herself, and by means of the hidden passage had produced the unnatural lights and noises that had brought upon the house the name of "uncanny."

"But the box?" said I, eagerly.

"What will you give me if I tell you?" she demanded, her beady eyes sharpening.

"Liberty, and a pass to Ohio," I replied.

"I couldn't burn or break it," she said, moodily. "I tried, Lord knows. It's there in the cellar."

It was there safe enough; and when we opened the rusty lock with the key which I had always retained, there lay the yellow paper that gave Hester Wray her own again.

For reasons that we had, our discovery was kept a secret from every one but Sholter, and Friend Cox, who, for the first time in her life, I suppose, became a partner in a conspiracy. It was a busy month for Brady, and Pine, and me. However, our work was accomplished in time. The wedding night arrived, clear and starlit. A quiet wedding, being at the house of a friend, yet full of deep content. Little Hester's cheeks were paler, it might be, than five years before; but the grave smile in her eyes was more constant and pure. As for Bob, he had worked long years for his Rachel, you saw the marks of that on his face; but you saw, too, that Rachel satisfied the innermost want of his soul. So we had a happy, holy wedding; one which, I doubted not, the God of the orphan girl could smile on and bless.

When it was over, when the tears and good wishes were past, and the supper-table (ah! what cooks these Friends have!) attended to, I joined the group where the bride and groom stood.

"You are going to the North for your bridal tour?" I asked.

"To Canada. Yes, uncle Page," said Hester, blushingly claiming share in Bob's relationship.

"I have a favor to ask you. It's ten o'clock now, and the train you travel in leaves at twelve. Let me carry you off to pay a visit."

"Isn't it a little unreasonable?" said Bob, glancing at the wondering faces.

"Not a bit. Thee must go—thee must go," hurried out Friend Cox.

She and Brady entered the carriage with us, leaving her husband to explain. When we drove in the gates of the Pierse plantation, little Hetty began to tremble. "Why do we come here?" she asked. "It hurts me to remember my people, and to-night——"

I hurried her out of the carriage as it stopped. "Only some friends," I said, "who want to wish you joy, Hester."

She stopped; some quick thought flashed over her face, and, in her old impetuous way, she sprang up the steps and opened the door.

The lighted hall was crowded with black faces bright with joy. We heard a tumult of laughter, and shouts, and weeping.

"Uncle Page, this is your doing," said Bob. "No Canada now; this is better."

I pointed to the hall table where lay the asbestos box. Hester heeded it but little. "Oh! Maumer—all of you," she sobbed, "thank God! You are all here to-night."

Old uncle Joe held her by the hand. "Hush!" he said, in a husky voice, kneeling down. "Let us give thanks unto de name ob de Lord!"

LOST HIM BY FLIRTING.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

'Tis true that pride and coldness
Are traits which I command;
But remember! 'twas your boldness
That taught me where to stand.

Oh! well you knew your power,
And you tried to worry me,
While flirting by the hour,
When you thought I did not see.

'Tis well your power's vanished,
Its dominion o'er me gone;
Though other hearts may falter,
It is not mine to mourn.

If you thought, fair one, to trifle
With all a man holds dear,
Your tender feelings stifle,
And dry the falling tear.

My spirit you have tortured,
But, false one, fare thee well;
My love, it was no common love,
You knew and read it well.

By time and distance parted,
Our mutual hearts are free;
Thou art marked as one false-hearted,
Go! I've forgotten thee!

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THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

Old Trimount, sitting upon her hills beside the sea, was alive that early June day. And so had she been fully alive and astir since the April day, when first her pulses beat faster and her great heart throbbed stronger to the long, deep roll of the drum and the note of fife and trumpet. Such strong, deep life had been aroused—such earnest words as dropped from men's lips grouped at corners of the streets—such sale as the dailies met with from the hands of ragged newsboys suddenly grown into the most important merchants on 'change—such trains of men, women, and children, as went pouring down the *pave*, following wherever a star-spangled banner and a file of soldiers appeared! It was as if the old days of Seventy-Six had been resurrectionized into the middle of the nineteenth century, and the old Faneuil Hall "Cradle of Liberty" was rocking anew a young offspring of freedom.

From Beacon street to State—from the long stretch of the sea-girt Milldam to the wharves—from the new, young South End to old, decrepit Copps' Hill—forth streamed the tide of humanity. Everywhere in the city "red, white, and blue" waved in the wind; the streets, stores, dwellings; men and women, children; horses, carts, wheel-barrows, apple-stands; all things had suddenly blossomed out into the glorious stripes and stars.

From the sea-girt shore of Cape Ann—from the green hills of Middlesex and Berkshire counties—from ship, farm, and workshop they came—the noble volunteers! Every day the great iron horses panted into the railway stations, bringing files of uniformed soldiers. And still, day by day the great heart of the country was more fully roused, and the Granite Hills and Pine Tree Strand of the north-country awoke in every vein and pulse.

A regiment, just disembarked from the railway train, was marching through the city. Up and down the winding, crooked streets it kept its step, till it emerged into broad Tremont; then entered the noble, green, shaded Common. With the thronging crowd that followed went a young and handsome man, with grave, thoughtful mien and deep-set, earnest eyes—Norman Wendell, the scholar. Following the music with his step, and the ranks of volunteers and their banner with his earnest eye; side by side with care-worn business men, fashionably-dressed ladies, enthusiastic boys, and little ragged waifs from the city's lowest strata of humanity; ever keeping his gaze upon the proudly-waving flag, he held his pace near the noble soldiers. Suddenly a hand was brought down on his shoulder, a voice disturbed his thoughts, and an arm was put into his own.

"Following the volunteers, eh! Wendell, and the red-tape documents lying untouched at the office? Aren't going to turn 'soger,' and try it on, too?"

The voice was drawling and far from manly; and its owner was fairly represented by it: weak, foppish, and affected—Augustus Deland, son of a rich man, and a spendthrift alike of time and money.

"Haven't decided; but strange thoughts are stirring within me, Deland," replied the young lawyer. "It seems to me, to-day, plainer than ever before what a man's duty is. Wonderful—this uprising of the whole country!—isn't it?"

"Aw yes, wonderful—no doubt," drawled the exquisite, carelessly, settling his eye-glass.

"It brings to mind the stirring words of Scott's 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,'" went on Wendell, scarcely minding his companion's inanity, "these men who are

> 'Come in their war array—
> Gentles and commons.'"

And, in a deep, musical voice, he repeated:

> "'Come from deep glen, and
> From mountain so rocky,
> The war-pipe and pennon
> Are at Inverlochy;
> Come every hill-plaid, and
> True heart that wears one,
> Come every steel blade, and
> Strong hand that bears one.
>
> Leave untended the herd,
> The flock without shelter;
> Leave the corpse uninterred,
> The bride at the altar:
> Leave the deer, leave the steer,
> Leave nets and barges:
> Come with your fighting gear,
> Broad swords, and targes!'"

"'Pon me honor! you are getting excited, Wendell—quoting poetry over these fellows! Come, let's get out of this crush, and take a stand on these steps here, where one can see

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the review without being jostled so. Soldiers are getting to be a bore!"

With a slightly contemptuous smile, the young lawyer kept on his way down the broad, smooth avenue, unheeding his companion's request.

"Deuce take Wendell!" muttered Deland, when convinced that, if he would secure his company, he must follow him into the crowd. "It's all very necessary and fine, I've no doubt, for these volunteers, to be reviewed and paraded here by his excellency, the governor; but a fellow needn't get himself mixed up so. 'Pon me word! if Wendell does carry his democratic ideas into practice, it'll leave a nice little vacancy with the fair Quincy, and I flatter myself that my position as son and heir of my worthy paternal might avail me a little in that quarter. And now it strikes me what I heard lately—that they'd had a falling out with each other. Nothing serious, I'll wager; but that'll help me a trifle if he goes to the wars: and I'll play sweet in her good graces, if the thing's possible. But where's Wendell?"

Coming nearer, and mixing with the crowd pressing around the soldiers, who, breaking lines, had flung themselves on the soft green sward underneath the magnificent old elms, to take rest and partake of the substantial collation served them by the generous hospitality of the city, Deland espied his legal acquaintance, busied in an earnest conversation with a stalwart, intelligent young volunteer, who stood leaning on his musket.

A deep, earnest expression, born of the freedom of his own breezy Maine woods and hills, spoke from the young soldier's eye; and the rich blood of his healthy manhood warmed his bronzed cheek, as he replied to some words the Bostonian had spoken to him.

"Yes, it's a glorious cause, sir; and I should despise myself if I did not give the strength of my manhood to my country. My grandfather fought at Bunker Hill; my father was in the Eighteen-hundred-and-twelve; and, when the proclamation came, I left the old saw-mill on the Kennebec and 'listed."

"Do you expect to return, sir?"

"God knows, sir! I leave it in His hands. I can die in no better cause!"

The frame of the Maine lumberman was brawny; his hands were large and unshapely with labor; his face was darkened with weather exposure; but Norman Wendell felt, at that moment, as this subdued, reverential reply met his question, how noble a soul was wrapped in an uncouth husk of externals! The two stood side by side—the hardy volunteer and the city foppling; for Deland had come near—and the rich man's son dwindled into insignificance beside nature's own true nobleman.

"God bless you! I hope you may return to your friends again!" exclaimed Wendell, grasping the horny hand and shaking it warmly ere he moved away.

"Will you take some cake, sir? or cold meat? Perhaps you would prefer that?"

"Thank you, Miss!" answered the volunteer, helping himself from a tray of edibles at this moment passed him by a young and beautiful lady, whose delicate white hands—if we are to credit the theory some one has advanced—proclaimed her to be of patrician birth. "You are very kind to us soldiers," he added, a touch of native embarrassment bringing the blood warmer to his cheek, as he was helped bountifully by the lady. "The long ride from Bangor has somewhat sharpened our appetites."

With a smile and a kind reply, the patrician girl, who had left her father's elegant mansion to swell the band of generous-hearted ladies congregated by the collation tables upon the Common to minister to the needs of the soldiers, passed on; but not till her eye had momentarily encountered Norman Wendell's in a glance that called a deep color to her cheek. But, recovering herself, she only gave a slight nod of acknowledgment; and in another moment the crowd had parted them.

"She cannot care for me!" sighed the young lawyer, as he turned his step from the Common. "Ah! well; there is one tie the less, then, to bind me here! I know now that *her* smiles have been stronger than my patriotism to keep me back from my duty. That noble young lumberman's words shamed me. His saw-mill was as near to him as briefs and clients to me; and, certainly, he left a home and friends behind, while not a soul on earth would be the sadder for my going. If Rose ever loved me, it is all past now! I know my duty—and it shall be performed!"

"Wendell, what the deuce are you driving on at that rate for?" asked Augustus Deland, overtaking him at the corner of School and Tremont streets. "It's enough to put a fellow out of breath entirely to keep up with you. Let's go into Parker's for a smoke, I say!"

"Excuse me; but I must hasten down to the office," was the somewhat curt reply given.

"*Au revoir*, then!" said Deland, pausing at the entrance of the marble-front palace hotel, while Wendell kept on down the pavement into Washington street, *en route* for Court street.

That night found Norman Wendell in Beacon

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street, and at the door of one of its most aristocratic mansions. In a moment more he was in the presence of the fair patrician.

"My leaving town to-morrow is my excuse for calling, Miss Quincy," he said, turning to his hostess, after Augustus Deland, whom he found there, had bowed himself from the drawing-room. "I came to say good-by."

"Ah!" And with this little interjection the cold *hauteur* of Miss Quincy's countenance resolved into a gentler expression; and something of an air of surprise—perhaps a stronger emotion of agitation—struggled up; for her small white hands nervously trifled with the tassels of the superb lounge cushions. A keen observer might have seen that she was making an effort for composure.

It was an elegant drawing room. Sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, Aubuson carpets, Buhl cabinets were there; and treasures of art which bespoke the æsthetic cravings of the young and beautiful mistress of her widowed father's home. But Rose herself, perfect in rounded outline as Canova's chiseling, and richer in hues of health and beauty than the creations of painter's imagination, brightened all her splendid surroundings. So, everywhere, is warm, blooming youth-life dearer than the most rare creations of an Angelo's genius—the one, how fresh and glowing beside the other imprisoned in its canvass walls!

There was as much apparent calmness in Norman Wendell's face as her own when Miss Quincy continued, "I was not aware that we were to lose you. We shall miss you in society if you remain away long, Mr. Wendell." This was an indirect method of putting a query her assumed indifference would not permit her to ask openly.

"My stay will probably be for quite a period," replied Wendell, indifferently.

Certainly the information imparted Miss Rose Quincy was somewhat vague.

"It seems the rage to get out of town early this season," went on Rose. "Mr. Deland was just informing me that his mother and sister are going to Saratoga, and they wish me to join their party. The Bethunes and Willistons go into the country for a quiet summer; and the Bowditches leave for Europe. Old Boston will be deserted."

Was it possible that Rose did not know whither his way led, that she talked thus carelessly of ordinary journeys? Was it not something different to take one's departure for the battle field, than to go into the cool, green country, or to stand on the deck of the Arabia "outward bound" on a pleasant trip to the old world? Could Rose Quincy be cognizant of his plan, and talk thus carelessly as of an every day parting?

Wendell knew not; and, in the mood that then enfolded him, his pride rose up to forbid explanation. He turned from the subject to speak of other themes—of the weather, the last concert, the stagnation of business, and even the latest bulletin from the seat of war in the evening papers. It was a prolonged call, and the stars rose higher in the sky without, and the fair round moon stood brighter over the magnificent elms of the Common opposite the windows of Nathan Quincy's brown-stone front, as the young man lingered in the drawing-room.

But at length Wendell rose. Both etiquette and pride urged his departure, though his heart pleaded against it.

"It is growing late, and I have other calls to make, Miss Quincy."

"Do you leave town early to-morrow?"

"In the afternoon, probably."

"A pleasant summer to you. May you enjoy your journey!"

"Thank you!"

Norman Wendell stood a moment with Rose Quincy's hand in his own. Either she was playing a part, or she was wholly ignorant that he had joined the army. His better thoughts triumphed. His eye fell on the small brooch-bow at her snowy throat, the red, white, and blue that fastened her collar of delicate Honiton; and he said,

"I rejoice to see, Miss Quincy, that you wear the colors I am about to give my feeble aid to defend. It may be a bold request; but will you not give me the rosette as a souvenir of this parting?"

A sudden flash of intelligence lit Rose Quincy's blue eyes; and a wave of crimson rushed to her cheek, then back upon her heart, leaving her pale as death.

"Norman Wendell, tell me—are you going to—to——" she asked, breathlessly.

"To defend Washington!" he answered, in a softened voice, moved by her agitation.

"And I thought—I was not aware—why did you not tell me?"

"Did you *care* to know? If I thought that my going, or coming, was anything to you, dearest Rose?" And now an arm had stolen about her waist, and his deep, earnest eyes were eagerly scanning every lineament of her paling and crimsoning face upturned to his own. "*Do* you care, dear Rose?"

It was sudden—like an enchanter's vision—

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the glow of strong woman-love that swept in rapid surges over Rose Quincy's beautiful face; and like the words heard in a blissful dream, her whispered reply to Wendell's question—reply—so low was it, that it cannot be supposed the romancer overheard it, though the lover drank it in, nor lost a syllable.

But that night, when the young volunteer left Nathan Quincy's mansion, he took with him the warm prayers of the noble girl, in whose veins circled a tide of patriotic blood caught from heroic Puritan ancestors; and the tri-colored rose taken from her soft white throat had been fastened, by her small snowy hands, upon his breast.

And so Norman Wendell took away with him his Red, White, and Blue, that night, to be borne, on his heart, to the camp of his regiment at Washington; yet he left his dearest pledge behind. As he kissed sweet Rose at parting, he might, in the graceful words of a modern poetess, have murmured:

"But the mouth that touched mine just a moment ago,
These little, soft hands that are colder than snow;
These eyes, rayed like stars, that my kisses have pressed,
Are the 'Red, White, and Blue' in the shape I love best."

CHILDLESS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

CHILDLESS! It is the saddest word
  E'er spoken by an English tongue,
Fit only, in the saddest tune,
  By weeping voices to be sung.
It is the low, despairing wail
  Of those whose bosoms inly bleed—
Oh! stricken parents thus bereaved,
  Alas! ye are bereaved indeed!

No loss is like your loss of all
  That made life precious, dear, and sweet;
The weary pulses of your heart
  Run down and will no longer beat
At any call of Mirth and Hope,
  At any light or gladsome air;
And the blue firmament of Love
  Is clouded over with despair.

And by your sides, in day or night,
  Forbidding welcome sleep and rest,
Like some gray spectre in a dream,
  Sits Sorrow now, a constant guest.
A constant guest, who turns your feast
  Into a funeral dark and long,
And, for a deep and solemn dirge,
  Transposes life's familiar song.

Children—all gone! not one withheld,
  Not one to whom your souls were bound!
What comfort now is yours, and where
  Can solace for such grief be found?
They were your treasures, your delight,
  Your very cares for them were joys;
And now there's nothing, nothing left
  But their poor garments, broken toys!

Nothing but these, and memory
  Of all their pretty, childish ways,
Their fond caresses, artless wiles,
  Their bright employments, brighter plays;
Their little fingers clasped in prayer,
  Their flowing ringlets, tender eyes.
And will you see them all again,
  When you, like them, have reached the skies?

Oh! parents, yes! In that dear home
  For those who look beyond the tomb,
And, in their holy moments, view
  Love's lustre breaking through the gloom,
You shall regain the loved and lost,
  And in your longing arms enfold
Them, who, in dying young, live young,
  Where nothing ever can grow old!

A MORNING HYMN.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

GREAT God, let my first offering rise
  To Thee, whose sun creates this day,
Swift as his cheering influence rise,
  And spotless as his ray.

Throughout this day Thy hand be nigh—
  Preserve me as before—
Still lead, and all my wants supply,
  Thou, whom I e'er adore!

Thy blissful Providence impart
  In bounteous measure, Lord;
With gratitude imbue my heart
  While I peruse Thy Word.

Afflictions should Thy love bestow,
  In chastisement for sin;
Patient I'll bear the smarting blow—
  Thy goodness still will hymn.

This day, whate'er my varying fate,
  Some virtue let me gain—
That Heaven to me a low estate
  May not have lent in vain.

Be this and every future day
  More holy than the past—
That, treading in Thy holy way,
  I shall reach Home at last.

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THE MURRAYS OF MURRAY HOUSE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "KATE AYLESFORD," "THE OLD STONE MANSION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141.

VII. THE IMPENDING BATTLE.

The War of Independence, thus opened at Lexington, advanced with rapid strides. But it is not our purpose to relate the events of that struggle, except so far as they bore directly on the fortunes of our hero.

Hector had left Philadelphia on the morning after his interview with Helen, and repairing immediately to Cambridge, where the patriot army was rallying, had arrived in time to offer his services for the expedition against Canada, joining the division which was to march under the orders of Arnold. The way led across the highlands of Maine, through dense forests, where, for weeks, not a human habitation was seen. Words are inadequate to record the privations of that journey, or the heroism with which they were endured. Hector, ardent and daring, was among the foremost at the attack on Quebec, and, when that attack was repulsed, was one of those who were made prisoners. When many weary months had elapsed he was exchanged, in time to take part in the earlier movements against Burgoyne. But when Sir William Howe set out on his expedition against Philadelphia, Hector eagerly embraced an opportunity of being sent southward with despatches.

Various motives influenced him in welcoming this change. Foremost among them was his desire to join the army of Washington and assist in the defence of the capital. But this was not his sole inducement. The circumstances under which he had parted with Helen had left him only half-assured of the nature of her sentiments toward him. At times, as of old, he persuaded himself that she loved him. This was, when he recalled what his aunt had said, or dwelt on Helen's agitation at their last interview. But these happy convictions were shaken, when he remembered her silence at the same interview, and her evident desire to get rid of him. Meantime months had passed, and in that interval, even if she had felt, at first parting, some regrets, there had been leisure and opportunity enough for her to forget him. In Philadelphia there would occur many opportunities, when he might meet Helen, and learn, from her manner, even if not in words, what his hopes were.

Another circumstance made him desirous of joining the main army. He had, originally, sought employment at the North, because it removed him from the vicinity of Murray House; since any meeting, in public, between his father and himself, could not, under present circumstances, but be unpleasant. But Major Murray, as Hector had only lately heard, had sailed for Europe the preceding spring.

It was the month of September. The sun had nearly reached his meridian, and was pouring his rays down from a cloudless sky, when a horseman dashed up to the gate of a farm-house, not far from the Brandywine, and asked if he could see the commander-in-chief. As he stood there waiting, while his request was announced, he glanced up, with some curiosity, to see the dwelling which sheltered the fortunes of the nation. The house was two stories in height, on one side, but, on the other, sloped backward almost to the ground, as was the prevalent fashion, among dwellings of its character, at that time and in that locality. A huge willow, which overshadowed one end; a bit of sweet-brier; a small grass plat; and a neat paled fence were the only ornamental objects about. But though taste had done so little to adorn the place, nature had done much by affording it the loveliest surroundings. The great state of Pennsylvania, indeed, is full of beautiful scenery. There is the Delaware Water-Gap, where the river breaks through mountains sixteen hundred feet high. There are the elm-fringed shores of the winding Juniata and Susquehanna, names which suggest the picturesque by their very sound. There are the wide-sweeping hills of Washington and Westmoreland counties, alternating between green pastures, golden grain-fields, and wooded acclivities. There is the tempestuous swell of the Alleghanies, as, standing on some central peak, you see the mountains rolling, billowy, away for

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a hundred miles to east and west, and for a thousand miles southward. There are fair and smiling valleys, like that of Lebanon, stretching further than eye can see, with the Blue Mountains, like a vast wall on the north, and the South Mountain on the other boundary, with receding and advancing angles and great bastions, like a gigantic earthwork from primeval times and the wars of Titans. There, too, is the valley of the Schuylkill, as viewed from the heights below Reading, a scene, that, more than any other in the world, recalls that Paradise around the Arno. And there, differing from all these, as each differs from the other, are the calm, pastoral hills and intervales of Chester county, with their stone farm-houses nestled by the clear and rocky streams, their quaint mills, their bursting barns, their pleasant orchards, and their delicious variety of meadow, ploughed fields, and stately old woods. It was in this last and lovely section of the state—where, to look at the landscape, one would think war could never come, and where no want of taste could make even the humblest house entirely ugly—that the head-quarters of Washington, which we have just described, stood.

"Here is the general," said the aid, who had carried in the message. "He is very much occupied; but as what you have to say is of importance, he will hear you."

The horseman, who wore the dress of an ordinary inhabitant of the region, looked quickly around, at these words, and beheld advancing toward him that majestic presence, with which, from having been so often described and pictured, every American is familiar. There was the tall and stately form; the dress of buff and blue; the commanding air; the face that once seen was never forgotten, and that bespoke a character alike just and inflexible. The horseman recognized Washington immediately, and instinctively took off his hat.

"You have information of the enemy, I am told," said Washington, the first to speak, for the other was silenced by the awe of that presence.

"Yes, may it please you, general," answered the other, starting as if from a spell.

"Speak, then," said the great chief, reassuringly. "Time is precious. You are a friend to the cause, I hope."

He said this, not as if he really doubted the man, whose truth he had read with one searching glance, but in order to give the embarrassed visitor time to collect his thoughts.

"Yes! I am a friend to the cause; and it is that which has brought me here. You think, I am told, that the whole force of the enemy is opposite to you, on the other side of the creek; but I saw a large body of Hessians and British troops crossing at Jeffries Ford, above, as if to march down and take you in the rear."

Washington's brow exhibited no trace of excitement; though this intelligence, if true, was vitally important. He turned, calmly, to an officer beside him.

"You said—did you not?—that your scouts had swept the river, for the whole distance, and that there were no troops in sight."

"I did. We passed the fords above here, and no one was there. The man has made a mistake," he added, in a whisper. "Or, perhaps, he has been sent to mislead us purposely."

"I do not think so," was the answer, in the same tone. Then, in a louder key, and turning to the countryman, Washington continued, "How far off is this ford?"

"About eleven miles."

"You have hardly had time to come so far."

"Look how my mare is blown. She never carried me faster, though she is all mettle, as you may see."

The great chief, who had a passion for fine horses, looked admiringly at the small ears, wide forehead, deep chest, and powerful stifle, of the animal pointed out to him. The large nostrils were now distended and red as blood; the flanks were heaving; and she stood, leaning down, with outstretched neck, regardless even of the rich, aromatic herbage at her feet.

"You are right," said Washington, "she has come both far and fast, and is a splendid creature. But can you describe the country to me, so that I can understand where this ford is? My accounts differ so much from yours—I am told there is no such ford—that you must excuse me for being cautious."

"I can show you in a minute," said the man, eagerly; and he stooped down, and with his finger began to draw, in a rude way, in the sandy path that led up to the gate, a map of the vicinity. "Here is the Brandywine," he said, "here is where we stand—this is the course the creek takes—about here is the ford your scouts have been watching—here is the furthest point, a few miles more up, to which they appear to have gone—and here," he added, triumphantly, making a deep indentation in the sand, and looking up earnestly, "is Jeffries Ford, where they crossed this morning."

"You saw them cross?"

"Yes! They fired on and chased me. Only the speed of my mare saved me."

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"What do you think of it, general?" said Washington, turning to another of the group.

The officer, a tall, portly personage, shook his head in the negative. "Our intelligence is too reliable," he said, "and it contradicts this man's in every particular. Gen. Sullivan, himself, saw you about just such a report, you know, an hour or two ago; and the general can't be wrong."

"Our intelligence don't contradict this in every particular, however. On the contrary, my dear Knox, this rude sketch agrees substantially with our maps, and only differs, if you can call it a difference, by going further. Really, Gen. Sullivan must have been mistaken."

"It is too long a circuit to make, and I may add, too brilliant an idea for Howe to entertain."

"We must not under-rate an enemy," said Washington. "It is, indeed, almost too great a circuit to execute in time. But suppose, gentlemen," for there was quite a group of officers listening, "that the manœuvre has been actually attempted—are we not in a trap?"

The countryman, who had heard this discussion with increasing anxiety and impatience, and had only been restrained from interfering, by the evidently high rank of all about him, could restrain himself no longer.

"For God's sake, general," he broke in, "don't let them persuade you I am wrong. I am not mistaken; my life for it, I am not mistaken. Make me a prisoner—keep me till you find out the truth—and shoot me, or hang me, if I have deceived you."

"Where is Capt. Murray?" said Washington, turning to his suite, with that quick, decided air, which told that his mind was made up "He was here but a minute ago!"

As he spoke, the neigh of a horse was heard, and a high-spirited bay, with all his trappings on, appeared coming around the corner of the garden, led by our hero, who, though older and more sun-burnt than when we saw him last, had still the same frank face and gallant bearing as formerly. Though not permanently attached to Washington's family, for he preferred active service in the field, Murray was, for the time, acting in the capacity of aid, during the illness of a friend and till a company could be had for him.

Making the proper military salute, Hector stood before the chief, one hand holding the bridle, and the other on the mane of the horse, his head turned toward the general, ready to mount at a word.

"Into the saddle and gallop for life to Sullivan," said Washington. "Tell him to wheel his division to the right, and be prepared for this attack in our rear. Stay there and see if you can be of service." And he added a few rapid orders, more in detail; and then, as Murray, leaping into the saddle, and giving the impatient steed his head, darted off, he turned to his suit and added, "And now, gentlemen, to your posts. I was, as you know, about to cross and attack Gen. Howe. We will stand on the defensive, however, for awhile. Ha! who is this?"

As he spoke, a rider, his horse covered with foam, was seen dashing from the direction which Murray had taken, though Murray was already out of sight before the latter had become visible. The next moment the messenger drew up at Washington's side, throwing his horse on his haunches, the froth flying from the mouth, the head flung up, under bit and spur.

"General," cried the man, breathlessly, "the British have taken us in our rear. They are now marching on Birmingham Meeting House, two miles and a half back. I saw them, myself, swarming like bees on Osborne Hill, which is opposite. Gen. Sullivan is over-matched."

"To saddle, to saddle," cried Washington, his eye kindling as it kindled only in battle, and his voice booming out, as he spoke, deep and awful as the thunder of sudden artillery. "You, my Lord Stirling, and you, Gen. Debarre, wheel your divisions and hurry to Sullivan's help. Meantime, we, here, will keep the ford."

The group broke up on the instant. There was a wild hurrying of feet, a tumult of rapid orders, a clanging of sword and spur, and then a dozen officers, on fleet steeds, darted off in as many different directions, riding for life or death.

Simultaneously the roar of a cannon, in front, was heard. Its deep boom echoing and re-echoing among the hills, announced that the battle of Brandywine had begun.

VIII. BRANDYWINE.

Hector never slackened his speed till he came in view of the enemy. Over brooks, over fences, he kept right on, his spirited horse snorting with excitement. In an almost incredibly short space of time, he reached his destination, and drew up, at Sullivan's side, near Birmingham Meeting House.

This ancient edifice still remains, a relic of an age long passed away. It is a humble, one-storied building, constructed of rubble stone,

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and has attached to it, on two sides, a rude grave-yard, which is enclosed by a low wall. It stands on the summit of a long acclivity, while opposite, at the distance of about a mile, with a cultivated valley intervening, is Osborne Hill. As Hector drew in his horse, he saw that the enemy, who had rested for awhile on the slope of Osborne Hill, was about advancing to the attack, and that Gen. Sullivan had already made such dispositions to resist the assault, as were compatible with his comparatively inferior force and the little time left to him.

On came the enemy. A force of pioneers marched in front, assisted by such countrymen as they had pressed into their service. Then followed the Hessians, and after these the royal troops. Cornwallis in person led the attack, his martial figure conspicuous amid his gorgeous staff. Arrived at the bottom of the valley, the pioneers proceeded to remove the fence, which, at this point, divided two fields, the army pouring through the gap immediately, and advancing, at a leisurely pace, in battle array. Hector thought within himself that he had never seen so brilliant a spectacle, as that presented by the long lines of bayonets glittering in the sun, the splendid uniforms of the royal troops and the banners of the regiments that flaunted in the van; while the stirring music of the bands heighténed the excitement of the moment.

Hector observed that Sullivan had posted his troops with considerable skill, taking every advantage of the character of the ground, and that a body of marksmen lined the low grave-yard wall. But he did not flatter himself with the hope of victory. He knew, that, even so holy a cause as that in which the Americans were fighting, could not prevail against greater numbers and superior discipline. The patriot force, at that time, was little more than a mob of raw militia men. It was not till Baron Steuben, in the winter following, introduced the Prussian tactics, that it became worthy of the name of an army. On the other hand, the enemy were thoroughly disciplined and in the highest state of efficiency. They had just been recruited by rest and refreshment; were conscious that they had surprised the Americans; and were full, therefore, of that confidence, which is so often the precursor of victory.

But Hector had little time for these or any other reflections. The Hessians were hardly within range, before the right wing of Sullivan, with the impatience of raw troops, opened fire upon them. The rattle of the volley had scarcely died away, the blue smoke was still curling slowly up in front, when the Hessians gave a cheer, increased their pace almost to a run, and dashed in on the Americans. The struggle was short and fierce. Hector stood with his heart in his mouth.

"Ha!" he cried, "they waver—they break—the Hessians are among them—their flag is down—gracious heaven! they run in every direction."

The disorder, indeed, was spreading along the whole line. Only the few marksmen, stationed in the grave-yard, held their own. Close, unremitting and deadly, they poured in their fire, cheering occasionally as they fancied they saw the enemy beginning to waver. But, brave as they were, they were too greatly outnumbered to prevail. As fast as the royal soldiers fell, the British officers cried, "Close up, close up," and the ranks, compacting themselves at the word, advanced, a resistless wall of fire and steel. That solid, moving mass was soon within pistol-shot; next it had come almost within bayonet-thrust; and now it was at the foot of the wall, and beginning, like a vast billow, to pour over it. To attempt to hold the place longer would have been madness. Reluctantly, therefore, the order was given to retreat.

Up to this time, Hector had not been, personally, engaged in the fight. But now that retreat was inevitable, he, with a few mounted officers, gathered in the rear, and prepared, to keep back the pursuit, by charging on the enemy.

"We must give time for our men to get off, or it will be a slaughter," he said. "The whole field is in confusion. Look in the orchard yonder! Our brave fellows are falling there like sheep. One charge among the red-coats, few as we are—we can but die!—who will follow me?"

He rose in his stirrups, as he spoke, and waved his sword. His comrades, catching his enthusiasm, answered with a cheer, and, closing compactly together, went at the enemy. The latter, thinking the courage of the routed troops completely broken, had not been prepared for such an assault; so that, when they saw the horsemen bursting through the smoke upon their flank, they magnified the numbers tenfold in their surprise, and temporarily recoiled.

But the insignificant numbers of Hector's troop were soon discovered, and a royal captain, shouting, "Rally by fours," massed them, partially, into a square, with fixed bayonets, the colors in the center.

"Meet them with the cold steel," cried the

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Briton, and as he spoke, the square bristled with leveled bayonets, an electric wall of steel.

"Forward, forward," shouted Hector, and he rushed, with uplifted sabre, on the apparently impenetrable phalanx.

Nothing could have withstood that charge. Lifted with spur and voice, the horse made a terrific bound and landed almost in the center of the square, while the first man, who attempted to bayonet Hector, was cloven to the shoulder by his steel.

The gap, made by this rush, was widened, almost instantly, by the comrades of Hector pouring in. And now began a struggle, such as does not often happen in modern armies, a hand to hand, life and death-struggle, Homeric in its character. Hector had seized the color staff at once. But the captain of the company himself held the colors, the ensign having fallen just as he rallied his men; and in that captain, as he confronted Hector, the latter discovered the person he had rescued from the mob in Philadelphia.

The start of recognition was simultaneous on both sides. The antipathy of the two young men, not concealed on that occasion, was heightened by the circumstances under which they now met. The language then used by Hector had rankled in Mountfort's heart ever since, and he welcomed the present opportunity, which held out a hope of revenge. Hector, on his part, had not forgotten his promise, if ever Mountfort took up arms against America, to be the first to draw his sword upon him. Thus, in addition to the usual motives which control men in battle, there were personal ones now influencing both young men.

Of the two, Hector was, perhaps, the most powerful. Yet his adversary was no common one. At the time of the riot, the conduct of Mountfort had given our hero the impression that he was half a coward. But this was a mistake. To die ignobly at the hands of a street-population, and to fall honorably in the field, are very different things; and thousands, who would meet the latter fate unflinchingly, would quail at the former. Mountfort also was a skillful swordsman. But there is everything in the goodness of your cause. This lent superhuman strength to Hector. Hence the contest, though sharp, was soon over.

In less time than we have taken to describe it, Hector had wrenched the color staff from his antagonist, had disarmed him, had ridden him down, and now stood over him with sabre uplifted to cleave him to the heart.

Suddenly the idea struck our hero to carry off his foe as a prisoner. His horse was a powerful one; the obscuring smoke rendered the project possible at least; and such an exploit would, in part, assist to restore the glory lost by a defeat. Throwing the color staff to a comrade, he stooped and jerked Mountfort to the saddle before him. The prostrate officer, disarmed, wounded, and taken by surprise, could make no resistance. Simultaneously, Hector plunged his spurs into his horse, and with a cheer to his companions to follow him, dashed through the smoke and disappeared; nor was it till he and his comrades had passed out of sight, that the British soldiers realized that their captain had been borne off ignominiously from their midst.

We will not tire our readers with an extended description of that memorable fight. How that Washington, at the ford, was startled, soon after we left him, by the firing in the direction of Birmingham Meeting House; and how, leaving Wayne to defend the pass, he galloped, as fast as his horse could carry him, to the assistance of Sullivan. How Wayne held his post, like a Paladin of old, till the defeat of Sullivan, and the rapid approach of the enemy in his rear, rendered retreat indispensable. How Washington, leaping fences to shorten the route, and guided by the rattling volleys, arrived on the ground only to find the broken columns of Sullivan, Stirling, and Debarre, driven in confusion, backward, like the wrecks of houses, barns, and mills whirled before a freshet. How Greene, at the orders of the commander-in-chief, cool and ready now that he was in face of the enemy, posted himself in the ravine which they still show you, between two woods; and opening his ranks as the fugitives came up, suffered them to pass through; and then, closing up, stubbornly opposed the triumphant foe. How the American artillery, galloping forward, unlimbered and opened rapid and sure on the advancing British. How Count Pulaski, borrowing the thirty life guards of Washington, plunged, like a thunderbolt, upon the enemy's column, rending it instantaneously. All this is told, at large, in the histories of the war; but need only be glanced at now, to recall it to the memory of our readers. The blood kindles, indeed, even at this distance of time, when the story is rehearsed, be it ever so hastily; for though defeat overtook America, it was brightened with so many deeds of individual heroism, that every brave soul cries impulsively, "Ah! what would I have given to have been there?" Return we to Hector.

Whispering sternly, at the first symptom of

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resistance on the part of his prisoner, that any such attempt in the future would be followed by instant death, and backing up his word by holding a pistol at the captive's head, our hero held on his way, at full gallop, followed by his brother officers. The skirmish, in which they had been engaged, short as it was, had left them far in the rear of the retreating troops. As they now dashed along, they passed, continually, bodies of the royal troops, which were pressing forward in pursuit; and on more than one occasion, had to run the gauntlet of their fire. Escape, indeed, would have been impossible, but that Hector, who had been over the road once before, kept across fields, while the British principally followed the highway. But thanks to this, to the obscuring smoke and dust, to the speed of his horse, our hero succeeded in reaching Greene's troops in safety, who opened the way to him with a huzza at his dashing exploit.

"I beg your pardon, captain," said Hector, when he had reached cover here, stopping his horse, "for making your ride so uncomfortable, but the exigency, you know, was pressing. You shall now be released, if you give me your parole to follow the retreat, making no attempt at escape."

Mountfort, mortified beyond words at the manner of his capture, yielded the required promise sullenly, casting his eyes on the ground. But he could not withstand the temptation, as Hector turned away, of looking at the latter's retreating figure, with wonder, and even angry admiration.

"It is what I did not believe any man could do with me, especially one of so light a frame. But, by St. George!" and he felt his arm, "he has the gripe of a giant."

IX. THE QUARREL.

On the outskirts of the town of Chester, in the state of Pennsylvania, there still stands a small, old-fashioned house of brick. Late in the night after the battle of Brandywine, a party of American officers were supping at this house; for it was to Chester that the army had fallen back after its repulse. Though defeated, the patriots were not disheartened; and the discussion ran high, whether Washington would give battle again in a day or two, or whether he would move nearer to Philadelphia before attempting it.

Without, there was all of that confusion which attends even the most orderly retreat. The streets swarmed with soldiers, who were covered with dust and nearly exhausted from the want of food; for some of them had tasted nothing since morning. Orderlies were passing to and fro; aids were hanging about the quarters of the various generals; all was bustle and excitement.

Suddenly the door of the house we have mentioned opened, and Hector, accompanied by his prisoner, entered the apartment where the American officers were snatching their hasty meal. At sight of Capt. Mountfort's uniform the discussion stopped at once. All rose to welcome the new comers.

"We are famished for something to eat," said Hector; "and I did not know where to go, in this confusion, till I heard that you were here, Major O'Byrne, and remembered that, where you were, there was a bit of crust at any rate. Allow me to introduce you to Capt. Mountfort, of the royal army, whom the fortune of war has made my guest for awhile."

Major O'Byrne was an Irish officer who had, long ago, left the British army and had emigrated to America, but who, on the breaking out of hostilities, had taken up arms for his adopted country. He was an old campaigner and a famous boon companion. Though rations were low with others, the major always managed to get supplies. The farmers' wives, in the neighborhoods where his detachment was stationed, complained, that, somehow, the foxes never before did such damage to their hencoops, and that their best cows were going dry. He rose now, and, welcoming his guests with some pomposity of manner, said,

"Ye're welcome to what there is; but, barring the chickens, which are not so bad, it's a poor male afther such a day. But I can rechommend the whiskey. All the whiskey in this counthry is good, captain," he continued, addressing Mountfort. "From '55, when I first came over, in the ould French war, all the way up, it's good. Suppose ye take a dhrop as a whetter to your appethites?"

The royal officer, accustomed to the rich wines of his regimental mess, hardly concealed his disgust at the plebeian drink tendered to him. He sat down, however, with more appetite to the rough viands.

"Yer army fought well, the day," said Major O'Byrne, desiring to be complimentary; "and Gineral Howe deserves credit for his sthrategy. I didn't think it was in him; bad luck to him! It's counting on getting into Philadelphia before us, he is now, I suppose?"

Capt. Mountfort had been accustomed to the most exclusive English society; for he was rich in his own right, and was the heir-apparent

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to an earldom: hence the somewhat coarse manners of Major O'Byrne were but little to his taste. He was still smarting, too, from the shame of having been captured in the way he was. Accordingly, he answered, with some *hauteur*,

"With all due deference to your better judgment, the fall of your capital, sir, is only a matter of time. Sir William will enter it next week, or the week after, just as he pleases."

"But what if we offher battle again? It's a long lane, ye know, that has no turnin'."

"What can your ragged peasants, whom you call soldiers," Capt. Mountfort answered, contemptuously, "do against our disciplined troops? We shall whip you wherever me meet you."

"As ye did at Threnton and Princeton," replied the major, with a laugh, which the rest of the company, however indignant at their guest's words, were too well-bred to imitate.

"Come, major," said one of the American officers, interfering, for he saw Capt. Mountfort flush up, "don't let us fight our battles over again, when the bottle stands waiting. I will give a toast we all can drink. Here's to the ladies, British or American: they're angels, all of them, whatever their nation!"

"Troth, they are!" answered Major O'Byrne, smacking his lips after draining his glass. "Ye don't find the girls here, captain, do ye," he continued, addressing Mountfort, "as fond of the red-coats as in the ould counthry?"

It seemed fated that the major, whatever he talked about, should say something to rouse the latent contempt of the royal officer for everything American.

"Since you will have an opinion from me, sir," answered Mountfort; "it is my experience, and the experience of all his majesty's officers, that your Yankee girls are quite prodigal of their favors."

More than one of the group looked from the speaker to his neighbor at a remark, which not only passed the limits of ordinary courtesy, but also challenged the tolerance which might be expected on the part of a prisoner. But no one spoke.

Hector saw that the major, more inflammable, was about to answer hotly: so he laid his hand on the old officer's arm, and replied for him, trying to give a less insolent meaning to Mountfort's words.

"Perhaps, Capt. Mountfort," he said, "you have not yet seen fair examples of our American women. New York is almost entirely of tory sympathies. You were but a few days, I think, in Philadelphia, where we flatter ourselves the prettiest and most patriotic of our ladies live. Wait till you see them."

Either some perverse spirit possessed the royal officer, or he had deliberately determined to insult his entertainers, for he answered,

"Excuse me. We had one of your most famous Philadelphia belles in New York last winter, and we had no more reason to complain of her coyness than of that of others. Faith, gentlemen, flatter yourselves as you may, your sweethearts are all for us, when they get a chance. And none more so than this Miss Erskine, your Philadelphia belle."

More than one young officer, at this, scowled angrily at the guest who was thus violating every law of hospitality. But Hector was the first to speak. He knew that Helen had accompanied his father and aunt to New York, and he did not doubt that it was of her this royal coxcomb spoke.

"Do you mean Miss Helen Erskine?" he said, sternly, "the daughter of Judge Erskine?"

Capt. Mountfort regarded him with cool insolence for a moment, sipped at his glass, and answered,

"I do."

"It is false!" cried Hector, white with passion.

Everybody was on his feet in a moment.

"If I was not a prisoner," replied Mountfort, returning Hector's look of defiance, "you had not dared to use such language."

"Here's a prhetty quarrel," cried the major, to whom a duel was more delightful than a dinner. "The English gentleman shall not want for a second, for I'll be his second myself; and as for his being a prisoner, we'll waive all that. Only leave it to me, and I'll arrange it." And he rubbed his hands with glee.

"I will accept your offer," said Mountfort, "and hope the meeting may come off at once—that is," he added, with a sneer at Hector, who had not yet spoken, "if this gentleman is not afraid to accept my challenge."

"I could not challenge an unarmed man," answered Hector, who had now recovered his dignity. "But I assure you, since I understand that you challenge me, your eagerness for the fight does not exceed mine."

"Then no time need be lost," said the major. "I've as pretty a pair of barkers with me as any gentleman might need. I always keep them on hand, ready for these little bits of pastime. We'll just slip outside the camp—I've the password—and settle this matter before we go to sleep, for to-morrow, I take it, we'll all be too busy. You and I will go first, if ye plase,"

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he said, familiarly taking the arm of Mountfort. "Faith! ye're a lad of speerit, and I'll see the fair thing done by ye, though I don't approve of your sentiments; and if Capt. Murray hadn't taken it up, I should have felt bound to do it meself." With these words the entire party left the house.

A walk of about half a mile brought the combatants to a bit of level greensward, close by the river side, where the major halted, declaring it was "just the sweetest place in the world for the job." Little time was lost in placing the combatants. The choice of position was decided with the utmost scrupulousness, and fell to the lot of Mountfort. It was a forcible illustration of the chivalry of the so-called code of honor of that day, that one who had violated the rights of hospitality to such a degree as to make every one present his personal enemy, was yet as secure of his rights in this contest, and knew himself to be so, as if he had been surrounded by the royal army.

"Ye will hould yerselves jist where ye've been put," said the major, "as gentlemen should, till I give the word, which I'll do, by saying, *One, two, three—fire*, and at the word *fire*, but not before, ye'll let drive. If either pulls trigger sooner, mind ye, I'll shoot him down meself. And now, are ye ready?"

"Ready!" answered both the combatants simultaneously.

In the pause that followed, before the major spoke again, Hector heard distinctly the low, lapping sound of the tide upon the pebbly beach below, the soft sough of the wind in some trees near by, and the wail of a distant whip-poor-will. Then came the deliberate tones of the major.

"One, two, three—fire!"

There was an interval of a second, at least, between the two discharges. The pistol of Capt. Mountfort went off first, and just as the major began to give the word "Fire!" Hector was seen to whirl half-around, his pistol exploding ineffectually, and then fall heavily on his face.

All rushed toward him. One of the party gently turned him over, so as to bring his face uppermost. As this was done, the blood gushed in torrents from a wound in his side, his lips moved faintly, and they heard him utter, "Helen!" Then a quiver passed over the countenance.

"Good God! he is dead!" cried his second.

"And murdered!" said Major O'Byrne. "Ye fired before the word, Mountfort, ye villain; and ye shall answer it to me with yer life."

But on looking up no Mountfort was to be found. A dim figure was seen in the distance, however, rapidly vanishing into the darkness, in a direction opposite from Chester. The royal officer had taken occasion, when he found the rest absorbed with his victim, to consult his own safety in flight.

"He's out of range," said the major, who, at first, had pointed a pistol at the fugitive; "let him go. He's broke his parole as well as killed his host, and he's no fit company for gentlemen. But how's yer patient, docther?"

He addressed these words to the surgeon, who had been of the supper party, and who, having accompanied the combatants to the field, had been kneeling by Hector, examining the wound.

"Just alive and that's all. No human skill can avail him. Before morning a brave officer will be no more."

"God help him!" said the major. "It's what will come to us all, boys, sooner or later. But he died like a thrue soldier ought to, when he can't die in battle. We'll see that he has a dacent buhrial, before we march, the morrow. Yonder's a light; it must be a farm-house: let us carry him up there, and lay him on a bed, that he may give up the ghost comfortably, like a Christian." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PORTRAIT.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

THOU art not dead! though now within the grave
This matchless form in solemn stillness lies;
Though hushed beneath thy breast the heart that gave
Light and expression to these earnest eyes.

Thou art not dead! though we shall hear no more
Thy tones of welcome by the household hearth;
Though, for thy sake, a shade, unmarked before,
Broods in its blackness o'er each scene of earth.

Thou art not dead! there is a light that lies
On every feature of this face of thine,
And beams with Heavenly lustre from these eyes
That speaks of life—immortal and divine!

Though art not dead! Earth's shackles but gave way
To send thee homeward to that rest in Heaven.
Where life is dowered with eternal day,
And joys, that know no touch of blight, are given.

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LAURA HARDING'S REVENGE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Now, cousin, first of all I want to hear something of Laura Harding. You wrote to me that she was dead, but that was all; and I waited until my return home for full particulars. I loved her so dearly, Fanny! Hardly one day of my childhood was spent away from her; and when I went to grandmother's my hardest parting was from her. For a short time she wrote regularly; but since grandma died, and I have been traveling with aunt Mary, her letters have missed me—and for nearly two years I did not hear from her, until your letter announced her death. She was never strong; but was not her death very sudden?"

"Very!"

"Consumption—was it not?"

"Laura died of a broken heart. You may start. I know that this sounds sentimental, and like a sentence from a sensation novel; but it is true. She left Philadelphia soon after you did, to reside with an uncle in the country, who was left alone by the death of his only daughter. Laura left her own pleasant home to keep house for him. One of his most frequent visitors was a gentleman from New York, who often passed weeks together at Brierdale, under the same roof with Laura. You know how fair and gentle she was—how loving and good! But even you could scarcely know the depth of passionate love of which her nature was capable. She has described her lover to me as handsome and talented, and courtly in his address and bearing. By every art and grace he wooed her, speaking openly of his love, and hearing her timid, graceful acknowledgment of return; yet at his last visit he had never asked her to be his wife. He deserted her—left her to wait until hope became a mockery, and she knew that he had won all her heart only for the amusement of the hour; shielding himself from reproach or consequence of his baseness by never putting in words the direct offer of marriage; though every act, look, and tone had convinced her pure, unsuspecting heart that she was loved deeply and truly. I was her only confidante, and I alone suspected the moving cause of the illness which ended her life. Sleepless nights, weary hours of hopeless waiting—all hurried the disease which she inherited from her mother; and, as surely as I know her death, I know her murderer was Francis Howell."

"Francis Howell!"

The name sprang from Ellen Leland's lips in a cry that was almost a scream; then, by a powerful effort, she forced herself to keep motionless and say, quietly,

"I have met him!"

"Then," said her cousin, sternly, "you have met as base a man as lives—that most detestable of all creation: a male flirt! My infirmity," and she sighed, as she looked at her crippled feet, "has kept me house-bound for so long a time, that I have never met him, though he is here very often. He is a brother of your friend, Mrs. Fisher, and passes much of his time at her house; so you will probably meet him during your stay with me. Do not allow him to visit you, Ellen; for I will not have my roof the shelter, for an hour, of a man whose cold deceit and calculating villany have sent as pure and fond a heart as ever beat broken to an early grave. How pale you are, Nellie! I was unkind to mar the pleasure of your first day with me by telling you poor Laura's troubles. You loved her very fondly."

"Yes, I loved her," said Ellen, gently, and then turned the conversation to other topics. Not until she had gained her own room for the night, and found herself entirely alone, did she allow her thoughts to return to the subject of the morning's talk. She loved Laura's memory; she had loved the sunny-haired companion of her girlhood with an earnest, true affection; and she shuddered as she thought she had also loved Francis Howell. All the intellectual powers of her fine, highly-cultivated mind had been called into action by the brilliant attainments of the handsome companion of many of her leisure hours, only to own that all her reading, thought, and memory were secondary to his high attainments. She had met him abroad, and they had passed whole days in the ever new delights of the Old World. His energy and conversational talent had made him a favorite with her aunt, and he had been a constant visitor, a guide in many of their travels—always welcome, always pleasing, courteous, and interesting. And this man, whom her fancy had painted as perfect,

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was the base trifler, the heartless flirt described by her cousin!

"Laura, you shall be avenged!" she muttered, pausing before the long mirror. "Flirt though he has been, he loves now; I know it. Something he may feign; but, by a woman's unerring instinct, I feel that his protestations to me are true. Thank heaven! I know his worth now, before I am his betrothed or his wife—while there is time for contempt to take from my heart the love that was growing there. I will punish him! I *can!*"

The long mirror reflected the superb figure, the full, flashing eye, and flushed cheek of the excited girl; and a smile of conscious power flitted over the beautiful mouth.

"Frank," said Mrs. Fisher, "Ellen Leland has come home. She is staying with her cousin, Mrs. Grey. I called to-day and secured her services for our *tableaux* party. She will make a superb Rebecca or Juno, with her great black eyes and her grand figure!"

Frank Howell closed the book he had been reading, and said, rather nervously,

"Is Mrs. Grey her cousin?"

"Yes. Why, I thought you knew Ellen."

"I have met Miss Leland abroad; but we never happened to talk over her relations. So she will be at the rehearsal, this evening?"

"Yes. I am delighted to secure her. Godfrey Colton raves about her."

"Puppy!" muttered Frank, tossing aside his book.

Mrs. Fisher looked keenly at her brother.

"Have you lost your heart, Frank? After so many years of impenetrability—has the citadel surrendered?"

The question evidently annoyed him; for he answered, with a chilling air of reserve, "I admire Miss Leland, of course; everybody does!" and walked away.

Mrs. Fisher's parlors were brilliantly lighted in the evening for the reception of the "Tableaux Club," all audience being strictly excluded. All had assembled before Ellen came in. Her dark silk dress, simply made, fitted her tall, full figure perfectly, and the heavy coils of her dark hair made their own ornament. She looked a queen among the gaily-dressed butterflies around her.

"Why, Nell! this is the last rehearsal! Full dress!" said Mrs. Fisher.

"You forget that I am a new performer—ignorant even of the *role* appointed for me. I think you had better put my name down upon the audience list, Lily; for I shall play but an awkward part among practiced performers, this being literally my 'first appearance.'"

"Frank! Where is Frank? Here is Miss Leland, threatening to desert us!"

Mr. Howell came from a group of gentlemen at his sister's call. Splendidly handsome he looked in the dress of a Spanish cavalier, and his graceful bow and courteous address did not disgrace his rich apparel.

"Let me say my word of welcome to Miss Leland, Lily. This is the first time we have met since we parted in Rome, six months ago. You remember, Miss Leland?"

"Can I forget!" she said, in a voice which reached his ear alone; then aloud she added, "It was quite romantic, Lily! I imagine a balcony, *a la* Romeo and Juliet, the moonbeams silvering the trees, and——"

"*Taisez-vous!*" said Frank, softly.

"I leave the rest to your imagination," Nellie said, gaily, "only hinting at vows of undying recollection, which, you see, I, for one, have kept. Florence will be my——"

"Florence!" cried Mrs. Fisher. "Frank said Rome."

"Oh! yes, Rome—so it was!" and she looked embarrassed, while Frank bit his lips.

"Unkind," he said, softly, "to make a jest of what is so dear a recollection to me!"

"What? the parting!" she said, with a merry glance. "You flatter me!" and before he could frame a reply she was in the midst of a group of ladies, admiring, criticizing, or suggesting improvements in costumes and attitudes.

"Now, Nell, it is your turn," said Mrs. Fisher. "Your first part is from the 'Bride of Abydos.' Where is your Selim?"

Nellie's eyes rested for a moment on Frank's face, with a significant smile; then wandered off toward others.

"Lily, I claim the post," said Mr. Howell, decidedly, "if Miss Leland will allow me——"

"You know the passage, Nell," said Mrs. Fisher—

> "'The next fond moment saw her seat
> Her fairy form at Selim's feet——'"

"Oh, Lily!" cried Ellen. "My *fairy* form! Do give me something more substantial! I am sure my inches will never suit that line!"

"But remember! whatever you choose, I retain my place beside you!" said Frank.

"Certainly! I will not lose so good an actor to support me," said Ellen, quietly. "Mr. Howell has a killing look, Lily, that will create a sensation, I am convinced!"

"Cruel!" he said, in a low tone. "But, wound as you will, I must remain near you!" and, seeing no others observing them, he finished the sentence with a look.

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"That's it! You are very kind to show them what I meant. Lily, that was Mr. Howell's killing expression. It will *tell* in *tableaux*—won't it?"

Baffled again, and not understanding this new mood of one usually so quietly dignified, Frank Howell turned to a portfolio of prints, saying,

"Can't we make a selection here, Lily, for Miss Leland?"

"Let me suggest the last scene in 'Sardanapalus,'" said Ellen, "where Myrrha enters, with the lighted torch and cup, to Sardanapalus. You remember the line:

"'Lo!
I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars!'"

"Excellent! But that is only one!"

The portfolio was ransacked and selections made, while the other rehearsals went forward. The trial of "Joan of Arc," and other scenes suiting Ellen's queenly face and figure, were selected, and much merriment and good humor attended the efforts of the amateur actors.

The night set for the performance was New Year's Eve, and it left Ellen with but a short time in which to prepare her dresses; but punctual to the hour she was at her post. Her Joan called forth rapturous applause, so noble and dignified, so pallid and prison-worn she contrived to look! The performance went forward briskly, till the curtain rose for the last scene of all—"Sardanapalus." Frank Howell, in the gorgeous robes of the Assyrian monarch, stood near the center of the scene, his hand resting on the pile near him, his eyes fixed with a mournful earnestness on Ellen. Gloriously beautiful she looked! Her rich dark hair was bound with long strings of large pearls, and the drapery of her white dress fell in full soft folds to her feet. One arm, shaded by a richly embroidered mantle, was raised to bear the flaming torch, which shed its lurid light upon her face; the other, with its round, white outline unbroken by drapery or jewel, held the cup. Her large dark eyes full of high resolve were fixed upon the king, as if rebuking the sadness of his countenance. The curtain fell. All the other performers were in front, or in the dressing-rooms, and these two behind the heavy green baize were completely alone. As the heavy bar of the curtain struck the floor, the expression of Frank's face changed to a look of love unutterable. Ellen's heart thrilled for an instant, and the dark eyes returned the look. Only for a second; but Frank was at her side at once.

"Are we rehearsing for Romeo and Juliet?" she said, coolly, as she extinguished her torch and placed it on the pile.

"Stay but one moment!" he said, his voice trembling. "Let me speak the words which my heart will hold silently no longer!"

It had come! There was truth in his eyes, in the thrill of his voice, in every look and word, as he poured out, in a low, earnest tone, his love tale; and she knew surely that he was not trifling now. She stood silent until he had paused some moments; then she said, in a low, chilling tone,

"You honor me; but you must pardon me if I decline figuring upon the list of forsaken damsels whom you have left to wear the willow."

"'Sdeath!" he hissed, in a fierce whisper. "Am *I* the victim of a flirt?"

"Only a flirt in so far as she could not resist the temptation of aiding in the little comedy you were enacting for her benefit."

"Laughed at!"

"I laugh at no honest love, Mr. Howell!"

"Ellen, what can I say to prove my sincerity? I love you, deeply and devotedly as——"

"As Laura Harding loved you!"

He started at the clear, stern voice as if a serpent had stung him; and then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he bowed down on the funereal pile beside him, with a groan.

When he raised his head, he was alone—alone with his unrequited love, with the revived memory of his treachery, and the conviction that his retribution was just!

STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY JOEL B. MILLER.

The dying swan his sweetest strains
  Sings in his last, expiring lay;
So, in the Christian's darkest hour,
When gath'ring storms around him low'r,
A glimpse of Heav'nly light obtains
  That ushers in a brighter day.

Then soaring far o'er earthly things,
  With rapture strong, and sweet surprise
He calmly yields his fleeting breath;
And, while his body sleeps in death,
A purer, holier song he sings
  Of joy and triumph in the skies.

Then wake my soul, thy joys lift up,
  Let all thy Christian graces shine;
The journey's short that leads thee home,
A dying Saviour bids thee come
And dwell in bliss, to crown thy hope,
  When an Eternity is thine.

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MARGARET THELTON'S DIARY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

June 6th.

"A REGULAR old maid, no less!"

It looks a little odd written out, but it was thus I heard Rose Anning call me this very day. She was talking with Annie Bradford, who would by no means agree with her, and said something about my "noble presence," at which Rose absolutely laughed.

After all, the words were true; I quite wonder that I was weak enough to feel hurt at hearing another say that which I have so often remarked to myself. Yes, I am twenty-eight years old this very month; and just ten years ago I put aside my youth—for how long I did not know—and now, foolish thing! I am making ready to take it up again and resume my life as if that time had come back to me.

Twenty-eight years old, and ten years ago; yes, indeed! Long enough it has seemed, God knows! Often it appeared to me that I had plunged into a blank eternity, in which there was neither moving back or forward, stranded there to remain through all its dreary, pulseless hush.

When I came up to my room, I sat down before the glass and had a long study of my face, determined to make myself familiar with its changes by mentally placing beside it the girlish countenance of the old time which I did not think wholly unpleasing. But while I looked, my heart commenced to whirl, and I could only repeat the words that have rung in my ear for a week past, "Winthrop is coming, Winthrop is coming!" and at the bare sound my cheeks and eyes began to glow, and I could not recognize myself at all.

Will the happiness of his return give me beauty enough so that he shall not be shocked, or feel that I am offering him an unreal Margaret, instead of the one to whom his grand heart has been so faithful during this long, bleak season of trial? If it should not be so; if—but I cannot, will not endure that thought.

—— There, I have quieted myself at last; I have been reading Winthrop's letter again, I can have no fear!

June 7th.

I have had a long, confidential morning with aunt Miriam, and I feel more composed, more able to look my new life in the face than I have done since this sudden rush of happiness came upon me. Until my father's death I had not seen aunt Miriam since Winthrop Farnton went to India; and till to-day she never knew the details of that dark portion of my life; for, before his letter reached me, I had no heart to go back to those days, and bring a new storm over the apathetic calmness into which I had fallen by calling up those memories.

To-day I told her everything. It was a simple story enough, and yet to me its tragedy has been so sad that only a little while ago I thought nothing could ever woo my heart into the sun again.

I was engaged to Winthrop before my eighteenth birthday; he was only twenty, but so different from any other very young man that I ever met. His character was so firm and self-reliant; he was so noble and generous, so full of scorn for anything like meanness, and for the amusements which so often prove temptations at the age he then was. With it all, was mingled such gentleness and tenderness for those whom he loved; not the gentleness of a woman, which is usually only weakness, but a grand quality which ennobled his whole character, and perhaps was the point which distinguished him from any of his sex I ever saw.

Ah! we were very happy that summer in my old home; and my father appeared content, although I fancy from the first that Winthrop was not a favorite with him. My half-brother, John, held him in utter detestation. It is wrong to say of one dead; but to know that I liked any one seemed enough to make that stern, elder brother stand aloof and search for faults and evil.

To this day I never could understand how it came about; John and Winthrop quarreled, but my brother was to blame; indeed he was, my heart does not blind me there. Such violence, such unjust suspicions, and all before me; I knew that not another human being would have endured them as Winthrop did, and he only for my sake.

But neither patience nor proof were of any avail; and, from that day, John never rested until my father had been induced to accept his

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view of the case, and Winthrop Farnton was banished from the house. Let me do John justice, poor dead brother! He believed Winthrop a guilty, perjured man, nor was it until years after that the mystery was cleared up; it seemed too late then to be of any avail in this world, but God saw fit to ordain otherwise.

What days and weeks those were that immediately followed the outbreak between John and Winthrop! Even after this long lapse of time I grow faint at the thought; and this morning, the very effort to recall something of their events made me so pale and sick, that aunt Miriam bade me hurry over that portion of my story and go on to other things.

It came at last. My father ordered Winthrop from the house, he extorted a solemn promise from me that I would break my engagement. Never, for an instant, did I believe that the stories they told had even a foundation in truth —but what could I do?

I was a weak, helpless girl, but I saw my duty and I had strength to perform it. My place was by my father's side—my law his will during those years at least.

And Winthrop Farnton and I parted, and when, in my desolation and agony, I could find any collected thought at all, I knew that my eighteenth birthday had passed, and that my youth had gone forever.

Nowhere in my old journals, even if I looked, should I find any mention of those months which made up the first horrible year of my bereavement—a long blank is the only record—the very sight of the white paper would inflict a keener blow upon my heart than whole volumes of lamentations.

Few men would have borne that blow as Winthrop did—not a reproach—not a thought or wish to turn me from my purpose. From the first he saw my duty as I did.

"To abide by your father's decision," he said; "yes, I knew what you would say, but remember, Margaret, the future is in God's hands."

Oh! I could think of no future then; they had torn everything from me; I was like one shut alive in a tomb!

But it all passed—the parting—the days of unbelief and incapability of comprehending my bereavement—the dumb suspense and haunting thought that all must soon change; then the final blow like the shutting of the door of the tomb, and everything was over.

I might have lain where I had fallen and died there, but before long came a necessity for action; my father was very ill, and at such a season even John was nothing in comparison to me. He lived, but from that period he was a weak, suffering invalid.

The first year passed, the second followed. Never once tidings from Winthrop Farnton reached me. He had gone to India where an old relative of his was living—I knew nothing more. There I sat in my lonely home and let youth slip from me. I was very weak, perhaps wicked, but I did struggle to bear up, to make for myself a round of duties which I performed to the letter; but there was no merit or atonement in that course, for from first to last they were distasteful and repellant to me, so completely altered was my every feeling.

The days seemed to stand still, yet time got on—year after year—year after year! Death came into the house and took John in his pride and worldly schemes; then the same round went on till I reckoned my birthdays up to twenty-seven, and then my father died.

Poor old father! how he clung to me, how he loved me during those latter years! Thank God, I should not have lived in vain, even if it was only for the consolation that I was able to bring him then.

Before his death he learned the falsity of all the aspersions cast upon Winthrop Farnton—learned to know him as I had always done, upright and noble. We said little about it. Once my father laid his hand on my head, and, looking into my altered face, whispered softly,

"Poor little daughter! man has been very cruel to you; but who knows what life may yet bring?"

So he died at last, and after his funeral I left my old home and came to live with aunt Miriam. It was one of my father's latest requests that I should wear no mourning for him, but I did not need any outward show to remind me of my loss. I was so fettered and cramped by all I had suffered, that it never occurred to me to think my life could know farther change. I sat down in aunt Miriam's dwelling, and the months got by as they had done in my former home.

At length she came and told me that, on his death-bed, my father had requested her to write to Winthrop Farnton and tell him the whole truth. She had never spoken to me on the subject; and now, after those months of waiting, a letter had come.

Yes, that blessed letter! Can I be the Margaret of five months ago? I do not recognize my own thoughts—I hardly know my own face—I find myself laughing like a girl—I love bright colors—I wear my hair in the old fashion Winthrop loved—I wonder if I have forgotten the

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habit of voice and gesture which pleased him—I try my voice again—oh! yes, I am the silly child of the old time!

But how will I appear to him? That it is which makes me anxious—if he should not love me! But what a letter that was! He had lived because he knew God would make all right; he was coming home—coming to claim his wife.

How I tremble even to write the words here where no eye will ever see them, unless, long hence, it may be his! And now aunt Miriam has heard my plain story, and I shall go back to its sufferings no more. Since a new life has been granted to me, surely it cannot be wrong for me to look forward to its happiness, to warm my heart in its sunshine, and find a new youth in its beautiful anticipations.

Another week and he will be here! I am glad that my aunt and I are almost alone in this pleasant spot, and the few neighbors we have I like exceedingly. Annie Bradford is a sweet young thing, I love to look at her face, only now and then I see shadows flit across it—not signs of real trouble, I think, only the vague melancholy which happy girls love to indulge.

June 14th.

More than a week since I opened this little book—a week? Yes, so it is, and how swiftly the days have flown, and yet the happiness of a whole life seems to have been compressed into that short space.

Winthrop has arrived! I pause and look at the written words with the feeling one must have when he feasts his eyes upon some priceless treasure.

I should like to record faithfully the details of this time, yet I do not know where to begin; and even in the attempt thus to portray my happiness to my own eyes, I tremble as if exposing it to the careless gaze of a stranger.

Well then, Winthrop came a week ago. I have written it again, there is an irresistible fascination in the words; I repeat them to myself over and over; they rise to my lips with my last prayer at night; I am wakened by the sound of those magic syllables, as if some kind angel had whispered them in my ear, that even my dreams may be made radiant by a consciousness of the new life which has unfolded before me.

We had received no tidings of the steamer's arrival, so that I found no time to grow anxious, or give way to any of the foolish misgivings that have troubled the delight with which I looked forward to Winthrop's return.

Aunt Miriam and I had been alone all day. She had left me a great deal to myself, talking, when I wished, in that sweet, low voice, which always soothes my restlessness, and seems to me fuller of patience and content than any human sound I ever heard; or respecting my silence when she saw that I was in no mood for conversation, and so the delicious spring day wore on.

Toward sunset, I went out upon the verandah at the side of the house, my favorite seat in the late afternoon as it opens into the garden, and, without having an actual view of the sunset, one has what I like better, the gorgeous reflections flung upon the distant mountains, while the long shadows lie over the grassy valley at their feet, and the voice of the wild, little brook that breaks through the hills below comes up to me as I sit.

I had heard no sound of wheels, no token of arrival whatever; aunt Miriam even had not reminded me of her presence in the room beyond for a full half-hour, when suddenly I heard her voice in a quick exclamation of astonishment and delight. A voice replied—eager, low—how well I knew it! A strange feeling of weakness came over me, I could not move, not even when a step came near and the voice called out,

"Margaret! oh, Margaret!"

I cannot well remember what passed during the next half-hour; I only know that we were alone, that my cheek once more rested upon his shoulder, and his voice repeated my name again and again with the passion of the old time.

"No, I cannot write any account of what this week has been, it is useless for me to try; surely I need not fear that time will ever dim the impression that it has left upon my heart—if I lived ages I should require no written record to refresh my memory—it seems to me that eternity itself could never efface the record which is stamped upon my very soul.

He finds me so little changed—a woman instead of a girl, but more lovely, more queenly—oh! I must write it! I know it is his love that blinds him, I know that I am faded and altered; yet, when he tells me how beautiful I am, what a calm my very presence brings over him, I believe it all and am so blest.

He is changed, but the face is the same still: older, graver, but the old smile is there, the earnest eyes in which the grand soul seems to sit. Ah, yes! surely I may speak proudly, I have a right to exult—to look up reverently in his face—he is one to whom any woman might do honor to herself when she said, "My master, my king!"

Thank God, suffering has not made him hard or bitter; more gentle and loving than

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ever, the old restlessness and impatience entirely gone, fuller of sympathy with all sorrow, more lenient to weakness and folly, more noble and perfect every way.

This is not my blindness. Aunt Miriam, who by nature and long experience has more skill in reading character than any person I ever saw, bestows upon him her full approbation and confidence. If anything could increase my happiness it would be that knowledge; she is my only living relative and I love her fondly, and this new bliss only seems to draw me nearer her, to open our hearts more freely, for now I have nothing to conceal!

Ah, sweetest and most consoling words that ever mortal spoke! and only a woman who for years has borne in secret a burthen like that which lay heavy as a grave-stone upon my heart, can understand the fullness of their meaning.

We have seen no one, we have had our own life and nothing to disturb its sweetness. To-day I begin to remember how selfish I have been; not once have I been near Annie Bradford, her note only received a word in response. This is enough, for I know that she loves me, and she is a dear, noble girl. I shall go to see her to-morrow. Winthrop must accompany me, he must know and like her. As for Rose, it makes little difference, I never think about her when she is not near to remind me by her girlish nonsense and coquetry.

June 23rd.

We did call to-day on Annie Bradford, and she was very glad to see me, not even uttering a complaint at my long neglect. Winthrop was not particularly pleased with her; he acknowledged that her beauty was something quite beyond belief, but her manners were not to his taste. He will like her when he comes to know her; at heart, she is simple and natural as a child, in spite of having grown up a beauty and an heiress. Winthrop pronounced Rose a charming child—indeed I am not sure but he called her so. Of course she monopolized him after her usual fashion, but I think no one was disturbed thereby; it gave me an opportunity to talk with Annie.

She seems very happy in my happiness, dear girl! After all, this is a good world, one finds a great deal of love and sympathy when one does not sit down in the blindness and deafness of sorrow, refusing either to see or to hear.

We are to be married early in the autumn; Winthrop urged a nearer day, but I could not bear to think of it until at least a twelvemonth after my poor old father's loss; it would seem to my own fanciful thoughts that I had only waited for the coffin lid to close upon him before I claimed my happiness.

Early in the autumn it is to be! Winthrop Farnton's wife—ah, the words are very sweet, very sweet!

June 25th.

Annie and Rose returned our visit to-day. Winthrop yields very slowly in his assent to my opinion of my friend. He declared Rose quite charming, at which aunt Miriam, who has a horror of the modern school of young ladies, grows vexed, and I laugh heartily.

We have arranged a variety of pleasant drives and visits for the next fortnight, as a party of friends come up from town to-morrow to stay with Ann. I suppose we shall be at the house a great deal. Well, now I have some heart to enjoy gayety, and I do not wish Winthrop to lead such a humdrum life that he will grow weary, and I remember that formerly he was partial to society.

After the people are all gone, Ann and Rose are coming to stay several weeks with us. Annie's step-mother is going away from home, and the girls think it would be more pleasant to come here than to remain all alone in that great home of theirs, which is truly very gloomy. I shall be glad to have them; I never allow Rose to worry me, and Ann is never in my way. I am certain I shall enjoy their stay very much indeed. I have been telling Winthrop to-night of a few of Annie's good deeds and noble traits—I am sure that before long he will admire her as thoroughly as I myself do.

August.

All these long weeks have passed by and this book has not once been opened—for so long a time I had not courage to look my misery in the face. Yes, I write the word again—I, who had already suffered so much, that I thought I might rest my soul upon the new hopes which had sprung up from among the ashes of my old existence.

Can it be true that there are women born for misfortune? Do I deserve so much suffering? Is there that in my nature which happiness would run into evil?

—— Oh, I am hardly tried! What have I done that so much should be heaped upon me? But this is not what I meant to write; I do not want to pen mere complaints, which shall one day make me ashamed of my own weakness. I cannot write this evening; to-morrow, perhaps, I shall have more self-control, possibly I shall have been able to make up my mind. I think that once removed beyond this vacillation and

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doubt, I should not be so cowardly and shrinking even from the sight of my own trouble.

* * * * * * * *

I do not remember when I wrote those blotted lines, it must have been several nights ago. I would tear the page out of the book, only that long ago I promised myself, that come what might, I would neither destroy nor efface a single line once written in this book.

It is more than a month since Annie and Rose came here upon that long-expected visit. Before their guests went away Winthrop and I were at the house almost daily, and pleasant indeed was all that season.

They came here: Rose full of spirits, frivolous, and careless as ever; but it seemed to me that from the very first I felt a change in Annie. She was more silent and reserved; indeed there was always a singular reticence in her character which often surprised me. Long after I thought I had begun to know her very well, some trait or idea would start up which made me feel still a stranger to her real nature.

This justice let me do her. From the first I believed her a noble, truthful girl—I believe so still.

I cannot tell how it came upon me; I do not know what planted conviction in my mind, but I feel it to be true—Annie Bradford loves Winthrop, and he, in spite of firmness and a desire to be faithful to his pledge, has unconsciously given his heart to a new dream.

There, I have written the most painful part of this confession; I can go on very easily now!

After the first fever of delight, every day made me feel how unsuited I was for the new destiny which awaited me; I had grown so aged and care-worn—I am sure that I look several years older than he does. I fancy that from the first people noticed it; I grew quite nervous among those fine people at Annie's house, it seemed to me that they made sport of my old maidish ways and my attempt to appear like a girl.

That idea haunted me day and night, but I had no courage to mention it to any one; not even aunt Miriam heard or dreamed of my feelings.

Gradually the consciousness of my own folly settled more clearly upon me; I began to have a dread that Winthrop had, in a measure, been actuated by feelings of honor in returning to fulfill his engagement. I had no right to expect that he would remain faithful to a lost vision! Sometimes I grow very wicked—I almost blame my dead brother and the poor old father who has not yet been dead a twelvemonth!

—— I do not know how that doubt first gained a place in my mind. Winthrop was so gentle, and tender, and I so blind, that I wonder I had even sense enough left to encourage when it once blew chill and icy over my heart.

Since then I have had no peace; I felt that I was doing wrong not to break our engagement at once; I ought to have done it; I believe I should have been less wretched now from the recollection that I had done my duty. I had no right, when I found how old in face and mind I had grown, to fetter him to me for the rest of his life.

"At thirty a man is still young; at twenty-five a woman has lost her youth."

I heard a gentléman say that at The Cedars. I am sure that he had been talking of Winthrop and me, for he stopped abruptly when I passed, and the lady to whom he was speaking looked quite confused.

I suppose those people all pitied Winthrop—pitied him for being engaged to me! Ten years ago, could I have believed that I should have lived to write such words of myself? In the flush and insolence of my youth I could not have dreamed that my lover should have lived to be looked upon as throwing away his best prospects in marrying me. Yet I am sure those people thought so; and—yes, although he would not say it even to his own heart, he must feel it himself.

Then that letter from his uncle which he began to read to me and stopped so abruptly, rose and went away, and never after alluded to. I am certain that as the pages fluttered in his hand I caught my own name. He colored so—I never could bear to ask him why he did not read the letter—indeed, he even stammered something about the letter not being from the person he expected. This uncle looked at the matter as the world will do; I am certain that it was a remonstrance against making me his wife.

Yet with all these fears, these doubts, which every day has only made stronger, until they have resolved themselves into certainties to my own mind, I have not given him his freedom—I have clung to my shattered happiness and could not bear to give it up. Truly, Margaret, you have fallen very low when you could do this—sunk far below the level you had once proudly set as the range for your thoughts and actions—punished bitterly therefore by your own contempt, by the pity of all who know you!

Tuesday.

To-day I met Rose in the garden.

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"Go down to the arbor," said she; "somebody wants you."

She left me at once, and I passed on. When I reached the summer-house, I saw Ann and Winthrop talking very earnestly together; then, suddenly, Ann broke away, and I saw that she was crying bitterly.

I came back to the house like one in a dream. In the hall I heard her calling me; but I hurried up stairs without paying any attention.

Everything is over now; even Rose has discovered their secret. I must still think that they had no intention of behaving dishonorably by me. I could not live in the belief that two persons whom I had loved and honored could have deceived me intentionally.

My resolution is taken. To-morrow I shall go away from here—go back to my old home. I shall not even tell aunt Miriam. A verbal explanation could only be agonizing to all of us. The letters that I leave will end everything. Hereafter, if she will, aunt Miriam can join me.

I am not jealous; I am not acting under the dictates of passion, but from a firm conviction that it is the only thing which remains for me to do. I will not make Winthrop miserable. He has waited long enough for his happiness; surely, he has a right to it now.

I am, indeed, not the Margaret whom he loved—I feel the difference. I shall tell him all this. When he sees that I understand and do not blame him, he will cease to suffer—and no consciousness of willful wrong or deception will come to trouble him.

I am strangely calm. An hour ago my pulse was throbbing; but now there is a chill like the coldness of death at my heart.

While I was writing the last lines, Ann came into my room. She was very pale, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"Can I talk to you?" she asked.

"I am busy," I said, really unable to converse; "come in a little while. Unless it is very urgent, you might wait till to-morrow."

"It cannot be possible that you blame me!" she exclaimed, suddenly.

I felt myself grow faint, but managed to answer,

"No, Ann, I do not—and never shall!"

"I am glad of that," she replied. "But, Margaret, you have not been like yourself, to-day—shut up in your room and——"

"Forgive me!" I said. "To-morrow will change everything."

She gave me a quick look; but I did not meet her eyes—I could not bear to for her sake.

"I want to speak now," she said, "to explain——"

I saw her tremble, and interrupted her.

"Go to bed, Ann; it is late; you look pale."

I kissed her, but forced her gently out of the room. I knew that, in her agitation, she would reveal all the trouble of her poor heart; and I could not have borne to hear another woman say that she loved Winthrop Farnton.

Poor Ann! I am certain that she meant no wrong. I begin now to believe in destiny. It is neither my fault nor theirs that I have crossed their paths, troubling their hearts and wrecking my own life; no, it is fate!

Midnight.

Everything is prepared. My trusty old Bridget goes with me. We start by the first train, so that we shall have to leave before daylight. To-morrow evening I shall be at home. It will seem more natural to take up my misery in that old place.

I have written to Winthrop, telling him that I free him from his engagement; that I am convinced its fulfilment could bring no happiness to either of us; and assuring him that I shall always hold his truth and honor inviolate, as I have always done. I asked him to look upon me as dead; I explained that his Margaret was so, and that her poor ghost had no right to keep him to his pledge to the living Margaret.

"Therefore," I said, "regard my one request as coming from the dead—just as you would have done if I had died near you ten years ago. Follow the dictates of your heart: marry Annie Bradford; be sure that I shall always trust and honor you both, and that my best hope of peace is in seeing you happy together."

Then I wrote to Ann, telling her that I loved her dearly and fondly; that I had done what was best for all; and bade her see Winthrop at once. To aunt Miriam I only wrote I was going home—perhaps not directly—asking her not to judge me harshly, and to come to me in the late autumn. I left the time of my reaching my own house vague; for I feared that Winthrop might feel it his duty to follow. By the time he learns where I really am he will have accepted his new life.

I can see faint gleams of daylight; I hear my old servant; I close my book. Farewell! my little summer dream! Come back to me, old life that I flung so eagerly aside!

Intervale, Sunday.

I have been here three days! Nothing is changed. It seems natural to me, in this spot, to accept resignation and sorrow—I have borne them here so long!

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I cannot describe my feelings; the calmness I feel is so dreary and still, that I am afraid. I sit all day in the old room, where I was used to sit with my father; and beside me sits the ghost of my perished youth.

I sleep but little; I have no inclination to walk; I only want to sit undisturbed like a person who is just recovering from a long illness. Sometimes I think that I shall die soon; there is nothing painful to me in the reflection. I have not sought death, this time. I think I have not wickedly repined; but if it please God to set me free, I shall be content.

A week later.

Yes, I have been here a week! I have nothing to write. I do not know why I open this book; the very sight of it is painful to me! I have seen no one—heard from no one! I expected to be soon forgotten; but I did not think that I should vanish from their sight as if deep waters had closed over my head and not even an effort made to find my grave.

Tuesday.

Oh! how mad I have been! What insanity tempted me thus to fling aside my own happiness I cannot think! It is offered me again—I am too deeply blessed!

Yesterday I was sitting in the room I have almost constantly occupied, neither reading nor thinking—just gazing straight before me, too much stupified half to comprehend my own wretchedness.

I heard the sound of wheels. I had only sense enough to think that some one in the neighborhood had heard of my return and had come to see me. I knew that Bridget would admit no one; so I did not even stir. Before I knew it the door opened. I saw Ann Bradford, Winthrop, and aunt Miriam. I must have turned very white, for they cried out together,

"Margaret! Margaret!"

Still so strong was I in the conviction which had forced me to leave my aunt's house, that I thought they had already become man and wife, and had come to be certain that I cast no blame upon either.

"You are married!" I exclaimed, determined to show them how composed and firm I was.

This whirl of thought and my words—all passed before they reached the spot where I sat. Before I could rise, aunt Miriam's arms were about my neck, and she cried out,

"Child! child! will you ruin yourself, and all you love, from that insane idea of duty?"

I cannot well relate what passed. They kissed me; Ann cried over me; then I was alone with Winthrop.

"Why did you leave your aunt's house?" he asked.

"You know why," I said.

"Then you believe me a traitor and a villain?" he demanded, sternly. "Margaret Thelton, what right have you to insult my honor thus?"

"I do not! I do not!" I pleaded, turning sick and faint. "I honor and esteem you above all mankind!"

"Once you gave me your love!"

I dared not answer—I hid my face in my hands. His manner changed at once; he took me tenderly in his arms.

"Margaret!" he said, "I love you better than my life! Years ago you gave me up to what you believed your duty; now you would sacrifice us both to a crazy whim!"

"I am old and ugly!" I cried. "People will laugh."

"Who told you this?" he asked.

"I could see people thought so; Rose more than hinted as much."

"This is the way it happened," he said: "Rose wanted to tease you. She must flirt with some man—her grandfather, if no one else offers. She grew so nonsensical that Ann was distressed. She confessed that she sent you to see us together in the arbor. She had gone away angry because Ann told her she behaved unbecomingly. My child! my Margaret! Forget this madness; come back to me; my own one, my wife!"

Then Ann came in to me. We had a long conversation. Oh! what a fool I have been! She is already engaged. She only tried to make Winthrop like her for my sake. The night she came to my room they thought I was troubled about Rose.

They have all forgiven me; but I cannot forgive my own folly. I can see that my self-reproaches pain them; so I hide them as much as possible.

I shall never doubt again! I can enjoy my happiness now—I know that Winthrop loves me. If I were to wake, to-morrow, blind, deformed, ugly, I know that he would love me still.

We have wandered all over the old place—taken the old walks and drives. I forget the years of sorrow I spent here; I remember only the bright days of my youth, and I love this place for giving them back to me.

Winthrop has taught me to see that my idea of duty is not the proper one; that only in an extreme case—such as could not happen more than once in a life—is any mortal called upon to surrender his own happiness—when it is

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untinged by selfishness or wrong. I see how wicked my late conduct has been; but he told me I had no right even to grieve. I will not.

To-morrow we return to The Cedars. We are to be married two days after—Winthrop will allow no further delay. I do not wish it. Now he leads and directs me. He forces me to lean upon him—to trust to his judgment. I am glad to do so.

Little book, you must be put away now; it is time to make preparations for our departure.

The Cedars, Thursday.

A bright, glorious morning! I sit here in my bridal-dress. Ann is standing near me. Only a few moments ago she called Winthrop for a second, to see, she said, how lovely I was! Even that trifle made me happy!

She is calling me now. There is no time to add more. I wanted to scribble a little record of this morning; it may be months before I write a line. I shall be no more alone; I shall need no silent friend like this poor book!

I am done now. To-day the new life really begins: in an hour I shall be Winthrop Farnton's wife!

ARTHUR'S VALENTINE.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

Have you seen my valentine?
Earnest-eyed and crimson-lipped:
My own darling, only mine
From the fingers, rosy-tipped,
Which I clasp, whene'er I will,
To the faithful loving heart;
Mine through every good and ill—
Mine till soul and body part!

What her name, and where her home?
Needless questions, those, I trow:
Where the light feet oft'nest roam
Sweetest flowers are sure to grow.
And her name—the written word—
Is the prettiest ever seen;
Speak it: never sound was heard
More melodious I ween!

Tall or *petite*, blonde, brunette?
I confess I do not know:
But I think that never yet
Was a fairer, high or low;
For to every act is lent
Her own dainty, winning grace—
And I look, with full content,
On my darling's blessed face—
On her upturned face. I wis
It is fair, and bright, and good;
Not an angel's—better this
Womanly in every mood.
Not an angel's—I should seem
All unworthy by her side,
And our life's united stream
Her perfectness would divide.

Hazel-eyed, or blue, or black?
It is not their hue I prize.
Every other eye doth lack
The great love that in them lies—
The great love that follows me
Wheresoe'er my feet may tread,
And, with matchless constancy,
Calleth blessings on my head.

On that love, foundation sure,
I a palace will uprear,
Where my heart shall dwell secure,
Undisturbed by doubt or fear.
Him I ask on whom we call
In our need, that each may be
To the other all in all—
I to her, and she to me.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MRS. FANNY A. SPANGENBERG.

It was a scene of quiet loveliness—
The mother watching by her sleeping child,
Who, in his dreams, half-oped his eyes and smiled.

Methinks the angels whispered to him then
Of flowery fields, and meadows far away,
And cherub voices calling him to play.

He smiled to think how happy he would be,
And longed to bound away with them to rove;
But ah! the power of a mother's love!

He slow upraised his eyes of darkest blue,
And met hers, gazing down so tenderly,
That all forgotten were those flowery meads,
And in her arms he nestled lovingly.

And once again the mother watched her child;
But now no smile was on his infant face,
Nor oped he his blue eyes with soft, bewitching grace:

Peaceful and calm in innocence he slept;
No storms of life nor sin could touch him now,
Nor passion stamp her seal upon his pallid brow.

A rose-bud broken by a storm he looked;
Like flakes of snow his little hands at rest
Lay folded on his cold and pulseless breast.

Yes, he has gone with angel friends to dwell,
And thou canst watch no more his cradle bed.
Poor mother! Mourn thy loss—thy little child is dead!

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"LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My friend had spoken an impatient word to his little son, and I saw the child's face stained by the hot blood of anger. My friend saw the stain, also. What did he do? Repent of his impatience, and heal the hurt in his child by a gentler word? No. But he grew more impatient, and calling sharply to the boy, said, in a warning tone,

"Take care, sir!"

Take care of what? Why, lest punishment follow.

You ask as to the child's fault that punishment should be threatened. There was no fault. He had, in passing near a table in the room where I sat talking with his father, accidentally touched a book lying on the edge, causing it to fall. The noise jarred on the father's sensitive nerves. Naturally irritable, he smote the child, as I have said, with an impatient word; and the child's spirit answered to the harsh rebuke in a hot face and flashing eyes.

"Take care, sir!" repeated my friend, seeing that his warning admonition had produced no effect on the boy's roused spirit, smarting under an undeserved blow. The stain grew redder on cheeks and brow; the eyes more intense; the lips more firmly shut. I saw defiance in the child's face.

"Why don't you pick up that book, sir?"

There was no sign of obedience.

"Did you hear me?" almost fiercely demanded the father. I shuddered, inwardly, but dared not interfere between my hot-tempered friend, and his equally hot-tempered child. He might as well have spoken to deaf ears.

"Pick up that book, I say!"

The child did not stir.

"I shall not speak again," said my friend, in a suppressed voice. One minute passed in dumb silence; then rising, with deliberation, he approached the boy, whose face had become pale, but not weak or fearful, and grasped one of his arms tightly. Time was still given for him to lift the book; but he was too angry to yield. I held my breath painfully, taking a long inspiration as my friend swept from the room, dragging the boy after him. He was gone for nearly five minutes, and then came back, flushed, nervous, and excited, saying, as he sat down opposite me,

"I'm out of all heart with that boy."

He looked sadly discouraged. I did not answer. After sitting for a few moments, he added,

"Such a temper!—such a will! I never saw anything like it!"

But I answered nothing. What could I say in approval of my friend's conduct? My silence was on the side of his own uneasy convictions, and he felt it to be so.

"What am I to do with the child?" he asked, interrogating my unspoken thought. "To give up to him—to let will and passion have their sway—can only end in moral ruin. He must come under the yoke. Is it not so?"

"Obedience is essential," I answered.

"So I think—obedience at all hazards."

I did not assent to this extreme proposition.

"At all hazards," he repeated, with increasing force.

"It may be well," said I, "to look at the conditions of obedience before exacting the full measure of obligation."

"I am not sure that I understand you," answered my friend, with a slightly puzzled air.

"Obedience may be impossible."

"Was it impossible for John to lift that book from the floor?"

"Perhaps," I said.

"Perhaps!" My friend looked astonished.

"Morally impossible, I mean."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"A condition may render the easiest act so difficult of performance, that a man will look death in the face and yet not lift a hand in attempted execution. The act, in this case, becomes morally impossible."

"I do not see how you will apply that to my boy's case."

"Suppose," said I, "you were riding in one of our street cars, and a passenger, on entering, and before you had time to make room for him, were to order you in a rough, imperative manner to move; what would be the result?"

"I would sit still in my place," answered my friend.

"And yet it would be the wiser course to give way and not be disturbed by ungentlemanly rudeness."

"Perhaps it would; but I have that in me

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which will not submit to unjust encroachment. And I am quick in my resentment, as you know. To a gentlemanly demeanor I yield everything that is right; to rude exaction, nothing."

"Therefore it is that the condition of a demand may render obedience a moral impossibility."

"It is so," answered my friend.

"Has it not often happened," I continued, "that under a momentary blind excitement, you have said or done things for which you were sorry, and yet, having said or done them, would not recede—growing more persistent in the degree that you were assailed by angry efforts to drive you from the position taken, although, in your heart, you knew that you were wrong?"

I understood my friend's character, and knew its weak side.

"It is as you say," was his answer. "I can be led easily; but all the world cannot drive me—no, not even to do what is right."

"Has it never occurred to you," I asked, after a pause, "that your son is like you in this respect?"

I saw a quick change in my friend's countenance. The question had taken him unawares. A sudden light had streamed into an obscure corner of his mind.

"Like me?" His tone was that of a man just awakening, and in surprise at some unexpected sight.

"Is it strange that he should be like you?" I queried.

"Perhaps not. I am his father." The surprise had already gone out of his voice, which had in it a shade of depression.

"'Like father, like son.' The adage is as much founded on immutable law as upon observation. In homelier phrase, you have 'chip of the old block.' John's disposition is very much like your own, my friend. He is quick-tempered, strong-willed, independent, and instinctively opposed to coercion—easily led—hard to be driven. Have you never thought of this? Never looked down into the clear mirror of his unsullied character, and seen a perfect image of yourself?"

My friend dropped his head upon his bosom, and sat a long time silent.

"The father," I said, as he sat musing, "reproduces himself in his children, with such modifications as the mother's life may give. I need not offer arguments to prove the fact; every man of rational perception sees that it must be so under the unvarying law of like producing like."

"I have no doubt of its being so," he replied.

"Does not the fact instruct us?" I went on. "Does it not throw light upon that most difficult, yet most important of all our duties, the government of our children? First, we must know the quality, condition, and capability of any material upon which we are to work. The plumber would fail in his effort to produce a useful result if he wrought with wood in place of lead; and so with the gold-beater, if, instead of the most ductile of all metals, he subjected iron to his hammer-strokes. As in the lower world of nature, different forms require different modes of treatment in order to eliminate their proper use, so in the higher world of mind. All objective differences are but images of mental differences. Mind is the true world; nature the representative and effect, and, as such, our instructor if we will open our hearts to her teachings."

"I do not gainsay this," returned my friend. "I believe that it is so. I comprehend the important truth you have stated, that my child bears a likeness to his father. But what I do not see clearly is, the way in which I am to deal with him. How am I to correct, in my boy, the perversities which he has, by inheritance, from his father?"

"The first thing," I answered, "is for you to pity him. To think compassionately of him, burdened, as he is, for life, with a hasty temper and a stubborn will."

I saw moisture come into my friend's eyes; the firm mouth gave way a little.

"May I refer to the scene that passed here a little while ago?" I asked.

"Speak freely," returned my friend.

"John committed no fault."

There was a slight motion of surprise in my friend's face.

"Accidentally he touched a book, and it fell upon the floor—this, and only this."

"He was careless," said my friend, with a slight effort at self-justification.

"You, or I, or any one might have done the same thing. Nay, every day of our lives, we do just as careless things. When the mind is absorbed, we cannot always guard our movements. Now put yourself in John's place. Imagine the book touched without intention, and it falls upon the floor; and imagine as sharp a word spoken to you as you spoke to him—what state of mind would have resulted?"

I paused for his answer, but he did not reply.

"Could you have helped the rush of angry waves? Hurt pride—a sense of wrong—blind

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impulse—would have made you as stubborn as you saw him."

"Perhaps it would." My friend's eyes were on the floor. He spoke in a subdued voice.

"You cannot overcome the mind's defects by external force," I added. "There must be a wise appliance of moral means. Deal by him, as you would yourself be dealt by, in like circumstances. Cure his disease by the remedies that reason tells you would heal your own. Weaken his angry willfulness by removing excitements. Control yourself in his presence—hold back your quick-springing impulses—never let him see you angry, nor find you unjust or unreasonable. Always speak mildly and kindly, except when in grave rebuke or remonstrance for unmistakable faults, self-acknowledged. Help him with his load of hereditary evil tendencies, instead of adding a part of your own burden to the weak shoulders of a child. If you cannot control yourself, with reason, judgment, years, and experience on your side, what can you expect from him?"

I stopped, lest I were pressing home upon him too closely.

Just at this moment the door opened, and the child came in. The book still lay where it had fallen from the table. I turned and saw the little fellow's questioning eyes upon his father's face. There was a look of grief about his lips. Nothing was said to him; in fact, no notice, apparently, taken of him. My friend changed the conversation to a new theme. John stole softly across the room, and sat down, noiselessly, taking, as he did so, a long, sighing breath. Presently he slipped from the chair, and moving quietly to where the book lay on the floor, lifted and placed it on the table, pushing it to some distance from the edge; in this very act, showing his recognition of the fault for which he had been harshly blamed as only an accident, against the recurrence of which he would guard by placing the book where it would be in no danger of falling. I noticed another deep breath as the child's burdened heart sought to relieve the pressure that still lay heavily upon it. Then he began, by slow approaches, to draw near his father, and at last stood by his knee. My friend placed his arm around him, as he still talked with me, and tightened it with a loving pressure, made stronger by pity and repentance. John looked up into his face; and then his father bent down and kissed him. Reconciled: yet, as there had been wrong and suffering, and the graver of memory cuts deepest when feeling is most intense, was not something lost in that brief struggle between father and child, which could never be restored?—something hurt, the pain of which would endure through natural life?

These are questions for sober thought.

My friend, with all his infirmities of temper, had a strong love for children; a quick moral sense; a love of right and justice. These were all on the side of a truer self-discipline as effecting the little ones given to him of God, that they might be trained for heaven. I saw him, afterward, under stronger provocation; and he did not forget himself. My presence may have revived in his memory the scene just described, and so put him on his guard. Even if that were so, much was gained; for all right efforts give a measure of strength, and erect barriers against evil. We overcome what is wrong in our natural tempers by resisting the impulse to act in the moment of provocation; not by repenting and resolving only. The repentance and the resolution are all well enough, and give strength for resistance against the hour of temptation; but only in the degree that we resist and refrain in the hour of trial, do we overcome and rise superior to our enemies.

TO A SNOW-BIRD.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The wide, bleak country spreads its gloom
Out from the windows of my room;
Hills bare of ice, robed white with snow,
Vales that in wealth of frost-flowers glow—
Plains, where the hemlocks, row on row,
Before the stern old wind-god bow.

A steel-blue sky hangs out its flags
Of bronze; across the distant crags,
In the dun clouds, lurks cold unrest;
And dusky red fires light the West,
Tinge with blood streaks the mountain's crest,
And ice is on the river's breast.

But lo! before my languored sight,
A little, cheerful, fairy sprite
Comes down from yonder beechen bough,
To drive dull sadness from my brow,
My heavy heart with peace endow.
Sweet little songster! blessed be thou!

Thou patient, bright-eyed, glossy thing!
In Wintry days the royal king—
Help me, throughout thy peaceful reign,
To banish all the wearing pain
Of aching heart and toiling brain,
And give me back sweet hope again!

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IV.

When Katharine Fraser entered her grandfather's library, and found it occupied only by a stranger, her brow flushed, and she drew back a step, holding by the door with her hand. Clanranald, too, was somewhat embarrassed; for the vision of beauty that presented itself so suddenly before him was fair enough to discompose a less excitable temperament than he possessed. Katharine saw his embarrassment, and her own composure came back. She advanced into the room with that gentle grace which makes those bred to high station so attractive.

"I expected to find my grandfather here," she said, taking the chair Clanranald placed for her. "He was not well this morning, and, from the hasty summons, I feared he might be ill."

"No, lady, he is in good health, I fancy, and has but now retired to read some despatches of which I am the bearer."

Katharine bowed, and observed that she had seen him from her lattice ride up to the castle, and judged from the appearance of his horses that he had made a long journey.

Clanranald answered that he had come across the country, and even farther than that, as his home encroached somewhat upon the sea.

"From the Isles?" exclaimed Katharine, kindling into interest. "Not from Skye, the home of my friend and school-mate, Flora Macdonald?"

"Not exactly from Skye; though we of the Macdonald family are usually welcome there, as we have possessions on every isle on the coast. Flora Macdonald is my cousin."

"Indeed! Then, as her relative, I give you fair welcome to Dounie Castle over and above that which the Lord of Lovat is sure to have rendered."

Katharine arose from her seat and came toward the young chief with her eager hand extended.

Clanranald took the hand and held it prisoner a moment, unconscious of the liberty; for the bright face lifted toward him, the warmth and grace of her enthusiasm enthralled him.

They did not sit down again, but went into the deep embrasure of a window which looked upon a picturesque mountain pass in which cedars of Lebanon cast their black shadows and a torrent of water sent its murmurs even to the spot they occupied.

"We have little that is beautiful in scenery to recommend the castle," said Katharine, pointing to the glen; "but this spot is full of beauty to me; for along the stream yonder runs a path by which my father comes to Dounie."

"Your father, lady?"

"The Master of Lovat. I trust you will see him before Lord Lovat has exhausted the few pleasures of this dull place for you. Ah! is not that the glimmer of a red plaid among the branches?—another—and another! Indeed, sir, we are fortunate to-day. It is my father, coming to Dounie."

Her eager face, the quick rise and fall of her bosom betrayed the vivid joy with which Katharine awaited her father's approach. Once she made a movement as if to spring forward like Jephthah's daughter, and meet him on the threshold; but regard for her grandfather's guest checked the impulse, and she contented herself by waving a scarf from the window, which was recognized by a quicker step and a wave of the hand by the noble-looking man, who came out from the cedar shade in advance of his attendants, and proceeded, with a quick step, toward the main entrance of the castle.

When the Master of Lovat disappeared around an angle of the building, Katharine fixed her eyes on the door, her face all in a glow of expectation and her breath coming quick. So absorbed was she, that the eager glance of admiration with which Clanranald was regarding her escaped her attention; so he watched the blood come and go in her cheeks. The lovelight flooded her eyes and smiled in quick sympathy when her lips parted with happy gladness as her father's footsteps sounded in the anteroom.

That was a dangerous moment for Clanranald. No wonder Katharine glowed with blushes when

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she caught that fire from those fine eyes in one of her upturned glances. She was ready to spring forward in the exuberance of her joy before, but now her half-poised limbs began to tremble; and when the door opened she stood like a criminal by the young man's side. It was only for a moment: the warm heart of the girl was far too impulsive for timidity to chain it long. The Master of Lovat had not advanced a step into the room when she sprang forward and threw herself on his bosom.

"How is it with you, Kate?" exclaimed the father, after one warm embrace. "Are the roses in full blow on your cheeks yet? I come to see——"

She threw back her head and looked in his eyes, smiling.

"Are you satisfied, father?"

"No; wait awhile. I am not young enough to take blushes for bloom, or this wild joy for happiness. Why, child, you tremble like a leaf!"

"It is because I am so glad to see you!"

"Stay awhile; stay awhile, Kate! I am thinking the long hours must go heavily with you when a visit like this from your own father sets ye off panting like a hunted fawn. Has the old lord——"

"Father, see you not a stranger is present?"

The young man, still lingering by the window, stepped forward, while the Master of Lovat drew himself up a little proudly, annoyed that this abandonment of affection with his daughter should have had a witness.

"A Macdonald from the Isles," faltered Katharine, subdued a little by her father's manner.

"A Macdonald?" questioned the father.

"Of Clanranald!" answered the guest, a little proudly; for he was hurt by the change in Lovat's manner.

"Of Clanranald!" exclaimed the master, cordially. "You are welcome, sir, so far as the Master of Lovat has a power of welcome in his father's house. I knew your mother well. How fares the gentle lady?"

"She was in good health when I left South Uist."

"And as strong a—a—as loyal I mean—if we can speak of loyalty here, and King George on the throne?"

"In her love of *The King* my mother is unchangeable!"

"And so she may well prove! Her father died for James in '15; her mother——"

"Is with us, now, at South Uist."

"Indeed! A dainty lady; yet full of fire as the best man who died for his king in those unhappy times!"

"Unhappy times, truly!" answered Clanranald. "But only because the blood that was shed failed to place the true king on his throne!"

"Ha! think you in this way in the Isles? You are brave to dare speak so!"

"Perhaps. But I come purposely to hold this language——"

"What! here?"

"Yes, with the Lord of Lovat; who will doubtless explain my mission to his son."

"Clanranald, this is a dangerous business!"

"Loyalty will always prove dangerous while a usurper fills the throne of the Stuart."

"But what is the purport of your mission here, if, as you hint, it has a political bearing?"

That moment the old Lord of Lovat softly opened a door and looked into the library.

"Ha! is it you, my master? In good time. Come in hither," he said.

The Master of Lovat obeyed this command at once and left the library.

Again Macdonald and Katharine were left alone. But how the girl had changed! Her face was pale; her eyes bright; the lips that had quivered before closed firmly. She drew close to her guest.

"You spoke of the king?"

"Yes; but I trust to friendly ears."

"More than friendly ears!"

"I felt it from the moment my eyes fell on that face."

"But, have you news? It was expected, I know, that he would be heard of first in the Islands."

"Lady, he is there."

Katharine drew a sharp breath and grew paler than before.

"And you have told my grandfather of this?"

"He has a letter in his hand now—it came from the Prince."

Katharine shook her head, gravely.

"As my father expressed it, this is a dangerous business. Oh! if he were but Lord of Lovat! If he had but power to call out the Frasers!"

"But his father is old; to whom else should he delegate the glory of leading them to the field?"

Again Katharine shook her head.

"You do not know—you cannot know——"

That moment old Lord Lovat came into the library, followed by his son.

"Get to your room, Katharine," he said, with as little ceremony as he had used in summoning

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her there. "We have things to talk of which may not beseem your ear."

Katharine arose and left the library with that feeling of vague humiliation which a person dismissed from any conference is sure to experience. Clanranald followed her with his eyes till the door closed, and then sat down, with his heart and mind preoccupied.

"Well," said the old lord, with the manner of a man who talks from the surface, and is determined not to be driven to the depths, of any subject in question, "this letter with which the Prince has honored me, opens a large and dangerous field——"

"A glorious field, my lord!" interposed Clanranald.

"I doubt it not—I doubt it not, young man; but a man of my years has had experience enough of glory. It is a capital thing for stretching out men on the earth; but it does not feed them. Before we enter into another revolution, let us count the cost."

The Master of Lovat started up impatiently.

"That is a task for usurers, not for Highland chieftains!" he exclaimed.

"Tut! tut, boy! Leave such speeches for Highland gentlemen who have nothing to lose. Heaven knows they can be found, in any numbers, valiant enough! Nothing makes a man so brave as an empty pocket."

"Then I should be a marvel of courage!" answered the son, laughing.

The old man laughed also, luxuriously, and rubbed his white hands beneath their lace ruffles till the palms glowed again; for he triumphed in the parsimony from which his heir suffered, and regarded it as a capital joke when it was alluded to.

"Yes; but you have the pleasure of anticipation. The gray hairs are growing thick here, and estates live after their owners; so keep up heart and be an obedient son, or I may go into this revolution if it were only to cheat the entail and have the Fraser lands confiscated. There is something in being the last lord of an estate like this!"

There was something both in these words and in the manner of uttering them which grated on the sense. It seemed as if the old man had absolutely thought these things over in his mind not altogether as a harmless jest.

The Master of Lovat moved uneasily on his chair, and a swarthy red swept over his face. Clanranald, too, felt that something was wrong between the father and son. This was a restraint upon him, and, for a moment, there was an awkward silence among them. The old lord was the first to speak.

"Well," he said, tapping a gold snuff-box which he took from the ample pocket of his coat, "fortunately we are not called upon to act on the moment. In matters of such import time must be granted for deliberation. Our friend here shall taste the hospitality of Castle Dounie, while we hold council with the chiefs."

"With whom is it needful that a Lord of Lovat should hold council?" inquired the master, promptly. "What man in all Scotland should decide when he shall or shall not draw his sword save himself?"

The old man laughed again.

"It is easy seeing how this hot-head would leap! And he is no hair-brained boy either! It is well the lands of the Frasers are not under his control; he would cast them all on a single die, and fling that handsome head after. Now, I am more careful of these gray hairs; but do not believe me the less loyal for that. No, no! I have some memories here which will always turn my heart toward the Stuarts!"

There was something in the old man's look, as he laid a hand on that portion of the embroidered vest which should have covered his heart, which awoke a feeling of disgust in his auditors. The Master of Lovat dropped his eyes and played with the folds of his plaid—Clanranald looked earnestly in the old man's face, doubtful if he read the expression aright. A smile was creeping around the full mouth; he was chasing some particles of snuff into a corner of his gold box, dreamily, as if some agreeable thought possessed him. Still it was not a pleasant look. Just as the smile was about to break into words, the Master of Lovat started up and addressed Clanranald.

"His lordship is not prepared with a reply to the chevalier's letter just now, and it approaches the dinner hour. If no room has been assigned you, pray let me——"

The old man lifted his hand.

"Softly, softly, my son. There is yet a master at Dounie Castle and servitors to do his bidding."

As he spoke, the old lord touched a bell on the table before him, and his own man, a French valet, entered.

"Has the gentleman's portmanteau been carried to his room?"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And are his people cared for?"

"Certainly, my lord!"

Lord Lovat cast a sarcastic smile at his son.

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"My valet will show our guest to his room."

The Master of Lovat was silent; this covert method of annoying him had not yet lost its power of irritation often as it had been practised. But he was glad, at any cost of self-love, to break up the conversation which threatened to become still more humiliating to a son who wished to honor his father. So he laughed—it must be confessed a little constrainedly—and answered quietly,

"Your lordship has taught me a profitable lesson. I will not assume authority in Dounie again till——"

"Till you are master of it. Perchance that was what you hesitated to say. It was a delicate reserve."

"No; I was about to say, till I had learned some of the amenities which become a son in his father's house."

The old man took a long pinch of snuff, closed his box, brushed a particle from his ruffles, and altogether ignored this last speech in the elaborate bow with which his guest was dismissed.

The Master of Lovat, finding himself disregarded, followed Clanranald from the library and mounted to his daughter's room, feeling his heart grow lighter with every step that led him from the old lord's presence.

A splendid man was this Master of Lovat. He had inherited nothing from the old noble below stairs, except a certain sweetness of expression which was genuine in him, but had glided imperceptibly into a look of crafty cunning in the father as age crept over him. In all other traits the father and son were contrasts, soul and body: the younger, generous, ardent, self-sacrificing; the elder, silky, unprincipled, and delighting in duplicity as most men glory in frankness. Katharine heard her father's step on the stone floor without her room, and her heart leaped to the sound. He came in, seated himself by the window she had been gazing from all the morning, and fell into thought.

Katharine stole to his feet and sat down on the stool that stood by his chair. With her elbows on his knee, and her eyes fondly lifted to his face, she waited for him to speak. But youth is impatient, and the young girl's heart was brimful of tumultuous feelings.

"Father, father, I know. He—that is the gentleman from the Isles—told me. Oh! if I were only a boy now, you should not want a faithful page in the field!"

The master stooped down and kissed her upon the forehead. She took this for approval and went on,

"He must succeed if all his followers are but half so earnest and brave as this gentleman. When will the Fraser clans rise?"

"That is what troubles me, child," cried the father, passionately. "*He* does not intend to give such aid as will be efficient."

"But you will, father; the people love you, so they will follow you anywhere."

"Not without the consent of their lord."

"But he must consent in the end."

"To ensure victory he must consent now. I—oh! my child—I never felt how helpless the kin of all these broad lands was till now. I watched his face—this Macdonald might not have seen it—but there is no hope for the Prince if I read it fairly."

"Father, what if I intercede for the Prince? Sometimes my grandfather is kind to me. He might laugh one of his queer laughs and call me droll names; but I am not afraid of him. Nay, if he refuses, I will threaten to go home and leave him here in grim old Dounie alone. He will not like that, I can tell you."

"My poor child, it would be an impotent threat. Have you any idea of the terms upon which your mother was compelled to give you up?"

"Give me up? No; I thought it was my grandfather's wish."

"His command rather. Had we refused to send you here, child, the little provision which Lord Lovat allows us would be withdrawn. For your sweet mother's sake I consented that you should live with him."

"But you are Master of Lovat, and even that title has independent privileges, and with them goes a certain power with the clans. My grandfather told me this himself, when speaking of something that happened when he was only Master of Lovat."

"But he disputes these very rights when I claim them, withholds the income he always enjoyed, and makes me a mere pensioner on his bounty. I tell you these things, Katharine, because you must not be left to mistake helplessness for lack of will. In the great cause I have a life to give—nothing more—that is my own."

This was said with a proud melancholy that went to the daughter's heart. She kissed his hands with an outgush of passionate sympathy.

"Why will he not love you, my father?—and why cannot we love him?"

"My child, I am leading your warm heart astray, it is your duty to love him. Oh, that he would allow me! but he will not. He never would; and since, since——"

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"Since when, father?"

"Since my marriage with your mother, Katharine, we have been almost enemies."

"Oh! father!"

The Master of Lovat leaned his forehead on one hand. Katharine could see that this movement was to conceal the trouble in his face, and her own took a shade of sympathy.

"Dear father! this is very terrible! What could my grandfather find to complain of in my mother—so beautiful, so good?"

The Master of Lovat swept the hand away from his face and laid it on Katharine's head more heavily than he was conscious of.

"We will not talk of this, my child. It is not a subject, thank God! which you could understand. Come, show me what you have been doing. Your mother bade me remember how many roses had grown in the tapestry you are working for her little bower room at the lodge."

"Oh! my hand wearies while working up here alone, and I sometimes dim the flowers with my tears before they are finished, and have to pick them out from the canvas! But do not tell her this, it would wound her kind heart; and that, with our lady's good help, I will never do!"

While the father and daughter were conversing in this fashion the door opened, and a dark young face looked in, its owner calling out that dinner was spread in the great hall.

The Master of Lovat turned pale as he saw the youth, and sprang to his feet; but Katharine's voice seemed to check this agitation.

"It is only Dougal," she said, regarding her father's agitated face with surprise. "He is going with some message from Lord Lovat to his guest, I suppose, and called here on his way. Don't look so strangely, father; Dougal is a fine laddie, and his mother——"

"Well, what of her?"

"She is very kind to me."

The tramp of heavy feet on the stone floor of the hall following the shrill cry of a bagpipe gave the Master of Lovat no time for explanation, if he had desired any; for the old lord brooked no abatement of ceremony in his stronghold. So, drawing Katharine's arm within his own, he led her down to the great stair-case; but still with a heavy cloud upon his brow. The great hall of Dounie Castle was a wonder of rude magnificence. All the state of a feudal chieftain was kept up beneath its groined arches without one jot of abatement. The long table, stretched down its entire length, was divided after the ancient fashion of the country. The Hanoverian prince might rifle the Scottish strong-holds of their arms, but had no power to change the old feudal habits, which they considered a portion of their nationality.

But the Lord of Lovat had spent a considerable portion of his life in France, and the sensual habits learned there had crept into the ruder customs of his own land. Above the salt, his table, like his costume, betrayed many foreign refinements. Instead of massive rounds of beef, smoking haunches of venison, and broad barley cakes, under which the lower table groaned, that upon the dais was supplied with ragouts fresh from the hands of a French cook, delicate rolls of wheaten bread, and game from the hills disguised with foreign condiments; and instead of great flagons of silver, from which the men quaffed their ale—pewter was only used at the extreme end of the table farthest from the dais—flasks of crystal, delicately mounted in gold, stood before the old man and his most honored guests, from which the lights streaming from the wall struck out gorgeous gleams of the crimson and amber wine with which they were filled.

The Lord of Lovat was waiting by the huge chair of carved oak which stood at the head of the table, when his son entered the hall. He had but just presented himself before the crowd of men, who waited impatiently to take their seats; and, had he been a sensitive man, the lukewarm greeting which they gave him compared to the enthusiasm of welcome given to his son might have sunk deep in his heart.

If he felt the difference, there was no means of knowing that the sensation existed. Lord Lovat never frowned like other men. His anger, at the worst, went off in a sneer; and to those who knew him superficially he passed for a man of remarkable equanimity of temper. Still, as the old noble glanced down the table, and saw the flashing eyes and kindling cheeks which followed his son's entrance, there was something about his eyes that no one could have seen with indifference.

Neither the master nor his child were insensible to the genuine homage which greeted them. A quick, grateful glance down the long table bespoke his appreciation of it, and Katharine, thrilled by a gush of gratitude that her father should be so loved, bent a gracious acknowledgment before she seated herself.

Clanranald noticed all this, for on the moment he entered with young Dougal, who waited till the guest was seated and then moved to his place lower down the table.

A smile hung upon Lord Lovat's lip as he carved the savory grouse which lay upon its silver dish before him. He divided the choicest

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morsels between his guest and his son, reserving dainty portions for his grandchild. In the clash and clang which filled the hall, these delicate attentions possessed a certain incongruity. It could not be concealed that the clansmen present viewed them with a sort of forbearing contempt, at which the old man scoffed in his heart. Just as the sated appetites of the crowd had produced a temporary silence, Lord Lovat called aloud from his place,

"Dougal, my man, come hither! You have taken the wrong seat!"

The youth thus addressed left his seat and moved toward the dais, flushed with sudden pleasure and evidently surprised.

"Take the seat next to my grand-daughter Kate," said Lord Lovat, pointing to the designated place with his finger; "and here pledge our noble guest in a glass of burgundy!"

The youth drew back, growing red and pale by turns, and his embarrassment was not decreased by a dull murmur that ran menacingly down the table.

The old lord gave heed neither to his reluctance nor the muttered discontent. True, a drop or so of the wine trickled over his fingers, as he poured it into a goblet, showing that his hold was less steady than usual; but all were too excited for this to be regarded, and the brimming goblet was passed over to the youth before he could find the nerve to seat himself.

"Let me drain the cup standing," said the youth, glaring at the dead whiteness of the master's face; "my comrades down yonder will be loth to spare me!"

Lord Lovat turned a sidelong glance on his son, and, warned, perhaps, by the hoarse murmur of voices, waved his hand in dismissal; and the youth went down the table again, casting a distressed glance at Katharine as he set the goblet down almost untasted.

Neither Clanranald nor Katharine knew the entire significance of this action; but they felt that something was wrong, and the dinner went on heavily enough. The Master of Lovat addressed no one, but sat pale and cold, answering even his father's guest with a brief courtesy that was more chilling than silence itself. Even the old man seemed a little subdued by what he had done, and quaffed goblet after goblet of wine before his ruddy color came entirely back.

Clanranald saw all this and wondered; but it did not prevent him studying the sweet face of Katharine Fraser with double interest. Its changes were full of pleasant revelations to him.

CHAPTER V.

Above Dounie Castle, in the bosom of the hills, stood a stone cottage. No great building in itself, but a noble mansion compared to the small shepherds' cots that lay within sight, it commanded a fine view of the castle and the valley that lay beyond it; in fact, the position was far more picturesque than that of the stronghold itself.

To this house Dougal Carr made his way on the evening after the unusual honor done him at the lord's table. He came, leaping like a deer, up the broken pathway, flung open the door, and dashed into the room, where a woman sat sewing by a dim light.

"Mother, dear mother! what do you think has happened?"

The woman lifted her eyes and looked at the youth in questioning surprise; then answered, after a moment,

"You have shot the buck, perhaps?"

"No, no! Guess again."

"Dined at the castle, then, and been served too plentifully with strong ale?"

There was a tone of bitterness with which these words were uttered which would have annoyed the youth had he been less excited; as it was, he burst forth afresh.

"Wrong again. Ale! Why, mother, I have drank wine—a brimmy goblet from Lord Lovat's own table! It was from his lordship's own golden cup I drank, filled with his own hand. Besides, besides——"

"What! What do you say?" cried the woman, dropping her work into her lap.

"No wonder you look surprised, mother! It was a great honor! But you have not heard all. The Master of Lovat was there, and a gentleman from the Isles. Before them both, the old lord bade me seat myself above the salt!"

"Above the salt!" cried the woman, staring at Dougal's handsome face, in amazement.

"More than that!—how surprised you are!—more than that! As I live, mother, he asked me to take my seat by the side of his grand-daughter!"

"What! Mistress Katharine?"

"No wonder you will not credit it! But, in the presence of them all, he invited, indeed, almost commanded me to sit down by the lady."

"It was in mockery, then?"

"No, in all honest courtesy!"

"And you obeyed him?"

"I looked in the lady's face for permission."

"And she frowned you into nothing?"

"She blushed and half-smiled. Nay, it is

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doubtless fancy, but I thought she moved a little, as if to make room at her side."

"And you took the place?"

"A glance at the young Master of Lovat made me hesitate; besides, it was too great an honor! I could hear those below the salt muttering their discontent one to the other."

"Then you lacked the courage to take the seat which—which——boy, were you coward enough to lose the only opportunity to—to——"

"To mingle with men of gentle blood? you would say. Well, yes. There was something that I did not understand—a feeling here which made me pause. It seemed like offering an insult to that beautiful lady!"

"An insult! As if the blood in your veins were not bright as hers, any day! As if you were not as noble to look upon!"

The woman was greatly excited: her large black eyes kindled, her cheeks flamed into a warm crimson. She was singularly like her son then, and two more perfect specimens of human beauty of a peculiar type could not have been easily found in Scotland.

"Mother," said the youth, more seriously than he had yet spoken; "will you repeat this? Gentle blood should carry an honorable name with it. Where is mine?"

The woman sat down and gathered up her work without heeding him.

"Mother, will you not tell me my father's name?"

The woman pressed her crimson lips hard together; her needle darted in and out of the fabric she was sewing, restless as the tongue of a viper. Magnificently handsome she looked that moment! Still she did not speak. The youth knelt down by her side, and took the work gently from her hold. His lips quivered, his eyes were full of water.

"Will you not tell me what my heart aches so to learn?" he said, with tender entreaty.

The woman looked at him steadily. Her black eyes took a velvety softness from some tender emotion, which she strove, in vain, to smother. When she spoke, her voice shook.

"You ask strange questions, Dougal!"

"But my father's name! You are thinking of him now, mother; I can see it in your eyes, in the quiver of your hands. Tell me my father's name!"

"It was like your own, boy. Dougal Carr—nothing more."

"Oh! mother!"

The cry of disappointment with which this was uttered went to the woman's heart; but she grasped her work tighter and kept on sewing.

"Get up, my boy. Why do you kneel here? See you not I have kept your supper waiting?" she said, gently.

"I am not hungry, mother."

The youth stood up, repulsed and dissatisfied. His mother did not look on his face; but an expression of anxious distress stole over her own. Dougal seated himself near a window that looked down the vale toward Dounie Castle. He could see lights gleaming from its windows, and a shadowy outline of the flag which floated from its battlements, proclaiming the presence of its lord. He began to wonder which of all those lights came from Katharine Fraser's room, and from that fell into dreams such as the woman close by had indulged in. It seemed to her only a few short years before, only to remember them with bitter pain now. .

Mrs. Carr watched her son full half an hour, as he sat, with his elbow on the window-sill, and his chin rested in the palm of his hand. Then she arose and laid away her work. Now that she stood up, the queenly height of her person and rich depth of complexion confirmed a suspicion that her voice must have created already even with a casual observer. She was evidently of foreign birth, and accustomed to a more luxurious mode of life than that rude house in the mountains afforded.

"Dougal," she said, bending over the boy, "have done with these dangerous thoughts. The greatest names are those which men have earned for themselves."

The boy started from his reveries and shook back the raven curls from his forehead with proud animation.

"True, mother. Only give me a sword and show me where fighting is to be done, and I will win a name even she shall not scorn!"

"She—Katharine Fraser! is it of her you speak, my son?"

"What other name should rest in my heart?"

The woman turned deadly pale. She had trembled when the lad demanded his father's name; now she was still as marble.

Dougal bent his head, abashed by her look.

"Are you angry with me, mother, because I cannot help loving her?"

"Loving her—Katharine Fraser! But this is nothing; only a wild young fancy unworthy a moment's apprehension! Such fancies spring up like flowers, in a young life, and die as soon. No, no, I am not angry with you, Dougal; and never will be, so long as you keep nothing from me. You and I must have no secrets, boy; remember that. Now, tell me; does the lady—

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Mistress Katharine I mean—know of the foolish homage?"

"As she knows of the wind that kisses her cheek, I suppose, mother, without heeding whence it comes or where it goes."

"And is this all?"

"What more could exist between a lady of her degree, and one whose home is here? Still I am certain she does not dislike me. Yesterday she permitted me to help her mount the new horse my lord has bought for her, and the day before she smiled when I brought her a handful of flowers from the mountain. I am sure she does not dislike me, mother, and that is a great deal."

Mrs. Carr looked down upon his eager face, and a smile broke through the trouble in her own.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "It were a cruel thing to deal with this sweet distemper seriously. But where is Luke? I thought he went to Dounie with you."

"And so he did. But one might as well keep track of a mountain stag. I thought to find him at home, and in bed."

"And so he may be, if any one will unbolt the door; lacking that, I can clamber in here," said a shrill voice from under the window; and directly a little, old face appeared above the sill, and two long hands clutched Dougal's shoulder, by which the weird figure of a hunchbacked dwarf lifted itself into the room. Once safely upon the floor, Luke shook himself till the long hair, which fell to his shoulders, was scattered over his face. Then, with a sweep of both hands, he sent it back of the long ears, and looked eagerly around.

"Ah! ha! how comes this? You have kept supper for me? Ho! ho! it is a rare chance!"

"And have they given you nothing to eat, Luke?" inquired Mrs. Carr, in the listless voice of one who performs a tasteless duty.

"Not a mouthful; for they put me down among the pewter flagons, and I refused both meat and drink. But, after all, mother, pride is a sorry meal for an empty stomach. If I had a face like his now, it would not matter. Ho! ho! brother, I saw you drinking out of the chief's own cup. It was a pretty sight, especially when the Lord of Lovat filled it. I wonder you had the courage to swallow the wine."

"Why, Luke, it was burgundy—and of the choicest! Why should any one refuse it?"

"Nay, every one to his fancy; to me, now, it would have been gall!"

"You were always a strange creature, Luke."

"And you a foolish one, Dougal. Never saw an inch beyond your nose, or you might have guessed what was going on."

"I did guess. You are only jealous, Luke. But where have you been all the evening?"

"Me? Ho! In the kitchen—in the bower room—playing with the butcher's cleaver and dancing attendance on pretty Mistress Katharine. Nothing comes amiss to me where that which I want is to be found."

"And what is it you want, Luke?" inquired the mother. "Surely, you are not seeking favor with Mistress Katharine?"

"Me? Ho! Not while she has a pretty maid. I shoot my bolts low and sure. Dougal there can lose his in the sky, if he will; I shall not fetch them down for him."

During this disjointed conversation the dwarf had been eating voraciously at the table his mother had spread for Dougal. He was evidently aware that the solitary plate had not been intended for him, and enjoyed the meal with greater zest on that account; for in the midst of his jovial good humor there was sure to break forth an undercurrent of sly bitterness, where his handsome brother was concerned, at all times. The mother and son knew this, and allowed his humor free way. For a time he devoured his food in silence; then, turning suddenly upon Dougal, he said,

"So you would earn a name—found a dynasty? Don't stare so! I was listening under the window. But there lacks a sword, and a chance to use it. Ho! What will you give me, now, if I show you the way to hack and hew yourself into a gentleman?"

Dougal laughed a little scornfully. The dwarf laughed also, leaning back in his chair and stretching out his feet in the process, and eying the handsome face of his brother over one shoulder.

"Ho! ho! ho! What will you give me, now?"

"Anything that is mine, Luke."

"Will you give me that birth-right you were clamoring for but now?"

Mrs. Carr turned sharply round on the dwarf, and a strange pallor crept over her face.

"What do you mean, Luke?" she demanded, in a sharp voice.

"Ho! ho! I was listening, you know. But come, Dougal, what will you give?"

"My life! I have nothing else!" answered Dougal, impatient of this jesting.

"And what should I do with that, unless you throw in those straight limbs, and the face which drives all the lassies at the castle wild as goshawks? Ho! ho! I must have something better than that!"

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"Have done with that profitless talk and get to your beds!" interposed the mother, impatiently. "This visit to the castle has driven you daft."

"Ho! ho! Well then, if you will not let us drive a bargain, what if I give my news for, and in exchange for, the supper which was not set forth for me, I trow? Come here, Dougal, while I whisper in your ear; for some one may have stolen my trick and be listening under the casement."

There was something serious in the manner of the dwarf which brought Dougal close to his chair. The uncouth creature chuckled at this, and he called out for his mother to draw near.

She came forward with reluctance, and the loathing, in reality at her heart, crept to the face she bent over him.

"Ho! ho! See what it is to have something that other people want, if it is only a poor secret pilfered in the dark! This is being a king with courtiers about his throne; only mine seem restless to get through with ceremony! Mother, you want to make a gentleman—for anything I know, a lord—of Dougal? Brother, you are in love with pretty Kate Fraser—ho! ho! how he blushes!—want to conquer her father's consent with the broadsword! Well, now, don't be impatient! Let me enjoy it a little longer! When one gets a grip at power, it isn't to be flung away with one dash of the hand. Lend me your kerchief, Dougal. What fine linen, with lace at the edge! Dainty! by St. Andrew! Now for my secret——"

"You are mocking us," said Dougal, angrily. "We are distraught, mother, to heed what he says."

"Fair and easy—brother, fair and easy. Stoop lower; Charles Edward has landed in the island of South Uist! There is to be a rising in the Highlands; King George is to be driven headlong from his throne—and all this to make a gentleman of you, Dougal."

"Is this true?" exclaimed the youth.

"Ho! ho! I thought it would astonish you. Now, mother, if you have an old basket-hilted sword hid away with the family genealogy, this is the time to bring it forth. Never fear that Dougal will not back it with brave deeds."

There was a touch of feeling in the dwarf's tone, and a gleam of tenderness in the dull eyes that dwelt upon the more favored brother's face.

Dougal seized the lean hand half-lifted toward him. and wrung it till the dwarf's eyes watered with the pain of his grasp.

"Is this news solemn sooth, Luke? I pray you do not jest with me now."

"Nay, Dougal, I do not jest. What I have told you is truth. The old lord had a letter from the Prince written by his own hand at South Uist. The stranger who dined at Dounie to-day was a Macdonald of the Isles, at whose house the Prince is staying."

"But how came you in possession of tidings so important?" inquired the mother.

"Ho! ho! Well, let me see. I love reading, you know, and the old lord gave me leave to search for books in his library. Well, he has a canny corner of his own in the hollow of a window shut out from the room by a fall of tapestry. I had crept in there with an old chronicle when Lord Lovat came into the library with this stranger from the Isles. They had a long conversation, and it ended by the stranger giving my lord a letter, which he went off to read alone."

"And you remained eavesdropping? Shame on you, Luke!"

"I remained buried in the old chronicle. You would not have had me disturb the gentlemen in their conference, would ye?"

"I would have you an honorable man, Luke."

"Ho! ho! Who cares whether a shrunken hunchback is honorable or not? Well, the old lord went out, and through the opposite door came pretty Kate Fraser."

"Hold, brother, you shall not speak of her in this fashion, it is discourteous."

"And who shall prevent me? Ho! Well, sick people must be humored. Through the door came Mistress Katharine Fraser—will that do?—and she fell into a world of pleasant conversation with this Macdonald."

"And you listened?"

"As I tell you, the old chronicle absorbed all my faculties just then, and I heard nothing but soft wooing words. As an honorable man you know I could not listen."

The dwarf grinned mockingly and shook his great head at Dougal, enjoying his mortification.

"Well, the lady's father came, and then there was a conference between him and the old lord; after that Ka—I crave your mercy!—Mistress Katharine was sent away with scant ceremony, and a general conference was held around the library table. I heard it all, and tell you fairly the old lord means mischief. Then the room was left empty, and Lord Lovat went down to dinner in the great hall. I stole into his private room, found the Prince's letter in a secret drawer of his writing-desk, with some letters which he had been writing to the chiefs and

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other persons; I am a fair clerk, you know, and it did not take long to copy them all. This was no light task, Dougal, seeing that I was at the table time enough to witness the honor bestowed on my brother."

"This is a strange romance," said Mrs. Carr, who did not quite believe the dwarf.

"And you will not credit me, ho? Well, here are the letters; one is in the old lord's writing; I put my own copy in its place."

The dwarf took some letters from his bosom and gave them to his mother. She read them deliberately and with a singular expression on her face. It was half-contemptuous, half-triumphant; Dougal watched her anxiously till she laid the papers down. The dwarf snatched them from the table and huddled them into his bosom again.

"Is it sooth?" questioned Dougal of his mother.

"Sooth? Yes. The laddie has mastered a secret that might cost Lord Lovat his head."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the dwarf, "I knew it. He must not jeer at me again, this proud old lord."

The mother grew pale as death, and there was a sort of horror in her eyes as she bent them on the dwarf.

"Give those papers into my keeping, you willful child, they are uncannie things for a creature like you."

The dwarf hugged his lean arms over his bosom, and, rocking back and forth, laughed defiantly. Exasperated by this, Mrs. Carr laid her hand firmly on his shoulder and attempted to wrest the papers from him. With a twist of his uncouth person, he wrenched himself from her grasp and hopped out of the room, sending back his hoarse laugh, Ho! ho! ho! as he went.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STREET BEGGAR.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Up and down, up and down,
All day long in the crowded street,
The chill winds frosting her tattered skirts,
And bare and purple hands and feet.
What does it matter? Who is she?
Only a worthless beggar brat!
Give her a crust! it is enough,
Such as she should be thankful for that!

Up and down, up and down,
Past the mansions of wealth and ease,
Whose grim walls frown on her pleading gaze—
What to them, pray, are such as these?
One should not give—it is not right
To encourage idle vagrants so;
Better give to some high-sounding fund,
And know just where your money'll go!

Up and down, up and down,
Ah, how her poor feet bleed and smart!
And the frozen stare in her stony eyes
Tells how the frost has crept to her heart.
She pauses to think, sometimes, between
Her pleadings for, "Only a penny, please!"
Of her little brother and baby Nell.
And wonders if God will care for these!

Up and down, up and down,
Forward and back, through the busy mart;
Hush! there's a child there, trampled and torn,
Under the wheels of a loaded cart.
Poor little Willie and baby Nell
Crying themselves with affright to sleep;
And a pauper corse in the station-house—
One beggar the less for the town to keep!

THE MAY OF LIFE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

The May of Life is bright and fair,
And gay with Spring-time's fairest flowers;
It hath no heavy clouds of care
To shadow o'er its sunny hours.
As birds sing when the light of dawn
Begems with gold the Eastern sky;
E'en thus the heart at life's May morn
Sends forth its notes of ecstasy.

As morning light breaks o'er the world
And kindles Nature with a smile,
While backward into chaos hurled
Are night's grim shadows, pile on pile—

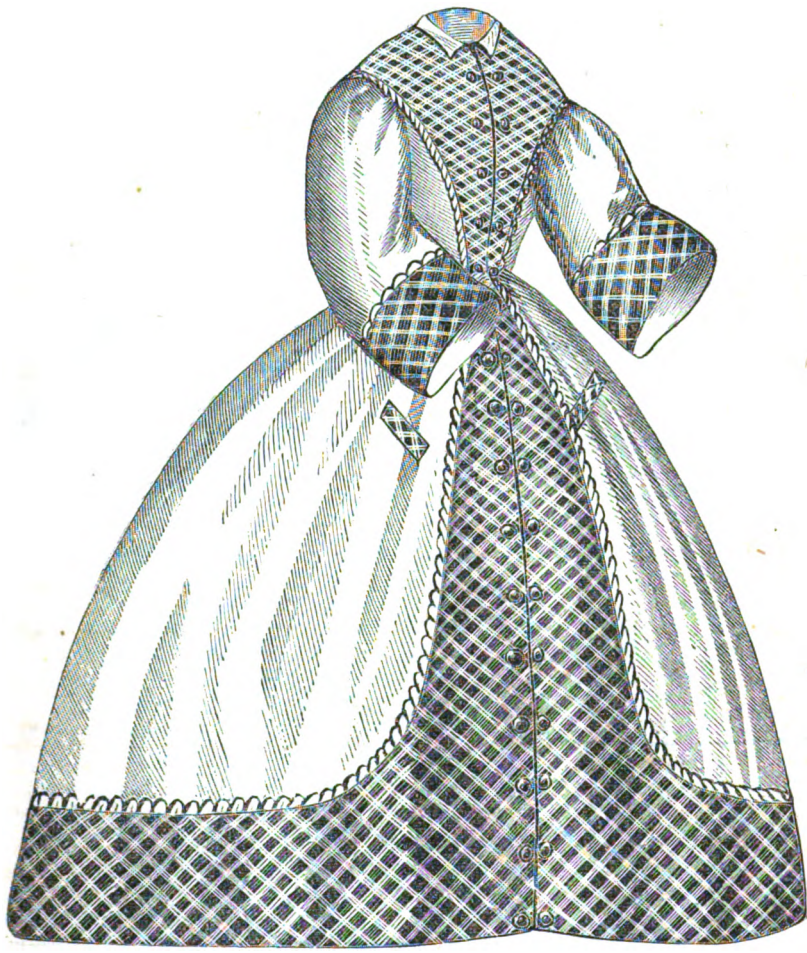
So does the morn of life illume
The flowery pathway that we tread,
Sweet with ineffable perfume,
Hope's sunshine playing round the head.

Oh, sweet May morns of life and love,
The fairest human eyes may see!
In after years how prone to rove
Are loving spirits back to thee!
Oh, being's most delicious hours!
Oh, joyance brighter than a dream!
How beautiful with love's first flowers
To memory will ye ever seem!

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THE MADELINE WRAPPER.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS comfortable and elegant wrapper can be made of either silk, delaine, or any other material which is most convenient. The trimming is composed of silk, quilted with white in diamonds. The silk should be of a contrasting color with the dress, such as a crimson or blue trimming on a dress of gray. For mourning, a black delaine, with a trimming of black silk quilted in white, is very beautiful. The wrapper should be confined at the waist by a cord and tassel.

Cut out the wrapper by the diagram, which is exactly one-half of the wrapper. D D, the front, is cut the straight way of the material; C C represents the seam at the back, and is the only seam in the wrapper, except the shoulder seam, which is made by joining A A and B B, this forms the shoulder and makes also the armhole.

The wrapper should be lined. The trimming is to be shaped as seen in the design and then quilted, fitting it to the wrapper and finishing at the top with a large silk cord. Bind the bottom with worsted braid. The pocket pieces, cuffs for sleeves, and the collar are finished in the same manner.

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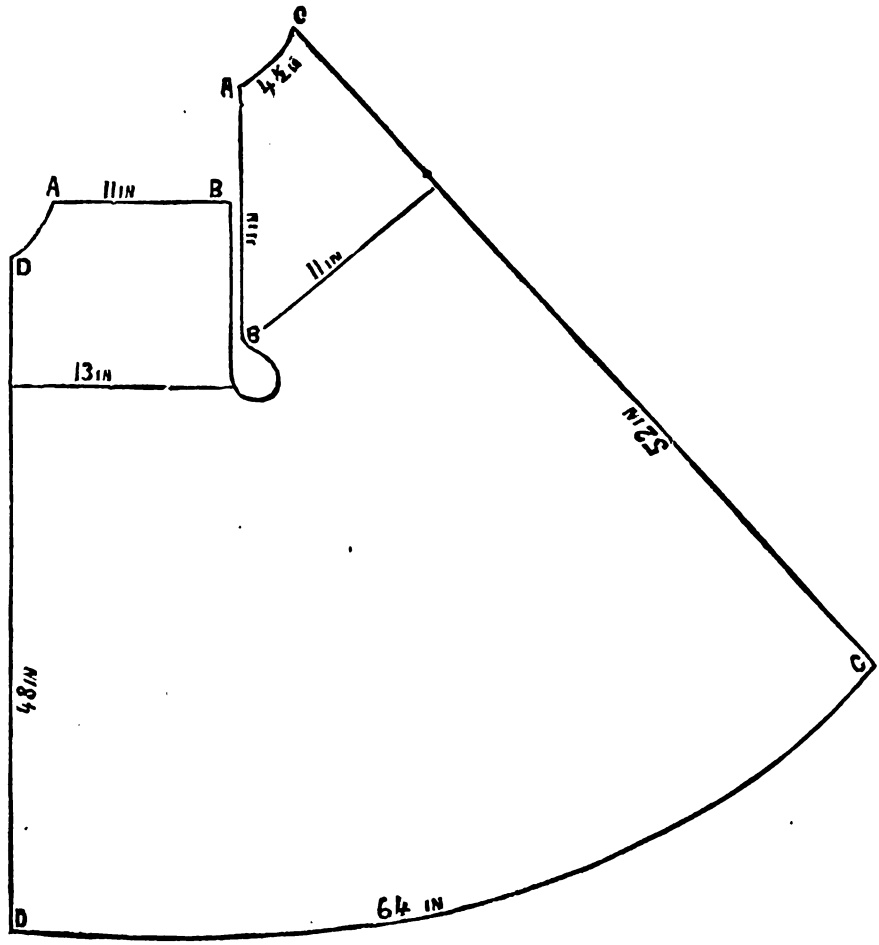
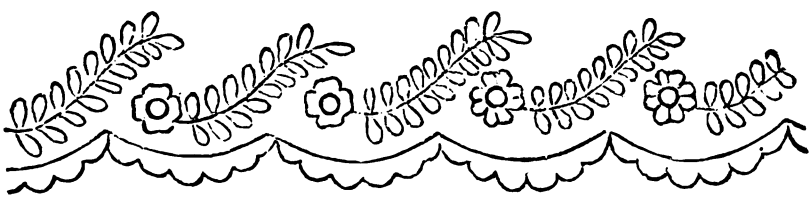
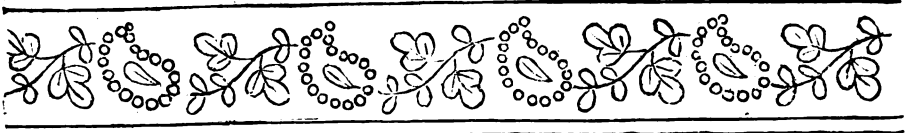


DIAGRAM OF HALF THE WRAPPER.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EDGING.

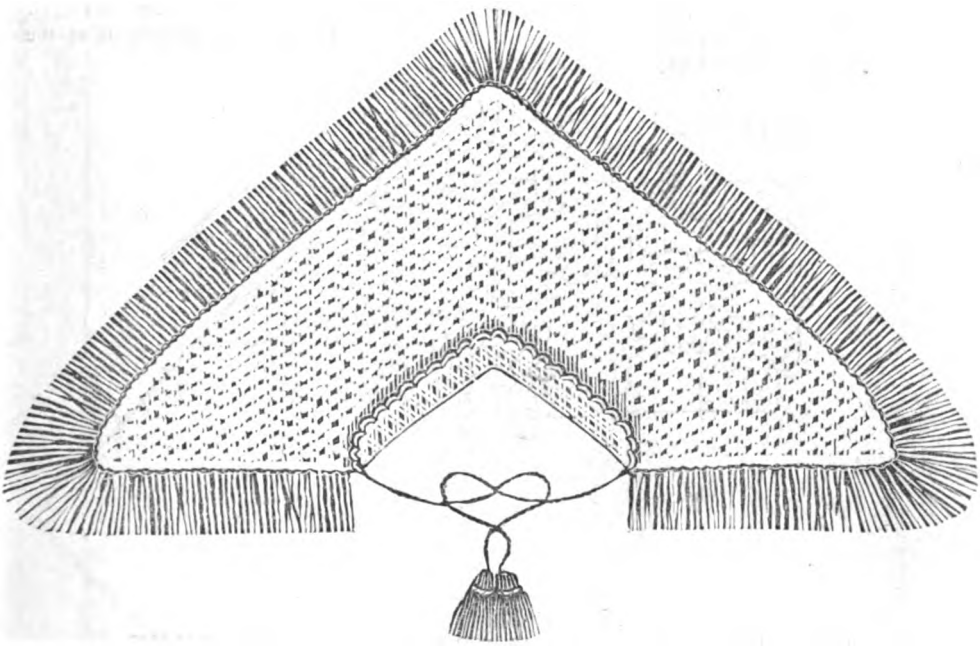


INSERTION.

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PELERINE SHAWL IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

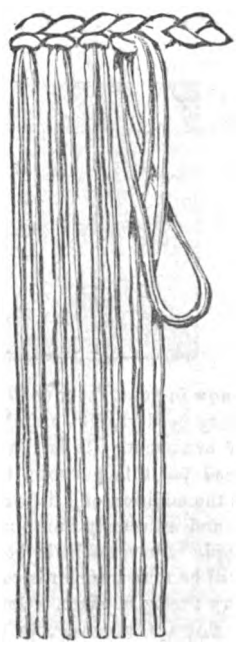


THE Pelerine Shawl is a very convenient garment either for the house or country.

It is executed in crochet with a Chinchilla wool for the center; the border and fringe must be of a solid color, as Solferino, blue, violet, orange. Start a chain of ninety-one stitches. On the first row make three Dc. stitches in each stitch, separated by one Ch. stitch; all the pelerine is made in this way. Return upon your work at each row without cutting your wool. After the first row, in place of passing the hook in the stitch to make the Dc. stitches, it is passed in the first opening.

On the tenth row you must commence to enlarge. Make six Dc. stitches in the center opening, which must be separated by two Ch. stitches after the first three Dc. stiches. At the end of each row two Dc. stitches must be made in the last stitch—forty rows Chinchilla and seven rows solid color will make the point.

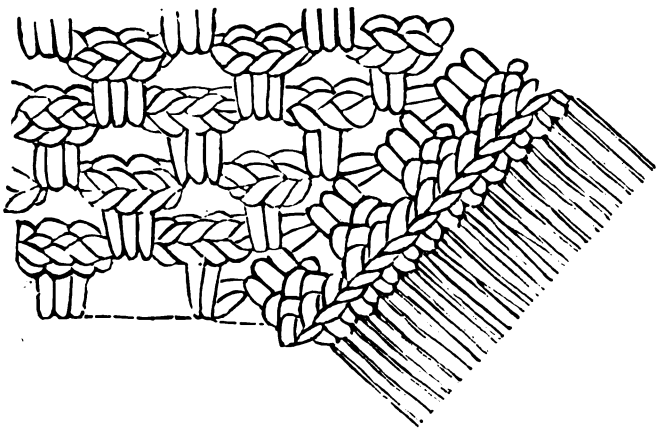
The point finished, crochet one row all around it, with the exception of the space taken by the collar, with the solid color, three Dc. stitches and one chain. It is to this row that the fringe must be attached; at the three points it is necessary to put six Dc. stitches in each



FRINGE FOR THE PELERINE.

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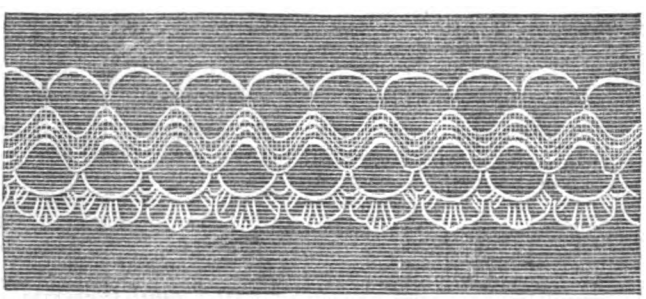
opening separated in the center by two Ch. stitches. The collar must be commenced upon the chain of ninety-one stitches, making three Dc. stitches and one Ch. like the center, being careful to observe the enlargement at the center and diminishment at the end of the row, in order to give it a rounded form. This collar is composed of four rows solid color and one row of scallops of Chinchilla, which are made by taking five Ch. stitches in each opening, and a second row of scallops, of the solid color taken in the third stitch of the preceding scallop. To make the fringe, cut the solid colored wool in pieces nine inches in length; double the pieces, pass the loop through each stitch, pass the ends through the loop and draw them tight. A zephyr cord and tassel finishes it at the neck.



THE STITCH, WITH FRINGE ATTACHED.

TRIMMING IN WAVY BRAID AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

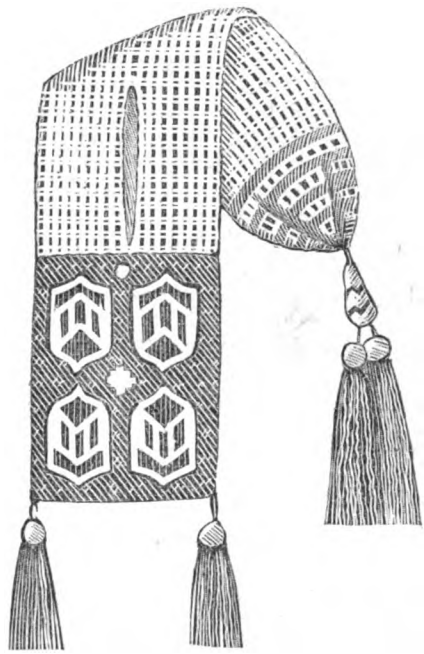


Braid is now in great favor as the foundation for very pretty borders, etc., suitable for many purposes of ornament. It is the wavy braid which is used for this purpose, by means of which, with the addition of a little crochet, very ornamental and extremely durable edgings are now produced. Above, a little border in this new work will be found, which is easy of execution and very pretty in effect. One line of the braid runs down the center, to one edge of which a row of crochet is worked, consisting of one double crochet stitch to each point of the braid, with four chain-stitches between. On the other edge of the braid a row of crochet is worked from each point of seven chain. On this row of loops another row of crochet is worked of four chain and loop in, forming three of these on each of the seven chain of last row. This makes a pretty light scalloped edge, the braid and the crochet combined producing a strong and ornamental style of trimming. Nothing prettier has lately come out.

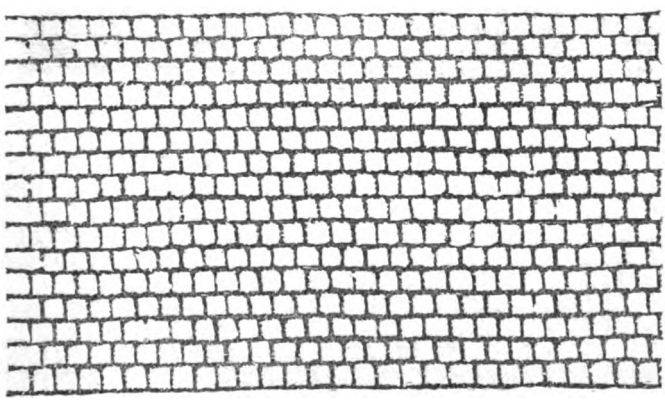
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ALGERINE LONG PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



After making the design in plain crochet, for the end of this purse, you must continue the length in open crochet: that is to say, one long stitch and two chain-stitches; taking care to preserve the shades indicated in each row. The design can be made of colors to suit the fancy on a black ground; the center is black and gold in alternate rows. On the second row of open crochet, you must work to the center and then back again, to make the opening for the money; after the opening is sufficiently long, continue to work all round as in the commencement. It must be finished with tassels and slides, a tassel at each square end and one large one at the round end, eighty-two stitches.



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KNITTED BORDER FOR COUNTERPANE.

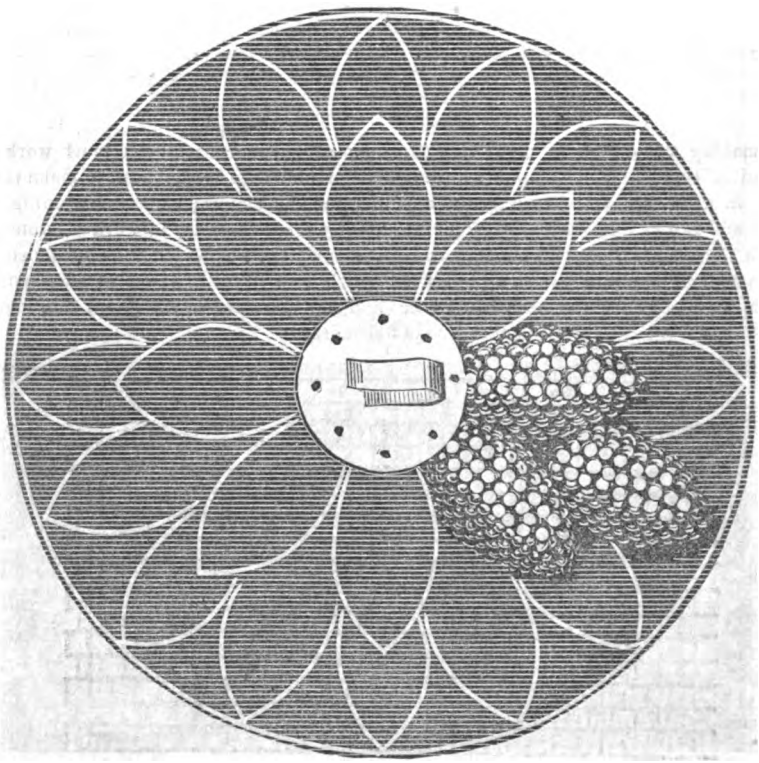
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This border, an engraving of which is given in front of the number, has the recommendation of being very simple, and yet of producing a really good effect when attached to the edge of a counterpane, being also quite suitable for the valance of the bed; the whole looking still better when the two are alike, supposing the bed-hangings to be made of dimity. To commence, cast on twenty-four loops, and having purled these back again, begin the first line of the pattern in the following manner: Knit three, pass the cotton over the needle and knit two together. These five loops form the hem-stitch of the top, and are to be repeated at the beginning of every front line and at the end of every back line also.

Having knitted the five loops for the hem-stitch, make one and knit two together to the end of the lines; then purl three rows, always remembering the hem-stitch; after which make the next row of holes in the same way, and so continue to work until there are five rows of holes; after which cast off twelve loops, using the purl-stitch, make four holes, then the hem-stitch, so finishing the row. On returning cast on twelve stitches to replace the twelve cast off, and continue as before. When a sufficient length has been knitted, gather up the ends with a needle and attach a small tassel to each point. This tassel is made by twisting the cotton round a cord, fastening it in the center, and cutting the ends.

STAR-WATCH HANGER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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This is worked on canvas, the leaves of the star being in three different kinds of white beads. The center row of leaves is in the clear, transparent white, the second row is in the opal, or milky white, and the outer row is in the opaque. The leaves are worked by threading strings of beads, the length of the leaf diverging from the center, where they will lie one over the other, and thus produce a rich raised leaf, which has a handsome effect when they are all completed. The different kinds of beads keeping the rows of leaves distinct and clear add much to the appearance of the work. The small center on which the hook is fixed is worked in Berlin wool, either scarlet, green, blue, or any color which may correspond with the general furniture. The intervals between the leaves at the outer edge must also be filled in with the same wool. When the ornamental part of the work is completed, a true circle, the right size, must be cut in a firm cardboard, and the canvas evenly stretched over. The back must be lined with silk, either white or the same color as the ground, and the edge finished with a cord. Another way of working the same star may be adopted if preferred, and that is to substitute crimson velvet for the canvas, which has a very pretty effect with the white beads, and saves the trouble of filling in the ground. In this case it will not require the cord at the edge, as the velvet will turn over. It is suspended by a loop of ribbon with a bow at top.

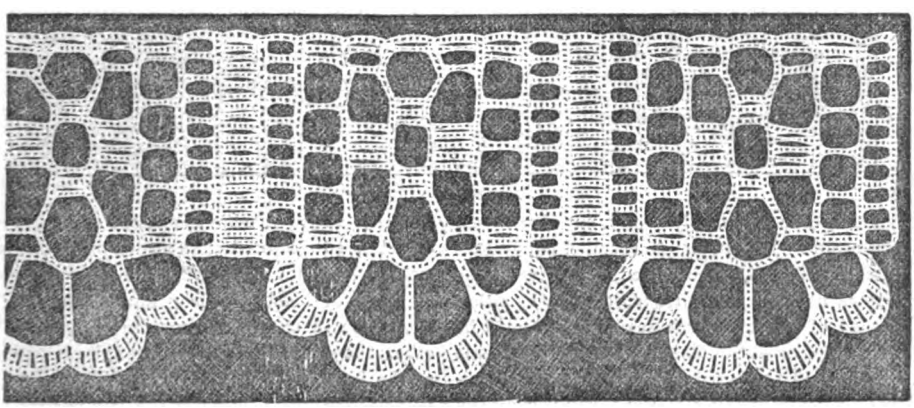
GLASS BEAD-BORDERS.

BY MRS. WARREN.

In the front of this number we give three beautiful patterns for glass bead-borders. They are nnmbered 4, 5, and 6. In the February number we gave three other patterns, numbered 1, 2, and 3. These six borders are suitable for a variety of purposes. No. 1 is particularly adapted for the sides of a foot-stool. If not deep enough, they could be easily made so by adding a few more rows of beads, in rows of alternate colors, and would look well to be finished with fringe No. 1 or 3. Nos. 2, 5, and 6 will make very beautiful sides for toilet or glove-boxes. The centers of any of the mats are well adapted for the tops, and may be made to any size required. The best way is to make a cardboard box of the proper size, and work the beads to the size to match, and stitch the bead-work upon it by passing the needle carefully between the beads; afterward to line the box, to hide the stitches. Nos. 3 and 4 may be made into bracelets; and if the colors are chosen to correspond with the trimmings of the dress, they have a very beautiful and rich appearance.

CROCHET LACE.

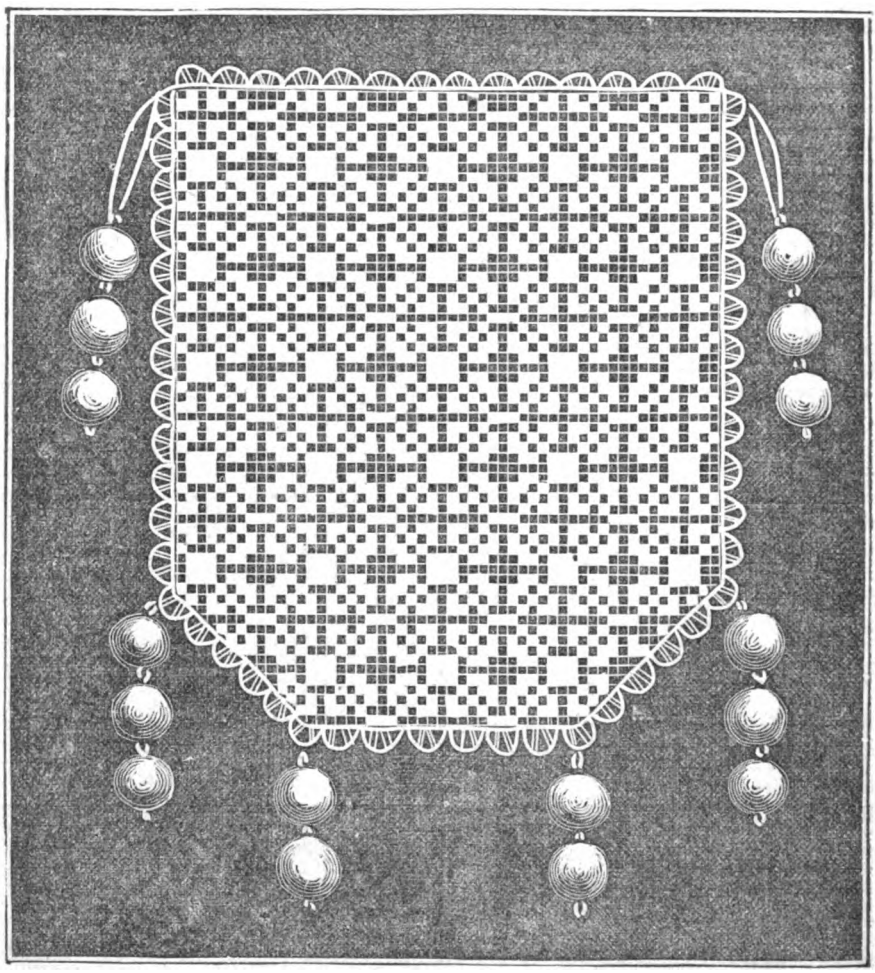
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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PURSE IN COLORED SILK CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS purse is not only pretty, but also strong and useful. It is in simple crochet, easily executed by any lady accustomed to the use of the crochet needle. The little tassels may be either formed of the thin large beads, which must be solid, for fear of breakage, or they may be made of silk. If preferred, a clasp may be substituted for the string, but the purse is complete in either way. A more handsome effect is produced if two colored silks are employed in the work. Magenta and a rich blue contrast well together, or black and magenta. The pattern should be in one color, and the ground in the other, the silk being carried through each stitch at the back when not required. The purse, it will be seen, is easily made.

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ANTIDOTE: ACTING CHARADE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Fussy, an elderly lady, who believes in medicine, and her nephew — Charley Raymond, Mrs. Fussy's nephew— Nellie Fulton, a niece of the dear, departed Mr. Fussy— Dr. Lee, the family physician—Lettie, the waiting maid.

SCENE I.—AUNTIE.

Scene.—A parlor in Mrs. Fussy's house. In the center of the room a large sofa with pillows and a large blanket shawl upon it. Near the sofa a table; upon the table a pitcher of water and a tumbler, four or five small vials of medicine, some pill-boxes, a bottle of Eau de Cologne, a fan, and some sweetmeats in a box. The usual furniture of a parlor, including a closed piano, in the room.—(Enter Nellie, dressed in a riding-habit, with her hat on, and carrying a small whip in her hand.)

NELLIE.—So, this is my new home! I wonder what sort of people my aunt and cousin are? It was an odd freak of my father's to insist upon my coming here for a year or two, before I join him in California; but (*shrugging her shoulders*) there's no help for it now. Here I am! Two days before they expected me, too! I wonder if there is anybody at home! (*Shouting.*) Hilloo! Hilloo! Hill—o—o—o!

Enter Lettie.

LETTIE.—Goody gracious! Mercy on me, what a noise!

NELLIE.—(*Coolly.*)—Oh! you have come! Anybody at home?

LETTIE.—Mrs. Fussy's at home; so's Mr. Charles for that matter.

NELLIE.—Tell Mrs. F. that I am here.

LETTIE.—Mrs. who?

NELLIE.—Mrs. Elizabeth Fussy, relict of the late Obadiah Fussy, Esq.

LETTIE.—Mrs. Fussy's lying down; so's Mr. Charles.

NELLIE.—Is my room ready for me?

LETTIE.—Your room? Bless my heart! I do believe you're the young lady was coming to live here! Poor thing!

NELLIE.—Why poor thing?

LETTIE.—Oh! Laud Miss, it's a terrible dull place to live in! You see, Mr. Charles he's always sick—or rather, he always thinks he is; for, between you and I, Miss, he ain't nigh so bad as he thinks he is. There's hardly a week that we ain't routed up in the middle of the night, and one sent for the doctor, and another for hot water, and another for pills or some other mess.

NELLIE.—What's the matter with him?

LETTIE.—*I* don't know; no more does anybody else. I often see the doctor a-smiling, when nobody's looking.

NELLIE.—And my aunt?

LETTIE.—Gracious! Miss, she thinks he's the most suffering martyr ever lived! We don't have any company; no balls, no parties; and Mr. Charles he never goes out hardly. It would be a real relief to have the house catch fire, or the roof fall, or something; indeed it would.

NELLIE.—Mr. Charles is asleep, is he?

LETTIE.—Yes, Miss.

NELLIE.—(*Opening the piano.*)—I'll wake him up. (*After a noisy prelude, sings to the air of the "Bold Soldier Boy."*)

I've come to see you, dear!
(*Very loud.*) Don't you *hear!* don't you *hear!*
Come down, and never fear—
'Tis only cousin Nell.
You can take a nap to-night—
After dark, after dark;
But to sleep away the light,
I am sure is not well!

Enter Mrs. Fussy.

MRS. FUSSY.—Dear, dear! what a noise!

NELLIE.—(*Springing up.*)—How are you, auntie? Don't you know me? I'm Nellie—Nellie Fulton!

MRS. FUSSY.—Dear me! How are you? I thought you were to come day after to-morrow?

NELLIE.—Yes. I heard of a friend who came through to-day; so I came too.

MRS. FUSSY.—Shut the piano, Lettie! (*To Nellie.*) Your cousin has one of his bad spells, and can't bear any noise.

NELLIE.—Any particular kind of spells that he appropriates?

MRS. FUSSY.—Dear, dear! what a loud voice you've got!

NELLIE.—(*Very loud.*)—Yes, auntie; it runs in our family. Why, up at uncle George's, last summer, I used to call the farm hands in to meals; this way: Hilloo! Hilloo! Hill—o—o—o!

(*Mrs. Fussy claps her hands over her ears.*) *Enter Charles, in a dressing-gown and slippers, and wearing a lounging-cap.*

CHARLES.—(*In a drawling, languid voice.*)—What is the matter?

NELLIE.—(*Taking his hand and shaking it vigorously.*)—How are you? I've unearthed you at last!

CHARLES.—(*Aside.*)—What a grip for a woman! (*Aloud.*) Auntie!

MRS. FUSSY.—Yes, my dear! Dear, dear! how pale you are! Lie down. Lettie, arrange those pillows.

CHARLES.—(*Lying down.*)—Give me the cologne, auntie.

NELLIE.—(*Uncorking the bottle, and dashing the contents over Charles' face.*)—There it is!

CHARLES.—(*Starting up.*)—Stop! (*Sinking back.*) I—I—feel faint, I——

NELLIE.—(*Fanning him with energy.*)—Don't be scared, auntie; he's coming to. (*Rubs the fan against Charles' nose.*)

CHARLES.—Thank you; that will do. Auntie!

MRS. FUSSY.—Yes, my dear boy!

CHARLES.—Who is that energetic female?

NELLIE.—Me? I'm your cousin Nell; come for a visit of a few years.

CHARLES.—Years!

NELLIE.—I see you are delighted; so am I. And as for auntie, she is dumb with pleasure. (*Caressing Mrs. Fussy.*) Ain't you, auntie?

CHARLES.—(*Aside.*)—She'll totally destroy my nervous system in a week. (*Aloud.*) Lettie! my narcotic pills!

(*Lettie hands pill-box.*)

NELLIE.—I should think the best narcotic you could have would be a good trot on the horse I came up here on. What a beast! Went at the rate of a quarter of a mile an hour! I am sure you would fall asleep in two minutes. What do you do here to amuse yourselves?

CHARLES.—Could you manage to lower your voice a little? The least noise is terribly trying to my nervous system.

NELLIE.—So much the better! Think how lovely it would be not to have any nervous system!

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MRS. FUSSY.—You do not understand your cousin, my dear. Poor boy! I am afraid his nerves will never be in a healthy state!

NELLIE.—Dear me! you don't say so! Anything chronic?

MRS. FUSSY.—No dear; but there is——

CHARLES.—Incipient hydrocephalus—I am convinced! There are sensations of fullness about the head and—— Feel my pulse, auntie?

NELLIE.—Let me. Bless my heart! Do you call *that* a pulse? It's a mere thread!

CHARLES.—As I feared! The circulation in the extremities is impeded, and the overplus blood centers in the head; brain fever will soon carry me from this world of care.

MRS. FUSSY.—(*Pathetically.*)—My dear boy!

CHARLES.—(*Feebly.*)—You have been a mother to me, auntie——

NELLIE.—(*Aside.*)—Gracious goodness! Is he at his dying speeches already? I'll rouse him! (*Shouting.*) Fire! Fire!

CHARLES.—(*Starting to his feet.*)—Where?

NELLIE.—(*Running from the room.*)—Fire! Fire!

(*The others all run after her; Charles more quickly than the rest.*) *Curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—DOTE.

Scene.—Same as Scene I.—Charles lying on the sofa. Nellie walking up and down. Nellie wears a morning-dress.

NELLIE.—So you think it's pneumonia, this time? Let me see: I've been here a week, and this is the fifth fatal disease you've been threatened with. Now, if I were in your place, I would *have* one of them out and out, and finish the matter up.

CHARLES.—Heartless!

NELLIE.—Heartless? Why, yesterday you were *all* heart! You had—let me see: Cardiac, followed by the premonitory symptoms of ossification; and to-day—no heart at all! Why don't you get up some uncommon disease? Elephantiasis, or——

CHARLES.—That torpor of the left leg that I have had for so long may lead——

NELLIE.—Bless the man! he's got it already! Charley!

CHARLES.—Well?

NELLIE.—Why don't you have——

CHARLES.—Cousin! Put your ear here, on my chest. Now listen. Don't you hear a rustling sound?

NELLIE.—(*Gravely.*)—I hear it.

CHARLES.—(*Lugubriously*)—I knew it.

NELLIE.—Like paper.

CHARLES.—I know what that means.

NELLIE.—What?

CHARLES.—Congestion!

NELLIE.—Are you sure you haven't swallowed a watchman's rattle? or—— Oh! Charley, I know what it means!

CHARLES.—What?

NELLIE.—That Lottie put too much starch in your shirt front. *Runs off, laughing.*

CHARLES.—(*Sitting up.*)—There it is! No sympathy, no pity! Was there ever before so heartless a woman? Oh! oh! there's that pain in the chest again! Can there be threatened paralysis of the lungs? This strange torpor seems like it. I am fairly at my wits' ends. I've tried everything. I've had all the doctors of the town—no use. I've taken all the quack medicines—without effect. I took ten bottles of cod liver oil in one month—and was no better. I've tried hydropathy: staid out in the rain all night last January—and felt worse the next day than I did before. I've tried homeopathy—but all the little bullets in one box only made me sicker. I feel very strangely. Elephantiasis! Can I be threatened with—— I'll go to bed, and send for Dr. Lee. *Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Fussy.

MRS. FUSSY.—Charley! Not here? Gone to bed, I suppose. Dear, dear! what a sufferer he is, to be sure!

Enter Nelly, laughing.

NELLIE.—(*Looking out of window.*)—There he goes—post-haste!

MRS. FUSSY.—Who? Charles?

NELLIE.—Not a bit of it! William—after the doctor.

MRS. FUSSY.—After the doctor! Dear, dear! I must go to Charles.

NELLIE.—There's no hurry. How fond you are of that poor, whining hypochondriac!

MRS. FUSSY.—My dear, don't call names! Fond of him? Yes, indeed, I dote on him!

Enter Charles.

CHARLES.—I cannot stay up stairs—the companion of my own thoughts. Auntie! Nellie!

MRS. FUSSY.—Yes, dear! Lie down. Dear, dear! you are as cold as a frog!

CHARLES.—(*Lying down.*)—Here let me die!

MRS. FUSSY.—Nellie! the cologne! (*Bathing his forehead.*) Charley! my dear boy!

CHARLES.—(*Faintly.*)—Farewell!

MRS. FUSSY.—(*Crying.*)—Don't! I can't bear it!

NELLIE.—What is it now, cousin? Another fatal disease?

MRS. FUSSY.—Silence! heartless girl! Charles, my dear boy. Let me raise your head! (*Arranges pillows, covers him with a shawl, darkens the room, and then kneels down at his head.*)

CHARLES.—(*Gasping.*)—I faint! Air! Water!

NELLIE.—(*Throwing water over him from the pitcher.*)—Certainly!

CHARLES.—(*Starting to his feet, exclaims energetically.*)—I declare, there's no peace where that girl is! *Exit.*

MRS. FUSSY.—Dear, dear! he'll break a blood-vessel!

Exit.

NELLIE.—Well, for a dying man, that's pretty spunky! My aunt spoils him; that's a fact. Did she not encourage him in his folly, or, as she rightly says, *dote* on him, he might be cured of his imaginary disease. As it is, the case seems hopeless. Stay! an idea strikes me, and——

Enter Lettie.

LETTIE.—The doctor, Miss Nellie.

NELLIE.—*A la bonne heure!* *Exit. Curtain falls.*

SCENE III.—ANTIDOTE.

Scene.—Same as before.

Enter Nellie, with a bottle in her hand.

NELLIE.—(*Reading label.*)—"Poison! One drop every five hours." So, all is ready for our plot. I hardly thought Dr. Lee would second my scheme so readily, but, like myself, he hopes a permament cure will be the result. Stay! Where is the other bottle? (*Takes a bottle from her pocket and reads label.*) "A wineglassful after each meal." (*Places the two bottles upon the table.*) I wonder, now, if a man can really *die* of fright! Pshaw! 'tis too late to retreat; and all *cures* are undertaken at some risk. Ah! here comes the interesting invalid.

Enter Charles and Mrs. Fussy.

MRS. FUSSY.—Nellie, did not Lettie bring the new medicines?

NELLIE.—They are on the table.

CHARLES.—(*Lying down.*)—These new symptoms alarm me very much. I am sure last night there was every indication of——

NELLIE.—Hydrophobia?

CHARLES.—(*Impatiently.*)—Nonsense!

MRS. FUSSY.—One of these mixtures was to be taken after each meal, dear: will you take it now?

NELLIE.—A wineglassful, (*calling*) Lettie!

Enter Lettie.

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NELLIE.—A wineglass! *Exit Lettie.*

CHARLES.—My head aches badly.

Enter Lettie, hands Nellie a wineglass, and then begins to arrange the furniture.

LETTIE.—(*Aside.*)—I'm bound to see the fun.

NELLIE.—(*Pouring out the medicine.*)—Here cousin! (*Charles drinks the mixture.*)

LETTIE.—(*Aside.*)—Molasses and water.

NELLIE.—(*Suddenly.*)—Mercy! what have I done? Oh, cousin!

MRS. FUSSY.—What is the matter, dear?

NELLIE.—Never! Never can I forgive myself. (*Falls on her knees before Charles.*) Kill me!

CHARLES.—(*Agitated.*)—Kill *you?*

NELLIE.—I have murdered you! A mistake in——(*sobbing.*) I cannot speak it. Poisoned! (*shrieks.*)

CHARLES.—(*Taking up the bottle.*)—Poison! and I have taken a wineglassful! Help—I faint! (*Falls back.*)

MRS. FUSSY.—Run for Dr. Lee, Lettie! *Exit Lettie.*

MRS. FUSSY.—Charles! Speak to me!

CHARLES.—(*Faintly.*)—Auntie!

MRS. FUSSY.—Oh! Charley, Charley! Are you in pain?

NELLIE.—(*Frantically.*)—Cousin, dear cousin, do you suffer?

CHARLES.—(*With appropriate gesture.*)—I burn! I die! The subtle poison has reached my heart! My head seems bursting. Help! (*Sinks back on the sofa.*)

MRS. FUSSY.—Charley! Charley!

CHARLES.—Farewell to earth! Farewell, auntie! Oh, my head! My heart is on fire!

NELLIE.—(*Aside.*)—I would not have believed credulity could go so far. *Enter Lettie and Dr. Lee.*

MRS. FUSSY.—The doctor! I am so thankful! Oh! doctor, help my poor boy!

DR. LEE.—(*Aside to Nellie.*)—Shall I tell?

NELLIE.—(*Aside to the doctor.*)—Not yet. Give him an antidote. I want to see how far fancy will carry him.

DR. LEE.—(*Aloud.*)—Have you hartshorn in the house?

MRS. FUSSY.—Yes. Here!

DR. LEE.—You received *two* bottles. One contained the medicine your nephew has taken, the other is the antidote, (*pours some in the wineglass.*) Can you swallow?

CHARLES.—(*Eagerly.*)—Yes! Quick, give me the antidote.

DR. LEE.—Gently! gently! there! (*Charles drinks the medicine.*) Are you better?

CHARLES.—I feel the effects already.

NELLIE.—The burning pain?

CHARLES.—Is gone.

NELLIE.—Your head?

CHARLES.—Free! Clear as a bell.

NELLIE.—Then hurra for King Imagination! And three cheers for Dr. Fulton!

MRS. FUSSY.—Dr. Lee, my dear.

NELLIE.—Dr. Nellie Fulton. Charley, my boy, I told you long ago that half your sickness was imaginary!

CHARLES.—Pshaw! the old subject.

NELLIE.—(*In a new dress.*)—I have no doubt you were in earnest when you said your head seemed bursting, and your heart on fire; yet, my dear cousin, both those bottles contain pure spring water, with the addition of a little molasses.

CHARLES.—Impossible!

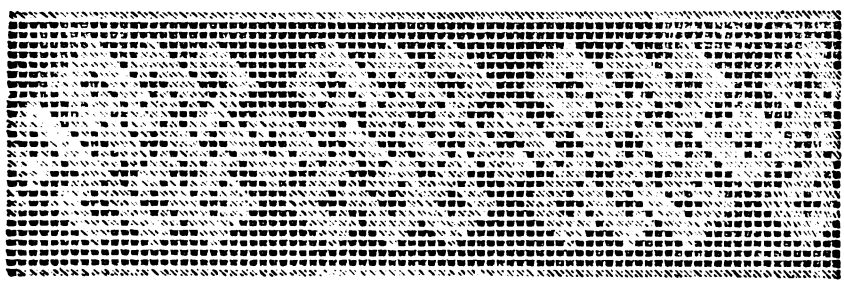
DR. LEE.—'Tis true!

CHARLES.—Then, for the first time, I realize how a man's fancy can cheat him, (*springing up.*) From this day I am a new man; thanks to Dr. Fulton!

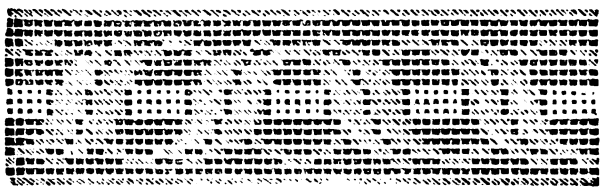
NELLIE.—Dr. Lee!

MRS. FUSSY.—And the antidote!

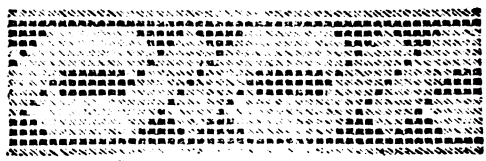
PATTERNS FOR BORDERS.



BEAD-WORK BORDER.



DARNED BORDER FOR TIDY.



DARNED BORDER FOR TIDY.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHO IS ENTITLED TO A PREMIUM.—As some ladies, getting up clubs, have made a mistake as to what entitles to a premium, we repeat here our terms. For $5.00 we send 3 copies and a premium. For $7.50 we send 5 copies and a premium. For $10.00 we send 8 copies and a premium. In other words, if only three subscribers are sent, they must be at $1.66 each to entitle the person getting up the club to a premium; and if only five subscribers are sent, they must be at $1.50 each to entitle the person getting up the club to the premium. It is only when eight subscribers are sent, that we take them at $1.25 each, and give the person getting up the club a premium. Additions, when made to a club, must be made at the price paid, per copy, by the original members of a club. The premium may be either an extra copy, an Album, our large Mezzotint for framing, or a dollar and a quarter's worth of the publications of T. B. Peterson & Brother. When the additions to a club amount to the number of the original club, the person getting these additions for us becomes entitled to an additional premium. Thus, if eight copies are first subscribed for, at $1.25 each; and afterward eight more names are added, even if at different times, this entitles to a second premium. We believe no other magazine holds out these inducements to make additions to clubs. Additions may be made at any time during the year, as we can always furnish back numbers to January inclusive.

THE THREE CAMP DISEASES.—Soldiers in camp suffer from three diseases: diarrhœa, rheumatism, and fever. The commonest cause of diarrhœa is bad water; its cure, complete rest, and abstinence from every kind of food except plain boiled rice. All ordinary diseases will yield to this treatment in two and a half hours or less. Rheumatism is usually brought on, not by getting wet, but by remaining in wet clothes. Hard drinkers are particularly liable to bad attacks. To avoid rheumatism, wear flannel and keep the digestion sound. Fevers are generally caught after dark in the open air. A man going out on night duty should never go hungry, and never stand still longer than necessary. Good food and active exercise will generally keep a man well, unless the air is uncommonly deleterious.

To cure a case of not very severe fever, nothing seems so efficacious as a change of air. It is said that the removal of a patient only a few miles often works an immediate improvement in his condition. In scouting along the edge of a swamp at night, there is no danger so long as the party keeps on the windward side of it. These doctrines are laid down in the writings of army surgeons and of physicians who have given much attention to the subjects discussed, and ought, therefore, to be trustworthy.

BLEACHING FLOWERS.—Light is as much a necessity to the healthy development of plants as is a due supply of heat and moisture. In darkness, the green coloring matter, "chlorophyll," cannot be developed. Advantage is taken of this circumstance in the blanching of salads and vegetables, and the same process is now being applied to flowers. It appears that in Paris there is a great demand for white lilacs for ladies' bouquets in winter, and as the common white lilac does not force well, the purple "Lilas de Morly" is used. The flowers of this variety, when made to expand at a high temperature, in total darkness, are of a pure white; those of the Persian lilac will not whiten.

HOLLAND CASES FOR PILLOWS, ETC.—One very common instance of the unfortunate result of being "penny wise and pound foolish" is to be found in the continual escape of valuable feathers or down from valueless old "ticking" cases. As ticking is an expensive article, many housekeepers find a difficulty in procuring it; not thinking that any other material can supply its place. Thus every day the feathers diminish in their pillows, and the dust and flue increase in their rooms, until their formerly really valuable pillows are not deserving of an expensive covering. In such cases, and as a preventive of such cases, we can recommend a *fine, close, brown holland*, instead of ticking. It will be found to answer every purpose, to wear as well (for fine feathers or down), and to be much softer and pleasanter to lie on than the harsher and more expensive ticking. The French mostly use nothing else for the first covers to the down of which their quilts or "duvets" are composed; nor, speaking from experience, can anything be better.

NEW STYLE OF JACKET.—A new form of jacket, or we should rather say, an old form revived, has just been adopted in Paris. It is called "La Hongroise." Jackets of this shape are very short, and descend no lower than the waist, so that they have no basque. They are composed of silk, velvet, or cloth. They have no sleeves, and are trimmed round with sable or chinchilla, a row of the fur being placed on the edge of the armholes. The first jacket made after this model was for the Empress, and was copied from a portrait of Queen Marie Leczinska at Versailles. In the picture the Queen wears a robe of garnet-color velvet, and the Hongroise is of the same material. The skirt of the robe is trimmed with three rows of sable, fixed here and there by bows of black ribbon. The front of the corsage, seen under the open jacket, is trimmed with bows of black ribbon, and the sleeves of the dress are long, and with revers trimmed with fur.

OUR EMBELLISHMENTS.—Says the Weston (Mich.) Chronicle:—"In point of expensive and attractive steel engravings, we think Peterson's Magazine is far ahead of its competitors. The February number now before us, has a superb one, representing the efforts of a child to gather icicles. It is so true to nature that the very air seems filled with frost, and the delicate twigs and branches from which she is striking down the frosty pendants, look tender, and crisp, and chilly. The picture is worth more than the price of the number." We may add that we intend to maintain this superiority in our embellishments.

THE SOLDIER OF '76.—The spirited engraving, under this title, in the front of the number, was designed expressly for this Magazine. It represents the aged mother, giving a Bible and her blessing to her son, who, in the prime of life, is leaving family and home, to do battle for the cause of his country. His own little ones, with drum and banner, complete the picture.

"BRIGHT SIDES OF THE WAR."—Such is the title of Mr. Park Benjamin's new lecture, which he proposes to deliver during the present season before literary or benevolent associations on reasonable terms. The subject is an attractive one, and treated in an attractive style. When he delivered it, lately, in Philadelphia, it was with great applause.

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THE TRUEST THING YET SAID.—The Atlantic (N. J.) Journal says:—"Peterson's Magazine for February is also received. This is the best two dollar Ladies' Magazine published, and has already a large circulation in our county. The fashion-plates and patterns are equal to any magazine in the country, and the literary matter is superior to any other. No lady who has been in the receipt of it for one year is willing to give it up, and for that reason *Peterson keeps all his old subscribers and is constantly adding to the list.* For terms, etc., see Prospectus."

ANSWER TO "A MOTHER."—Warm clothing, plain, wholesome food, and regular hours, are simple rules for bringing up children; but beyond this cheerfulness is the best and most efficient panacea. Parents overwhelmed with the cares of the world throw gloom over their household, sometimes weighing down the spirits, and sometimes alienating the hearts, of their children. Strive to be the sunshine of your own home, and your children will love it better than any other place in the world.

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—1. To hear as little as possible to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed toward others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

GARIBALDI DRESSES FOR CHILDREN.—Among other of the promised improvements in our fashion department, the reader will notice, in the present number, the beautiful colored patterns for Garibaldi dresses for boy and girl. These dresses, just now, are very popular. They require no description, for, with the aid of the engravings, any lady can cut out and make them up.

TWO LITTLE MONKEYS.—This charming picture is as good, in its way, as "Icicles," or "The Little Wood-Chopper."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

John Brent. By Theodore Winthrop. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The author of this novel was the late Major Winthrop, who accompanied the Seventh Regiment to Washington, and afterward fell in the fight at Big Bethel. He left behind him various unpublished tales and sketches, of which "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent" have been already printed. "Cecil Dreeme" we noticed several months ago. The present novel increases the sorrow, which "Cecil Dreeme" awakened, that Major Winthrop met so untimely a fate. He displayed so many excellencies as an author that it is regretted he did not live to perfect himself, as a novelist, by study and practice. His English was pure, his style terse, and his descriptive powers unusually good. He was deficient, however, in constructive ability and dramatic power. As a thinker, also, he was passing through a transition state. The fermentation of youthful fallacies was not quite over, so to speak; but the clearing process had begun; and if Winthrop had lived, he would have been a happier and wiser man. We make these remarks, so as not to mislead our readers into the belief that we are praising indiscriminately, when we say that there is much in "John Brent" which is full of genius. Indeed, the novel, so far as our tastes are concerned, is better than "Cecil Dreeme." The pursuit to Luggerneel Springs is as vivid a bit of descriptive painting as we can recall almost anywhere. In reading it, one catches his breath, as when one peruses Cooper's account of the flight in "The Mohicans," or Scott's narrative of the attack on the castle in "Ivanhoe." The pictures of Western life and scenery are all life-like. The wind of the prairies blows freshly through the pages. The weakest part of the book is the conclusion, a result of that want of constructive power, to which we have alluded before. The volume is brought out in very handsome style. Price, $1.00. T. B. Peterson & Brother are the Philadelphia agents.

The Seven Sons of Mammon. By G. A. Sala. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Boston: E. H. Burnham.*—This is a reprint of a novel, which appeared in a London magazine. It is not only very discursively written, but also very diffusively. Yet it is not without interest. Mr. Sala has something of the same skill in concealing his denouement, exhibited by Wilkie Collins in "The Woman in White," and by Dickens in "Great Expectations." He has it, however—not to be misunderstood—in a very inferior degree. The most interesting character is Florence Armytage. Yet she is interesting only in the French sensation way: there is nothing good, or loveable in her. Hugh Goldthorpe is the mystery of the book. In Ruthven Pendragon and the Hon. Letitia Salisbury, there is much strength, though both are drawn with a coarse hand. Magdalen Hill is a lay figure. Forgers and various other people complete the tableaux. From this, the reader may see that the dish is highly spiced, but is not one that people of refinement would care to partake of. The book is in double column, and sells for fifty cents.

Tom Tiddler's Ground. A Christmas and New Year's Story for 1862. *From "All the Year Round."* 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brother.*—This is a series of stories, edited by Dickens, if not written by him, which appeared in the last Christmas number of "All the Year Round." The best of the tales, we think, is that which describes a ride over our prairies in company with the Pony Express. The other stories are not as good as those in the former publications of this character. Carleton, of New York, has also printed an edition of the work. The price for either edition is twenty-five cents.

The Broken Engagement; or, Speaking the Truth for a Day. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brother.*—A story of about a hundred pages, one of the latest and best of Mrs. Southworth's. Price twenty-five cents.

Pilgrims of Fashion. A Novel. By Kinaham Cornwallis. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A story of incident rather than of character. It is handsomely printed.

HORTICULTURAL.

FLOWER BEDS AND FLOWERING PLANTS.—Of these, the *Rose* is first in order, most attractive in color, and generally the favorite of the amateur. With the almost endless variety of new and old roses, there need be no difficulty to choose a few sorts. The Rose is divided into classes, such as *Teas* from their peculiar odor; the *Bengals*, also called China, and Daily or Monthly; the *Bourbon*, from the island of Bourbon, whence they were originally introduced; the *Noisettes*, from the name of the originator or introducer of this class; the *Remontant*, called erroneously Hybrid Perpetuals. *Hybrid China; Prairie, Provence, Gallica, Damask Moss, Perpetual Moss; Miniature Roses; Banksia; Ayrshire, or Scotch Perpetual*, and several minor classes or sections.

In these distinct classes there are grouped many varieties; in one of them, over five hundred, said to be distinct. Each Rose fancier has his favorites, so that it is an invidious task for any one to dictate his own choice. The history, nature, and cultivation of the Rose forms an ample subject on which to write a volume; indeed, several volumes have been produced, and there is still room for another and better one.

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The prominent features of the various classes may be briefly stated as follows:

THE TEAS.—These are particularly tender here, a few of them only withstanding our winter with partial protection: they are very delicate in color, and deliciously fragrant. They require a rich open soil, dry and friable. In pot culture, to which they are well suited, they must be kept free from an overdose of water, in a pure atmosphere and cool, not much above the freezing point in winter. They are among those called "*perpetual bloomers!*" if there be roses that will bloom perpetually, which we doubt—but, there can be no doubt of the fact, that they will bloom at any or all seasons, under judicious treatment. Of the more select, we may name *Adam, Devoniensis, Saffrano, Gloire de Dijon, Bougere, Niphetos.*

BENGAL OR DAILY, also called "perpetual bloomers," or Daily roses; known also as monthlies, from their readiness to bloom at any time, according to treatment. This class contains roses of bright color, and many of them are deservedly popular, such as *Agrippina, Sanguinea, Louis Philippe, Arch Duke Charles, Cels, Pink Daily.*

BOURBON.—This class embraces many of our most beautiful, and as the florist would say, our most "useful" roses. Hardy and vigorous, free blooming, and with variety of color and habit not found combined in any other class, they require no winter protection, and answer for pot culture, as well as the more delicate Teas and Bengals. Any rich friable garden soil will suit them. They are also embraced among the "perpetual bloomers." Among the Bourbons will be found the *Hermosa*, unsurpassed for symmetry of form or free blooming. Also the following:—*Joseph Paxton, George Peabody*, (Pentland,) *Queen of Bourbon, Appoline, DuPetit Thouars, Souvenir de la Malmaison, Acidalie, Blanche Lafitte.*

NOISETTE.—These are partially running in their habit, and suit well for covering trellis work, or for walls. A few of the more choice are tender, until well established. Of these we would name as desirable: *Solfaterre, Caroline Marniesse, Chromatella*, or *Cloth of Gold, Jaune, Lamarque, Phalœ, Isabella Gray, Triomphe de la Duchesse, Madame Schultz, Madame Massot, Triomphe de Rennes.*

REMONTANT, (called Hybrid Perpetual.) The number of varieties of this class is so great that we shall only name a few of the more recent additions.

The "*Hybrid Perpetuals*" are esteemed by many as the very perfection of the Rose family. The name has a considerable part in establishing this estimate. Their true character is to produce blooms in June or July, then to cease blooming for several weeks till they recruit, when they recommence producing their flowers up till frost. Care in cultivation and attention in pruning, aids much in the production of a profuse bloom. In dry seasons a timely supply of liquid manure, with a covering of litter around the plant, is found beneficial. The following are some of the best varieties; *Lord Raglan, Eveque de Nimes, Triomphe de l'Exposition, Madame Masson, Madame Knorr, Cardinal Patrizzi, Gen. Simpson, Lord Palmerston, Gen. Jacqueminot, Triomphe des Beaux Arts, Emperor Napoleon, Arthur de Sansal.*

Several of our old varieties are equal to many of the new, but there is such a rage for novelties at a high price, and "*imported sorts*," that the very accommodating rose growers get up varieties to order, and new ones are readily manufactured out of the old, by accommodating florists, all of which is respectfully submitted.

MOSS ROSES.—The old *Blush* and *Salet* are still favorites; the latter has a perpetual reputation, and every year adds to the list. We have now a dozen "Perpetual Mosses," none of which are worth recommending as such, *except Salet.*

Of the other classes we cannot here speak. Several novelties have recently originated with our own florists, among which the *George Peabody* must not be overlooked. This is a rich crimson Bourbon of good form.

AMERICA AND CINDERELLA are beautiful Noisettes, not yet extensively known, but we believe likely to be.

BEDDING PLANTS.—We close with a brief reference to "Bedding Plants." These are generally of easy cultivation, and embrace a great variety. The properties desirable in a good bedding plant are the facility with which it may be propagated, ability to withstand exposure in spring, free blooming properties, brilliancy and permanence of flowers and fragrance. All these are seldom secured in any one plant, but most popular bedding plants possess one or more of these desirable properties. The Verbena, Scarlet Sage, Petunia, Feverfew, Mignionette, Heliotrope, Scarlet Geranium, and many others, are well known. We have also *Herbaceous* or Border Plants, which are very desirable and easily managed, especially the Phlox, of which there is a long list of sorts. Larkspurs, Dielytra, Campanula or Bell flower, many varieties. *Peonys* of various colors, showy and robust plants.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

BRILLIANT RED FIRE.—Weigh five ounces of dry nitrate of strontia, one ounce and a half of finely-powdered sulphur, five drams of chlorate of potash, and four drams of sulphuret of antimony. Powder the chlorate of potash and the sulphuret of antimony separately in a mortar, and mix them on paper; after which, add them to the other ingredients, previously powdered and mixed. No other kind of mixture than rubbing together on paper is required. For use, mix with a portion of the powder a small quantity of spirit of wine, in a tin pan resembling a cheese-toaster, light the mixture, and it will shed a rich crimson hue: when the fire burns dim and badly, a very small quantity of finely-powdered charcoal or lamp-black will revive it.

THE FIERY FOUNTAIN.—Put into a glass tumbler fifteen grains of finely-granulated zinc, and six grains of phosphorus cut into very small pieces beneath water. Mix in another glass, gradually, a dram of sulphuric acid with two drams of water. Remove both glasses into a dark room, and there pour the diluted acid over the zinc and phosphorus in the glass: in a short time, beautiful jets of bluish flame will dart from all parts of the surface of the mixture; it will become quite luminous, and beautiful luminous smoke will rise in a column from the glass; thus representing a fountain of fire.

GREEN FIRE.—A beautiful green fire may be thus made: Take of flour of sulphur, thirteen parts; nitrate of baryta, seventy-seven; oxymuriate of potassa, five; metallic arsenic, two; and charcoal, three. Let the nitrate of baryta be well dried and powdered; then add to it the other ingredients, all finely pulverized, and exceedingly well mixed and rubbed together. Place a portion of the composition in a small tin pan, having a polished reflector fitted to one side, and set light to it; when a splendid green illumination will be the result. By adding a little calamine, it will burn more slowly.

CAMPHOR SUBLIMED BY FLAME.—Set a metallic plate over the flame of a spirit lamp; place upon it a small portion of camphor under a glass funnel; and the camphor will be beautifully sublimed by the heat of the lamp, in an efflorescent crust on the sides of the funnel.

SILVER FIRE.—Place upon a piece of burning charcoal a morsel of the dried crystals of nitrate of silver (not the lunar caustic), and it will immediately throw out the most beautiful sparks that can be imagined, whilst the surface of the charcoal will be coated with silver.

PURPLE FIRE.—Dissolve chloride of lithium in spirit of wine; and when lighted, it will burn with a purplish flame.

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PROOF THAT FLAME IS HOLLOW.—Pour some spirit of wine into a watch-glass, and inflame it; place a straw across this flame, and it will only be ignited and charred at the outer edge; the middle of the straw will be uninjured, for there is no ignited matter in the center of the flame. Or, introduce into the middle of the flame one end of a glass tube, when the vapor will rise through it, and may be lighted at the other end of the tube.

FAMILY PASTIMES.

STOOL OF REPENTANCE.—Having placed a stool or chair in the center of the room, one takes her seat upon it, and another called the "judge" stands near her, having previously asked in a whisper of all the rest, what particular offence they charge the repentant one with. Of course the replies must be given in a low voice, or she would hear them. The judge then tells her of one of the crimes with which she is charged, and she must guess who accuses her of it, or forfeit. If she guesses rightly, the accuser must take her place, when the rest proceed to bring their accusations against her.

BUFF WITH THE WAND.—Having blindfolded one of the party, the rest take hold of each other's hands in a circle, around him, he holds a long stick. The players then skip around him once, and stop. Buffy then stretches forth his wand and directs it by chance; and the person whom it touches must grasp the end presented, and call out three times in a feigned voice. If Buffy recognize the voice they change places; but if not, he must continue blind till making a right guess.

RECEIPTS FOR SOUPS.

White Soup.—Take two quarts of the stock, and boil the crumb of a roll in a gill of milk; beat the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs with three ounces of sweet almonds very well in a mortar, with a little cayenne pepper, and add the whole to the soup; it may be poured over slices of French roll sent up in the tureen. White soup may also be varied with rice. Wash two or three ounces of the best kind, blanch it in boiling water, and drain it; add the rice to the soup and let it stew until it swells; or thicken it with ground rice, bruised sago, tapioca, or arrowroot. If macaroni is used, it should be added soon enough to get perfectly tender, after soaking in cold water. Vermicelli may be added after the thickening, as it requires less time to do. If the stock has been made with fowl, take out the white portion when well stewed, pound the meat in a mortar, and add it to the soup—which is a great improvement. It is the fashion now to send up grated Parmesan cheese with white soup: but it partly destroys that delicacy which ought to be the distinctive property of all white soups.

Veal Broth.—Stew a knuckle of veal of four or five pounds in three quarts of water, with two blades of mace, an onion, a head of celery, and a little parsley, pepper, and salt; let the whole simmer very gently until the liquor is reduced to two quarts: then take out the meat, when the mucilaginous parts are done, and serve it up with parsley and butter. Add to the broth either two ounces of rice separately boiled, or of vermicelli, put in only long enough to be stewed tender.

Almond Soup.—Make the stock of veal, or an old fowl; then put into a mortar one pound of sweet almonds, with a few of the bitter sort, the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs, and a little white pepper: pound this very fine, put it into the stock, and let it simmer gently, putting in a little cold broth as it boils away. Strain it off; thicken it with butter kneaded in flour, and, just before serving, add a teacupful of good cream.

Winter Soup.—Take carrots, turnips, and the heart of a head of celery, cut into dice, with a dozen button onions; half-boil them in salt and water, with a little sugar in it; then throw them into the broth; and, when tender, serve up the soup: or use rice, dried peas and lentils, and pulp them into the soup to thicken it. With many of these soups, small suet dumplings, very lightly made, and not larger than an egg, are boiled either in broth or water, and put into the tureen just before serving, and are by most persons thought an improvement, but are more usually put into plain gravy soup than any other, and should be made light enough to swim in it.

Dried or Split Pea-Soup.—The liquor in which a leg of mutton or half a calf's-head has been boiled will make an excellent stock for this soup; but if that of pork be used, and it be much salted, part of the liquor should be thrown away and the remainder mixed with fresh water. Put on the stock to boil, slice into it a head of celery, a carrot and turnip, with two onions; boil a sufficient quantity of peas in fresh water, putting them in dry when the water boils quickly; when they will mash throw them into the broth with a crust of bread the size of a roll; let them boil for half an hour, then rub the whole through a sieve, season to taste. Some dried mint should be sent to table in a castor.

Bouillon.—This is the common soup of France, and is in use in almost every French family. Put beef into an earthen stock-pot in the proportion of one pound to one quart of cold water. Place it at the side of the fire and let it become slowly hot. By so doing the fibre of the meat is enlarged, the gelatine is dissolved, and the savorous parts of the meat are diffused through the broth. When the object is simply to make a good, pure-flavored beef broth, part of the shin or leg will answer the purpose, adding some vegetables, and letting it stew four or five hours; but if the meat is to be eaten, the rump or leg-of-mutton piece should be used.

White Potato Soup.—Take large, mealy potatoes peeled raw, and sliced with half the number of onions, seasoned with white pepper, mace, and salt, and stewed with two pounds of the scrag of mutton or veal in three quarts of water during four hours; then skimmed and strained. Then add three pints of new milk and half an ounce of bitter almonds pounded. Rub the potatoes through a tammy. Let it boil before being served up, but keep stirring it to prevent the almonds from oiling.

Rice Soup.—Take white stock, season it, and either whole rice boiled till very tender, or the flour of rice may be used; one pound and a quarter will be sufficient for two quarts of broth.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Stewed Beefsteaks.—Put the steak with a lump of butter into a stewpan over a slow fire, and turn it until the butter has become a fine white gravy, then pour it into a basin, and put more butter to the steak. When the steak is nicely done, take it out, return all the gravy into the stewpan, and fry the steak; then add it to the gravy in the stewpan, with a tablespoonful of wine, and a shalot finely sliced; stew it for ten minutes, and serve it up. Or, fry the steak slightly at first, then put it into half-pint of water, an onion sliced, a spoonful of walnut ketchup, pepper and salt, cover it close, thicken it with flour and butter, and serve it up very hot.

Jelly of Pigs' Feet and Ears.—Clean and prepare, then boil them in a very small quantity of water till every bone can be taken out; throw in half a handful of chopped sage, the same of parsley, and a seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little mace in fine powder; simmer till the herbs are scalded, then pour the whole into a melon-form. Serve when cold.

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Fricasseed Calf's-head.—Take the remains of a boiled calf's-head, one pint and a half of the liquor in which the head was boiled, one blade of pounded mace, one onion, minced, a bunch of savory herbs, salt and white pepper to taste, thickening of butter and flour, the yolks of two eggs, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, forcemeat balls. Remove all the bones from the head, and cut the meat into nice square pieces. Put one pint and a half of the liquor it was boiled in into a saucepan, with mace, onion, herbs, and seasoning in the above proportion; let this simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, then strain it and put in the meat. When quite hot through, thicken the gravy with a little butter rolled in flour, and, just before dishing the fricassee, put in the beaten yolks of eggs and lemon-juice; but be particular, after these two latter ingredients are added, that the sauce does not boil, or it will curdle. Garnish with forcemeat balls and curled slices of broiled bacon. To insure the sauce being smooth, it is a good plan to dish the meat first, and then to add the eggs to the gravy; when these are set, the sauce may be poured over the meat.

Fricasseed Turkey.—Take the remains of cold roast or boiled turkey, a strip of lemon-peel, a bunch of savory herbs, one onion, pepper and salt to taste, one pint of water, four tablespoonfuls of cream, the yolk of an egg. Cut some slices from the remains of a cold turkey, and put the bones and trimmings into a stewpan, with the lemon-peel, herbs, onion, pepper, salt, and the water; stew for an hour, strain the gravy, and lay in the pieces of turkey. When warm through, add the cream and the yolk of an egg; stir it well round, and, when getting thick, take out the pieces, lay them on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over. Garnish the fricassee with small pieces of toasted bread. Celery or cucumbers, cut into small pieces, may be put in the sauce; if the former, it must be boiled first.

Beefsteak with Vegetables.—Cut the steak about two and a half inches thick; dredge it with flour, and fry it in butter, of a fine brown. Lay it in a stewpan, and pour water into the frying-pan; let it boil, and add it to the steak, which is rendered richer by this process; slice in turnips, carrots, celery, and onions, adding pepper, salt, and a little mace. It should be highly seasoned, and sent to table with the surface ornamented with forcemeat balls, carrots and turnips cut into shapes, and sometimes with onion fritters, the vegetables to be put round it.

Mirason of Beef.—Take a few slices of cold roast beef, three ounces of butter, salt and pepper to taste, three onions, half-pint of gravy. Slice the onions and put them into a frying-pan with the cold beef and butter; place it over the fire, and keep turning and stirring the ingredients to prevent them burning. When of a pale brown, add the gravy and seasoning; let it simmer for a few minutes, and serve very hot. This dish is excellent and economical. Average cost, exclusive of the meat, twelve cents. Seasonable, at any time.

To Mince Veal.—Mince cold roast veal; put to it a very little lemon-peel shred, a little grated nutmeg, some salt, and four or five spoonfuls of either broth, milk, or water; simmer these gently with the meat, but take care not to let it boil, and add a bit of butter rubbed in flour. Put sippets of thin toasted bread, cut into a three-cornered shape, round the dish. Fried crumbs of bread lightly strewed over, or served in little heaps on the meat, are an improvement to the look and flavor. A little shred of shalot may occasionally be added.

Beefsteak with Oysters.—Cut the steak rather thick; brown it in a frying-pan with butter. Add half-pint of water, an onion sliced, pepper and salt, cover the pan close, and let it stew very slowly for one hour; then add a glass of port wine, a little flour, and a dozen or two of oysters, their liquor having been previously strained and put into the stewpan.

MEATS, ETC., FOR THE TABLE.

To Stew a Breast of Veal.—Cut a breast, or a portion, in pieces; fry them with a little butter, an onion, and a cabbage-lettuce shred small; when browned, add a little flour, shake it well together; then add a small quantity of broth or water; let it stew gently. When the veal is three parts done, take a quart of peas, put them in water, and handle them with a little butter, so that they adhere together; take away nearly all the gravy from the veal, and put in the peas. When both are done add pepper, salt, and a little pounded sugar; thicken the peas with flour and butter, dish up the veal, and pour the peas over. There should be very little sauce with the peas.

Cut a handsome piece, put it into a stewpan with a piece of butter, a pint of water, an onion, a stick of celery, and some white pepper and salt; let it draw gently for some time, then cover it with hot water, and allow it to stew until perfectly tender. Remove any skin that may be about it, and thicken a part of the stock with cream, flour, and butter; cover it with the sauce, and serve it up. Mushrooms pickled white may be added to the sauce, or stewed celery.

Or:—Cut the pieces into handsome sizes, put them into a stewpan, and pour some broth or water over them: add a bunch of herbs, a blade or two of mace, some pepper, an onion, and an anchovy; stew till the meat is tender, thicken with butter and flour, and add a little ketchup. The whole breast may be stewed, after cutting off the two ends, or dividing it into pieces, which should be first slightly browned.

Cut the veal into handsome pieces, put them into a jar with one or two dozen oysters, and their liquor strained, and a piece of butter rolled in flour; put the jar into a kettle of water, and let it stew until tender. If the veal has been cooked, merely warm it up with the oysters in white sauce.

Serve the sweetbread whole upon it, which may either be stewed or parboiled, and then covered with crumbs, herbs, pepper and salt, and browned in a Dutch oven; or, if you have a few mushrooms, truffles, and morels, stew them with it, and serve. Boiled breast of veal, smothered with onion sauce, is an excellent dish.

Meat Pies.—Raised pies may be made of any kind of flesh, fish, fruit, or poultry, if baked in a wall of paste instead of a baking-dish; but they are generally eaten cold, and made so large and savory as to remain a long time before being consumed, for which reason they also bear the name of "standing pies." In making them the cook should always take care to have a good stock that will jelly, made from the bones and trimmings, to fill up the pie when it comes from the oven, and also that when cold there may be enough jelly. For want of this precaution pies become dry before they can be eaten. The materials are of course frequently varied, but the mode of preparation is so nearly the same as not to require the recital of more than a few prominent receipts.

Seasoning for Raised Pies.—Three pounds of salt dried and pounded, three ounces of white pepper, half-ounce of cayenne pepper, two ounces of cloves, two ounces of allspice, one ounce of basil, one ounce of marjoram, one ounce of thyme, one ounce of nutmeg, one and a half-ounce of mace. Pound the spices and herbs by themselves, and sift through a fine sieve: then mix with the salt, and put away in a stoppered bottle: three-quarters of an ounce is sufficient for one pound of farce, and half-ounce for one pound of boned game.

Jelly for Meat or Raised Pies.—Take a quart of veal gravy, dissolve two ounces of isinglass in a little of it; add the remainder with a quarter of a pint of tarragon vinegar; boil all together for a quarter of an hour. Clarify it with the whites of six eggs, then pass it through a bag.

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Minced Mutton.—Mince dressed meat very finely, season it, make a very good gravy, warm the meat up in it, and serve with fried bread round the dish, or with poached eggs. *Or:*—Mince cold leg of mutton freed from the skin and fat, warm it with stewed cucumbers, taking care that it does not burn after the meat is put in.

DESSERTS.

A Rich Rice Pudding.—Boil half-pound of rice in water with a little bit of salt, till quite tender; drain it dry; mix it with the yolks and whites of four eggs, quarter of a pint of cream with two ounces of fresh butter melted in it, four ounces of marrow or veal kidney suet, finely chopped, three-quarters of a pound of currants, two spoonfuls of brandy, nutmeg, and grated lemon-peel. When well mixed, put a paste round the edge, and fill the dish. Slices of candied orange, lemon, and citron may be added if approved. Bake it for one hour in a moderate oven.

A Good Custard Pudding.—A plain but good custard pudding may be made by boiling a quart of milk until it is reduced to a pint; take from it a few spoonfuls, and let it cool, mixing with it very perfectly one spoonful of flour, which add to the boiling milk, and stir it until quite cool. Beat four yolks and two whites of eggs, strain them, and stir them into the milk with two ounces of moist sugar, two or three spoonfuls of wine, and a little grated nutmeg. Bake it half an hour, or until it is firm and brown.

Apple Puffs.—Pare and core the fruit, and either stew them in a stone jar on a hot hearth, or bake them. When cold, mix the pulp of the apple with sugar and grated lemon-peel, taking as little of the apple-juice as you can. Bake them in thin paste, in a quick oven; quarter of an hour will do them if small. Orange or quince marmalade is a great improvement. Cinnamon pounded or orange-flower water may be used as a variety.

Bread Pudding.—Take a pint of bread-crumbs and cover them with milk; add some cinnamon, lemon-peel, and grated nutmeg; put them on a gentle fire until the crumbs are well soaked. Take out the cinnamon and lemon-peel, beat the crumbs and milk well together, add four eggs well beaten, one ounce of butter, two ounces of sugar, half-pound of currants, and boil it an hour.

Cocoa-nut Pudding.—Break the shell of a middle-sized cocoa-nut so as to leave the nut as whole as you can; grate it with a grater after having taken off the brown skin; mix with it three ounces of white sugar powdered, and about half of the peel of a lemon; mix well together with the milk, and put it into a tin lined with paste, and bake it not too brown.

Lemon Puffs.—Pound and sift half-pound of loaf-sugar, grate the rind of one large lemon or two small ones; then whip up the white of an egg to a froth, and mix all togother to the consistency of good paste; cut it into shapes, and bake upon writing-paper, being careful not to handle the paste: the oven must be very slow for this purpose.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Hasten the Blowing of Flowers.—The following liquid has been used with great advantage for this purpose:—Sulphate or nitrate of ammonia, four ounces; nitrate of potash, two ounces; sugar, one ounce; hot water, one pint; dissolve and keep in a well-corked bottle. For use put eight or ten drops of this liquid into the water of a hyacinth-glass or jar for bulbous-rooted plants, changing the water every ten or twelve days. For flowering plants in pots, a few drops should be added to the water employed to moisten them. The preference should be given to *rain* water for this purpose.

To Destroy Insects on Flowers.—Water the plants with a decoction of tobacco, which quickly destroys. Independently of the removal of the insects, tobacco water is considered by many persons to improve the verdure of the plant. Prepare it as follows: Take one pound of roll tobacco and pour over it three pints of water, nearly boiling. Let it stand for some hours before it is used.

To Set a Chalk Drawing.—A very weak solution of gum-water should be poured over it, allowing it to drip off by holding the drawing up by one end over a plate. Care must be taken that no part of the drawing is allowed to remain without the gum-water passing over it or it will look spotty. A better way is to apply a weak solution of isinglass at the back of the drawing.

To Test Maure and Solferino Colors.—These colors are *sometimes* very fleeting. Obtain if possible a small piece of the material which you wish to purchase, soak it in vinegar, and then leave it to dry. If the color has flown, it will not have been the genuine: if it remain unchanged, you will be assured of its continuing durable to the end of its wear.

To Restore Violet Ribbon.—Strong soda-water—that is to say, water with rather a large proportion of soda mixed in it—will often restore violet ribbon, and it might have the same effect with the blue. The ribbon should be dipped in the water, then taken out, and immediately ironed with rather a hot iron.

To Choose a Carpet.—Always select one the figures of which are small; for in this case the two webs in which the carpeting consists are always much closer interwoven than in carpets where large figures upon ample grounds are represented.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Fig. I.—Walking Dress of Stone-colored Watered Silk.—There is a quilling of black ribbon down the front of the dress and around the bottom. Large black silk buttons also ornament the front. The body is made open a short way down the front, with lappels also trimmed with black ribbon, turned back. A plaited chemisette and worked collar are worn with this dress. Sleeves shaped to the arm and trimmed to match the rest of the dress. Bonnet of stone-colored and white straw, striped, and trimmed with black ribbon and pink flowers.

Fig. II.—House Dress of Lilac Delaine.—The skirt as well as the Zouave jacket are braided in black, and a white cashmere vest is worn under the jacket, with a cashmere collar. Cape of guipure lace, trimmed with bows of lilac ribbon.

Fig. III.—A Loose Black Velvet Sacque, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York, made very long in the skirt. A crochet and guipure cape, finished with a deep fall of fringe, extends to the waist; very deep sleeves, lined with finely quilted white satin; a lappet ornaments the front of the sleeve rounding at the bottom; the edge is trimmed by a row of guipure lace, headed by a crochet gimp: three large crochet and bugle ornaments fasten the lappet down.

Fig. IV.—A Full Black Sacque, also from Benson's. The back extends toward the front, forming a sleeve; the upper part is trimmed with a square black velvet lappet, edged with a bugle gimp and finished with three heavy tassels. A velvet collar, edged with gimp like the lappet. Two crochet ornaments finish the shoulder.

Fig. V.—Plaited Back Circular, also from Benson's, of gray cloth, fastened to the back at the waist. The large plait is fastened down by a cloth embroidery, terminating at the waist by a tassel formed of three balls and a knot of silk. An ornament of cloth embroidery is on each shoulder, finished by a tassel like that at the back. In front, a plaiting of cloth sweeps up from the bottom of the cloak

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around the neck, which is slightly open on both sides. Armlets surrounded by plaitings of cloth.

FIG. VI.—BONNET, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, of lilac silk, laid on the foundation plain, the left side ornamented with lace, arranged in fan shape intermingled with velvet. Pansies, with pendant balls tipped with steel, long green velvet leaves, transparent cape covered with a fall of broad white lace. Inside trimmings, a full, flat bow of purple velvet on the top of the head, with a cluster of purple pansies on the left side; broad white strings.

FIG. VII.—WHITE STRAW HAT, from Genin's, 513 Broadway, New York. Melon shape, a long white ostrich feather, black and white velvet fan bow on the front. A band of black velvet fastened down in front to the brim with a jet extends round to the back; black and white velvet fan-shaped bows at the ears, with long streamers.

FIG. VIII.—ANOTHER NEW STYLE OF STRAW HAT, from Genin's, trimmed with groseille velvet, and a white hanging feather at the side headed with a jet, bows in fan fashion at the ears.

FIG. IX.—RIDING HABIT OF DARK BROWN CLOTH.—The skirt should be of one yard and a quarter in length when hemmed. The body fits closely to the figure with square skirts behind. Coat sleeve fitting the arm loosely, but closed at the wrist with a velvet cuff. Small linen collar and neck-tie; brown Swedish gloves; low-crowned hat and brown veil.

FIG. X.—THE MARIANA OR POLONAISE DRESS OF GREEN SILK, with one rather wide ruffle at the bottom. The front is ornamented with ruches of silk, and another ruche which extends down the back to the waist, passes over the shoulders down the front on each side of the *en-tablier* trimming, and above the flounce. Pagoda sleeves open far up the arm, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. White silk bonnet, ornamented with a green bird of Paradise.

FIG. XI.—LUCIA DRESS OF FRENCH GRAY SILK.—There is a quilling of black silk extending from the shoulders down the sides of the front, and around the bottom of the dress. The front of the dress and sleeves are cut out in the shape seen in the engraving and bound with black silk.

FIG. XII.—SWISS CAPE.—This elegant novelty is made of clear white muslin, laid in small box-plaits. The neck of the fichu is finished by a narrow ruche of tulle, between which runs a row of narrow black velvet. Up the front there is a row of buttons. A band of black velvet passes across the shoulders in the manner of bretelles, narrowing as it descends to the waist, both in front and at the back. In front a bow and ends of black velvet, and at the back of the waist a corresponding bow without ends.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The costumes of the season are remarkable for their fullness. Dresses present a great variety of trimming on the skirts. The *bodies* of those intended for dishabille are still made plain, buttoned, and generally round at the waist, with a buckled band. Those for more elegant toilet are pointed before and behind, with the top of the body cut rather low either in the heart-shape or straight across. But few very low bodies are now seen. For family parties, high bodies with short and very small sleeves are worn.

LONG SLEEVES have no particular form, but are varied according to the taste or fancy of the wearer and maker. They are, however, wide or half-wide, rather than narrow, and end in a cuff in harmony with the rest of the trimming. Some are slit up in front, and trimmed all down the seam. Others are puffed and slashed; while others again have puffs at top and end in a very wide velvet wristband.

FLOUNCES are seldom put to the bottom of the skirt, and are placed together, or in rows with spaces between, according to the fancy of the wearer. Many are placed in twos or threes, and each set headed by a ruche or band of color. They are seldom put straight round the skirt, but in vandykes or scollops. The flounces are not hemmed; they are either bound or pinked. Many dresses are trimmed *en tunique;* and it is expected that this style, being a becoming one, as it gives height and grace to the figure, will long remain in fashion. The bodies of dresses are made either round or with two points; if the latter, the points in front open.

DRESSES are now worn open in front, with revers, under which a lace chemisette is required. They are made so that they can be closed at pleasure. Our first figure in the fashion-plate is represented with a dress of this description.

LIGHT OR DARK COLORED ALPACAS AND PLAIN FOULARDS are becoming very fashionable. Nankeen, gray, and brown are preferred. A chesnut-color, which we have seen in alpaca, and a violet-colored foulard were extremely beautiful. Braiding in narrow black braid is becoming very fashionable for these dresses.

MORNING DRESSES are all made with the Zouave jacket, of the same material as the skirt: they are worn either with a chemisette of pleated muslin, or an embroidered cashmere waistcoat.

One of the prettiest dresses which we have seen was for a young married lady, consisting of a muslin dress having four flounces, each trimmed with two narrow black velvets; the body was open and had a row of black lace laid flat round the top, a similar row passing over the shoulders, and wide sleeves with the same lace round the wristbands. The long muslin sash was ornamented with two rows of narrow velvet and a row of lace.

THE RUSSIAN, SWISS, AND MEDICI WAISTBANDS are worn more than ever. Some are plain, some stitched in colored silk, others embroidered with silk, braid, etc. The long sashes, tied at the side, and generally black, are also embroidered with a design to match the dress they accompany. These sashes, edged with a fluting or a row of lace, with braces and pocket trimmings to match, are in great vogue, and, especially when adopted to muslin chemisettes, are extremely pretty for very young ladies.

A FICHU, suitable for a young lady, is composed of white blonde and black lace, round at the back and square in front; a little black and white ruche round the neck, divided by a narrow velvet, and a double trimming all round the fichu. The sleeves are puffed, and separated between the black and white; and the wristband trimmed with black and white, finished with a bow of ribbon.

The ladies of Paris have introduced an easy and graceful mode of *raising the skirt of the dress* in out-door walking costume. A ceinture, usually of black velvet, is worn round the waist, and to it are attached loops of the same material. These loops are so long as to descend to a little more than midway down the dress, and through them the edge of the skirt is drawn so as to raise up the whole of the lower part of the skirt in festoons. By this means the edge of the dress is secured from contact with the ground. This ceinture has been named the *Ceinture Louis Quinze.*

LACES of all kinds are very much used for trimming bonnets, shawls, mantles, dresses, etc.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF SCARLET DELAINE, braided in black.

FIG. II.—BOY'S PALETOT OF GRAY CLOTH.—This is loose fitting and very stylish in effect.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S CHEMISE.—The band is edged with embroidery as well as the sleeves, which are plaited.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL, with a riding-skirt basque and full sleeves.

FIGS. V AND VI.—GARIBALDI DRESSES FOR BOY AND GIRL, printed in colors.

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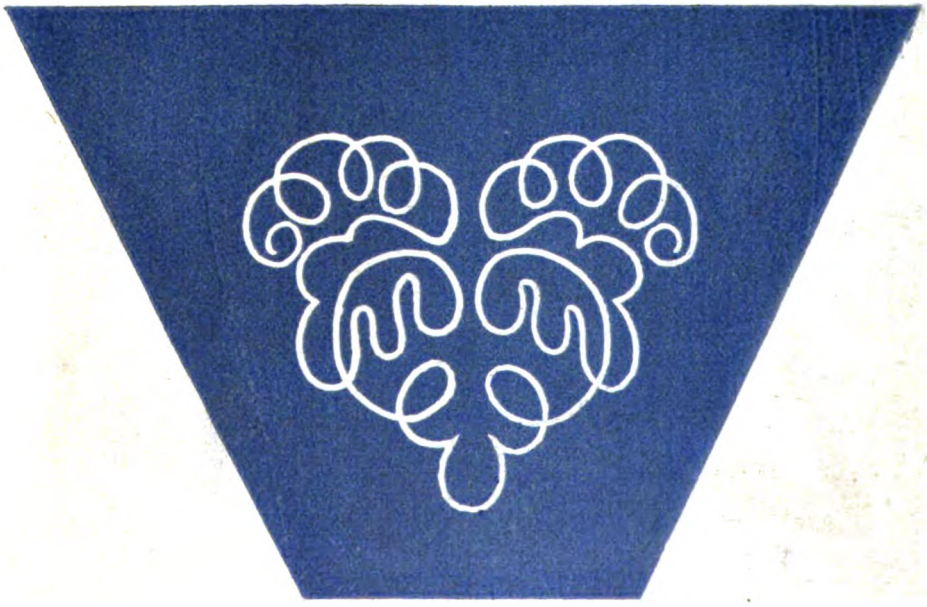


CAUGHT IN THE SNOW-STORM.

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BABY'S SHOE—Braided on Merino.

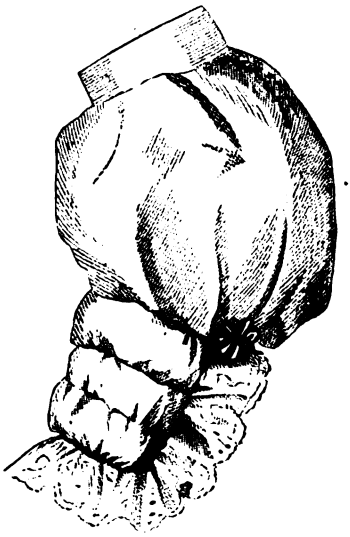
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THE SOLDIER OF '76 RETURNING AFTER PEACE.

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SLEEVE.



CAP.

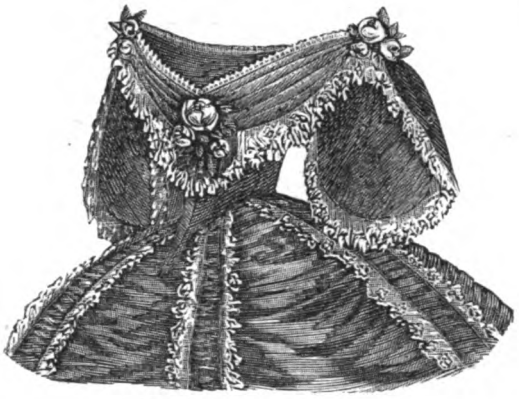


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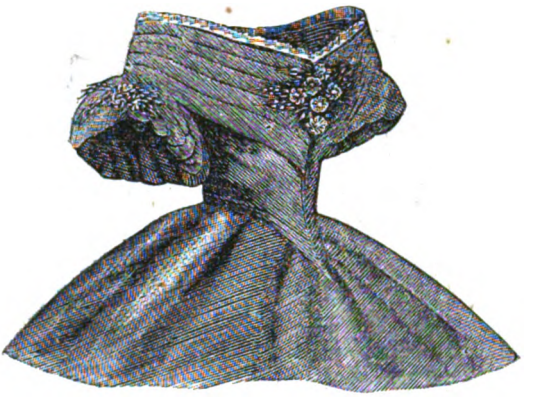


PATTERN FOR BALL DRESS.



IN-DOOR DRESS.

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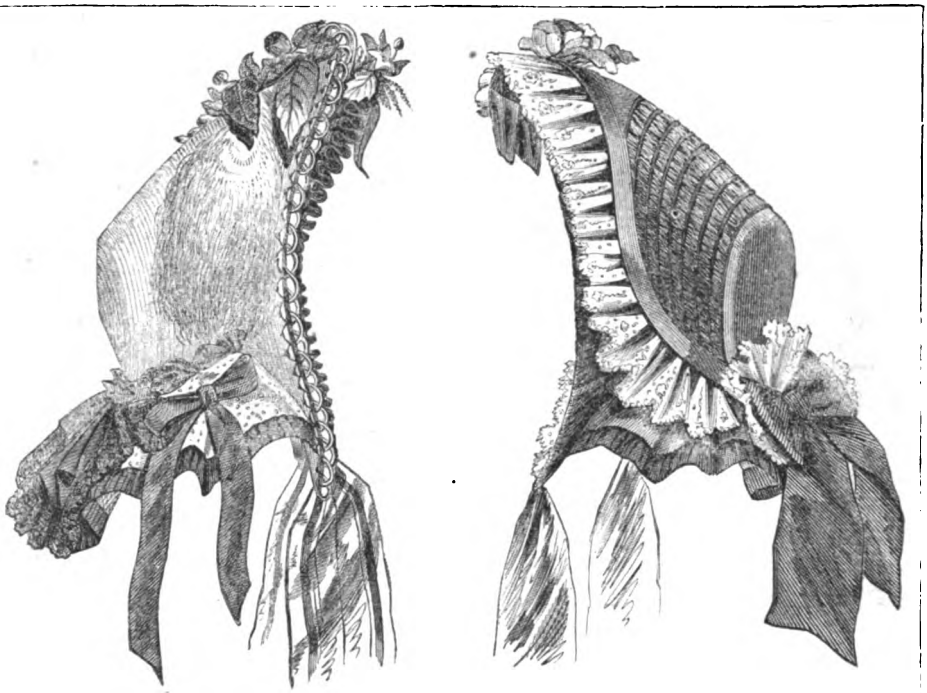


PATTERN FOR BALL DRESS.



MORNING DRESS.

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NEW YORK STYLES FOR SPRING BONNETS.



PARIS STYLES FOR SPRING BONNETS.

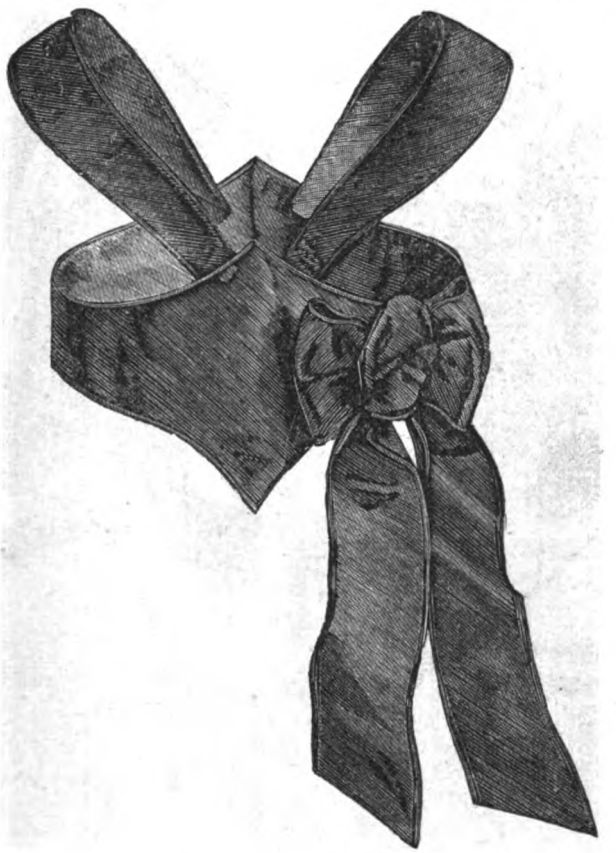
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CERES COIFFURE.

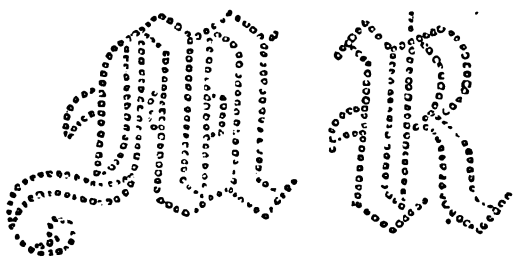


APOLLO COIFFURE.



BRACES AND WAISTBAND.

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LETTERS FOR MARKING.



SHIRT FRONT.

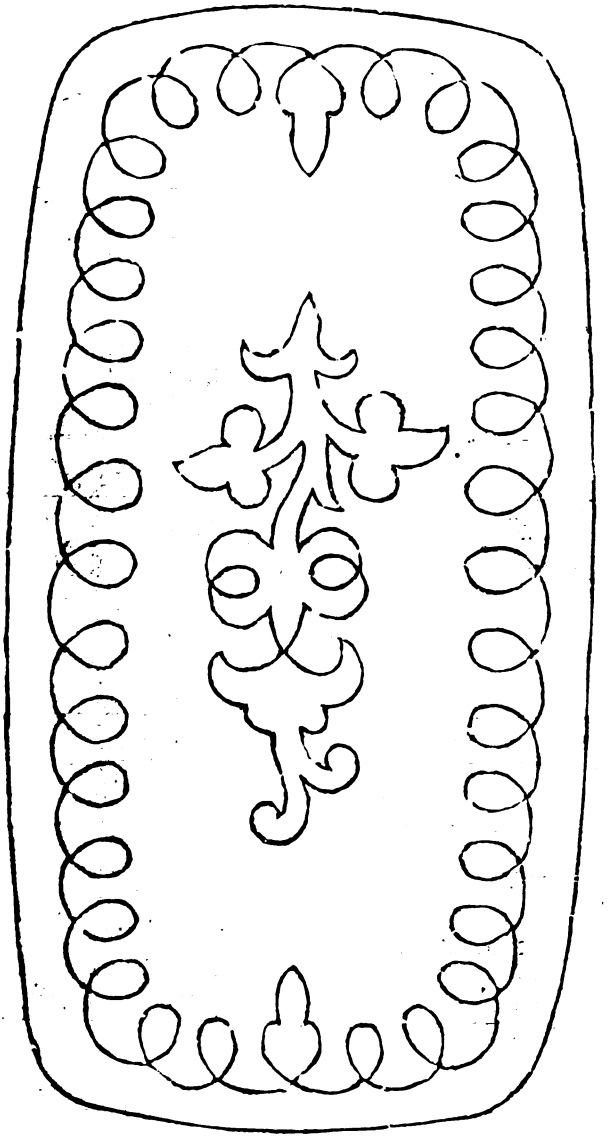


CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

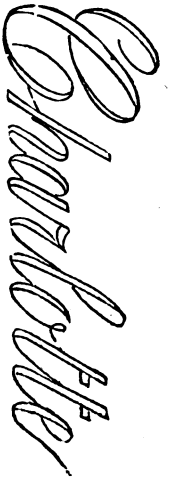
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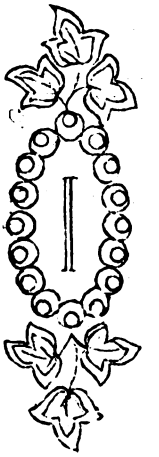
PATTERN FOR CHEMISE YOKE.



SEGAR-CASE: IN GRAY VELVET AND GOLD BRAID.



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STUD-HOLE FOR PILLOW-CASE.

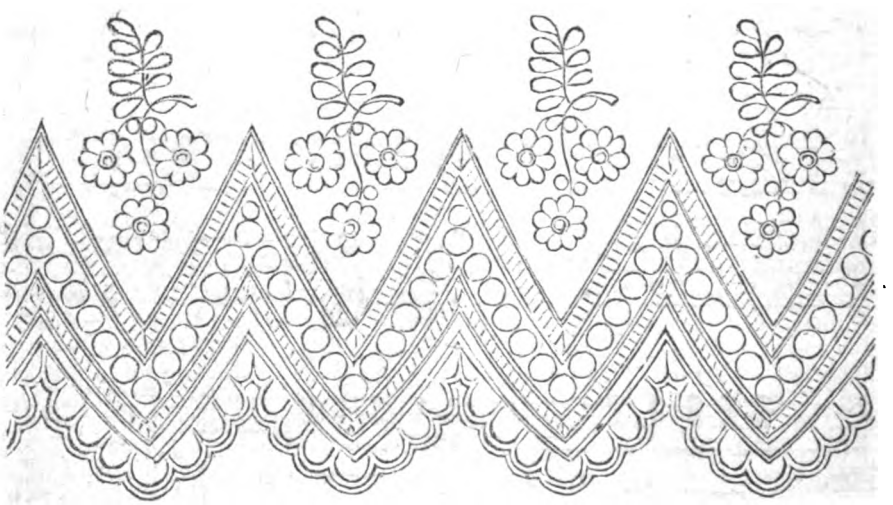
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EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT OF INFANT'S ROBE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1862. No. 4.

RUINOUS PRICES,

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

GEORGIANA PRESCOTT sat before the mirror in her dressing-room, idly twisting her soft fair curls round her fingers and admiring her own pretty face, thinking, if the truth must be told, that her eyes were the brightest blue, her complexion the purest, her features the most delicate that she had ever seen; and wondering whether there were not more truth than flattery in all the pretty speeches poured into her ears, night after night, at the balls and assemblies which she graced. It was a tempting subject for a reverie, and the important question of pink or blue for the next ball followed it in her train of thought, and she forgot how time was flying as she still toyed with the clustering ringlets.

"Georgy! Georgy!" The cry came in a clear, ringing tone from the foot of the stairs, and then flying feet came up along the entry, and to the door; and a young lady with a slight, graceful figure, and a gipsy-like style of prettiness came in, her dark complexion tinted with bright crimson cheeks, and her large black eyes radiant with some piece of intelligence.

"Why, Georgy!" she said, impatiently, "why were you not at grandfather's?"

Georgiana looked up with an air of bewilderment.

"Have you forgotten that it is the seventeenth of March, and just ten years since uncle John died?"

"Oh, Nell! Father never said a word about it."

"He forgot it himself! We all went, and there was no one else there, until grandpa sent for uncle Will and Arthur; but it is so far up here that he did not send for you, and, as soon as it was all over, I flew down to tell you the news. You know the directions were to open the will ten years from the date of his death at grandpa's, if he was still alive: if not, at father's."

"But, Nell, what *was* the will?"

"You and Arthur and I are left twenty thousand dollars each, grandpa fifty thousand, and the rest, nearly half a million, they say, is all left to Harry. The will states that uncle John's reasons for wishing the matter left so long were: that he thought it would make a milksop of Harry if he grew up with great expectations, and he wished him to be a man with his principles well grounded, a profession learned, and a start taken in life before he knew that he could be independent of work, so he appointed a time when he would be twenty-five years of age to read the will. Georgy," said Ellen, in a lower tone, "aunt Mabel wasn't mentioned at all."

"Oh, Nell! do you know that story? I can't get anything out of mother but hints; and the only time I asked father, he looked so grave and sad that I never repeated the question."

"Yes, I know it; but the folks don't like to talk about it. Come sit down here near the fire, and I'll tell you what I know of it."

Georgiana drew up an arm-chair for her cousin and another for herself, and prepared for a long story.

"She was the only girl," said Ellen, curling herself all up in her chair, "and the youngest of grandpa's children; and, after her mother died, they say there was no limit to the indulgence that grandpa and all the brothers granted her. She was very beautiful, and the idol of them all. Even after your father, uncle George, and my father married, they petted and spoiled her just the same as before. When they were all married but uncle John, uncle George died, and aunt Lola only lived a few months after him, so uncle John adopted Harry, the only child, as you know, and took him home. He was then two years old, and aunt Mabel became very fond of him. She was a school-girl, but she was a perfect little mother to him. He

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remembers her perfectly, though he was only eight years old when he last saw her. She left school and went into society when she was only eighteen, and mother says was the belle of her first winter. One night she went to a ball; they were all there, uncle John and the rest; when it came time to go home aunt Mabel could not be found. It was over a month before they knew that she had eloped with her music master. She wrote to grandfather, but he did not even open her letter, and forbade any of the family to mention her."

"Is she alive now?"

"I don't know any more. It is twenty years ago, and they have never had any news about her. Father said this morning that he thought uncle John meant to leave her something, for she was his pet so long, and he tried to make grandpa forgive her; but there was no mention of her at all in the will."

"Will Harry give up his profession, do you think?"

"No. At least so grandfather says. His whole heart was given to his studies, and you know Harry is not the man to let wealth influence him so much as that. By-the-way, Georgy, what a catch he will be!"

"Are you sorry you have lost the chance?" asked her cousin, laughing; for Ellen Wright was a bride of a few months.

"I wouldn't exchange Archie for five millions," was the enthusiastic reply; "and, by-the-way, he won't get any dinner if I don't go, for he always waits for me. Besides, he don't know that he has married an heiress; and I must tell him he is twenty thousand dollars richer than he was at breakfast time!" And away she went, humming a gay tune as she ran lightly down the stairs.

"I was always a favorite of Harry's," mused Georgiana; "and he is with brother Arthur constantly. Cousins certainly have a thousand chances if they will only use them. I can dress now upon my own income as I choose without hearing every new thing I buy condemned because the price is ruinous. It is funny that uncle John should have succeeded as he did in everything, and all the rest been so unlucky. Uncle William has just enough to be comfortable; and uncle George died poor; father is always scolding about hard times; and here uncle John has left half a million. Father often said that it was left in good hands for ten years, and would be something very handsome, but that is enormous. I must do my best to win Harry, for it must stay in the family. Let me see! He is devoted to grandfather, and I have been rather remiss in attentions there lately. I will make up for that at once. I will have a new silk for Mrs. Lovett's ball, I can afford it now; and after that is off my mind I'll go make tea for grandpa."

Bonnet and mantle being arranged becomingly, Georgiana started upon her errand. Her mother smiled approvingly as she heard her story and her plans.

"Don't send Arthur for me, ma; Harry can see me home," said the young lady, significantly.

"Be careful, Georgy. Harry is the very man to be frightened if you are *too* attentive. He is very fastidious."

A nod and smile were the only answer to the caution, and Miss Prescott went out.

There was no one in Mr. L——'s large dry goods store when the young lady entered. It was the fashionable dinner hour, and the clerks were lounging idly behind the counters, or arranging the goods tossed over by the morning's customers. The silk counter was the one which she had come to patronize, and, seating herself there, she gave Bijou, her spaniel, her parasol to guard, and turned her whole attention to the important task before her. The attentive clerk displayed piece after piece of the rich evening silk, but some objection was found to all.

"I like this robe," said Georgiana, "very well. It is a good color for evening, and the pattern is new; but the price is ruinous!"

"For us," said the smiling clerk. "I assure you, Miss, I offer this at almost cost prices; and, as you say, it is really ruinously low."

A deep growlling voice beside him echoed his sentiment.

"I think the price is ruinous!"

"There is a great deal of fine work," said a low, sweet voice; and Georgiana looked up. A young girl in the plain dress of poverty, and a child as poorly clothed, had entered, and Mr. L—— himself was talking to the elder one.

"Fine!" he said, contemptuously, "as if it took any longer to sew with one needle and thread than with another. What did you say you expected for this dozen?"

"When I sewed for private families, I had nine dollars for a dozen as fine as those."

"I never pay but three."

"Three!" The girl's lips grew whiter, and she looked sick with despair as the price was named. "Your clerk said you always paid a fair price."

"Well, Miss Impudence, that is a *fair* price. I do not allow any slurs; you must be respectful or go for work elsewhere."

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Where? The dark recollection that she was in a strange place, and had vainly sought elsewhere, made the poor girl say quickly,

"I must take three, if that is your price."

"Louise, see!" said the child, pulling at her sister's dress. "Some one has dropped a glove and a purse."

"Ask the young lady behind you," said her sister, in a low tone.

"Yes, they are mine; thank you," said Georgiana, taking them with scarcely a glance at the child, who went slowly back to her sister, and left the store a moment later.

"Why did you not offer her some reward, Georgiana?" said a voice behind her chair. "They look poor!"

"Why, Harry!" said the young lady, starting, "where did you come from?"

"Home last! I have just been to dinner, and, seeing you as I passed, I dropped in to say, How are you?"

"I will take the robe; send it to Madame Lamode's, for Miss Prescott," said Georgiana to the clerk; and, taking her cousin's offered arm, she too left the store.

"Louise, dear Louise!" pleaded a sweet, trembling voice, as Louise Bergmann stopped at the door of a small boarding-house, "what is the matter? You have been crying ever since we left the big store, and you have not answered me once!"

"Oh, May! May!" said the poor girl, as she sat down on the stairs and drew the child into her close embrace, "what shall I do?" and the quiet tears gave way before a passion of bitter weeping.

"What is it, Louey? Are we ever so much poorer? Won't it worry father if he hears you?"

The question was well timed. With quick self-command the young girl restrained the rising sobs and controlled all outward emotion. Taking her little sister's hand, she went quickly up the narrow stairs to the attic of the poor dwelling.

An eager voice called out in German,

"Children! Is that Louise?"

"I am here, father," she said, answering him in his own language. "I am here!"

"And you have taken the work home? Well, Louise?" for she was silent.

"The price is very little, father. Only three dollars for nearly three weeks' work."

"But, Louey," cried her father, "how can we pay the landlady?—how buy food? Oh, my children! must I see you starve, or lose you?"

"Hush, father! All will come well at last. The good God watches."

"Louise, let me think!—let me think!"

Wondering at the trembling agitation with which the words were uttered, Louise knelt down beside the low chair and laid her head down upon her father's bosom.

"Think," she whispered, softly, "in all your trials God has still supported us. I am here!"

"Ah! but, my child, you should be elsewhere. You are fitted for a higher station, and it is offered to you. Go, Louise! I can live! There are public charities for such as I am; but you—my beautiful! my darling!" and the tears rained upon the sweet upturned face resting so lovingly upon him.

She spoke solemnly,

"Father, do you remember the words of Ruth to Naomi? I say them to you: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'"

"May He bless thee," said her father, softly.

"And let this be the last time we speak of this, dear father. I will never leave you, and we can bear together what would kill us if apart. Mrs. Mason, the lady in the next room, sews, and she may tell me of some other place to obtain work. In the meantime, we have still some bread and a little tea, so to-night, at least, we shall not starve. We ask only for *daily* bread," she said, softly.

The night had set in. May was sleeping in her poor bed, and Mr. Bergmann was pondering over the uncertain future, when Louise went to Mrs. Mason's room.

"Good evening," she said, as an elderly woman opened the door; "I must ask you to pardon this intrusion, but——"

"No intrusion!" said the woman, cheerfully. "Come in. Come in! You are well? and the lame gentleman, is he better? Ah, I don't speak very well English; I am German."

"Then speak German to me," said Louise, "it is my father's language. I came to you to ask if you can put me in the way of obtaining work. Let me first tell you how I come to need it so urgently. My father has been for several years a violinist in the orchestra of a New York theater, and he had a salary sufficient to support us, not handsomely, of course, but still comfortably. My mother, who died twelve years ago, when May was born, embroidered very beautifully, and that helped too to make out an income. I was only six years old when she died,

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and my father's companions, who were very fond of him, wished me to be educated for the stage. He was very reluctant, but at last consented. One of them taught me English and elocution; another gave me instruction in French; another lent me books, histories, and works of instruction. I went to a good school for eight years, and my father himself taught me music. When I was sixteen, they urged me to make my appearance, and for the first time I learned the end for which I had been taught elocution, gesture, and manner. My whole soul revolted at the idea of such a life, and my father willingly heard my objections and promised not to force me to adopt it. Oh, madame! our troubles date from then. My father's friends were angry at having thrown away their labor, and procured his discharge from the orchestra. We tried to obtain pupils, both he and I, but in vain. I had sewing from a few ladies, but barely enough to support us in the simplest manner. Still there was a concert occasionally and my father played, and we managed to live. Last summer my father had the accident which crippled him for life. He had been at a concert in a little town some few miles from New York, and, coming home, there was an accident on the train. They took him to the hospital, and there his right arm was amputated and his other injuries dressed. Last December he was discharged with a life-long injury to his knee, and the loss of one arm. We came here hoping—hoping—well, never mind! *I* hoped for work——" and then followed the tale of the search for work and the afternoon's disappointment.

The kind-hearted old German woman shook her head sadly.

"You will not find any work much better paid," she said. "Even embroidery is hard to obtain and not very lucrative. However, if you can embroider well, I will try to-morrow to obtain some for you. I did it until my eyes failed."

"I have a collar and some handkerchiefs of my own work," said Louise, "which I can let you take as specimens."

The work was obtained; but the task Louise had undertaken was a fearful one. To maintain her helpless father and her sister by her needle seemed at first an easy thing; but a short experience convinced her of the bitter labor it entailed. Her duties as nurse to her father were not light, for, unused as yet to his crippled state, and not realizing how often he called upon the patient girl, his demands were incessant. Little May was useful here; but no touch was like Louise's, no hand so gentle and so firm as hers. Spring opened, and the bright days were a new source of trial. Through March, when every wind brought a chill, the invalid and child were glad to remain in even their poor home; but as the long, bright days of May came in, they pined for the open air, and fretted at the close confinement of the hot attic! For May there was sometimes a walk with her sister to carry home work; but for the poor invalid there was no relief. Daily Louise saw him grow paler and more emaciated, and strained every nerve to procure for him some change from the dry, coarse fare which poverty sets before her victims. Long hours after night were given to the fine work, until throbbing temples and a faint, sickly weariness compelled her to stop; and yet the earnings were only sufficient for the daily expenses. The dreaded blow came at last. One morning, seeking her father's side as usual, she found him in a heavy stupor, with labored breathing, hot skin, and rapid pulse. Her heart sank with utter despair. Where could she turn for relief? Where procure the nccessaries which sickness demands?

Mrs. Mason came to the room while she was trying to rouse her father. The old lady was glad to spend many mornings in the attic, to talk in her own tongue to her lame countryman; and she had come for such a morning now."

"Ah, he is very ill!" she said, as she raised Louise and bent over Mr. Bergmann. "You must send for a doctor!"

"I cannot! I have nothing to pay him."

"Ah, well; I know one that will wait. He tended me for a long sickness, and never sent his bill. I asked him for it, and he said to me, 'It is paid.'"

Louise flushed at the idea of submitting to charity visits; but her own fears told her that her father's life's hung upon her prompt decision, and she signed to Mrs. Mason to go.

The time dragged heavily on, as she knelt beside her unconscious father, listening for the footsteps that were to bring relief. May was dressed and stood near the window, terrified at her sister's white face and the loud breathing of her father, and listening too for Mrs. Mason and the doctor.

They came at last, and the young girl sprang to her feet and stood by, breathlessly, while the doctor took her place. He saw, at a glance, the cause of his patient's suffering. The old injury to the knee, the close room, and the low diet, were telling now in this sudden illness; and from the hot face of the unconscious man the doctor's eyes went to the white one of his daughter.

"Is he very ill?" she asked.

"He will need careful nursing," said the

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doctor, in a kind tone; "and you must not let terror unfit you for it. I know these attacks are very hard to witness calmly, but you must not tremble or faint."

She smiled.

"I am not faint, and I can do all you wish," she said, trying to quiet her shaking hands and quivering voice.

"Can you get ice near?"

May answered quickly, "At the corner, Louey; I will go!"

One of the few coins in the little purse was slipped into her hand, and she ran off on her errand.

The doctor saw that active usefulness was the best cure for Louise, and he found her ample employment. The case was an urgent one, and it was nearly two hours before the physician left the attic. Mrs. Mason was away still, not having returned after sending the doctor.

"I will take the little girl with me, if you are willing," said the doctor, as he gave his parting charges to Louise, "and she can bring home the medicine I mentioned, and learn the way to my office in case you want me. Do not let a moment pass if the symptoms I described occur. I will come, day or night; and," he added, gently, "remember much depends upon your own health. You are pale still! Poor child! I can fully understand that you were alarmed; but I trust the danger is over."

She was alone again with her father, but a new hopefulness filled her heart. The danger was over. He was still unconscious, but it was more like sleep than the stupor of the morning; and there was nothing for Louise to do now but watch until May returned with the medicine.

"He spoke to me as if I were a child," she mused, as she took up her work; "and yet he is not an old man, but quite young. He was very kind, so gentle with father, and so pleasant to May. God reward him!"

Even then, though her heart throbbed quickly with recent excitement and her fingers trembled, she could not waste the precious moments, and she took up her embroidery. It was a lady's cloak of white muslin, and the pattern was Parisian; the cloak would be warranted imported when finished, but Louise did not know that, nor the immense cost at which it would be represented; she only knew that every minute must be employed to finish it in time for the summer opening, and to earn the small price which would be paid for it. The heavy blow of grief, the aching dread of long sickness, were no warrant for rest. Work must be done or they would starve! That one thought nerved the weak fingers, quieted the trembling frame. The skillful needle flew through the mazes of the intricate pattern, and she sewed busily until May returned. The child's hands were filled with packages.

"Only look, Louey!" she said, in a glad whisper, as she displayed her treasures. "Oranges and chocolate, and these little jars of fruits, all for us. The doctor said you would not have time to go out, now papa was sick, and he gave them to me. Here is the medicine, and he will come again this evening."

"What was the name on the door, May?"

"Dr. Henry Prescott."

"What?" cried Louise, sharply. "Oh, May! Oh, father! this is the worst of all!"

"Why, Louey, what ails you? Your eyes are so angry. Are you angry with me, sister?"

"No, no, darling! Henry Prescott! How foolish I am! He was an old man, and this is not. His son! No; there was no Henry! It is mere accident. Henry Prescott!"

The name haunted her. She opened a little desk, and from among many letters drew forth one, of recent date, signed "Henry Prescott!"

Twice she read it; and then putting it aside, she bent over her father.

"Never," she whispered, "never will I leave you!"

"Why, Louise, who wants you to go away?" said May, catching the words.

"Shall we cook the chocolate for dinner?" said Louise, to divert her attention.

"Ain't it for papa?"

"No, dear, it is for you. The oranges we will save for papa; but the chocolate you shall have for dinner," and she smiled as she thought how much the child would be benefited by the nourishing drink. Her cheeks were pale, too, at the close and poor way in which they lived, for she shrank from the companionship of the rude children who played in the yard, and her strength was not equal to the confinement and toil of her daily life. Every task she laid upon the willing little hands and feet struck Louise to the heart; but the incessant toil her own task entailed left her no choice, and much of the duty of the limited housekeeping fell upon May's young shoulders. Louise found that her fingers must be kept white and pliable to accomplish her work, so she laid aside a small sum weekly for the washing, and the rest of the household duties fell heavily upon May.

Her father's illness was a long one, and the young physician came daily. Many luxuries for the invalid he left, with such gentle courtesy that they were more like the delicate attentions

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offered to a sick friend than acts of charity; but little May's cheeks were rounder and rosier from the share she obtained, and the frequent walks she took upon one pretence or another with the doctor.

"Do you allow yourself no rest?" said the doctor, one afternoon, as he touched the work upon Louise's lap. "I always find you busy. If you overwork yourself, I shall have you for a patient next."

"She is our bread winner!" said Mr. Bergmann, sadly, as he turned his face to the gentle one he loved so dearly.

"I like to embroider," said Louise, cheerfully. "I only make work of what many rich ladies do for pleasure."

"I have a cousin who was wishing to find some one to do some embroidery; and I told her I knew of a lady who worked exquisitely, but I did not know whether she would do it for her or not. I am commissioned to ask her prices."

Louise flushed a little as she named the prices she generally received. The doctor fairly stared.

"Why this is starvation!" he exclaimed; "I beg your pardon, but I never imagined that this was such ruinous work. Will you, if I am not impertinent, tell me what you received for the work on the last cloak you made? Another of my cousins bought it for French. I recognized it instantly, though I said nothing."

"I received six dollars for it."

"And she paid seventy-five! God forgive the men who grow rich thus upon human flesh and blood! Will you call upon my cousin, Mrs. Wright, No. 16 N—— street? I am sure you will find her kind and just."

"I will call; and let me thank you for this one more kindness you add to so many previous ones."

The next morning Louise called upon Mrs. Wright; her father was better, and May staid with him. The lady was out, but had left a request that Miss Bergmann should wait until she returned. She went into the parlor and sat down. It was very still; probably no one was in the house but the servants; and the grand piano stood open. It was over a year since Louise had been forced to sell her piano, and she looked with longing eyes on the ivory keys. No one was near, and she drew close to it, as if it fascinated her. Softly, still standing, she touched one of the keys, then another, and another, and finally, unconsciously, sat down before it; for, as the sweet sounds fell upon the air, she forgot where she was—forgot poverty, toil, and care—forgot everything but that she was a musician's daughter, suddenly restored for a time to the atmosphere which had surrounded her former life. Her fingers regained their skill as they glided over the keys. It was soul music she poured forth, every nerve thrilling with ecstasy as she gave free vent to the power of again making it. Like a child over a newly-found toy, she tried all her old, familiar music; German melodies of wild, weird sweetness; scraps of her father's compositions; till the whole present faded and she was living in the past. One chord recalled a German song, and she let her rich, finely cultivated voice fill the air. It rose and fell in sweetness almost painful, while the grand chords of the instrument supported it with rich effect. The memories became too vivid. As the last note quivered on the air, the young musician let her head fall forward and burst into passionate weeping.

Two gentle, firm hands fell upon her shoulders, and she started and would have risen.

"Cousin," said a voice she had learned to know and to love.

She looked up. An old gentleman stood beside her, and near him Dr. Prescott.

"Louise," said the old man, taking her cold, trembling hands in his, "I have come here today to claim you for my own. No, do not draw back; I will care for your father and sister, and you shall not be separated from them. Let the past be forgotten, for the future shall atone for it. Thank your cousin Harry; for his mediation has opened my eyes to my life-long error."

"But, mamma," said Georgiana, that night, pettishly, as she drew her chair to her mother's side, "I don't understand it all now."

"Why, my dear, after your uncle Bergmann—for we must recognize him now—met with that accident, he came here from New York and wrote to your grandfather to tell him about the children. Your grandfather replied, offering to take the girls if they would leave their father; he could not forgive him for eloping with Mabel. Louise wrote the reply, utterly refusing to be separated from her father. When Harry was called in to tend Mr. Bergmann, he suspected, from the name, that they were his aunt Mabel's family, and he tried to persuade your grandfather to go see them. He represented Mr. Bergmann as a perfect gentleman: but father would not go; so, after a time, he concluded to get Louise to your cousin Ellen's, and your grandfather was to meet her there and see how he liked her. They, your grandfather and cousin, went in together; Nell was out; and Louise was at the piano. You heard about the rest."

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"So," said Georgiana, "while I was ruining myself by dresses to captivate Harry, he was falling in love with a beauty in a shilling calico in an attic. I suppose we must all go to the wedding."

The large parlors of Mr. Prescott's house were crowded with company, and every luxury that money could buy and taste arrange was lavished upon the rooms. The folding-doors were opened slowly, and the bridal party stood disclosed. The tall, handsome bridegroom looked with a fond pride upon the lovely girl, whose soft lace dress and pure pearl ornaments heightened the charms which the poorest dress could not mar. The large hazel eyes and soft brown hair, with the pure complexion and graceful figure, made a picture which even Georgiana admitted was exquisitely lovely; "And I am sure, mamma," she said, "the lace was real Honiton, and must have cost a RUINOUS PRICE."

AFTER THE STORM.

BY N. F. CARTER.

THE clouds with their shadows have fled,
The wrath of the tempest has ceased,
The hills with the morning are red—
The hills of the beautiful East.
The crimson and gold of the skies
Are kindling the valleys below,
Dim forests, in happy surprise,
Rejoice in the heralding glow!

The sun, with his splendor undimmed,
Comes flooding the world with delight—
With pictures no pencil has limned—
With beauties entrancingly bright!
The glory is stealing along
To rivers and lakes of the wood;
It wakens the oriole's song,
Thanksgivings it wins from the good.

It comes to my soul with a life,
By hope all encircled with bliss,
It strengthens anew for the strife,
And Eden seems rapt in its kiss!

The sky wears a lovelier blue,
The earth a more beautiful green,
The streamlets are singing anew,
The moments are calm and serene!

How blessed to live in a world,
Where Love, in a radiant form,
Outflinging her banner unfurled,
Shines after the pitiless storm!
How soon we forget the wild wrath,
The darkness investing its train,
The dangers encircling its path,
The roar of the desolate rain!

How many the tokens of love
To recompense wearisome hours!
Joys blossom below and above
As blossom the Summer's sweet flowers!
But brighter the world of our hopes
Where gather the loved ones of yore,
No blight on its evergreen slopes,
No sin on the radiant shore!

THE UNSEEN.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

ABOUT us float the odorous gales
That kiss the eternal hills of day:
Oh! that the chilling fog would lift,
And show our waiting feet the way!

We grope about us—seeing not
The waiting ones outside our sight,
Whose viewless hands are clasping ours,
To lead us up the shining height!

We may not know the chords we touch,
That, glancing 'long th' electric line,
Flash back upon our sodden lives
Some hints of peace and love divine.

As clefted mountains sometimes hide
Behind the vapor's purpling drift,
Till, pierced by Sol's director ray,
Their girdling shadows slowly lift:

So we grope on, 'neath fogs of doubt,
Our hearts in solemn silence bowed;
While God's eternal verities
Are hidden from us by a cloud.

When lo! a kindling glory throws
A sudden splendor o'er our way,
And, slowly lifting, lo, appear
The whitely shining hills of day!

And yet not oft—nor yet to all,
These prophecies and hints are given;
Only as signals, sparsely set,
Along the battlements of Heaven.

Yet some day, every waiting soul,
Shall see the mists slow rolling back,
And, freed from clogs of earth and sin,
Walk calmly up the shining track!

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HARRY'S WIFE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"MARRIED!"

There was a chorus of indignant voices, five strong, well-developed feminine voices, which made a shriek of that one little word equal to the proudest effort of a locomotive whistle.

Mrs. Grey put down the letter which contained the astounding news, and regarded each of her four daughters in turn.

"Married!" she said, with an emphasis that sounded as if she herself, as well as her daughters, needed to be convinced of the fact; "married to the daughter of a porter in a store. He is mad!"

"Selfish fellow!" said Miss Maria, who was some years the senior of the culprit, and whose dark brown curls and rather too well preserved roses had failed to induce any desperate man to ask her to change her maiden name.

"No consideration for *our* feelings," said Helen, the second fair maiden.

"She's some low thing, of course," said Lola, tossing her head. "How could Harry, with his refined tastes and habits, ever marry such a person?"

Minnie, the youngest daughter, and the only one younger than the much-abused Harry, said nothing. Her first cry of astonishment had been involuntary, but she added no comment to the general outcry; for while the others were angry and loud in their complaints, she was silently suffering from the most acute grief. Harry, her darling, her idolized brother, was married. All the tender love he had lavished upon her delicate childhood, all the confidential disclosures he had trusted to her ear alone, were now to be transferred to his wife, and Minnie felt a great aching, desolate void as she thought of the loss of Harry's best love.

"Harry wishes the front room to be ready for him this afternoon," said Mrs. Grey; "they are coming here, and, as Harry owns the house, of course we can say nothing."

"I suppose he will reduce our allowance," said Maria, discontentedly enough, as she followed her mother up stairs to prepare for the brother's return.

And he, meanwhile, seated on the deck of a fast sailing steamboat, was telling his wife of his home, his mother, and sisters, so soon to become her home and already her relatives. She was a little blue-eyed morsel of a woman, who had been teaching three young ladies of Harry's acquaintance music, drawing, and the English branches; and while they were exerting their most fascinating powers to win the handsome young lawyer, he was falling desperately in love with the pale little governess. Left an orphan very young, Elsie Smith had been placed by her father's employers at a good boarding-school, and supplied with a small income until she was eighteen, when she left school to support herself. She was so small, so child-like, and so timid, that this would have been a difficult task, had not the principal of the school interested herself and procured her the situation of governess to the Misses Harding, who snubbed her to their own satisfaction and Harry's indignation for one year; then, by discovering a letter in her room from Mr. Grey, they found their charms had passed unheeded, while Harry's love was fixed upon that "insignificant little chit," and they dismissed her instantly; and three hours later Harry found her disconsolately wandering about in search of a new place, and insisted upon escorting her to church and taking legal possession of her future welfare.

"Do you think they will be very angry at our being married so suddenly?" asked Elsie, gently.

"Why, pet, they have no sort of right to be angry," was Harry's answer. "I'll tell you all about it. After my father died, some seven years ago, we were very poor for awhile, and my sisters sewed and taught music, while I studied law with my uncle. We all supposed him to be very poor, but he took my education into his own hands until I came of age, and very generously he conducted it. One day he fell dead in the street of apoplexy, nearly four years ago, and I suddenly became a rich man. I was then twenty-two years old, and he had left to me all his property, including the house to which I am taking you, and this property, to our great surprise, was a very handsome one. He was my god-father as well as my uncle, and a bachelor, my father's only brother, and he left everything he died possessed of to me. Of course, I sent for mother and the girls, and

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settled an income upon each of them. Maria, Helen, and Lola, are all older than I am; but my little bird Minnie is only seventeen, and for her I bespeak the warmest place, next mine, in your heart."

"And they expect us?"

"Oh, yes! I wrote before we started for Niagara, or mother would have been uneasy at my long absence. They will have received the letter early this morning, as they send in to the city for the letters every Thursday when I am away."

"Oh! Hal, I hope they will like me!" said Elsie, earnestly.

A merry laugh and look of fond approbation were the reply, and then the bustle of arrival made both leave their seats.

Elsie's heart sank as her husband ushered her into the drawing-room upon their arrival. Four more solemn-looking women than Mrs. Grey and her three elder daughters could not well be imagined; and as each one coldly bowed and spoke a few words of greeting, Harry felt the little hand he clasped grow cold in his, and saw the little figure tremble. His own heart was throbbing with hot indignation, but the habitual respect for his mother, and the chivalrous brotherly love for his sisters, kept him silent on the subject of this insulting conduct.

"Mother, Elsie is fatigued with our long ride from the city, and I am as hungry as a hunter; may I trouble you to order an early supper?"

"Maria, tell Catharine your brother desires supper immediately."

Maria went out, and Helen followed her. Lola looked up from her crochet work, and something in the little shrinking figure softened her wrath against the "porter's daughter," for she said,

"Mrs. Grey, will you sit here by the window? It is cooler after your long, hot drive than the sofa."

Harry sent a grateful glance across the room; and, removing Elsie's hat and cloak, let her soft bright curls fall round her neck as he loved best to see them, and then led her to his sister.

"Her name is Elsie, Lola, and I am sure she wishes her sisters to call her so."

"Indeed I do," said Elsie, gently. "What are you making? Oh! one of the new-fashioned purses! I saw an improvement upon those medallions in New York; you must let me show you how to do it."

Lola's heart was bent upon fancy work, and she was completely mollified at the prospect of a new stitch; and leaving them deep in the mysteries of hooks and loops, Harry went to find Minnie. A little sobbing figure in her own room she was when he knocked there.

"Why, Minnie, what's up? Mother cross?"

"No, Harry; but—but——"

"But what? Now, Minnie, they are all as ugly as furies down stairs, and poor little Elsie is half-frightened to death. I was depending upon you to make it seem like home to her!"

"Me?"

"Yes; she loves you already, because," and he laughed, "she fancies your brother perfection, and she soon found out who was his pet. That's right, cheer up, never mind the trouble, you can tell me about that to-morrow."

"It is gone! I was afraid, Harry," and she came close to him, "that little sister would be loved less when you were married. There, it is all out! Scold if you will, but love me, Harry."

Harry's lip quivered, for under his tall figure and frank, open face, he carried a tender, sensitive heart, and he was deeply moved. Softly he stroked back the fair curls, and in the kiss he pressed upon Minnie's lips she read truly that his new love only deepened the old affections, and she gave him her hand to go down stairs with a wonderfully brightened face.

"Elsie, this is Minnie!"

Elsie felt two loving arms encircling her waist, and saw two large blue eyes looking into hers with a wistful tender love, and thus received her first true welcome.

"I am sure you want to take off that dusty dress and brush your hair," said Minnie, "so I will take you to my room. You are too tired to unpack, but I can lend you something. We are nearly the same size."

"Twin giantesses!" said Harry. "Take good care of her, Minnie!"

"How lovely you are!" cried Minnie, as she smoothed the folds of a full white muslin from her own wardrobe and fastened it round Elsie's waist. "Ain't it funny that we are just of a size? That dress fits you beautifully."

"Harry said it was his sister's blue eyes that made him look first into mine," said Elsie.

"Don't you believe a word of it," said Minnie; "men don't look after their sister's perfections in such cases;" but she took the speech into her heart to dream over and be happy.

Tea time sent Harry up stairs to find the sisters with their arms encircling each other's waists, school-girl fashion, talking with loving freedom, and he knew that Elsie had won one heart from amongst those steeled against her. Little did the bride guess the bitter feeling of her mother-in-law, as she took the seat to which Harry led her at the head of the table, one

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quick glance arresting his mother's progress toward the same spot. He swallowed all the wrath of his heart, but he resolved firmly that Elsie should have his will to maintain her in her rights; the love he hoped she would win without any aid from him.

Two months passed, and the family removed to their city home for the winter. All Elsie's gentleness, her beauty, her timid, silent attempts to win love, had fallen powerless before the angry, bitter jealousy of her mother-in-law and the three elder daughters. She loved them all. She was happy in Harry's warm love and Minnie's caressing affection; but the feeling of intrusion was forced upon her every day in cold words, sneering remarks, or sarcastic allusions to her obscure birth. Yet not one word of complaint ever met her husband's ear, or one sad look his eye. He believed her happy, and as the tyrants were guarded before him, he saw no cause for anything but happiness. Minnie was silenced by Elsie's entreaties.

"They will not love me more if I make a breach between them and Harry," she urged, "and I only seek their love. Patience, Minnie! I am trying to improve every day, and perhaps I shall find the way to their hearts some time."

Harry was away for the first time since their marriage in New York upon business, and Elsie was sleeping, when a frightened knock on her door startled her.

"Elsie!" said Minnie's voice, "I am sure Maria is sick; she moans and tosses dreadfully, and I want you to call mother. You and I are the only ones on this floor, excepting Maria."

Sick! Elsie knew but little about illness; but one look at the flushed face and staring eyes was enough to decide that matter. Mrs. Grey was summoned, and one of the servants sent for a physician. Two days later, Mrs. Grey, Minnie, and Lola were all sick. The fever was contagious, and only Helen and Elsie escaped. Harry came home to find Elsie the head of the household hospital. Helen was completely subdued by the terrible emergencies, and followed the directions of that clear little head in quiet obedience. All timidity was laid aside, but the soft, gentle touch, the low, sweet voice, and quiet step of Harry's wife were invaluable to the aching heads and fever-racked forms to which she ministered. Day after day of weary watching, followed by anxious nights, drew Elsie and Helen very near to each other. Nurses could not be obtained from fear of contagion, and Harry himself did not watch Elsie's cheeks paling and step faltering with more tender interest than did Helen. And Mrs. Grey, Maria, and Lola? I cannot tell the agony of remorse, the anxious suspense, with which they welcomed the return to consciousness, and heard Helen's story of those days of delirium and pain. The gentle little hand that came caressingly to rest on their hot foreheads was covered with bitter tears, and weak voices pleaded for pardon and promised love.

None died! One happy day found all the family once more assembled round the table: some pale from illness, some from long nursing, but no harsh word, no cold look made Harry's blessing a mockery; and when in a few earnest words he thanked God that they were all spared, moist eyes turned to Elsie, and from each heart went up a loving prayer for "HARRY'S WIFE."

SPRING.

BY FRED ANTHON.

ONE song let us sing
For the opening Spring,
  While the moonbeams sparkle bright;
In festive glee,
'Neath the old oak-tree,
  Oh! a song for the first Spring night.

A wreath let us twine
For the Muses nine,
  And a garland for the Spring;
From the first wild-flowers
In her rosy bowers,
  A wreath for the time we sing.

Let the Ice King fear,
For his end is near,
  And loosen his frosty bands;
While the lakes rejoice
At the Spring's soft voice,
  And gladden the yielding lands.

See! the rapid stream,
With its silvery gleam,
  Sweeps down from the mountain high,
Reflecting bright,
In its joyful flight,
  The stars in the arching sky.

Let the Spring birds' song,
With our notes prolong,
  To welcome the fairest sight
Of the seasons all,
Summer, Winter, or Fall,
The joys of the first Spring night.

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ALICE CARSON.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Well, now, I hope you are happy."

My little wife said this, taking my hand in hers as I came home and told her the news.

"A good situation and a handsome salary," I said.

"And such a chance for me to go home. Only think, Walter—a long, long year since I have seen father and mother."

"And a good many long years before you'll see them, yet," said I to myself. "I've not got them to thank, at any rate," I added, aloud; "they tried to prevent my getting the situation, or rather your father did."

"Tried to prevent! Oh, Walter!"

"Yes; at least they had no faith in, and would not help me."

"But what of that, Walter? *I* have faith in you!"

I had married my wife because she was so beautiful. My love for her, though intensely selfish, was idolatrous in its fervor. There was nothing really generous in my affection—even she must bend wholly to my will. In most things she did, for her nature was as pliant as the tender vine.

Our friendship began in a romantic way. She, a mere school-girl of fourteen, was crossing Broadway. A moment more and she would have been under a horse's hoofs, but the strong arm of a man saved her. That man was myself. She looked up in my bearded face, and from that moment, she said, she loved me. No matter what I was or had been to her unreasoning heart—I was her preserver—I had saved her life. When she was only sixteen I was twenty-eight. The promise of her youth was realized; she was lovely as a dream. I meantime had been striving to be a man. Bad habits had fastened their terrible chains upon me years before, but I thought I had conquered them. I had lost two clerkships in consequence, and was now comparatively a poor man. My salary would enable me to support a wife in comfort, but it must be a frugal woman without extravagant tastes. Alice Love was that woman. Her parents knew from the first where her preference was, and discouraged her all in their power. They represented to her that I was poor—they learned by some means that I had been intemperate, and they set their faces against the wretch. But Alice was romantic—Alice was in love. It was useless arguing the matter with her. The standard of my excellence set up in her fond, pure heart was not to be displaced unless the fortress should be stormed by death. She was one of that kind, no surrender while life held out—and she finally ran off with me. Foolish, beautiful child! I can see her now, sobbing, but not with regret, though she had left the tender care of the fondest of parents. Not long after they forgave her, and took her back into their confidence and affection, though, as I could plainly see, they had no faith in me. For several months all went prosperously—then I was lured out West with my young wife. There business failed and sickness came, eating up the small sum I had managed to save, and the money Alice had received from her father as her marriage portion. On my recovery, I was advised to apply to the president of a railroad company for a situation then vacant—a conductorship on the great Western route. I wrote letters to my friends and received some encouraging replies.

"There's one man can do you more good than any other," said a friend to me, "an Eastern man who is on terms of intimacy with the president. I refer to Mr. Jonathan Love, of B——. As you came from that city possibly you knew him."

"Possibly I did," was my quiet rejoinder; "he happens to be the father of my wife."

"Oh! then you are safe for the place. Write him immediately. Meantime I'll say a good word for you, and use what influence I have. I think you are sure of taking a daily ride for several years to come."

I immediately despatched a letter to my wife's father. By return of mail, sooner than I expected, came an answer; and this was the way it ran:

Mr. Walter Carson—Sir, I received your letter this morning, and was really sorry I could not use my influence in your behalf immediately. But knowing the important duties of the office, the great responsibility that falls upon the shoulders of a man in that position, I

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could not act rashly. I am aware that you have indulged too much in the use of wine, and till you inform me that you have taken steps to reform, that you have hedged yourself round with some pledge or safe-guard, I cannot, as I said before, do anything to insure you that office. As soon as I do receive such an assurance, I will, with the utmost pleasure, comply with your wishes.

Most truly and respectfully yours,

J. Love."

I ground my teeth as I tore the letter in bits. "No thanks to you, old man," I said, savagely; "but I'll move heaven and earth to get that situation and give no pledge either. You hate me, sir; you wish to humble me because your beautiful child, who might have won millions as well as hearts, chose to become a poor man's wife. I'll get the situation, but Alice Love shall never travel over that road—you shall never see her face again."

I did not deign to answer the letter, neither did I guard myself with promises or pledges. In a week's time I received assurances that the place was mine, and Alice was made very happy. Only that one bitter remark with reference to her father escaped my lips, and that brought forth the sweet answer that should have satisfied me, "But what of that, Walter? *I* have faith in you!" Ah! better I should have bound myself by a thousand pledges than have followed the course I did.

"So it's really all decided," said my little wife, cheerily, seating herself at the table and pouring my fragrant tea; "and we are out of the woods once more. How nice it will seem to pay up all those little bills, and feel free again! won't it, dear? Then there's the salary, so certain to come. Ah! that's the beauty of such places—the money is sure. Only," she added, with hesitation, a moment after, "I shall pray you to be, oh! so careful—and for a great while I shall be thinking of cars off the track, and accidents of all kinds. But God will protect you."

"You are a good little wife, darling," I said, feeling for a moment the great difference between us.

"And then, you know, the families of conductors always travel free; what a fine chance for me to go home! Oh! I do so long to see father and mother! How soon may I, Walter?"

"Not this year, I guess," I replied, banteringly.

"You are not in earnest, Walter."

"I certainly am, and, to be candid, I don't want you to go home at all. Your place now is with your husband, not with your parents."

"But, Walter, a visit, ever so brief—" she faltered, gaspingly; "you surely would not deny me that."

"We'll see about it by-and-by," I replied; "at present I had rather not consent."

"Oh, Walter! you are cruel; you know this is the only time I can go, and that I have been depending upon it for months. Are you angry with my father because he wrote that letter? He did it for the best, you may be sure; he is wise and good, and some day you may wish that you had done as he advised you."

These unlucky words put me in a rage. I said some frightful things which hours after I should have been glad to recall. Alice listened calmly, her face growing whiter and whiter, but all power of utterance seemed denied her. She turned away with the strangest expression I ever beheld on a human countenance. Her eyes glittered; her pale lips were pressed together till their very outlines were lost. I trembled at the glance I met—I, a strong, firm man, trembled; but my passions were ungovernable, particularly so as I had been betrayed into the weakness of drinking with a friend, who gave me his congratulations.

The next morning I hurried away without waking Alice, who slept very soundly. I left a note, stating that I should not come back till the following night, when I should be relieved for twelve hours by an assistant. On my return, Alice received me very quietly, very sweetly—but the olden look of welcome and of love was missing. I was too stubborn to appear to notice the difference in her demeanor, and, seeing that my coldness did not seem to annoy her, I bit my lips and nursed my sullen temper. After all, what had I said that she should treat me in this manner? It was natural that I should be indignant at her anxiety to go home—court the perils of a journey at such a time as this. She was unreasonable and knew not what was for the best—let her sulk—in good time it would all come right again.

It was time for me to go on my second trip. My wife had prepared an early breakfast and sat opposite me, eating little, pale, apparently preoccupied.

"Come, come," I said, as, turning, I surveyed the pleasant little sitting-room, (and a strange pang that moment shot through my heart,) "let us part better friends. Come and kiss me, and don't be angry because I think it best to deny you what might cost you your life."

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"I am positive I should reach home in safety," she said, gazing at me with a yearning glance. "I have not told you, because I felt that our circumstances forbade it, how I have longed to be at home with my mother in the time of danger! You won't refuse me, Walter—you surely won't refuse me now when my heart is so aching for the sight of my mother?"

"Alice, by-and-by," I said, firmly; "say in six months or so. Come, yield to your husband's judgment in this matter; don't be like a petted child, angry because you can't have your own way. Kiss me and be good. Come."

She kissed me. Her lips were as cold as ice; her hand that I had taken trembled in mine; but as I looked down in her face, a second time that glance, almost of hate, the glittering eyes and lips compressed, while a spot of red touched either cheek! I was frightened, and as little prepared for her cold reply,

"You will be late."

"Oh! no; I've a good hour yet," I said; "but I am required to be at my post in fifteen minutes, and, as it's a smart walk down, I believe I must hurry. Good morning."

I was so thoroughly indisposed that I fancied my nerves needed steadying; so, entering a convenient saloon, I took one or two strong draughts of brandy and water. Surely there was some infernal poison mixed with the dram, for it fevered my brain and fired my blood. Appetite called for more, and, before I was aware of my situation, though I could walk straight and talk evenly, I was drunk. What few wits I had were kept at work till the train was under way. I had a strong cup of coffee at the refreshment table; that helped me some, and I found that I could attend to my duties, though every few moments my mind was bewildered, and I was forced to collect myself with a strong mental effort.

One of the passengers attracted my attention from the singularity of her manner. I had noticed a small, delicately-formed woman get in a few moments before the train started. I was standing near the platform and looked round to see who was with her. There was no one near, and I concluded that she was alone. She was dressed in deep black. Her veil was very thick, and seemed purposely arranged in folds, through which a very pale face showed dimly, relieved by bands of thick, heavy black hair. She took her seat in one of the rear cars, and positively kept her veil down. Several times I passed and looked, I could not tell why; but she never turned her face toward me—never loosened the veil. I began to fear that she would suffer for want of air, and asked her once if I should open the window. She bowed assent, and the fresh wind rolled in, clearing the whole atmosphere. It proved too much for her, however, and it was soon closed again. As the time came to show tickets, she would have hers ready in her hand, but never once look up or change her position. Who was this strange passenger? All manner of conjectures floated through my brain, as we flew past fields and barriers of purple rock—through gorges enriched by swinging vines and masses of orange and blue shading down their sides—or the bent trunks of broken trees bending and nodding to the rush and whir of the engine—on, on, like lightning, by villages set in vast wastes of marshy land or level, tiresome prairie. I had forgotten everything—forgotten orders sent on that very morning, that the train must stop at a certain station for the accommodation of an extra engine from Heston. Good God! My drunken senses had played me false—the station was already passed, was a mile behind! The sweat started, in drops like blood, on my forehead—the air grew like flames belched from a furnace: four hundred and sixty passengers—and a collision almost inevitable! The anguish of that moment, nay, of that second, can never be told! I flew like a madman, and gave the signal to reverse. The brakeman saw danger in my face, and the engineer, struck by some sudden impulse, (I little knew it was the distant whistle of the coming train,) put on the steam to back her with greater rapidity. As yet the passengers were not suspicious. Remember, hardly a moment had elapsed. They looked up from book and paper; they gazed out with some appearance of interest, and wondered what they were going back for. Oh! never since that time have I been on board the cars and felt that fearful backward motion without a thrill of anguish and an impulse to fly—to leap out; nor can I conquer the terror, though I am sure of safety. Faster, faster—for men were on the watch—faster the horrible monster with eyes of flame was coming, slacking her speed as, all too late, she saw the danger. One minute more and—safety! safety! Vain hope! There came a roar like thunder—a glare like fire—a sound like the united shrieks of a world of voices—and I was thrown senseless backward, down—fearful leagues down—it seemed to me in that last blind groping for something to support my sinking feet.

When I had partly recovered my senses, I found myself hemmed in with the dead and the dying. Groans saluted my ears on every side.

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A broad, strong glare of daylight burst upon me, and I saw where I was. The car in which I stood had been precipitated down a ledge of rocks, and stood now on its end; I at the bottom, held down, and miserably crushed, by the bodies above me. These the laborers had been some time removing, and as the last one was taken off the red daylight came in. They lifted me up. I could stand, and, presently, with great difficulty, walk a few steps. I staggered on, feeling, vaguely, that my fate was delayed only a little while. Half-stumbling over a body, I looked down. The woman in deep mourning lay at my feet—her long veil torn in strips—the false band of black hair rent from the temples; and there, before me, lay Alice, my Alice! God only knows the agony of that moment. With frantic cries of "My wife! my wife! my wife!" I cast myself down beside her. There was a faint moan—some warmth left in the hand I held and kissed so passionately—life was there—blessed, blessed life! I saw them take her and bear her away. I followed the crowd, blindly, my wild laughter making the very air shudder, my wilder cries appalling the stoutest heart. The next morning, after an elaborate notice of the accident, a paragraph ran as follows:

"The man who had just come on the road as conductor—Mr. Walter Carson—was so stricken with remorse for his carelessness, that he has become violently insane, and was, this morning, placed in the —— hospital. The wife of the unfortunate man expired at the house of her father, Mr. Jonathan Love, last night, after giving premature birth to a living child."

Years upon dreary years passed away; but they were all a blank to me. I was forever treading an endless train of cars—forever calling upon God, as I called that eventful morning—forever beholding the fiery monster dashing blind and headlong upon us, and I had no power to avert the always impending calamity. At last I awoke from this sleep of the soul; but without memory for all that dreary time that had intervened since last I kissed my living Alice. Weak as a child, I could only gaze, for days, upon the white walls, the dreary faces, and wonder where my arms received so many scars and bruises. Day by day I gained strength, until I was able to hear the truth. Then I shrunk with horror from going out into the world again—I, a branded man. None could recognize me, however—the fine contour of my figure was lost, gone the beauty that had seemed so noble to Alice. I was withered and shrunken—nothing like the man of fourteen years ago. I was discharged, cured. Nobody would think of taking vengeance on such a wreck as I, and, trembling with eagerness to see my child, the child of my lost Alice, I wended my way to her home.

They still lived in the same square I had trodden, oh! so often, with my gentle wife. I almost expected to see her sweet face at the window, as I stood rooted to the spot, and lifted my eyes. Heaven have mercy! Was that Alice? No, no! I rubbed my eyes; I staggered to the wall as I strove to collect my scattered senses. Some one came down the steps. The long white hair of Jonathan Love almost floated in my face. I caught him by the shoulder, gasping the name of Alice. He started back, stood for a moment like one turned into stone, and then, in a low, scared voice, he said,

"Are you Walter Carson?"

"I am that miserable man," I said, feeling as if every word was choking me.

"I was just going to see about you," he said, after a long, sorrowful gaze. "Your uncle has died, and left you property in the South. But, come in; Alice's—your child is here."

I knew he meant to say Alice's child, at first.

"It was her I saw then at the window? Oh! sir—father of my sainted Alice whom I killed—does she know her wretched parent lives?"

He drew back for a moment, quite overcome; his features worked almost convulsively.

"You must prepare yourself for sad intelligence," the old man said, brokenly. "Alice will never hear you mentioned. Some strange casualty has marked her from her birth. She cannot look at your miniature which her mother wore. We have never been able to overcome this repugnance."

The words fell like ice on my heart. I remembered!

"Our poor Alice begged me to convey you her entire forgiveness, and, also, to ask yours for dissembling in the way she did. But, poor child! her heart yearned for us." He leaned his head on his hands, weeping silently.

"Oh!" I thought, "if I had only given that assurance for which this honest man asked, all had been well!"

"Suppose I bring Alice to you," he said, in a changed voice.

"Wait! wait!" I cried. "Oh! if she should hate me!"

"Time and love," he whispered, "might work wonders."

I tried to prepare myself. Another moment—

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and the old grandfather entered with Alice. Oh! she was her mother's self! I stretched out my arms.

"Darling, this is your father," said her grandfather, gently. She gave one piercing cry and hid her face in his breast. Then she turned and gazed at me. Oh! I knew that look—the glittering eyes—the set lips. She could not help it, poor child! The wild, passionate yearning of the mother, struck dumb by my brutality (for I can call it nothing else), and resulting in a momentary hate that fired her whole being, had reacted upon her unborn child—and here was the bitter fruit of my blind passions. Oh! wretched man that I am!

Again and again I strove to influence my child; but, although she grew so calm in my presence as to give me her hand, and once even kissed me, (oh! I treasure that kiss!) yet the tremor and painful dislike were so obvious, that I could not consent to a repetition of the seemingly great trial.

Alice is now nineteen and soon to be married to a worthy man. I see her occasionally. She is mine, she is still my child—mine and Alice's—and I feed my heart on that thought. I watch over her welfare—for father Love is gone to his long home—and I have just risen from inditing a long letter to the young man who will call my Alice his wife.

I need not add that I have told him my sad story as a warning.

THE PLEASANT THINGS OF CHILDHOOD

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

Oh! 'twas pleasant, very pleasant,
To think ourselves so strong—
To find the sunny Summer days
So beautiful and long;
To look upon the blooming flowers,
The hill-tops and the sea,
And think the beautiful and grand
All made for you and me;
To sit beneath the old oak trees,
And weave full many a plan—
Telling what we should do and be,
Nor adding, "If we can."

Oh! the glowing, glowing pictures
That imagination wrought!
Oh! the glory and the beauty
Hope and Fancy lent to thought!
Then our young hearts were impatient
For a swifter tide of time;
For the brightest of our pictures
Was "the glory of our prime."
How we longed to hasten onward,
And to read the book of fate!
Many times I heard you saying,
"It is very hard to wait."

Then we longed to greet the future;
But the past and present, now,
Fling the shadows or the sunbeams,
Day by day, upon each brow.
Never now beyond the present
Would we turn an anxious glance—
Oh! the changes, oh! the changes,
As the fleeting years advance!
If we live but well and wisely,
Till we reach the other shore—
Oh! we need not fear the future,
Or be anxious any more.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Will she not be cold, dear mother,
Lying out there all alone,
Now the snow around is falling,
And the night-winds hoarsely moan?

Oh! how strange it seems, dear mother,
As I look out in the gloom,
That she should be there so lonely,
And we in this pleasant room!

It's almost a year, my mother,
Since we laid her in the mould;
Then the early flowers were springing,
And the winds were not so cold.

Then returning birds, my mother,
Sang their love-songs on the spray;
Yet, though fifty years had past,
I should not forget the day—

Not forget my sister, mother,
Nor the happy hours that fled
From our hearts and from our home,
When her soul to God was led.

Do not weep so hard, my mother,
Dry your eyes—and, by yon chair,
I will kneel and offer up,
Ere I go, my humble prayer:

That, though round her grave, my mother,
Howls and raves the Winter's storm,
God will look from Heaven upon it—
That His smile may keep it warm.

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MY UNCLE'S FROG POND.

BY MRS. O. SPRING MATTESON.

DUMP, splash, spat! Plump I went right into the middle of a great frog pond that skirted my uncle's farm at Hollowell. I hardly know how it happened, but the lumbering stage-coach I had taken from Upton, where I left the cars, had run against a stump on the up hill side of the road and tilted over, throwing me against the door, which article treacherously opened, and out I went into the mud and mire.

Nevertheless, I fell feet foremost, but with such force that I settled more than ancle deep in the mud, and all my efforts to extricate myself proved unavailing. At last I sat plump down in the water and mud, and yielded to my fate, not with a very good grace however, for I looked daggers at the innocent frogs as they spun swiftly from the water on all sides, in their terror of such a harum-scarum object as had invaded their precincts.

My back was toward the coach, and I dared not look around for fear of toppling over backward. I was determined I would not call for help if I never got out; so there I sat, biting my lips with vexation, for my beautiful green traveling dress was ruined with slime and mud, and I could feel the dirty water dripping down over my face and shoulders from my delicate and costly French hat. Added to my other mishaps, came the consciousness that I was sadly neglected by my companion of the stage, a tall, handsome gentleman, possibly thirty years of age, with a noble, classical brow, and eyes that gazed serenely and calmly up from their depths, and a voice so musically rich that I had kept him in conversation all the way from Upton, for the sake of listening to its melody and gazing into his intellectual face. I was in love, deeply, permanently. In love with a stranger.

Our conversation was broken off most unceremoniously when my head came in contact with the coach door. This was what vexed me, to think that *he* had left me sitting there so long. My great love was evaporating; and when I heard the low laugh that followed the coachman's exclamation of, "There she is, now, in the middle of the pond!" I was really angry. *He* was certainly laughing at my misfortune.

"Please to let me be, sir, I don't wish for your assistance," I said, angrily, as I felt a pair of strong arms around my waist and a warm breath on my cheek. "Let the coachman assist me." But the arms were clasped more tightly about me, and I felt myself drawn slowly from the mud. Vexed and mortified, I struggled to free myself, but in vain. At last I stood on the hard ground, dripping and cold.

"Sir, unhand me instantly," I said, as I felt my feet on *terra firma*. The hands were instantly unclasped, and a pair of dark eyes gazed sadly at me.

"Maggie, what have I done to merit this?" I was astonished. How should *he*, a stranger, know my name? Maggie Martin stood before him, sure enough; but who was he? I looked at him again, but was still at fault.

"Who are you, sir?" I cried. "I never saw you before."

"Never mind now, Miss Martin. We shall meet again."

When the stage stopped in front of my uncle's house, and this time dumped me out into the arms of my aunt and cousins, I was as much at a loss as ever.

"Mag, cousin Mag, we are so glad you've come," and Lottie and Kittie grasped me and drew me up to their room. I made suitable apologies for my uncouth appearance, and told Lottie and Kit in confidence of my new acquaintance.

We talked that night till the small hours crept on us unawares, and our lids began to droop.

"You remember Phil Sanders, Mag?" Lottie asked, abruptly. "Kind-hearted Phil?"

"Phil Sanders? Certainly. Don't you know we used to be sweethearts before we moved to the city? I wonder what has become of him? He was a good-hearted boy, to be sure. And handsome, too."

"Philip has become a great man. He has gained a wide-spread fame at the bar. Why, Mag, he's *the* star out West. Why he's——"

"Cupid's tugging at my heart-strings," I sang, interrupting Lottie. "That's enough, for heaven's sake don't praise him any more! I'm sick of him already."

"Well, you'll have a chance to become sicker, perhaps. He's coming to see us next week."

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"Next week? How provoking! I had made up my mind to have such delightful times while I am here, and now that spoiled puppy'll be here to destroy all our fun. I wish I hadn't come just yet. But let's improve the time until he comes. Now for a programme. Rambles in the beautiful groves for the first day; a visit to aunt Eldon's the second; a fishing party the third; and what for Friday?"

"A horseback ride," Lottie said, eagerly. "Pa's promised Kit and I the horses some day this week, and we'll go on Friday. But pa's got but two horses, so we'll have to think of some plan for one for you. I have it. Pa's got the promise of Phil Sanders' black pony that he sent home when he was out West: so we'll get that. Now that's settled, let's go to sleep." And Lottie yawned drowsily.

"But it's not settled yet. Who shall ride the pony, Miss Lot?"

"I shall, of course. I'm smaller than you or Kit."

"No, madam. Phil's sweetheart will ride that pony, or none at all. Friday then our ride comes off. But it's an unlucky day, Lot. What if we should get thrown into the frog pond? I should hate that pony to his latest day if he did." But Lottie was fast asleep when I concluded, so I dropped fast asleep too.

The cool morning air coming in at the window, from a beautiful bed of lavender, and pinks, and roses, awoke and refreshed me exceedingly.

The day was spent in rambles, and laughter, and gay conversation. I was getting sick of the city, for out at Hollowell there was so little bustle, such pure, fresh air, and such enchanting groves and delicious streams. No starch and polish spread on thick with silver knives as in the city. The visit to aunt Eldon's was a pleasant thing, and the fishing party came off with plenty of fun. Friday morning arrived at last. It was a clear, beautiful morning. Trees, and shrubs, and meadows were spangled with sunshine, while the air blew fresh from the pine groves laden with a thousand sweets. We three were in ecstasies.

The coal black pony, which Phil had christened Bruin, was brought, and I sprang on his back. He was a beautiful beast, with a high arching neck, long flowing mane, and shining, silky hair. Off he went with a steady lope. I was delighted. Over hills and through groves we rode, chatting gaily. I cast a sidelong glance at the frog pond as we passed it, and Lottie and Kit laughed merrily. "Look out and don't let Bruin throw you in there, for your frog champion would not come to the rescue to-day," Lottie exclaimed, as we passed it.

"Never fear for me. Bruin and I are too good friends for a sudden separation. I shall ride him ten years from now, see if I don't, when I come to visit you and Phil."

It was near noon when we turned our horses homeward. Bruin had been quite gentle going out, but during our return he became restive and skittish. We had reached the cross-roads by my uncle's farm; and just ahead of us was the detestable frog pond. I looked sideways toward it, and Bruin looked sidewise toward it too. We were full abreast of it, when splash went an enormous frog out into the middle of it, and dump, splash I went in after it. Bruin and I had parted company. The jump that sent me headlong frightened the girls' horses, and they commenced a stampede toward home. This time I lost my temper. I was vowing vengeance on Bruin mentally, and striving to clear the mud and water from my eyes, for they were completely blinded, when, just behind me, I heard a voice exclaim sternly, "Whoa, Bruin! Whoa, sir!" The blood rushed into my face. I had surely heard that voice before. Suddenly I felt myself in a powerful grasp, and the next moment my feet were on the turf, free from the pond.

I looked at my cavalier. He was my companion of the stage, with the least bit of a smile on his handsome features. "How can I thank you?" I cried; and then I stopped, embarrassed, for I thought of the figure I cut, my very face covered with mud. "I believe you are my guardian." The stranger only bowed, and I looked around for Bruin.

"Where is that wicked beast? What a fright he has made of me!" I said.

The stranger smiled. "I have seen as bad a fright before!"

"Last Monday, I suppose, you mean. This frog pond is the bane of my life. I mean to coax uncle to have it filled up. But where is that wicked beast?"

"There he stands, Miss Maggie, waiting for you to mount again."

"Never, sir. He shall never throw me again. I shall go home on foot."

"Then I shall accompany you."

"With pleasure. My uncle will be happy to see you and thank you."

"Then let me lead this unruly beast of yours. Where did you find him?"

"He belongs to an old friend of mine. I was in love with him until he dumped me into the pond."

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"Bruin, here Bruin! Come here, old boy! Why were you so naughty?"

"He knows his name. I must have spoken it," I inwardly thought.

I was a pitiable object, but I bore up bravely all the way home.

"What! Philip Sanders!" cried my cousins, whose horses had carried them home, and who now, accompanied by my uncle, were at the front-gate setting out in search of me.

"Philip Sanders!" I said, eagerly.

"None other, Maggie."

My uncle's family had not heard of Philip's arrival, although he had been my companion in the stage so long ago. I suspect he kept away on purpose, intending a surprise. But Bruin anticipated him.

When I went back to the city Philip was my companion. We were married shortly after. Bruin never cut another caper with me, although I rode him ten years after, as I had predicted. We visit uncle's once a year, but I never leave there without visiting the old frog pond, and gazing reverentially on its green surface, for it first gave me back the sweetheart of my school-girl days.

THE FALLEN OAK.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

How is the mighty fallen!
The great, majestic tree,
That stood in pride on the lone hill-side,
A goodly sight to see.
The old, familiar landmark—
He had stood for ages still:
Now lies he low where the wild winds blow
Across the lonely hill.

His mighty head for ages
Was royally upborne,
To catch the sunset's latest gleam
And the earliest ray of morn.
Around him stood the primal wood—
And the war-whoop echoed shrill,
And the wild-bear crept and the eagle swept
Across the lonely hill.

He hath seen the solemn forest
Melt from his side like snow;
And fields of wheat spread at his feet,
And homes of men below.

And children played in his ample shade,
As he stood benign and still—
Now lies he low where the tempests blow
Across the lonely hill.

My father stood beneath the tree,
A bright-eyed, thoughtful boy;
And marked the strength of each mighty limb
With wonder and with joy—
Long the grass has grown by his burial-stone,
In the grave-yard bleak and chill,
And the oak lies low where the tempests blow
Across the lonely hill.

How is the mighty fallen!
The old, familiar tree!
His form of pride on the lone hill-side
We never more shall see!
As for a friend departed
Our eyes with sorrow fill,
The oak lies low and the cold winds blow—
Alas! the lonely hill!

LITTLE MARY.

BY E. M. JAY.

Little Mary—blue-eyed darling,
Treasure loaned by Heaven above—
Came she, like a blessed angel,
Filling hearts with joy and love;

Like a cheerful sunbeam, shedding
Light and gladness on her way:
Ever joyous, laughter-loving,
Turning darkness into day.

Hers a mission pure and holy!
Winning, by her artless love,
Hearts that were too cold and worldly,
And then drawing them above.

In the bright and joyous Spring-time,
When the earth was fair and gay,
Little Mary, pure and loving,
Gently passed from earth away.

Tearfully, we left our darling
In her innocence to rest,
With the birds above her, singing,
And the violets o'er her breast.

Now we listen—vainly listen—
For the sounds we used to hear:
For the merry, childish laughter,
And the pattering footsteps near.

Yet, beyond all earthly sorrow,
Where the flowerets never die,
Now our little Mary liveth,
In that brighter home on high!

Toward that world of light and glory,
Father, let our footsteps tend:
Guide us safely to our darling
When life's journey here shall end.

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THE MURRAYS OF MURRAY HOUSE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "KATE AYLESFORD," "THE OLD STONE MANSION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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X. PRISSY.

THE comrades of Hector, carefully carrying his inanimate body, soon reached the farm-house. To their vociferous knockings no answer was returned at first. Finally, when Major O'Byrne threatened to break in the door, and had procured a rail for that purpose, an upper window was raised, a man's head projected, and a thin, hard voice demanded what was wanted.

"Here's a wounded officer," replied the major, "dead, or dying—open the door and let us in."

"Thee has mistaken this house for a hospital," said the man. "Take thy friend to some other place."

"It's one of the Quaker hounds," cried the major to his companions. "Break down the door till I slit his throat for him."

To understand the major's indignation, it must be explained that the Quakers of Pennsylvania, or Friends, as they preferred to have themselves called, were generally regarded as disaffected to the American cause. Perhaps this was unjust to them. Their religious principles taught them to bear testimony against war, and hence neutrality was a necessity with such of them as desired to be consistent. The hearts of many, however, were secretly with the patriots. A few even took sides, openly, against the king, and so forfeited their birthright in their sect. It was a Quaker midwife, Lydia Darragh, who gave Washington notice of the plot to surprise him. It was a Quaker general, Nathaniel Green, who saved the Carolinas. The owner of the farm-house, however, was a man who thought only of money, and who, even if he had not been a Quaker, would have shut his door on friend or foe alike, if he had thought it would endanger his purse. But, fortunately for our hero, the farmer's wife was not only constitutionally tender-hearted, but also secretly in favor of the American army. She made her appearance at the window now, and such is the influence of true gentleness, that, at sight of her sweet, pitying face looking over her husband's shoulder, even the angry major paused.

"Shame on thee, Jacob," they heard her say. "Thee forgets the good Samaritan." Then, addressing the major, she said, "Wait a minute and I will let thee in myself."

Her husband, thus rebuked, sullenly descended and admitted Hector, who was immediately laid on a bed, in the "best room," as the guest chamber is called in that part of Pennsylvania. The surgeon promptly proceeded to examine the wound. As the probe entered his body, Hector, who had hitherto been totally insensible, groaned.

"He is not dead," said the Quaker matron, who had been supporting his head; "he has only fainted. How does thee feel?" she said, addressing him. "Prissy, bring him some water."

The last words were directed to her daughter, a young girl apparently about eighteen, who had hastily attired herself and hurried down to see if she could be of use.

Hector closed his eyes and did not answer; but when the water came, cool and grateful from the spring, and the Quaker maiden began to moisten his lips with it gently, he opened them again and feebly smiled his thanks, showing that he was conscious.

"He'll worry through yet, bedad, with good nursing," said the major.

"Yes," answered the surgeon, who now produced the ball. "But had this bullet gone half an inch further to the right, all would have been over with him." He then proceeded to dress the wound, after which he said that rest was indispensable to the patient; and, looking inquiringly at the hostess, added, "It would be as much as his life is worth to move him."

"Thee need have no fears," replied the Quaker matron. "We will take care of thy friend till he is able to go away, if thee will only tell us what to do."

"I shall, I fear, have to leave this part of the country to-morrow," answered the surgeon; "but I can let you know how to act. The only

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thing to dread is fever. If he gets bad, there is a country doctor, I suppose, to be had. But good nursing is what he chiefly needs."

The Quaker matron, disregarding the looks of her husband, who feared that harboring an American officer might bring him into trouble with the victorious royal troops, promised to follow carefully the directions of the surgeon, who, soon after, with his companions, left; Major O'Byrne vowing, emphatically, that "he'd nivir agin slander people whom he didn't know," and that, "if he was a marryin' man, he'd put in for the darter, bedad; for she looked as near an angel as houly St. Catharine herself."

And an angel, at least in her ministrations, Hector found her. Priscilla Lloyd was one of those gentle, loving creatures, all charity and kindliness, who are the "salt of the earth." Like her mother, her heart opened, at once, to the unfortunate and suffering, whatever their creed, nation, or profession. Wherever there was sickness, for miles around, people sent for her mother, or, as she was called in the plain language of Friends, "Hannah Lloyd." Often the mother could not go, in which case the daughter was deputed in her place. Hence the latter had become almost as proficient a nurse as the former. No one could smooth a pillow so gently, or cheer an invalid with kinder words or smiles.

Of necessity much of the care of Hector devolved on Prissy, the mother being occupied with her dairy and the farm. It was a dangerous winter for the young girl. At first, Hector was too ill to talk. But his pale, wan face appealed to Prissy's sympathies. When Hector became able to sit up, when he began to while away the hours in conversation with his fair nurse, pity passed gradually into a deeper feeling. Yet she was ignorant, even to the last, of the state of her heart. She had been born with a love of everything beautiful. The songs of birds, the music of running water, the flowers, the trees, stars, clouds, had been to her a source of inexplicable delight. She would sit for hours listening to the melancholy wail of the whip-poor-will, or watching the harvest moon silvering river and field. Vague longings stirred her bosom for something higher and brighter than her monotonous life. Never, till she met Hector, had these aspirations been gratified. His cultivated tastes, his love of poetry, written and unwritten, his experiences of travel, and the enthusiasm with which he spoke of liberty, found an echo in her own hitherto unsatisfied nature. To her he was a revelation. Knowing only the sons of neighboring farmers, she had not supposed it possible for any one to be so refined and deferential. For the first time, in her life, her intellect and tastes were gratified; and this while her heart was attacked through her pity and sympathies.

Hector was as ignorant as herself of the mischief that was being done. His affections were so entirely Helen's, his own self-approbation was so small, that he never thought even of the possibility of such a result. The parents of Prissy were equally short-sighted. The father was so engrossed with his farm that his daughter rarely occupied his reflections. The mother had been so strictly brought up in the tenets of her sect, that, if she had been told of Prissy's peril, she would have answered that it was impossible for a daughter of hers to love any one not of their persuasion. With all her large charity of heart, this was what she could never have forgiven.

The autumn wore on. Winter set in. Hector had become comparatively strong. He was already, indeed, talking of departing for the army, but as yet had been prevented from naming a day, by the assurances of Prissy's mother that he was still too weak to travel. One morning, when things were at this point, he suddenly entered his chamber and detected Prissy herself arranging his bed, which, heretofore, he had supposed had been done by the maid of all work. The color flew to her face, the tears came to her eyes. Hector caught the contagion of her embarrassment, and stammered some excuse for his return, he knew not what. This seemed only to increase the agitation of Prissy, who rushed by him and fled to her mother's room, where she burst into passionate weeping.

Now, at last, the truth began to break on her. "Oh! how silly I have been," she cried, "and to let him see, too, how I cared for him! I thought he would stay out for his walk as long as usual. But why, when he surprised me, must I show it?" She could find no consolation, however, in reasoning on her conduct. All she felt was that she could never look him in the face again.

As for Hector, a suspicion of Prissy's feelings, to his dismay, dawned on him, for the first time. He had moved to follow her, but, at this discovery, he sat down, hardly less agitated than herself. Though conscious of his entire innocence, so far as any design on Prissy's affections was concerned, he could not conceal from himself that he had given himself up to the pleasure of her society, in a manner that an unsophisticated girl, such as

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she was, might misinterpret. He could find no words of condemnation strong enough for himself. Looking into his heart, he was obliged to confess that he had lingered, for the last fortnight, solely because it had been so pleasant to see Prissy's sweet ways. In his inexorable self-condemnation, he reproached himself with having betrayed the hospitality of the family. He sat long and moodily. When, finally, he rose, it was with the air of a resolved man.

"There is but one honest course left," he said. "I have been surprised into a great wrong, and I must go away at once. Poor Prissy!" And he felt so keen a pang of regret, that, but for his love for Helen, he would have sought the innocent creature and tendered her his hand in recompense.

Somehow, after her fit of crying was over, Prissy looked down at her attire. It was plain, at best, such as she often breakfasted in, but it had never seemed to her so plain before. She remembered it was time to dress. She took out her new purple and white striped Persian, her whitest petticoat, a muslin apron, a gauze cap and kerchief, and in this becoming dress, which she recollected, with a little flutter of the heart, that Hector had admired, went down stairs.

Hector was standing, thoughtfully, by the fire-place. He looked up at her entrance, and immediately came forward. She now first noticed that her mother was in the room and that tears were in her eyes. She also heard the neigh of a horse without, and glancing through the window, beheld Hector's charger, which had been sent to her father's barn the day after Hector himself had come. The farm-boy was holding the horse, which was bridled and saddled, and had a portmanteau on his back.

"I must bid you good-by, Miss Prissy," said Hector, offering his hand. "I have been talking too long of going, and can delay it no longer."

If worlds had been given to her, Prissy could not have answered. She felt as if all the light and beauty, which had lately come into the world for her, was suddenly quenched, and forever. She mechanically let him take her hand, but could not prevent it trembling. Fortunately her mother came to her relief by answering for her.

"I tell Hector," said the matron, for after the custom of her sect, she called him by his Christian name, "that he is going away too soon. The army at Valley Forge, all agree, is in a terrible condition. He is weak still, and will need little comforts which he cannot get there. But he is obstinate. He says he feels it is his duty. None of us, thee knows, must go against the light within."

By this time Prissy had summoned her fortitude to her aid. Hector had spoken low, she saw that his heart was full, and miserable as she was herself, she pitied him. She tried to smile.

"Good-by," she said. It was all she could utter.

"I shall never forget your kindness, Prissy, or that of your mother," he replied, wringing her hand unconsciously. "God bless you!"

He bowed, strode to the door, leaped on his horse, and galloped away, without trusting himself to look back.

The mother heard a deep sigh, when the last trace of the retreating figure had disappeared, and, turning quickly to her daughter, was startled by the sudden paleness of the latter. "Thee doesn't look well," she said, kindly. "Why, Prissy dear!"

The poor girl had fainted, and these last words burst from the mother, as she flew to catch her falling daughter in her arms.

We are not sure that Hannah Lloyd did not, at last, suspect the truth about Prissy. But, if so, she thought it best to say nothing to her child respecting it: only, from that day, she was more considerate than ever of the girl's comfort. Perhaps Prissy believed that her secret was known. But she shrank, with instinctive delicacy, from confessing her weakness, even to her mother, and set herself, resolutely, to eradicate Hector's image from her heart. She would have succeeded better, if she could have believed him unworthy. But hard as her task was, and desolate as life ahead looked, she knew it was her duty to forget the handsome young soldier, and she went forward, bravely, determined on victory, even if she died in the battle.

Ah! it is not only at the stake that there are martyrs, it is not only man that is heroic.

XI. VALLEY FORGE.

"CAN this, the condition of our army, be known to the people at large?" said Hector, as he rode along the lines at Valley Forge. "Surely not, or they would rise, with one voice, and remedy it."

It was mid-winter. A snow-storm had set in, the very morning he left the hospitable farm-house of the Lloyds, delaying him for several days; and now the rude huts of the army, which he saw all around him, were half-

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buried from sight. Miserable objects, who once had been soldiers, crawled around, some without shoes, others with only a blanket to cover them. The icy wind blew cuttingly past, as he picked his steps along the half-broken road, inquiring his way of this and that shivering sentry.

"Heavens! is that you, Murray?" suddenly cried a voice, and, checking his steed, Hector beheld the surgeon, who had dressed his wound after the duel. "I began to think you had slipped through my hands after all."

Murray alighted at once. A soldier came and took his horse, while he followed into the hut, at the door of which the surgeon had been standing.

"You see us here," said the surgeon, after Hector had exchanged salutations with several officers huddled around a fire, all of whom he knew, but whom, at first, he scarcely recognized, so starved, and unshaven, and thinly clothed were they, "a very different set from what we were even after our defeat at Brandywine, much less different from what they are in Philadelphia, where there is no end, as we hear, of purple and fine linen, of rich wines and rare food."

"I had heard something of your sufferings, but what I have seen already surpasses my worst fears. Good God! can nothing be done?"

"The general does all he can. But for him I believe we should give up. Few of us, as you see, have whole garments; half a shirt is the ordinary allowance; Johnson there is the only one of the mess who has an overcoat; we have to sleep without beds, or blankets, and sometimes without even straw. Yet there are men calling themselves patriots, and who sit at their ease in comfortable homes, who denounce us, I am told, for inaction."

"You look famished, too," said Hector. "I thought I was thin and pale, but that was from sickness; but I am rosy and stout compared to the best of you."

"We have been, since winter set in, almost in a starving condition. Of course the camp fever is about. The rolls call for seventeen thousand effective men; we haven't but five thousand, to-day, fit to shoulder a musket."

"Great heavens!"

"And to think," said another, "that, while we are enduring all this, the enemy are feasting and junketing in Philadelphia, eating the very provisions which we can't buy, because we've nothing but ragged continental money to offer!"

"By-the-by," said the surgeon, when they had conversed in this way for some time longer, "we hear strange news, Murray, about that fellow who shot you. He is in Philadelphia, and they say is about to marry Miss Erskine, after all."

Hector did not know how weak he was, physically and otherwise, till he heard this startling news. The room suddenly swam before him. His companions; the low, smouldering fire; the articles in the hut, all whirled, in one wild dance, around and around. He felt, for an instant, as if he should fall.

"What is the matter?" cried one of the others. "You look like a ghost, Murray."

"Give him some fresh air," cried the surgeon, seizing him by the arm, and leading him to the door. "It is the heat of the hut, and the close atmosphere, after your long ride in the cold. Besides, you are not strong yet. There, you've come round already. Will you venture in again? Or shall we walk up to head-quarters?"

"No," answered Hector, putting his hand to his brow, as if to rally his scattered faculties, "I will wait a day or two, I believe, before I report myself. I have some private business, after my long illness, that must be attended to, and as the public service does not require me immediately, I had better avail myself of the present chance. But you were speaking about Miss Erskine?"

"Yes," answered the unconscious surgeon, as they resumed their seats, "I was speaking of her engagement to Capt. Mountfort."

"I remember. But are you sure it is true?"

"You may well doubt it after the way in which he spoke of her, and which you so gallantly took up. Though, faith! if she has accepted him, she didn't deserve such a champion."

"She was my poor sister's nearest friend."

"Well, Summers, of ours, has tory cousins in Philadelphia, fine girls it is said, and very fashionable; and through them he gets all the gossip of the town. He tells us there's no doubt of it. 'Twas only last night, we were talking of you, and the duel, before him, which brought it all out. Mountfort, it seems, first met her in New York, as he said he had done. He was always hanging about her there, but without success; though he told us, you know, a different story. But it appears he has the old judge on his side now. Mountfort is rich in his own right, and next heir to an earldom; and Judge Erskine, if common rumor is true, worships rank and wealth."

"I believe he does," answered Hector, mechanically, absorbed in a desperate plan, which

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he had begun to form on his first hearing of this reported betrothal.

"It's the talk of all the town, at any rate. The marriage is to come off, Summers' cousins say, early in the spring, when the bridegroom is to resign his commission; and the happy pair, that's the phrase, ain't it? are to go abroad."

Little did the garrulous, good-natured surgeon suspect the torture he was inflicting. He had hastened to tell this news, before anybody else should supplant him, because he supposed that Hector would be interested in it, as it concerned an old acquaintance. Neither he, nor any of the company, suspected the truth.

It was fortunate they did not, or else Hector's emotion, which he could not entirely conceal, would have betrayed him. With wonderful self-restraint, he managed to take his share in the conversation that followed, until he could find a fitting opportunity to leave the company. The surgeon would have accompanied him, but Hector shook him off, saying he must hunt up some friends across the river.

To the Schuylkill accordingly he took his way. He turned his horse's head into a wood and let the animal walk slowly on, while, with head leaning forward on his breast, he strove to think calmly. The winter wind, soughing through the leafless branches, served as an undertone to his melancholy reflections.

"Alas! Prissy," he said, "you are avenged. What, innocently, I visited on you, has been visited on me in turn. The retribution is just."

He sighed heavily, and rode on, for some distance further, the very picture of despair. But Hector's was not a nature to give up. Gradually his thoughts recurred to the scheme which had flashed on him at first.

"It cannot be," so his reflections ran. "Helen could not have changed to the degree this tale implies. I do not dare to hope she loves me yet—I have been a fool, perhaps, to think she ever loved me—but one thing is clear, she was not deceiving me when she said she was, heart and soul, for America. I know she would not marry a royal officer."

His horse, suddenly stopping, roused him from his abstraction.

"Ha!" he said, "you do well, old fellow," and he proudly patted the animal's neck. "A single step further, and we should have gone over the bluff into the Schuylkill. But if this tale is true, it would have been as well."

He turned the horse's head, and began to ride toward the ford.

"I must see her," he said, "that is the only resource. I cannot endure this suspense. I will visit Philadelphia in disguise, and watch my opportunity for a private interview with her. It is true, I run the risk of being seized as a spy; but if Helen has really cast me off, why should I care to live?"

With these words, he crossed the Schuylkill, and, stopping at a tavern, a mile below the ford, put up for the night.

All day he sat before the crackling fire of hickory, with folded arms, now planning his expedition, now darkly foreboding the future. He only roused himself when he was summoned to his meals; and of these he ate but little, much to the discomfort of the landlady, who told her gossip, with more sagacity than is usual in such cases, that "she was sure the poor gentleman was crossed in love."

When he retired, he could not sleep. He lay thinking of Helen and Prissy till long after the great, tall clock, down stairs, had rung out the midnight hour. At last, toward morning, he fell into an unrefreshing slumber, disturbed by half-fevered fancies. He dreamed, that, in attempting to enter the royal lines, he met Prissy, who stood, with outstretched arms, warning him to desist; that, in spite of this, he persisted; that he was captured, as she had foretold; that he had been tried as a spy, Helen herself, leaning on Mountfort's arm, appearing to give testimony against him; that the executioner was already knocking at his door on the fatal morning. Starting up in bed, at this juncture, with the cold sweat standing in great drops on his forehead, he heard the landlord without, saying, "Six o'clock, sir; you wished to be called at six, you know, sir."

In a moment he had rallied his memory, and, answering "All right," prepared to get up.

An hour after, having first hurt the landlady's feelings again, by leaving her hot buckwheat cakes almost untouched, he had mounted his horse and turned his head southward, in the direction of the capital.

"Lud bless us!" said the landlady, as he rode off; "I wouldn't break my heart, if I was as handsome a gentleman as him, for the finest lady of them all!"

XII. THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Mrs. Martin, the old housekeeper at Murray House, sat, in the dusk of the evening, in her favorite room looking out on the garden. Her knitting lay idle in her lap.

Mrs. Martin was lost in reverie. She was one of those faithful dependants who are becoming rarer with every generation. She had originally been Hector's nurse, from which position she

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had risen to that of housekeeper; hence she knew all the secrets of the family; and as her attachments were strong, her sympathy in their troubles was correspondingly acute. It was the present distracted state of that family, the father and son at variance—the one abroad, the other in the patriot army—of which she was thinking.

Mrs. Martin was not a pleasant woman to look upon. But she was none the less faithful to those she served. Nature, which had denied to her agreeable features, had given her, in requital, a warm, true heart. She was tall, gaunt, and muscular; indeed, almost masculine in her appearance; and as she sat now, in the twilight, her face had an even older look than her years would justify.

She was thinking of Hector. Never having had any children of her own, her entire affections had been centered on him. She had not seen him since that unfortunate day, when he had left his father's house, disinherited. For more than an hour she had been sitting there, listening to the winter winds that moaned in the great hemlocks without, and wondering if this dreadful civil war would ever cease, when, suddenly, she heard a step, and, looking up, beheld a tall figure before her, which, throwing aside its horseman's cloak, revealed the countenance of her master's son.

Her work fell from her lap. In the sad aspect of the face before her, she fancied she beheld the ghost of Hector, come to announce his death. With a suppressed scream she started to her feet.

"Hush!" said Hector, raising his finger, "or you will alarm the house. Surely, you know me, Mrs. Martin?"

The old lady, partially reassured by his voice, and more by this familiar style of address, peered at him through her spectacles, though she still trembled.

"Why," she cried, "it is—is it?—Master Hector!"

"To be sure!" said the latter, advancing and taking her hand. "I believe you thought I was a ghost."

"And glad am I to see you!" answered the housekeeper, joyfully. "But you have come far—you look tired and hungry—what shall I get you to eat?"

"Anything will do. A cup of tea, a few biscuits, a bit of relish, or whatever you are accustomed to take yourself at this hour, and which you can get without exciting suspicion. But first tell me if I can put my horse in the barn without being seen. I left him in the belt of firs till I knew if it was safe to stable him."

"There is nobody about the house but myself and Sally—that's the half-grown girl in the kitchen—and she is always asleep by the fire when I don't have her at work. I suppose there is hay and oats left in the barn."

Hector did not wait to reply. When he returned, the table was set for his supper.

"I have locked the stable," he said, "and brought the key. I shall have to leave the poor beast here till to-morrow night, and shall trust to you to feed and water him secretly."

"I can easily do that, and no one the wiser. But where are you going?" And she spoke in some anxiety. "I thought you had come here to ask about us, and now you talk of going right off. It's on some mad business, I'm afraid, for the army."

"No, it is not; and I do want to hear about you all. What of my father?"

"Poor gentleman! You know, of course, he has gone to Lunnun again. I don't think he was ever rightly himself after you went away. He couldn't, it seemed, settle down to anything. And as for your aunt, she really worried herself sick. Ah! Master Hector, how could you break all our hearts?"

Her auditor sighed as he replied,

"Why did they go to England?"

"Why did they go? Well, to be sure, nobody ever told me why. Your father is a gentleman of few words, and your aunt was silent on this matter, too; but I believe the major couldn't bear the sight of the old place any longer. So, at last, your aunt told me, one day, they were going abroad; and a few weeks after that they went, leaving the house in my charge."

"Do you think my aunt urged him to go?"

"Yes. I know she was afraid, that, if he staid, he would say or do something which would bring him into trouble. There was a good deal of talk about him and Judge Erskine."

"Is Erskine Place shut up?" said Hector, with some embarrassment. "Or do the family spend the winter there?"

"It is shut up. The judge has moved his family into the city. He used to be quite for the king, you know; then, after the Declaration, he leaned to the Americans; but now that the royal general is in Philadelphia, who so loyal but he! There are grand times in town, I hear. All the tory young ladies, and some of the others too, are crazy about the officers; but they do say no one is such a toast as our own Miss Helen, who, however, won't have anything to say to them."

"I hear that Miss Erskine is about to be married," said Hector, affecting unconcern; "which may account for her indifference."

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"Who to?" sharply asked Mrs. Martin.

"A Capt. Mountfort."

"I don't believe it," was the prompt and indignant reply.

"Why not?"

Hector endeavored to speak calmly, but his voice trembled with eagerness.

"Oh! Master Hector," cried the old housekeeper, "forgive me for being so bold; but I see what has brought you here; and if it's any doubt of Miss Helen, don't believe a word of it. It's as much as your life is worth to be seen. The dragoons go by, every day, and often stop. Take an old woman's word for it, and believe in Miss Helen's truth as you'd believe in the Bible. It can't be true—it can't be true!"

"To be frank," said Hector, thinking that he had better make a confidant of Mrs. Martin, "I am here to see Miss Erskine. I must go into the city for that purpose to-night."

"Have you a pass?"

"Of course not. Sir William Howe would not be apt to give a pass to a rebel officer."

"Oh! then don't go, don't go," cried the faithful old servant. "If you are found out, they will hang you. To think that one that I've carried in my arms should die like a common thief."

"There is no danger," replied Hector, cheerfully, "at least none that I fear. You see, my dear Mrs. Martin," he said, rising, "this is a matter of life or death to me. I have the very best authority for believing, that this Capt. Mountfort is a successful suitor for Helen's hand. They met first in New York, and, perhaps, it was there the attachment was formed."

"I don't believe it," stoutly said the old housekeeper again. "Miss Helen used to come over here, every week or two, after she returned from New York; and I never heard her say a word about this captain."

"The very reason," said Hector, with a sad smile, "why the story is probably true. They say, you know, that women never talk of those they love."

"But this is different. Miss Erskine is a gentlewoman; she knew you liked her; and if she had changed her mind, she would find some way to let you know. And what more natural than that she should drop a hint to me about it, thinking that I would be in a way some time to tell you?"

"How could she know you would see me? Nothing was less likely. You, yourself, were so surprised, that you thought I was a ghost."

"And yet, often and often, she has asked me if there was any news from the American army, meaning from you. She would talk about the flowers, and about the major and your aunt, and sigh, and get up to go away, and then, just as she was saying good-by, she'd ask what, I'm sure, was the real question that brought her here. When the news came of a battle, she always stole over here to talk about it. She's no tory, is Miss Helen, even if the judge is; and I could tell why, if I chose. You needn't shake your head. Don't you think we women know each other's ways? Miss Helen's a grand young lady, and I'm only a poor old woman; but I see her heart, for all that; and she's as true to you as if she'd promised it before the parson."

"Have you seen Helen this winter?"

"Not since the family went to town."

"Then she may have changed greatly. I do not myself entirely credit the story I have heard. If I did, I should not be here. But it is a long while since I have seen Miss Erskine, and besides I hear she believes I am dead." And he told of his wound, and of the report that it had been fatal.

"Dear me! dear me!" cried the old lady, "and you were sick all this time, and I knew nothing of it."

"So," continued Hector, "I cannot rest till I have seen her and learned the truth from her own lips. Only let me be sure that there is no truth in this report; and I'll wait for her, and work for her, longer than Jacob waited and worked for Rachel. The war must come to an end, sometime; it will terminate in our favor; and then the judge will be glad, perhaps, to have a suitor for Helen who is on the winning side."

Mrs. Martin sighed. She saw that further expostulation was useless, and had the good sense to forbear. She began quietly to gather up the dishes, but the tears were in her eyes, and they fell fast as she worked.

"Good-by," said Hector, extending his hand. "If I succeed, you will see me to-morrow night: I will knock a double knock at your bed-room window, which, I suppose, is your old one, on the ground-floor back; and if I don't return," here the poor old creature burst into audible sobs, and interrupted him. "If I don't return," he repeated, with a firm voice, "tell Helen, when you see her, that I died with her name upon my lips."

The night was dark, the wind wailed ominously, and wild, threatening clouds hurried across the sky, as Hector emerged from the great hemlock avenue, and took his way toward Philadelphia, on his desperate enterprise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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TACT AND SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"If any one spoke to me, Belle Andrews, as your aunt did to you just now, you would not catch me answering so pleasantly. Anything but a cross old maid! Why don't you answer back with a little spirit once in a while?"

"Would you pour oil on your dress if it caught fire, Milly? Poor aunty must feel a great deal worse than I do when she is in these unhappy moods—I know that; for when I get angry myself, I feel as if I had been sick a week."

"I guess you don't have many such sicknesses. The most provoking thing about you, Belle, is, that you never will get angry."

"If my friends will try and bear with my faults, I may be able to mend in time," said Belle, with a meek bend of her sunny head.

"I should think you had come to a good school to mend the fault I just mentioned. What makes you stay here, any way? Your aunt has no fortune to leave you, and if she had, she would wear your life out twice over before it ever fell into your hands."

"I have no other home," said Belle.

"But isn't there any comparatively comfortable business you might go into? No scrubbing by the day to be got—or washing and ironing? You might even condescend to teach French and music, for a living, in some boarding-school."

"I don't doubt but I could take care of myself, Milly; but that is more than aunt Becky can do—and I promised my father, in his last sickness, that I would never see her suffer if I could prevent it. He remembered her when a young and lovely girl, before her great disappointment and her protracted ill-health had made such a wreck of her. He loved her as his only sister, and, for his sake, I love her too."

"Well, you are a great deal better girl than I am, Belle; and I only hope you may be able to endure the life you have taken on yourself. I must run home now, or she will be wasting some of her eloquence on me." And the gay, petted child of fortune tripped down the grassy path which led to the little green cottage gate.

Milly had not exaggerated the fretfulness of Belle's aunt. When the latter came back to the house, she was welcomed as follows:—

"Well, I am glad if you have got done trapsing round in the grass, in my front yard, with that gal. I don't believe there'll be a spire left that ain't tramped down before I ever get out to see it this summer. Where I am ever to bleach clothes again, I am sure I don't know."

But Belle, with her accustomed tact, busied herself about the room, only remarking, "I wish, indeed, aunt Becky, you could get out to see it; and I mean you shall before long. This fresh, sunny air would do you more good than all your patent medicines put together."

"Yes, I dare say you would like to get me out-of-doors; for you know the least puff of out-door air would be the death of me—and that's what all of you are hoping for every day of your lives. That's what puts you out of conceit of my patent medicines, as you call them; for you know they are all that has kept me alive so long."

"I must read to you, from a new book I have, this afternoon, aunt Becky. It is written by a doctor. He tells about a case just like yours, and I dare say you will be interested in it and understand it a great deal better than I; you have studied so much more about such matters."

"Your doctor is a humbug, I don't doubt," said the old lady, pettishly.

"Well, it's only fair to try them all around," said Belle, smiling. "He is the most sensible one I ever met with, at all events. Besides, he has no axes to grind, no medicines to sell; so one can give him credit for sincerity in what he does say. Now, just let me read this chapter on 'fresh air' to you."

So, sitting down and going about it before her aunt had a chance "to say her nay," she succeeded in getting her quite interested in the wholesome, sensible truths with which the book abounded. Not that the old lady made any such admission, however. She was, in fact, out of humor with Belle for getting the advantage of her and interesting her in spite of herself.

She was vexed because she could not put Belle out of humor. She was accustomed to provoke everybody she had any dealings with; and it seemed quite a matter of course—she

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rather liked it. She had found her match at last; so she doubled her diligence to make an impression on the sunny, stout-hearted Belle.

No one, who has not had experience in such matters, can conceive of the thousand and one little annoyances a woman, disposed, like aunt Becky, to contention, can contrive. Solomon must have been acquainted with some such when he compared her to "a continual dropping in a very rainy day."

But too much sunshine does not answer even for icebergs. A thaw will come, if the warm rays fall day after day upon them. So the iciest heart will find its hard crust giving way before the continued influence of a loving, sunny nature.

Belle was determined to do her aunt good, and bent every energy to that purpose. She looked on the invalid's peevishness as a part of the disease, and felt that to remove that would be to make life once more a blessing to her aunt and others. So she studied the matter quietly, but with all her might. Her good common sense enabled her to form very just conclusions, and qualified her to become the best medical attendant her aunt could have employed.

What a pity our young girls should not regard it as a part of their education, to learn some of the simple principles of good nursing! How little attention it requires to learn how to do up properly a cut finger for your little brother; to give the fretful baby a nice, soothing bath, when mother's hands are too full of other cares to take up her darling; to make a nice round of toast with dropped egg over it, to tempt the appetite of the feeble, trembling grandfather; to administer medicine with care and delicacy; and to arrange neatly and cheerfully the often cheerless sick-room! You cannot live long in the world without coming in contact with sickness in some form, in which, if you only knew how, you might be useful. Every one should regard it a duty to make herself familiar with all these little points, which add so much to the comfort and well-being of those with whom she is associated.

Belle labored on patiently and with good courage. She had something within to sustain her, though her aunt's fretfulness was ever so trying: a heart that rested peacefully on the love of that Saviour, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again." She persisted in her efforts for her physical improvement, and felt it a great point gained when her aunt was worried into an acquiescence with any of her plans. Aunt Becky still complained that "it was a miserable day for her when Belle came to live with her, for she had no more peace than a 'toad under a harrer,' trying so many of her new-fangled notions." Still a neighbor dropping in looked at her with surprise, and remarked she had not seen her complexion so good, nor her eyes so bright for a half-dozen years. When the late roses were in blossom, she had been prevailed on to take a peep at them out-of-doors; and, after a taste of fresh air, she was more easily persuaded next time, until she came to look forward to her little morning walk with more eagerness than she did to her breakfast. There is no medicine like plenty of pure, fresh oxygen. It will soonest repaint the sallow cheek, quicken the feeble footstep, and invigorate the emaciated frame, chasing away the evil moods which settle down, like brooding, black-winged birds, over all that is lovely and joyous in the heart.

The winter was long and trying, and any one but Belle might have been tempted to give up her task in despair. Still she gained some important steps, for aunt Becky was coaxed into taking several short sleigh-rides, and actually took tea one afternoon at good widow Wilson's. That event furnished food for thought and conversation for weeks afterward. It had been years since she had stepped into a neighbor's house. It was a hard winter for the poor, and Belle succeeded in interesting her aunt in several very destitute families, and she actually spent a good many hours in sewing for them. They were the happiest hours she had known in a long time, and with her spirits her health also improved.

There is no surer way of securing happiness for ourselves than in endeavoring to impart it to others. The joy springs, not so much from the results as from the labor. "This is thy portion of all the work which thou takest under the sun."

The next summer, Belle's determination carried the day, and a month was spent by the sea-side. It was wonderful what an effect this change of scene produced on the invalid, who had so long shut herself up in her own little shell, unmindful of all the world beside. Low spirits and a fretful temper feed on solitude. A great scholar and reformer said that when depressed and low-spirited, he "would run out among his pigs, rather than be shut up with himself alone."

Two years of patient labor had gone by, and Belle felt that she had her reward, as she glanced around on the bright-looking cottage home, so changed from the dreary place she

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had entered in that same autumn month two years before. Aunt Becky came in directly, prepared to accompany her to church. Her wrinkled brow wore a softer, kindlier look, which spoke of a heart within, whose doorway had been opened, and whose tender sympathies flowed out to bless the world. Her seat at church was never vacant now, and the various enterprises of practical benevolence found in her a ready helper. Surely Belle's labor had not been in vain. It would have been an easy matter to have met her querulousness with angry words, and to have performed meagrely the common round of a nurse's duties. But Belle's vigorous, judicious course had restored to society a useful life, which would have henceforth been worse than wasted.

How many poor, fretful invalids, who are now a burden to themselves and all about them, might be made once more a blessing in the world, by the exercise of this same tact and kindly sunshine! Only One, who "considereth our frame" and numbers every sigh of suffering, knows how hard it is to "possess the soul in patience" when the body is racked with pain.

And thus, when we reflect on our own shortcomings and His divine forbearance, it should lead us to bear patiently with the repining invalid whose lot has been cast within our sphere; and, as we recall His unnumbered mercies to us, let us put forth every effort in our power to alleviate the sorrows of those on whom He has seen fit to lay His afflicting hand.

THE REST OF THE WAY ALONE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

SLOWLY he passed, from the house of God,
O'er the path that he from youth had trod;
And he sighed, in a sad, grief-laden tone,
"The rest of the way I must go alone!"

He had lived for nearly threescore years,
And one, who had shared his hopes and fears,
To rest 'neath the Summer flowers had gone—
And the rest of the way he must go alone!

He thought of the time long years ago,
When the form, now laid in the church-yard low,
Beside him a fair young bride had gone
From that church that now he must leave alone!

The sunbeams now as brightly glow
As on that morning so long ago;
But the light from his heart and home has gone—
The way is dark—he must go alone!

He lived o'er, in thought, each by-gone year
She had walked beside him to bless and cheer;
And he pined for the gentle, loving tone
Of the silent voice—he was all alone!

Few tears he wept, and few words he said,
When others spake of the loved one dead;
But ever a still small voice made moan
In his aching heart, "Alone! alone!"

And the drops his eyes refused to shed
Fell on his heart like molten lead;
And his form grew bent, and his face was strewn
With lines of grief—he was all alone!

And thick fell the frost upon his brow,
Till his raven locks grew white as snow;
Not long had the weary man to moan,
"The rest of the way I must go alone!"

WE HAVE PARTED.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

WE have parted. But not coldly
Did I breathe the last "Good-by;"
I had meant to speak it boldly,
With a clear, unclouded eye.
I had purposed to deceive him,
When the last adieu was said;
But, alas! when called to leave him,
The tear-drops came instead.

We have parted. Resolution
Wavered, as he took my hand;
Reason, fearing an intrusion,
Fled, unheeding my command;
And the words I had been framing,
On my lips unuttered lay;
For his glance, my coldness shaming,
Tore my mask of pride away.

We have parted. Never, never
Did I dream my feelings, weak,
Would betray what I had ever
Prayed nor tongue nor heart to speak!
That my very soul would tremble,
While my pulse grew strangely still;
And, refusing to dissemble,
Love would triumph over will!

We have parted. Till that hour
Had affection's fullness proved,
Never knew I with what power,
Might, and fervor I had loved!
Proud, and cold, and stern he found me;
He, whom I had loved for years,
Broke the fearful spell that bound me,
Blessed, and left me, bathed in tears.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 252.

CHAPTER VI.

"A DUKEDOM? This is a right royal promise, and one that the young man will keep if he has the power. But there's the rub. Will he ever attain the power? A duke's coronet is a tempting bubble; but then, if one lacks the head on which to wear it—what then?"

In this fashion old Lord Lovat ruminated as he sat alone in his closet with Prince Edward's letter in his hand. The young Prince knew his man when that tempting lure was thrown out. But Lord Lovat understood his value to the Stuart cause far too well for easy terms, even though his notions or predilections went with his line of native kings. Even then he held an independent commission, and the right to drill troops, under the existing government; and even listening to the terms contained in that letter was treason.

Treason! The old lord smiled as the word presented itself to his mind. Both the Hanoverians and Stuarts had branded him with this stigma years before—and was he the worse for it? Nay, had it prevented either party seeking his influence as the most powerful among all the Highland chiefs?

"If one could win this ducal coronet without risking a head for it now!" muttered the old man, eying the chevalier's letter sideways, while a thousand evil thoughts flitted across his face. "If the Master of Lovat would but try a little rebellion here at Dounie, and move the clans despite my authority! Then, if victory follows, I can sanction his act; if not—why, Dounie has its lord still, and the Master of Lovat can be spared; his life is scarcely necessary to a clear succession."

While the old lord was muttering thus to himself, the door opened, and Luke, the hunchbacked dwarf, crept in. Lord Lovat lifted his eyes from the letter, over which he still pondered, and half-smiled upon the intruder.

"Come in, laddie," he said, thrusting the letter into a pocket of his broad-skirted coat. "A Highland chief has no equals; so, when he needs counsel, it must perforce come from inferiors—what the degree is matters little. So troll thyself hither, and answer me a question."

The dwarf chuckled inly, and moved across the floor close to Lord Lovat's throne-like chair. The nobleman's foot rested on a velvet stool; for high living had begun to tell upon him, and, at the moment, his foot was aching in its soft doeskin shoe.

"Nay, if it is a long conference, I must sit down," said Mark, thrusting himself upon the stool, dexterously lifting the foot to his lap and smoothing it with both hands. "Like those letters, these legs are too rickety for my lady."

Now, at another time, or rather by another person, this act might have cost a life and few questions asked, for Simon Fraser was not dainty in such matters; but this dwarf was a privileged character in Dounie Castle, and often took liberties with its proud owner which no son of the house could have ventured upon.

The old lord laughed at this impudence till his stout frame shook in its massive chair, and answered the luring glance lifted to his face with a kindred glance that would have put strange thoughts into the head of a strange observer. The expression in the two faces was so much alike.

"Well," said Luke, soothing the foot with his hands, "when the fox counsels with the fox-cub, rare sport should spring from it. Ask your questions, chief."

"It would answer this impudence better to give thee a toss with my foot, manikin."

"Nay, that might hurt this poor foot; but as for me, I should bound up again, like a tennis ball, and off for the mountains."

Again the old lord laughed.

"I'll be sworn to it; besides, I am not in the mood. Tell me, did Dougal go home with you, last night?"

"Dougal? No. He went home alone, leaping like a roebuck, while I scrambled up the heights as best I could. Oh! it is a rare thing to be straight and comely—a glorious thing to feel the young life burning in your veins like wine leaping forth from a flask!"

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The dwarf grinned, with a dash of malice in his heart, as he said this, and the old noble winced under a sharp consciousness of his own departed youth.

"Did I hurt your foot?" inquired Luke, demurely.

"Have a care, imp!" was the sharp reply.

"Nay, if it comes to that, this fox-cub will earth itself," answered Luke, sliding half from the stool, with his eyes on the door.

"Sit still and answer my questions as I propound them. Did I not ask if you went with the laddie Dougal to his home, yester e'en?"

"Yes, my chief. And I said—ay, but as a lame hound follows a buck."

"Did he say aught of his—of what chanced at the dinner-table?"

"Say aught? He did, I trow, and plumed himself thereon like a goshawk till I grew sick of it!"

"Then he minded the distinction?"

"Ay, did he; scarcely doffing his cap to the Master of Lovat when he passed him on the great stair-case. But then, there was reason in the bent brow and fierce scowl which the master wore."

"Ha! Did my son frown on him?"

"That he did—like a thunder-cloud! I could hear the grinding of his teeth, as they clenched together."

"And Dougal, the boy?"

"Turned red, as if the wine from his chief's cup had been dashed in his face. There he stood, holding his breath till the master passed down the stairs."

"You are a shrewd watcher, Luke."

"Because I am good for nothing else. Those who are forbidden to feel have nothing but to observe and think."

"Where did you gather up such ideas, Luke?"

"Among the books and with the clanspeople."

"Among the old volumes yonder, it may be; but my people are creatures of action and obedience, not thinking animals."

"Still, my chief, they give cause of thought."

"You are a strange creature, Luke."

"I know it. There is not a dog about Dounie which does not remind me of it every day. The hounds fawn on Dougal, and bark at me."

"You have no love for Dougal, then?"

"Love! Who expects that from me?"

"But you can hate?"

"Yes; but not him. I hate the Master of Lovat!"

"And Lord Lovat, perhaps?"

The dwarf lifted his brown eyes and shook the hair back from his forehead. All at once he seized the old lord's hand, kissing it with vehement warmth.

"Not when I am at his feet—not when you look kindly in my face!"

"But sometimes?"

"Yes, sometimes I hate you!"

Again the old lord laughed, and the mellow depth of his mirth contrasted unpleasantly with the rude frankness with which the dwarf had spoken.

"I do believe," said the lord, "I do believe, Luke, you are the only being alive who speaks the truth to me."

"Because I am the only one who has no need to fear you."

"How! You lifted above fear?"

"Because I am sunken beyond hope," answered the dwarf, with a look and tone of such complete despondency, that the old man, who had his moments of human sympathy, was really touched.

"What now, Luke? I thought you were the only contented creature about Dounie, and here you come whining like a hound with a thorn in his ear! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, save that I am nobody and can be nothing. If God had crippled my heart, and withered my brain, when he shriveled up my poor limbs, content might have followed; but what is life and fire here, with this frame to back it?"

Luke pressed a long unshapely hand on his forehead and against his heart as he spoke; then sat shuddering under the pressure, as if indeed some hidden fire struggled within.

The old man looked down upon his dependent earnestly. Himself a man of subtle intellect and strong passions, he could understand, to some extent, the feelings of this strange creature at his feet. To him the great zest and enjoyment of life lay in those physical endowments of which the dwarf was deprived. But he was a man to have won some pleasure out of any condition of life, and, in that creature's place, would have distinguished himself as a savant, a miser, or a crafty politician.

"Tush! tush, boy!" he said, with a glimmer of feeling on his face. "Where God has given a sharp wit, any man should make his way—all the more surely if there is a twist in his body, which shuts out love, and valor, and those things which distract a man from his ambition. See you not it is the man who thinks that conquers the man who strikes, in these days?"

"But of what good is thought, my chief, when it has only mountain hinds to act upon?"

"Of what good? By my faith!—everything!

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Men of power discover true wit wherever it hides itself, and, knowing it more potent than the sword, give it free scope. Even I, at this moment, would give more gold than your long hands could clutch for the right mind to counsel with, and a sharp wit to aid me. But of all my people, and of all my friends, I have no one."

"The Master of Lovat?" suggested the dwarf.

The old man laughed.

"And the heir of Lovat! Not with him shall I counsel."

"Perhaps——" faltered the dwarf.

"Well, what is it? Speak out, manikin! The bitter light in that face pleases me. But why afraid of speech all at once?"

"Perhaps I might aid you."

"I was thinking of that when you came in, Luke. But I want a man who can guess at my thought, and act upon it without words; none of your rash, courageous, honorable men who question motives and cavil at straws!"

"I can guess at your thoughts, and do not cavil at straws."

"You will give a proof."

"You are in doubt whether to risk everything on this dukedom, or wait till Prince Charles Edward gives some proof of his prowess by gaining a foothold in the country."

The old lord's eyes expanded, and the color faded from his cheeks.

"How know ye of this, lad?"

"You required one who could guess at your thought. Have I done it?"

"And what more do you guess?"

"That Lord Lovat has two ideas. One is to wait here; evade and keep off a decision; giving hope, but no promise; watching how many and how powerful are his friends, till Charles Edward has taken the field; then, after a victory, sweep the great force of the Frasers into his camp, making success sure."

"Boy! boy! this is sharp wit! Go on!" cried the old man, eagerly.

"On the other hand: if this cannot be done—if the Prince should rebel at delay, and make prompt action the price of this dukedom—the Master of Lovat, in his impotent patriotism, might raise the clans——"

"Ha! have you that thought, too? Go on!"

"And, failing of success, pay the penalty of a double treason—first, against his father's authority; then, against the government at London."

"And leave the title and estate without heir. You forget, boy, that I am an old man."

Luke sat a moment, looking thoughtfully on the ground. There was a sly expression in his eyes, as if he kept some thought back and chuckled over it.

"Nay, that were a calamity which the father, being loyal and himself aggrieved, might avert!"

Lord Lovat eyed him, as he spoke, with a sharp, questioning look.

"And how came you in possession of this knowledge? Who informed you of the chevalier's arrival? Mark me, laddie; there is danger in state secrets."

"I know it, my chief—and power too."

"What?"

"The power to aid those to whom allegiance is due," interrupted the dwarf, quickly.

"That is better said," was the cold reply. "Now, mark me, manikin. I will not question you further; but remember, he who possesses himself of another man's secret steals a serpent that may, at any time, sting him to death, but which he can never throw away. Be careful how you deal with this."

"I am careful, my chief," answered the dwarf, humbly.

"And now, of these two ideas, which, in your grave judgment, is the safest and surest?"

There was a jeer in this question which the dwarf felt; but he answered, promptly,

"The surest is that which leaves the Master of Lovat free to act out his will with the clans. If he fails, the treason was his; if he wins, the clans and munitions of war were yours, as lord of the Frasers."

"Shrewdly put. But, with the chevalier's emissary here, and the master in council with him under my own roof—how is this to be brought about?"

"The house in Edinburgh is empty."

"My own thought, laddie."

"And Mistress Kate Fraser has never yet seen Holyrood. It would be difficult giving a reason for going after the Prince enters the city, but nothing if he finds Lord Lovat there."

"This is sharp wisdom, by my faith! Laddie, I marvel where you got it! Not among these huge tomes, I trow; nor yet with those modern fellows that beset the court at London like swallows in the summer, calling themselves poets, forsooth! as if rhyming were fit work for a man!"

"It might do for me, then!" said the dwarf, with a lonely smile.

"No, no! We will make something better than a poet of you. Shrewd sense were thrown away else. Stay; there is a knock at the door—go open it."

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Luke went to the door, opened it, and stood back, while Macdonald and the Master of Lovat passed through; then he glided away and was lost in a nook of the library.

The interview was long and unsatisfactory between those three men, who were soon in close conversation in the room which Luke had left. There was no need for him to listen now; for he was well convinced of the course Lord Lovat would pursue. So he sat quietly in the window nook before spoken of, bending over a huge volume with seeming absorption, but keenly on the alert for any sound that might come from the chief's cabinet. High words did ensue at last, and Luke smiled grimly as the stormy voice of the Master of Lovat swept by him.

"Let us act at once, or refuse at once," he said; "this is no time for temporizing. Our Prince is on the soil. One united blow—and he wins back his father's rights. Hesitation is ruin now!"

What the old lord answered was beyond the dwarf's hearing; but a confusion of voices followed, and then the two younger men came forth, with hot-red upon their foreheads, and disappointment in their eyes. Old Lovat came to the door and called his son back, and, as Clanranald's haughty footsteps sounded from the ante-room, into which he had advanced, the father drew close to his son.

"Do not let him go off in this white heat," he said. "I do not refuse. Only, boy, can you not see I am an old man and no soldier? At the best, what should I do at the head of battalions?"

"But each clan of the Frasers has a brave kinsman at its head!" was the impatient reply.

"Yes, yes; if they would only dash into this matter without troubling me in my old age."

"Ha!" exclaimed the master. "Did I hear aright?"

"What can an old rover like me do in battle? If I had this height and breadth of chest now," he continued, patting the younger Fraser on the breast with his white hand, "every pipe in the clan should be sounded before nightfall!"

"Father! do I understand you?"

"Aye, laddie; or you are a dullard."

"And I have your permission to call out the Frasers—to lead them in your place?"

The old man's neck seemed more awry than ever, as his head was bent toward his son.

"I permit nothing, but forgive everything! Can you comprehend that?"

Again the white hand was patted against that broad chest, and the bent head nodded three or four times, confirming the crafty words.

The younger Fraser was thoughtful a moment; then his face caught fire, and, seizing his father's hand, he wrung it warmly.

"Yes, I do comprehend!"

"And you are not afraid to brave the old man?"

"Afraid! That is a word the Frasers have to learn!"

"Yes, I know we are all brave—each in his own way. But remember I refused before that man of the Isles."

"You have atoned for it now."

"Well, so as we understand each other all is easy. But say nothing, do nothing as yet. In a day or two I shall take Mistress Kate and move with the servants to my house in Edinburgh. Till I am gone be patient and keep our guest with fair words——"

The library door opened as the old lord spoke, and a servant appeared.

"My lord, a messenger from Edinburgh brings this."

The man held out a piece of folded vellum ponderously folded. Lord Lovat took it and began to read. A sneer crept over his lips as his eyes traveled down the page, and he ended with a sarcastic laugh.

"The government men at Edinburgh are disturbed already. They withdraw my commission to drill troops after this curt fashion. The dolts!"

The master took the parchment and read it with interest. It pleased him that this slight from the government should have come at a moment so important for his wishes.

"This gives me good reason for going to Edinburgh," chuckled the old man. Then, turning to the servant, he added, "Give the messenger a full trencher and plenty of ale; then send him back to his masters with word that Lord Lovat will answer their courteous message by one of his own people."

The servant went out, and directly after him the Master of Lovat, satisfied in his wishes and yet with that unrest in his heart which springs from moral distaste of the means used to accomplish a right object. The truth is, he saw deeper into Lord Lovat's motives than was compatible with the respect which a son should feel for his father.

When the old man was left alone, the dwarf came from his nook in the window and crept into sight.

"You here?" exclaimed the old man, sharply. "Eaves-dropping, ha!"

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"Nay, my chief. I heard nothing, having a defect in the ear which forbids it gathering up what my chief wishes untold."

"It is well; else I might have ordered the ear cropped from that ugly head!" replied the lord, with repulsive jealousy. "Come hither to my closet, as you are perforce somewhat in my council. The mishap must be turned to use."

The dwarf followed his lord, who sat down at his table and wrote a letter, with great care and thoughtfulness. After folding the letter, which he addressed to Duncan Forbes, Edinburgh, he turned to the dwarf.

"Luke, this is a dainty mission, and the letter in my hand depends more upon the report of its messenger than on its own contents."

The dwarf stood in silence, with his keen eyes reading the old man's face.

"My position is a painful one. Truly loyal to the reigning house myself—as you can say——"

Luke stood immovable, his eyes shining a little more brightly, but with no movement of the features.

"I would gladly bring all my people to aid the government," continued the old man, "against this foul rebellion, but for the sharp pain in my side and infirmity of the limbs, which forbids me to take the field; and, now mark me, laddie! I dare not trust the Master of Lovat, or others of my kinsmen, in this warfare, as they are all rebels at heart, and ready to resist my authority in favor of this Prince. Still I would have him understand, that some of my next of kin are loyal gentlemen, and we lack only arms to keep the clan true to the government; but, wanting them, must take our chance. A thousand stand of arms are needful. I have written this in the letter. But the Lord Advocate is cautious as a fox and may not send them; but the arms must be forthcoming. The man to whom this mission goes will question my messenger, I doubt not, and a blunderer would make mischief. You are no blunderer."

The dwarf smiled till his eyes shone like those of a Newfoundland dog when he is praised.

"Is the duty for me? Am I to bear that letter, my chief?"

"It was for this I summoned you, laddie. Take two of the men and pass on straight to Edinburgh. Say nothing of my coming; in fact, it may be that I shall not remove from Dounie till this question about the arms is settled. The news of this morning changes my plans somewhat."

"The main question is this thousand stand of arms, with which the Lord of Lovat can make himself doubly powerful on either side."

The old man bent his head on one side, and looked at the dwarf through his half-shut eyes.

"With which he can save his clan from following the next heir in open revolt. It is the mutinous dispositions of my people which you are to dwell upon—the refractory Jacobitism of my son and heir."

"I will take this letter and do your bidding, my chief; but——"

"Well, what means the 'but?'" said the old man, impatiently.

"I have a half-brother——"

"Dougal! What of him?"

"If the Frasers go to battle, let him have a command. His heart is burning to wield a sword and prove himself a gentleman."

"Indeed! The wine I gave him, yesterday, has heated his brain. Did he urge you on to make this request?"

"No, my chief; it is my own thought."

"Well, let it be the reward. If you are faithful and shrewd in this delicate business, the young sparrow-hawk shall have a chance to ruffle his feathers with the proudest of 'em."

With this promise the old lord delivered his letter into the dwarf's hands, gave orders for an escort to be made ready, and dismissed him.

The strange creature neither returned home, nor made other preparations than that of borrowing a plaid from some person in the castle before he started for Edinburgh. Nor did he speak to any person of his mission, but disappeared almost without notice or comment.

Scarcely had he left the castle, when the Master of Lovat and Macdonald of Clanranald rode from the court, followed by a band of retainers more numerous than had followed the heir of Dounie for many a day. The old lord had escorted them to the portal, and, in taking leave, said, with a crafty smile upon his lips,

"Bear my homage to the Prince; but tell him, just for the present, being ill and infirm, I can give him nothing but my prayers."

Clanranald received the message a little haughtily; his honorable nature could not endure the double dealing of this selfish old man.

As Clanranald looked back on the castle, the casement of Katharine Fraser's room was softly opened, and a fair hand waved her adieus to the departing guest.

CHAPTER VII.

The Highlands of Scotland were in a blaze of excitement from strong-hold to strong-hold, the

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news flew like wild fire that Prince Charles had landed and was about to take up arms in behalf of his father. Then came the startling intelligence that he was upon the main land, that Clanranald, Lochiel, and many powerful chiefs had joined him, and that he was penetrating into the heart of the country.

Clanranald had performed his mission well in the west. The glow of his enthusiasm spread from heart to heart, as he eloquently pleaded the cause of a Prince, who had so fearlessly cast himself on the great heart of a nation proverbial for faith to its kings. In every stronghold whose portal his foot passed, he left some warm friend to the Stuart cause and a chill to the Hanoverian interest. But deeds were acting rapidly in that eventful month of July, and the young chief was not a man to devote himself to peaceful negotiations when hard blows were to be dealt in behalf of what he considered a just cause. Joined by many a doughty chief, each at the head of a clan more or less potent, he swept down from the west, knowing well that his own people, led on by his brave kinsmen, would be found at the right hand of their Prince.

The Vale of Glenfinnan Prince Charles had appointed as a rendezvous for the clans which were now ready to flock to his standard.

Deep in this romantic glen stood a shepherd's hut abandoned by its owners, and here Charles Edward sat, alone, on the nineteenth of August, waiting for those forces upon which his fate depended.

Many a sad and many a hopeful thought passed through his mind, as he waited in that lonely solitude, with nothing but the sough of the winds and the singing of the mountain torrents to disturb his meditations. Rugged mountains towered all around him. In the distance, on either hand, came the gleam of a lovely loch, that choked up each end of the valley with diamond brightness. The sun shone pleasantly on all things; but the reaction from continued excitement to profound stillness lay heavily on the Prince; the very sighing of the wind and waters fell upon his ear like a dirge.

Charles sat on the threshold of the hut. An hour crept by—another, and no one came. A sense of sickening impatience fell upon him, the bright hopes of the last month seemed melting around him like the mists of a dream.

All at once, upon the brow of an opposite mountain, he saw a Highland clan winding itself downward like a huge serpent, here revealing its gorgeous folds, there burying itself in the dusky foliage. Then came the shrill cry of bagpipes. It was Lochiel with his Camerons, who came toward the Prince three men deep, and among them a band of prisoners, the first fruits of Highland prowess in the field, unarmed, and marching dejectedly between the two lines.

Prince Charles arose to receive this imposing body of men; like them, he was clad in the Highland costume. The Stuart plaid, with its deep rich colors, had been loosened and fell back from his person to the ground, giving his person the imposing effect which drapery always conveys. A bugle richly mounted—the gift of Lady Clanranald—hung at his right side; on the left was his great basket-hilted sword, whose scabbard rattled upon the earth as he moved. When the Camerons saw their Prince in the national costume, they set up a shout that made the hills echo again.

In this moment of enthusiasm, old Tullibardine, to whom the right belonged, unfurled the Stuart colors and flung them to the wind. With a soldier on each side the flag-staff, the old noble held the banner firmly till a manifesto of King James was read aloud, proclaiming his son Regent and authorizing all his acts.

Then the young Prince stood forward under the silken folds of white, red, and blue—glorious colors in every age—and addressed those wild men. With hearts full of enthusiasm and eyes on fire they listened, understanding little, but feeling only as such wild, true hearts can feel, when the spirit of loyalty kindles into enthusiasm.

As a gust of wind took the banner, unfolding it as a gorgeous cloud bursts upon the sky, an answering shout came from the mountains beyond, and that moment the Clanranalds, headed by old Macdonald of Boisdale, came winding down the steeps, answering those who rejoiced under the flag shout for shout, and the bagpipes shriek for shriek, till the beautiful vale resounded with war clamor.

Just as the Clanranalds came in sight, a boat was launched on the loch, which slept under the mountain they were treading. Two men leaped into it, and, seating themselves, were borne swiftly across the waters; then, winding along the shore, following the boat, appeared other armed men, Frasers, kindling up the banks with the red, green, and blue of their tartans; Macleods, who had braved their chief, and followed a lesser kinsman to the fight; the Glengarrys and fragments of other clans, who caught sight of the colors sweeping between them and the sky; and then voices, ringing over the waters, met those coming out from the

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mountains, and rose together in one wild national jubilee.

It was Clanranald and the Master of Lovat who sprang out of the boat and came eagerly toward the Prince. He recognized the young man, and his blue eyes kindled at his approach.

"You see how our cause thrives," he said, looking round on the band of chieftains that surrounded him. "Was I right in trusting to the generosity of such men? But how fared our cause with the Lord Lovat? Lochiel here insists that he saw the Fraser tartan on the banks of the lake; but I was afraid to believe anything so pleasant."

"Here is the Master of Lovat, who has brought the bravest of his father's clan with him, my Prince. From the old lord I have something for your private consideration."

"Welcome to Glenfinnan, for that is the only part of our father's kingdom on which we have a sure hold as yet," said the Prince, pointing to the rock upon which the flag-staff was planted; "this is a day which no Stuart will ever forget!"

"Nor any Highlander, either," said Fraser, with generous enthusiasm. "If I come with less than the whole force of my father's clan, it is not from lack of heart in this just cause."

The smile with which Charles Edward received this homage, might have rewarded a more exacting man than this brave Master of Lovat for all the anxiety he had passed through.

That night the Prince occupied the shepherd's hut, in which he had waited the gathering of his forces. Around that hut, wrapped in their plaids and sleeping on the bare earth, the chiefs sought a profound repose. Beyond them, crouching among the rocks or half-buried in the purple heather, the little army of seventeen hundred men surrounded the standard with their sleeping bodies. On this scene the midnight moon looked down, turning the dew upon the heather into mist, and veiling those rugged, upturned faces from the stars that looked down upon the valley tranquilly, as they always look upon scenes of earthly strife.

In the distance, on either hand, a beautiful loch which buried the stars in its bosom, and broke up the moonlight into rifts and ridges of diamonds, gave motion and life to a scene otherwise too solemnly still—for the mountains flung their black shadows half-across the valley lying there like a vast funereal pall, which some invisible power was dragging each moment nearer and nearer to the sleepers.

For a time they slumbered in the moonlight till the gray mists first crept over them, and then the monster shadows wrapping the whole host as in volumes of black drapery. While the whole valley lay thus wrapped in profound silence, a boat shot across the lesser loch, urged by a single oar, and a young man, whose handsome face was clearly revealed by the moonlight, stepped on shore. He saw the royal standard fluttering in front of the hut where Prince Charles slept, and, guiding himself by it, stole softly along the outskirts of the sleeping host, till he came to a shallow ravine upon whose soft turf the Frasers were encamped.

The youth looked sadly around upon the stalwart sleepers, as if measuring their proportions with his own slender frame, and, with a deep sigh, sunk down by one of the oldest clansmen, where he lay wakefully till morning.

Solemnly and still the night passed. When the morning burst upon the valley it was heaven-like in its beauty; the waters laughed in the rosy sunshine; the shadows, which had been dense and inky at night, had changed their places and took a soft glowing purple from the heather; the mists turned to floating wreaths, covering the mountains and tumbling down the ravines like summer clouds dropped softly from the sky.

Amid all this warmth and beauty, the forces of Prince Charles prepared to march through the mountain passes on their way to Stirling and Edinburgh. All was exhilaration. Each clan flung its banner in the air; the bagpipes shrieked out their most warlike cries. The chiefs—still on foot, for no horse could pass the mountains that hedged in Glenfinnan—mustered their clans and passed them in review before their princely young leader, who stood with his bonnet off, in the shadows of his standard, cheering his followers with the bright enthusiasm of his face, and the hopefulness in his well-chosen encomiums.

As the Master of Lovat was mustering his forces in order to fall in after the Clanranalds, a young man came out from the ranks and stood before him, with his eyes downcast and a flush on his forehead.

A frown swept over Fraser's face, and he made a movement of repulsion with his hand.

"Do not frown upon me," said the boy, lifting his velvety eyes to the stern face of his leader. "When the Frasers move to battle, I at least may ask a place in the ranks."

There was something at once so humble and so proud in the boy's address, that Fraser's heart was touched through all its prejudices.

"Nay," he said, more gently than his looks had promised, "I did not know that you were here; there was no enrollment of your name."

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"I know it," said the boy; "no one would take me. Lord Lovat forbade me to move; my mother would not consent; but caged hawks grow desperate. I broke loose from them all and followed the clan from a distance, creeping in among them after dark as if I wished to steal the arms I only ask to use. Oh! my master, you will not send me back again!"

The pleading of those dark eyes, when the uplifted lashes, thick and curling, let out all their earnest fire, no man could have resisted—much less the Master of Lovat, whose very faults were chivalric.

"Nay! Heaven forefend that I refuse any loyal man, young or old, in this noble fight; but not in the ranks, young sir. These are times when brave men earn their spurs, and yours shall not be won among common hinds. Take your place as my page, boy, and may God so deal with me as I am just to you."

Dougal fell upon his knees, and, gathering a handful of soil, laid it at Fraser's feet. "May this cover me if I prove not faithful and true—if I ever turn my face from the enemy or my back on a Fraser."

Tears burned like diamonds in the boy's eyes; his lips quivered with suppressed gratitude. He seemed ready to throw himself at the master's feet and worship him.

"Nay," said Fraser, stretching forth his hand, "it is but a small boon that of earning a right to die for one's king; so stand up, young sir, and, if in former times I have done you less than justice, it shall be atoned for. See, yonder stands the Prince, he shall know that the Frasers have a new cadet ready to die for him."

Gratitude choked the boy's speech; the tears that had sparkled in his eyes flashed over the crimson of his cheeks. He girded the tartan across his chest with energy, as if the action gave relief to his panting heart. At last his voice broke forth,

"Yes, I would die with joy for him, with double joy for you; only give me a sword and the enemy!"

The Master of Lovat unbuckled his own sword and gave it to the boy—for his generous heart knew no restraint when aroused thus.

"It has never been drawn in an unjust cause," he said, impressively; "in this behalf it can but grow brighter in your young hands."

"It shall not rust here!" exclaimed the boy, buckling the sword to his slender waist, and arranging the plaid over it with his eager hands. "Oh! my master, you have this day made me the happiest creature alive!"

During this conversation, the Frasers had formed in double line, their pipes struck up one of those stirring airs that Scotland has sent down to us as the pleasantest portion of her history, and all individual feeling was lost in a general movement of the little army.

On the thirteenth of September, less than a month after Prince Charles had raised his standard at Glenfinnan, the city of Edinburgh was in a state of wild commotion. While Sir John Cope was marching a small force of regulars into the heart of the Highlands, in a wild chase after the rebels, Charles, perched upon the heights of Corryarrak, had watched him go by, and, taking advantage of the unprotected state in which this movement left the South, had made a triumphant march through Perth and Stirling on his way to Edinburgh, while Cope was still wandering with his men in the mountains the revolting Highlanders had just left.

On this thirteenth day of September came news: first, that Charles was at Linlithgow, with sixteen thousand men, and, directly after that, at Corstorphine, not more than three miles from the city gates. Never was a town so stricken with consternation! A handful of men alone kept the castle, and not one was to be spared to protect the town. The Lord Provost and his council were in the depths of tribulation at Guild Hall. Volunteers were gathering pell-mell in the market places, clamoring for arms which they had no heart to use, and expecting every moment to hear the thunders of the rebel cannon. Men rushed distractedly from the castle to the market places, and from thence through the streets, leaving tumult and terror wherever they went.

This state of commotion lasted all day and night, carrying its tumult into the Sabbath, and haunting the people with fears to the very church doors.

While the young men flocked to the Lawnmarket, the old men, women, and children gathered in the churches, uttering their prayers far more earnestly than the volunteers seemed disposed to fight.

Affairs were in this wild state, when a carriage, drawn by four horses, came slowly down one of the principal streets and stopped at one of those curious old mansions broken up with gables and ponderous balconies, which give an air of quaint antiquity to the most ancient portions of Edinburgh to this day. The ponderous vehicle stopped, with a jar, before the entrance of this dwelling; the door opened, after some difficulty, and a young lady stepped forth, arrayed after the elaborate fashion of the period,

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and so beautiful in her person, that the wayfarers forgot their fears of the rebels and paused in the street to gaze upon her.

Katharine Fraser—for it was Lord Lovat's carriage we have been describing—gave one curious glance at the crowd moving up and down in the street, and, drawing the mantle of gay silk around her, walked up the steps and entered the door, which had been promptly opened in answer to the heavy blows which Lord Lovat's footman had dealt on the ponderous knocker.

Katharine, all unconscious of the gaze of admiration which followed her from the crowd, passed up the dim passage of the house and was about to enter a side-door, when another fair girl of about her own age, but with a lighter and less thoughtful style of beauty, came eagerly down the oaken stair-case, and, throwing her arms around her visitor, kissed her again and again with a warmth of affection that made the heart thrill in Kate Fraser's bosom.

"Flora!"

"Kate!"

With these endearing names the two girls looked into each other's eyes, and fell into fresh caresses, disappearing up the stairs with their arms interlinked, and breathing quickly from the joy of meeting again.

"Come this way," said Flora Macdonald, opening the door of her bed-chamber. "Take off that mantelet and let me look at you in full before we present ourselves before the Lady Clanranald and her dainty mother."

"This is kind!" answered Kate, throwing aside her light over-garment and revealing the dress of purple silk, low at the neck and with voluminous skirt, which, from contrast, gave her arms and neck the satiny whiteness of a lily. "There, Flora, shall I shame you?"

Flora Macdonald looked at her friend and former school-mate with a glow of pride. A fall of exquisite old lace saved the deep color of her dress from a strong contrast with her complexion, and fell in gossamer delicacy over her arms. The hair, turned back from her forehead, half in ringlets, half in waves, gave picturesque beauty to a face that the heart of a poet would have worshiped at first sight.

"Shall I shame you?" repeated the high-born girl, blushing at the admiration so evident in her friend's face.

Flora laughed, but would not give voice to the praise that spoke in her features.

"One moment," she said, darting to a balcony over which some rich shrubbery from a spacious garden had clambered; "let me test which is brightest, the roses on this cheek or these."

Leaning through the open lattice, she gathered a handful of damask-roses—so recently in the bud that the hearts were yet crimson—and, forming a graceful cluster, fastened them on her friend's bosom. Then, entangling one of the freshest and brightest with the waves of hair over her right temple, she stepped back, dropped her clasped hands before her, and admired her own work as young artists love to gaze on the completion of a picture.

Kate blushed, guiltily, enhancing the loveliness she would gladly have disclaimed.

"Now tell me," she said, making a transparent effort to find some new subject of attention for her friend, "what is the reason of all this tumult in the street?"

"Why, have you no guess?" inquired the other, in astonishment. "I thought you had come hither to see them enter the town?"

"Them! Who?"

"Why, the Prince—our true Prince! He slept in Linlithgow last night, and his next rest, with God's good help, will be in the good city of Edinburgh."

"Flora, are you jesting with me? We did but reach town early this morning, and came mostly by water, as you know; but we heard nothing of this. When we left Dounie, the rumor was that Cope was searching for the Prince in the Highlands. Then, this is the cause of so many people appearing in the streets?"

"Yes, yes, Cope has been there; and a pretty wild-goose-chase they have given him! But, while he went traveling northward, at his leisure, the Prince, inspired by the spirit of his royal race, has taken the strong-holds in his way, and now thunders at the very gates of Edinburgh!"

Flora clasped her hand with a thrill of beautiful joy.

"Oh, Flora! my father is with him!"

"And many a brave kinsman of my own," said Flora, proudly. "It was to see her son, my brave cousin of Clanranald, that my lady, his mother, came to the city; but what is that? Some fresh tumult in the street?"

"Nay, it is the provost in his coach going to Guild Hall, where he holds council. I wonder if there is anything new?"

Flora ran to the lattice.

"It is only a body of the City Guards marching down to the Lawnmarket. Let them go, poor wretches! what are they matched against our brave Highlanders? Come now, Kate, we

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must descend to my lady's room; she will wonder what keeps us."

"One moment," answered Katharine, breathless, and crimsoning to the temples. "Is this lady—your aunt, I mean—the mother of Macdonald of Clanranald, the gentleman who visited my grandfather a few weeks since?"

"Dear Kate, I know nothing of his visiting Dounie, nor any other place in particular; but this lady is his mother, and he is her only son; but what troubles you so? Has the close approach of Prince Charley frightened the color from your face after this fashion?"

"No, no; I am only taken by surprise. My grandfather knows nothing of this, I am sure."

"As if he would tell you if he did!" exclaimed Flora, laughing. "These proud old lords, Kate, even hold us womankind at naught. But come away, we have kept my aunt waiting already."

The roses had all fled from Katharine's cheek, leaving it the paler from a contrast with those that flushed in her hair and on her bosom. She could not, perhaps, have told herself why it was that her limbs began to tremble, and her courage failed after the startling news given by her friend. It was not that she feared the thunder of cannon, or the tramp of war steeds; much less did she shrink from meeting her father in his proper place at the head of the Frasers. All these things would have only served to kindle the native enthusiasm in her bosom. The dream of her life had been to see this young Stuart Prince in his ancestral palace of Holyrood; why then did she tremble and long to run away, when informed of his approach, with so many brave chiefs in his train? Why was it that everything grew hazy and indistinct before her, as she followed Flora down the great oaken stair-case, and into a fine old room wainscoted with black oak, and with the low ceiling enriched with a gilded cornice, which glittered in her sight like flashes of fire?

What a queenly woman it was who arose from her seat in the window and came toward her, smiling as only a grand-hearted woman, used to power from her birth, can smile! How like that face was to the one she hardly dared remember in that presence! How grandly she became the old room with its massive furniture and gorgeous old hangings! Kate was used to these things, but they had never seemed so imposing to her as now. But as her hand was clasped, and while a rich voice welcomed her, a fire bell smote on the air, and, with a joyous start, Lady Clanranald grasped the hand she had taken, while a little old woman started out from behind the drapery of a window and cried out,

"He has come—he is here! The king shall have his own again!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE UPRISING.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THROUGH town and city, over hill and plain,
Stirring the peaceful rivers to a flood,
And striking terror to a thousand hearts,
The battle-cry has sounded loud for blood!

Indignant manhood hastens to the strife,
Drops peaceful weapons, girds his armor on;
And, filled with ardor, youthful blood leaps up
And dares to do what patriots have done.

Here a brave, Spartan mother, full of pride
Sees her dear jewels from her home depart;
Closes her eyes to issues that may come,
And writes a tearful record on her heart.

Along the shore, deep in each inland nook,
From rock to crag, the startling echo flies;
Weak hands are nerved to noble deeds, and prayers
Ascend to Him who rules man's destinies.

The cloud increases: day by day the roll
Of distant thunder gathers on the ear,
Strange visions haunt the slumb'rous hours of night,
And stout hearts quail—that never knew a fear.

Sweet ties are sundered, brightest hopes o'ercast,
Joy lurks in shadow, pleasure is a pall;
Blessings, words cannot compass, cause but pain;
War's desolation makes a wreck of all.

'Mid rattling volleys, and the clash of steel,
Thick blinding smoke, and imprecations dire,
Brave hearts, to God, their country, manhood true,
Strike for the right, and for the right expire.

There on the ensanguined field, their precious blood
Mingles with soil by trait'rous deeds accursed;
Sad, waiting hearts anticipate the blow,
They need no tongue to tell, the brave die first.

So Greble fell! A noble, valiant youth;
One of God's soldiers; faithful to the close
Of that rare life—which grace had so imbued,
Whose spirit's flight ensured a saint's repose.

Sweet consolation, pour thy healing balm
On hearts that sorrow o'er a sundered tie;
Death crowned the hero on the battle-field!
Earth held but few who were so fit to die.

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MY AUNT'S FRIEND.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

My aunt Tabitha was seized with a sudden fever to pass a long summer in the country. I was greatly pleased at her proposal, and as much astonished, for, always before, Tabby had professed a horror of rural pleasures, and could never be tempted farther than some atrocious watering-place.

But this time she desired actually to go into the country; nothing less than taking a cottage far beyond all city sights and sounds would at all satisfy her. I demurred at first, fearful that if I grasped too eagerly at her offer, Tabby's mood might undergo one of those unexpected changes to which the feminine mind is liable. Of course my opposition roused her to a pitch of frenzy, and I only consented in time to escape a serious fit of hysterics.

"Have you decided upon any place?" I asked.

"No," said she, and, by the very tone of her voice, I knew that she had fixed upon a certain spot, and no power could induce her to go in any other direction.

I named several places that would be pleasant, but she turned up her nose at one, sniffed disdainfully at another, and rejected all with scorn.

"You are always raving about the Berkshire Hills," said she; "but, of course, you won't go there because I had made up my mind that was the very region to please you."

The clue to the whole mystery flashed upon me at once! In the heart of these hills was a little village much frequented by sportsmen and the followers of Izaak Walton; and several bachelors of my acquaintance were going to pass the summer there. Tab's amiability toward my weakness was accounted for. One of her annual insanities had come upon her—she must be carried safely through the crisis!

Old as she was, once every year Tabby had a marrying mania take possession of her; this time it appeared as a sort of spring fever, but I was not alarmed, for I knew that it would only cause me a temporary discomfort; and once over, she would settle down quiet as a wood pigeon after the mating season has passed.

"You need relaxation," said Tab, affectionately; "you hate a hotel, so you shall have the comforts of a home."

Wise Tab! She had often heard my friends complain of the village inn, and she knew that nothing would be so likely to attract stray bachelors as a comfortable parlor and a well-spread table.

I knew that I should, at least, be certain of capital dinners while Tab was in that mood, and, if she chose to make herself ridiculous, I really could not help it; besides, I had grown so accustomed to her follies, during similar aberrations of mind, that nothing she could do would be likely, in the least, to surprise or trouble me. According to Tabby's account, all the folly was on my side and the endurance upon hers. She said she had inherited a valuable stock from her grandmother; indeed the quality was a sort of mental heir-loom among the females of our family, and she seemed to have received an unusual allowance; and well for her she declared that she had been thus favored, or my errors and short-comings would have finished her long before.

I let the matter rest; only a madman would have tried to convince aunt Tab; and I bore suspicion and innuendoes, when she was in one of her querulous moods, as patiently as I did one of the affectionate spasms which seized her at intervals.

But the beatific state of mind in which she was plunged, during the preparations for that journey, was unparalleled in my experience. I do not think she threatened me with hysterics more than three times during a whole week, and even took a little teazing with very good grace.

I made a journey to Forest Hill, and was fortunate enough to secure a furnished cottage for the summer, that a fanciful widow chose to desert at the very season when it was most pleasant. Tab was radiant when I went back to town with my intelligence, and declared that she could be ready to start in exactly a week.

I knew that generally, in such cases, Tab's week meant a month; but I found means to make her tolerably punctual for once, by casually mentioning that an old admirer of hers was at Forest Hill, and woefully beset by a marriageable young lady. I saw by the expression of Tab's face that nothing short of the day of judgment's unexpected arrival would detain her beyond the appointed time.

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What a week that was! Dress-makers crowded the house, turned my room into pandemonium; and, in less than three days, my sight was so dazzled by gown patterns, that I saw rainbows wherever I turned, and had a perpetual clicking in my ears, as if I had been a large-sized pair of shears kept in constant use.

Unfortunately I made that remark to Tabby, rather inclined to believe I was saying a good thing; it was nearer producing a difficulty than any other occurrence of the week; but, as good luck would have it, a marvelous shawl, that I had ordered for her the day before, came home just as she was throwing up her eyes and gasping for breath; and, in her delight at my unexpected thoughtfulness, she either forgave or forgot my attempted witticism.

The day of our departure came at last, and greatly did I congratulate myself that it had not been prolonged, else I should certainly have been obliged to charter a steamboat to have carried all the luggage Tab would have contrived to get together. As it was, the number and magnitude of her trunks rivalled those of the immortal Flora McFlimsey, and the name of the boxes and bundles was legion.

The small preparations—things meant to be useful on the journey—were what I most dreaded. Notwithstanding that we should get a capital supper on the boat, a fine breakfast at the mountain hotel, to both of which meals Tab would do ample justice, she persisted in carrying a store of provisions, that would have satisfied a reasonable regiment for a week.

"Who knows what may happen?" demanded she. "We may be wrecked, or the hotels may be closed, or a thousand accidents may befall us."

It was useless to say that being wrecked or cast away on the Hudson was not a probable circumstance, useless to do anything but take the best care possible of Tabby's stores—I have hated hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches ever since!

The trip up the river was very pleasant, the journey by stage-coach was endurable for a time; then several females, armed with innumerable little squalling machines, which they had the impertinence to call babies, took possession of the best seats, and, as Tab insisted upon my remaining inside, I need not describe my sufferings. She was all sweetness for a time, condescending to the women, caressing to the brats; but when she wearied of that, she indulged in a fit of fretfulness to me. She actually declared that I had burthened her with all those army stores, reproached me for my wastefulness! At first I was so overcome that I was actually speechless; and, in order to save the food, devoured so many eggs that I had a terrible indigestion.

Then Tab satirically asked me if I meant to eat myself into a fit. And those diabolical women laughed, and the atrocious babies howled like so many captive nightmares. My patience was exhausted at last. My head ached, my stomach—well, I cannot describe the sensation; at all events, I turned upon the pack—freed my mind—astounded the strangers—horrified Tab, and, when she took refuge in a flood of tears, I ordered the driver to stop, and made the rest of the journey on the top of the coach.

But, on the whole, the trip was a peaceable one—at least, more so than any I ever before made with Tab—and about the middle of the afternoon we arrived at our temporary home.

Everything was in order there. A trusty servant had gone up before, and we found the house as comfortable as if we had lived there six months, nay more; for Tab had had no opportunity to exercise her talent in altering and arranging.

She was actually satisfied. As we passed the inn, we saw several men of our acquaintance upon the steps. Tab flushed with delight, but discreetly ensconced herself in the shadow, not choosing to make her first appearance tumbled and travel-stained. She was wise; for a bang of the vehicle had cocked her bonnet down over her left eye, her frizzed curls stood up like fennel worms erecting their horns, and so much dust had settled in the hollows of her cheeks—which she still believed dimples—that she looked more like a Mohawk chief in his war paint than was prepossessing or pleasant. But a change of toilet, dinner, and sleep made her quite another woman; and when she came down to the parlor, before tea, I saw that she was as much determined on victory as ever a famous general could have been.

Several of my acquaintances dropped in, and appeared delighted to meet Tabby again. She, of course, considered their satisfaction due to her charms. I looked somewhat more deeply into human nature, and knew that the ungrateful wretches were remembering the delightful tea and crisp toast she always provided. But Tab was self-deceived—show me the spinster under sixty that would not have been—and fluttered and played off her old-fashioned coquetries to her heart's content, quite forgetting a fact that she knew as well as I, in her sane moments, that every one of our guests was a confirmed old bachelor, who would not

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have married Cleopatra herself, with all her dowry.

For myself, I was in ecstasies at finding myself once more established in the country; and if Tab had not been so much occupied, I am sure she would have reminded me that I was no longer a boy, or have offered to weaken my punch, or indulged in some little pleasantry of the sort, by which to signify that she was altogether dissatisfied with my conduct; but, thanks to her fever being near its crisis, and she crazy as only a man in the typhus, or an old maid in the presence of bachelors can be, I escaped without so much as a look of disapproval.

After all, it was more my own adventures and misfortunes that I meant to talk about than aunt Tab's personal amusements and occupations; so I will say no more than I can help about her peculiarities. I am afraid, that, when I think of certain events of that summer, I feel more bitter, where she is concerned, than is at all nephew-like or Christian.

Forest Hill was my favorite country resort. Don't be alarmed—I am not going off into spasms of blank verse, or pages of description; but let me gratify myself by giving a few words that may afford some idea of what the place was like; then, if I wish to indulge further, I can do it in my own private thoughts. Please fancy me in a poetic reverie.

Down through a narrow gorge between lofty mountains a foaming torrent swept into a beautiful lake, on the shore of which rose a pretty elevation, where the village—if it deserved the name—was situated. Below our cottage several brooks were in sight, making their way toward the Hudson, and the lake itself was one of the most romantic spots imaginable. Directly in the middle was a small island—a succession of steep cliffs with a knot of hemlocks at the base—from the top of which was a fine view of sunsets, the mountains at the west breaking sufficiently to afford a heavenly glimpse of distance beyond their grandeur.

I have not given the least idea of the place; but no matter. Imagine that my thoughts were of the most beautiful and exalted nature, and I will drop comfortably down from my eminence and land in the cottage on the lake shore, and continue the recital of my own particular adventures.

We must have spent nearly a month at the tolerably quiet house. The widow called it by some fanciful and ridiculous name, which I have forgotten, and Tab christened it anew as Eglantine Dell, or Moss-Rose Hollow, or something of the same sort, which has escaped my mind as completely as the appellation given by the original owner. It is very wrong of me not to remember Tab's cognomen; for if she had been a young mother baptizing her first baby there could not have been more consultation and disturbance. She had all the bachelors up—a supper, music on the lake, and heaven knows what all. But her pleasure was greatly marred by the non-appearance of her principal guest, and seeing him drive by, before tea time, with the very young lady whom she had neglected to invite because she did not wish her in his society.

Poor Tab! Her road to matrimony was a thorny and difficult one! I recollect that night she was doing the fascinating, on the lawn, to three men, and caught her head in a thorn-bush. They extricated her as soon as possible; but one row of her false curls came off completely, and hung on the bush like trophies in an Indian camp-ground. Perhaps she did not have spasms, that night, enough to have puzzled all the schools of physicians—maybe she did not tear my best waistcoat, and give faithful cook warning; but, no matter! When morning came, Tab said she remembered nothing; and it would be unkind in me to do so. She put it all down to the extreme excitability of her nature. Much as she loved those festive gatherings, they tore and consumed her just as the ball-room glare withers a bouquet of bridal roses. Diana, goddess of old maids, hear that!

By the time Tabby had recovered from the effects of her misfortunes, she received a letter which completely restored her former glow of spirits and filled me with unspeakable consternation.

Tabby had an intimate friend, who exulted in the name of Wilhelmina Prynne—an older maid, by several odd years, than Tab herself, and of a total different order of the genus spinster. For the last twelve-months there had been, not a coldness, but a terrible enmity, between the two, which threatened never to die away; and upon that fact I had greatly congratulated myself, for Miss Prynne was my horror. All the while I was confident that Tab, at the bottom of her silly heart, regretted the estrangement, and longed to be on amicable terms; but Prynne had been unforgiving and ferocious, deaf to sentimental letters and affecting appeals—and I had thought the difficulty between them was one of those bottomless gulfs of which novelists speak that no after-time can bridge over—if anybody knows how a bridge of that sort could be built.

But now, at an unlooked-for moment, came

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that letter from Wilhelmina, full of affection, wondering that passion could have deceived her, assuring Tab that she had never had an easy moment since they parted, and offering to make her a visit—wherever she might be.

That addition opened my eyes at once. I understood the whole affair; but if I had so much as hinted my conviction, Tab would have invented some new sort of torture that would have rendered her immortal among all womankind, and I should have been its earliest victim.

The truth was, Prynne had learned where we were stopping—all about the cottage—and chose to spend a comfortable summer there; hence her stratagem and her relenting. Tab had really been a perfect slave to her opinions and caprices, firmly believed Prynne the most remarkable woman of her time, (I wish the next census taken would discover how many such there are, in this land, prolific in genius,) and Wilhelmina knew exactly how to take advantage of her worshiper's weakness.

She always had Tab off upon a matrimonial insanity, and as Prynne professed great hatred toward the sterner sex, Tab never felt in the least jealous of her, and believed that her friend's strength of mind and somewhat masculine manners were a fine contrast favorable to the languishing, die-away style she adopted in the presence of gentlemen.

But I held my tongue, certain that all I could do would only serve to draw Miss Prynne's wrath upon my head, as Tab would certainly tell her anything I said, and, between them, they would render the house more miserable than a trout brook during the season of black flies. To say that I was afraid of Miss Prynne would feebly express the light in which I regarded her. I never felt myself a whole man in her presence. In less than half an hour she dissected me—bones, nerves, and arteries—in so pitiless a manner, while Tab looked on with curiosity and delight, that I, being a less skillful anatomist than Prynne, could not put myself together properly for a full week after I escaped from the scalpel of her tongue.

I hope I express myself strongly—I mean to; but no words can picture my horror, and at Tab's announcement I fell into a very melancholy state—lost my appetite—dreamed at night that Prynne was a nightmare, riding me down Niagara Falls—and was altogether so shaken and dilapidated, that it was quite pitiful.

Tab answered her friend's letter at once. Twelve mortal pages, crossed and recrossed, in every colored ink imaginable. The epistle must have been a marvel of tenderness and sentiment. She wept enough to have made a freshet in the brook, and, I think, was so well pleased with her success, that she would willingly have read me the most touching portions; but I offered her no encouragement and took myself out of the way as soon as possible.

In a few days another letter came from Prynne, and Tab informed me that the remarkable woman would be with us in three days. I felt like a man collapsing after an ague-chill.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Tab, suddenly, as she turned another page. "Oh! quite delightful, to be sure!"

I knew she was trying to excite my curiosity, but I was too far gone to do more than glare vacantly at the blotted sheets she held in her hand. Prynne's letters were always covered with immense ink-stains that looked like Egyptian hieroglyphics.

"You needn't glower at me in that manner!" cried Tab, irritated at her failure. "I know you hate Miss Prynne because she is my friend. I will finish the letter in my own room."

With the usual perversity of human nature, the instant she appeared inclined to leave me in the dark I felt anxious to know what had so much surprised and pleased her—the sort of interest, however, one feels in looking at the dentist's instruments while waiting to have half his front teeth extracted.

"What pleases you so much?" I asked.

Tabby tossed her head and made no answer.

"Perhaps she's not coming, after all," I suggested, annoyed in my turn.

Tab gave me a terrible glance and cried,

"Be a monster! a—a—a cannibal!" snatching at the word, triumphantly.

"Humph!" said I. "Yesterday I was a crocodile, the day before a mountain of ingratitude; don't confuse your metaphors, aunt Tabby."

"How many times must I ask you not to call me aunt?" demanded she. "It is quite ridiculous in a man that looks old enough to be my uncle!'

"But the real difference——"

"Be a brute!" said Tab. "Your dissipated life has added more years——"

I rose at once. Fairly started on that theme, a beautiful fiction of her imaginative mind, she was capable of holding forth for hours. When she saw me leaving the room she stopped, anxious, after all, to tell her secret.

"Who do you think is coming with my angel?" she asked.

"Not the Scotch terrier!" I cried, in agony. "I solemnly vow I will not endure that wretch!"

"Now, a little profanity will come in well,"

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said Tab. "No, sir, she does not bring that beautiful pet, because she well knows the malevolence of your disposition. Her niece, Emily Wallace, has returned from Europe, and will accompany her."

That was the first gleam of pleasure in the whole thing! Two years before I had seen Emily, then a lovely creature of seventeen. My heart quite bounded at the thought of having her society and aid against the two spinsters.

But I did not choose to gratify Tab by expressing satisfaction; so I only said,

"It remains to be seen which is worse, the terrier or a traveled young lady."

Indeed, during the rest of the day Tabby and I were in a state of subdued hostility. But nothing important came of it; so I will let the record pass.

Upon the appointed afternoon Miss Prynne and her niece arrived. Tab stood by the cottage gate, awaiting the arrival of the stage-coach, dressed in what she considered a delicious rural costume—something between a Swiss peasant dress and a Bloomer—and in an attitude which, according to my idea, would have delighted Punch; however she thought differently.

The stage appeared in sight, stopped before the house, and the fair alighted. I cannot describe the meeting between the two friends; no pen could do justice to it.

Prynne planted her firmly on the ground, threw up her arms, and shrieked; Tab shrieked, put one foot out, and extended her arms.

"Sister of my soul!" cried Prynne.

"Idol of my entire nature!" responded Tab.

Then a simultaneous rush—"gap, gap!" from Tabby, "gow, gow!" from Prynne—and they rushed into each other's embrace, squealing, kissing, and Tab shedding rivers of tears. I took advantage of their occupation to renew my acquaintance with Emily Wallace and conduct her into the house. I narrowly escaped making as great a fool of myself as my antique relative had done.

I cannot describe the girl; there was a fascination about her which had no name. After the first glance from those gray eyes, so soft, velvety, and so beautifully shy, I was no more capable of forming a judgment than the veriest Bedlamite who ever wore a strait-jacket.

I had last seen her a charming but somewhat taciturn girl; I found her again my very ideal of womanhood—really, I think, I need say nothing more.

I am not certain that I should ever have remembered the existence of Prynne, or that of my susceptible relative, had they not made their appearance on the porch after affording Emily and myself an opportunity to get back to our old friendliness.

"Let me wipe away those tears, sweet Tabby," Prynne was saying, when I became conscious of their vitality; "calm yourself upon my faithful heart."

"This repays me for all my suffering," snuffled Tabby; "for days and nights of anguish; Wilhelmina, is it indeed you?—no dream, no vision?"

Of all questions that she could have asked! There Prynne stood almost six feet in her Balmorals, stiff as a ramrod, and glaring about her like a she wolf, but doing the affectionate beautifully. Then Tab had mild spasms; she dared not go too far lest Prynne should lose patience—I saw that by the way she watched the dragon out of the corner of her left eye—and when Prynne said energetically,

"Tabby, Tabby, control yourself;" she came to at once and was quite composed for an instant.

"Emily!" she cried suddenly, pounced on the girl, hugged and dampened her; then, at a signal from Prynne, the three disappeared in the upper regions, Prynne condescending to give me a very cordial greeting as she passed. I had a whole hour to reflect upon their arrival, and to congratulate myself that things were going on very differently from the horrors I had anticipated.

I could have blessed Prynne for possessing such a niece. I could not account for the phenomenon, I could only be grateful, and my heart fairly softened toward that dragon—anything claiming kin to that girl deserved respect and esteem! I made my mind up that Prynne should have both, and no effort should be spared on my part to make her visit pleasant.

When I met the ladies at the tea-table, I kept the promise I had internally made, and devoted myself to Miss Prynne with as much energy as the bewildered state of my faculties would allow. The particular bit of broiled chicken which I knew she liked, the choice crusty morsels of toast which she always picked out, were put on her plate, and I succeeded so well in my attempts to mollify her, that, before the evening was over, Tab came in high glee and whispered in my ear that her dearest Willie—fancy a pet name for that grenadier—thought me vastly improved in every way.

Then Emily and I had a duet together; my voice suited very well with hers and we succeeded admirably; Tab beating time falser than

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a bachelor's intentions, and Prynne avowing that I had improved beyond expression since she last heard me sing.

"I hear awakened soul in your voice," said she; and I bowed my thanks, wondering if what she mistook for soul was the little wheeze that is apt to disturb a man's lower register after thirty-five.

A little later, several of our gentlemen friends dropped in, and we had a merry evening; but I was pleased to see that Emily kept me near her, and as Miss Prynne remained in our neighborhood, Tab had fair sweep among the principal of her fancied admirers.

I was glad, indeed, to find that so far there was no probability of a collision between Tabby and Miss Prynne; and, in order to preserve the reigning harmony, I divided my conversation as equally as possible between the latter lady and her niece, and succeeded so well that she never appeared to notice how far aloof the bachelors kept from her sofa. I did not wonder thereat, for Tab had, with the usual amiability of women, warned them that her friend was a woman of mind and wrote for the papers; and Prynne perfectly carried out the idea, as she sat with her miraculous turban cocked over one eye, and discoursing energetically upon every topic that came up.

She talked incessantly, but as everybody took pains to agree with her, there was no chance of her losing her temper, for being listened to without contradiction was Prynne's idea of argument and logic, as is wont to be the case with literary women. She went through the evening admirably; and when the party had gone, and the ladies had retired, I thanked heaven for peace, and took myself away to the severe solitude of my chamber.

Confused and bewildering were my dreams that night, but very, very pleasant, and I woke the next morning with a lighter heart than I had borne for months; but I made no effort to understand my feelings, content to revel in that strange experience without question.

I suppose you all know what is coming, so I need not make a mystery of feelings which did not long puzzle me. Before three days were over, I discovered that I was violently in love with Emily Wallace; and although I had passed through the same sort of fever several times in my life, I had never experienced an attack so severe.

Those are pleasant days to look back upon! Even Prynne softened and condescended to be agreeable in her peculiar way, which had at least the merit of originality. I persevered in my resolution of being exceedingly attentive to her, certain thereby of pleasing Emily, who treated her eccentric relative with great affection, and, even if she laughed at her, would not have tolerated the liberty in any one else. I was, in a measure, rewarded by Emily's frank kindness, and I felt that she understood and appreciated my efforts; but, on the other hand, Miss Prynne became so good-natured and so well satisfied with my society, that she claimed a greater portion of my time than was pleasant.

She made me take walks with her, share in her manias, geological, botanical, and every other imaginable sort. Upon such excursions she adopted a sort of Bloomer costume, which not even Emily could induce her to lay aside, although we seldom went out that its singularity did not expose us to the witticisms of the ignorant people in the neighborhood, or the more violent attacks of all the cattle and turkey-cocks we chanced to encounter.

When thus arrayed, she certainly was the most ridiculous figure I ever beheld, with her short skirts, full trousers, and a broad-brimmed straw hat that flapped like an elephant's ears every step she took. I bore up very well, however, until she conceived a passion for catching butterflies, and I was obliged to chase them with a small net through bogs and briars. How I cursed the gaudy winged creatures—what vengeance I visited on all hapless worms and caterpillars that might, one day, by any possibility transform themselves into my tormentors!

I went about with my hands and face in the most disagreeable condition from the scratches I received in my new species of hunting, and Emily laughed at me sadly, but I could not be angry, she looked so pretty in her mischief. Indeed she used to chase the butterflies herself, but she did it to perfection, like everything she attempted, and might have been taken for Atalanta herself, as she sped along, leaving me breathless and a trifle wheezy in the distance.

Tab was occupied with a fat old bachelor, who had almost domiciled himself under our roof, attracted, as she devoutly believed, by her own charms; but I knew well it was Susan's puddings that wrought the spell.

Tab fed him to repletion. I never saw anything but a young robin or a cormorant that could stuff without danger in the way that creature did, and the havoc he made among my choice fish sauces and my old Madeira was fearful. Tab gave him the best of everything; and I was so constantly occupied with my love affair and Prynne's demands upon my time,

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that I found little opportunity to observe the ravages that were made in my stores.

Tab was in high good humor with me; my complacency toward her admirer, and the stand I had taken in Miss Prynne's best graces, pleased her beyond measure; and concerning the latter affair, she talked such sentimental trash as would have astonished me, had I not been too much preoccupied to think about it.

"This is the happiest summer of my life," said Tab; "I may term it the blossom season of my heart," and she rolled up her eyes in an appalling manner.

But Tab's heart had blossomed in the most unexpected manner so many times, that I paid little attention to that particular era; only shuddering slightly when I thought of the nipping frost that was certain to overtake her before many weeks.

So the rides and walks went on; I hunted butterflies, looked sentiment at Emily, and talked learned nonsense to Prynne's entire satisfaction.

"I never understood you before," she said, one day; "you are a very remarkable man! Next winter you must write a series of philosophical papers; I will send them to a friend in England, and they shall be published in one of the quarterlies; we have no magazine in this country worthy to contain them."

I glanced toward Emily, but she was busy with a piece of music she was copying for me, and I trusted that she was not having a silent laugh at my expense.

"Yes, indeed," continued Prynne; "talent like yours should not be thrown away—you are by far too modest, Mr. Perkins," and she gave me an odd look; then glanced toward Emily—my heart bounded, for I thought she meant the remark to apply to my attentions toward her niece.

"I shall throw it aside," I said, cheerfully as possible, although I felt a small Vesuvius seething in my bosom.

"About the articles," said Prynne, "do not forget."

I thanked her, and dismissed the subject in all haste, lest she should insist upon my going to work at once, and I had not even a clear idea of the meaning of the word philosophy.

My only periods of real happiness were those when Emily and I went out on horseback, or when we sang together in the evening. Fortunately, Miss Prynne had taken a fancy that she liked our voices in duets, so we spent whole hours at the piano-forte, and delicious ones they were.

A month passed, and I felt that I could not much longer control my feelings. I hoped that Emily understood me and was not displeased; I felt confident that Miss Prynne saw and approved of my attachment for her niece; I could in no other way account for her kind manner, and the attempt at softness which was ludicrous enough.

My fever rapidly approached its crisis; I could neither eat nor sleep; I actually sat up at night staring at the moon and scribbling verses like a school-boy; but no matter, I am making confidences enough without entering into these minute particulars.

At last I determined to open my heart to Miss Prynne, and from her I might be able to gain some insight into Emily's feelings. I took advantage of a morning when Tab had dragged the young lady out to make a call upon some female relative of the old bachelor, leaving Miss Prynne in the parlor busy over an immense volume of Natural History, and looking as wise as an owl when night comes on. I had been smoking my cigar on the lawn—neither Tabby nor Miss Prynne objected to that now, and Emily declared that she adored cigars; so I enjoyed perfect liberty as regarded that sweet source of happiness.

When I saw Tab and my enchantress safely out of sight I entered the parlor. Miss Prynne sat holding her book before her, but she was reading a slip of paper that I recognized at once as a copy of verses I had forgotten there—an outgush of feeling which was quite irrepressible. I was rather glad she had found the poem, my task would be easier, for she could not fail to perceive that I alluded to Emily.

She started when she saw me, and colored violently—a thing I never saw her do before, but for which I accounted by remembering that strange timidity old maids have where anything like a love affair is concerned.

"You are not going to run away, I hope," said I, seeing her make a movement as if to go.

"Not if you wish me to stay," she replied, almost in a whisper, and sinking back to a chair.

"I do," returned I, gulping after a compliment, in spite of my flurry, because I had learned that, notwithstanding her powerful mind, nothing put Miss Prynne in such a good humor as judicious flattery; "I do. Who would lose Miss Prynne's society if it could be avoided?"

She sighed—looked up—looked down—saw the paper she held in her hand still, and colored

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anew, fearful, I fancied, that I should think that she had been rude.

"I found this here," she said, making a poor effort at her customary lofty style of conversation; "I began to read, unthinkingly, and its exceeding beauty made me continue."

"You flatter me," returned I. "Worthless as poetry; but, I trust, the sentiment is praiseworthy, if only for its sincerity."

Prynne fluttered all over; but her only response was a sigh, sonorous and deep as if just borne from the cave of the winds.

Really, she was a remarkable object as she sat there—a tall, gaunt woman with a sallow complexion made more unhealthy by a lilac dress, the oddest of collars, and the queerest of sleeves. She had her hair drawn back from her forehead to expose what her admirers called a Minerva-like brow, and crowned with a marvelous turban, which, somehow, gave her the look of a knotty pole with a dove-cot perched on the top of it.

"Miss Prynne," said I, after a short silence, longing to plunge at once into the subject that filled my heart and head.

"You spoke," she half-whispered, and allowed her hand to drop at her side.

"I came in," said I, rapidly, "on purpose to talk freely with you. I hope that which I have to say will neither surprise nor offend you."

"Not that," returned she, in the same stage whisper; "not that, assuredly—have no fear."

"Thanks," said I. "Be sure I will not abuse your confidence."

I paused, she bowed; I hesitated and stammered, she fluttered and shivered. So we lost several moments.

"Miss Prynne," said I, once more.

"Friend," said she, softly.

"You have read those lines?"

"I have," she quavered.

"You understand their meaning?" I asked.

"I think—I believe so," she replied.

"Then that makes my task easier. I need only say that my whole heart was in that which I wrote; I come to you for a response. May I hope, or must I crush down my heart and be silent?"

Prynne was dreadfully agitated; but she managed to speak.

"You know what my ideas concerning marriage have always been," said she; "but I confess that, during this visit, I have reorganized many of my opinions——"

"Then you will not oppose?" I interrupted. "Tell me that you consent."

She rose, suddenly, and flung herself fairly into my arms.

"Take me!" she cried. "Master—king—I am thine!"

I thought I should have fainted between her weight and the light which suddenly broke upon me. She thought I was making love to her instead of her niece! When she began to claw at my neck I knew that I must act at once. I retreated a little.

"Then, Miss Prynne," said I, "you do not object to my winning Emily's heart if I can?"

I thought that an artful stroke which would at once show her the error she labored under and give her an opportunity to retreat gracefully, if she would. But, decidedly, Prynne would not. I might as well have expected a tigress to give up her prey as to have supposed that an old maid would have yielded her fancied claims under such circumstances.

"Emily?" she cried; "Emily?"

"We were speaking of her," I said, beginning to shiver. "I love your niece——"

She started to her feet.

"Wretch!" she screamed; "monster! fiend!"

I tried to speak. She turned upon me like a hyena; she threatened me with hands and tongue; and, in the midst of the tumult she was making, Tab and Emily appeared at the door. At once Prynne gave an appalling shriek, and tumbled on the hearth rug in hysterics horrible to witness.

"What does this mean?" demanded they.

"I cannot tell," said I.

"Wretch!" howled Prynne. "Perfidious creature! Tabitha, you have seen it! Emily, you too!"

"Yes!" cried they.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Emily, you must have seen that I loved you——"

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Prynne.

"Never!" said Emily. "I thought it was my aunt!"

Tab assailed me frantically. I put her quickly aside. Prynne was twitching and jerking worse than ever.

"Emily," said I, "you must have seen—I love—I adore you!"

"Excuse me," said she; "I am engaged already."

I waited for no more. I rushed from the house, Prynne's shrieks ringing in my ears.

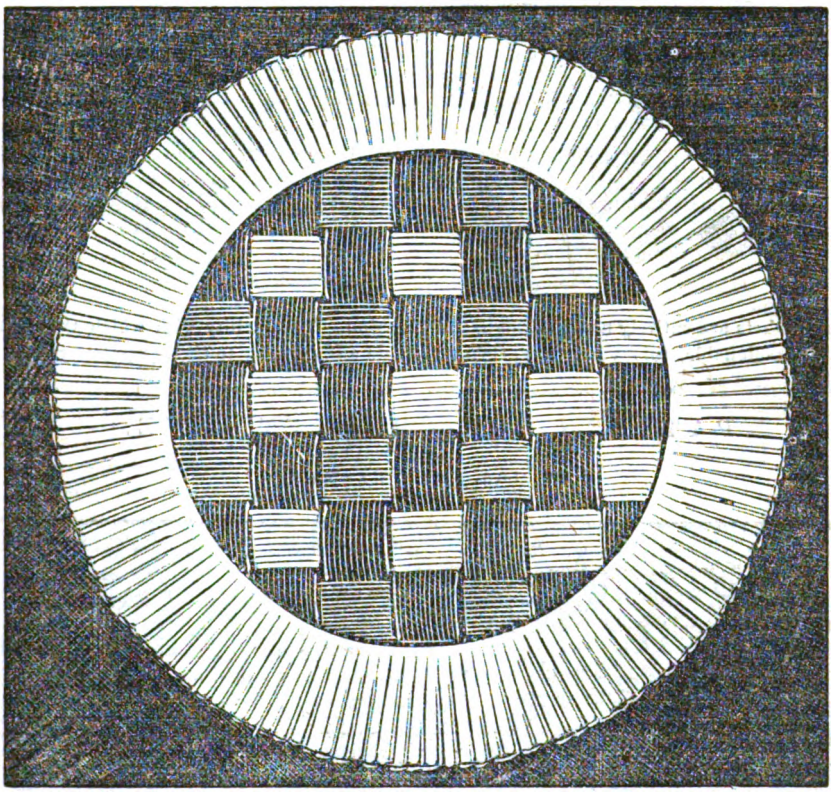
I took the first coach, as far as it would take me, wrote to Tab that I had gone into the depths of the Adirondacks, and saw her no more for months.

Before I returned Emily was married.

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BONBON BASKET.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



BOTTOM OF BONBON BASKET.

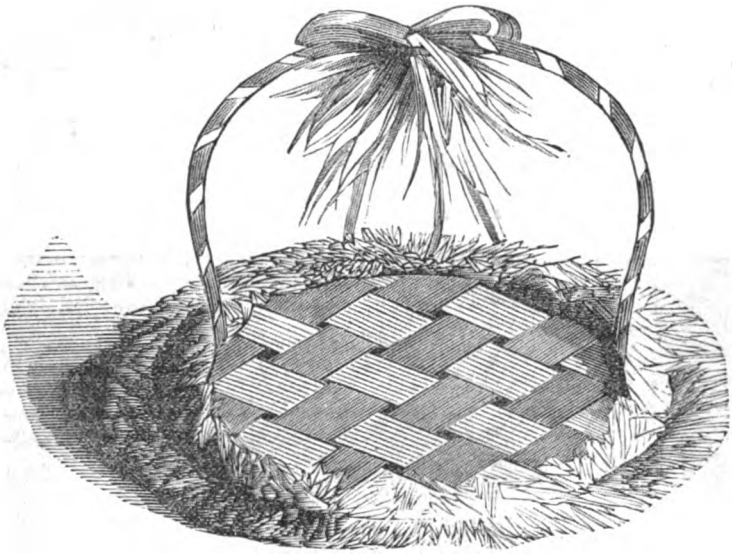
Although the little article we are giving is called a Bonbon Basket, yet it is equally suitable for all sorts of dried fruits, sweetmeats, etc., etc., serving also to decorate the table either for the after-dinner dessert, or for the refreshments of the evening party. The mode of making these baskets is as follows:

Take a white glazed paper and a colored glazed one—a pretty green, or a bright red, both look well; cut them into strips, exactly double the width intended to be shown, and fold them so that the two edges may just meet at the back of each strip.

Cut a round in pasteboard the size of a supper plate, lay the folded paper upon it, the colored one way and the white the other, weave them in and out, so as to keep the squares regular, tack round the edge of the pasteboard with a needle and thread, cut off the superfluous parts of the paper, sew a wire all round, slightly raising up and contracting the circle, carry each end of the wire over the top, and fasten so as to form a handle of the wire double.

Twist white and colored paper round this handle, securing the ends with a little strong gum-water; take strips of the white and strips of the colored paper, fold them down the middle, cut fine, open and curl, and carry these all round the edge of the basket; take a little silver paper, cut it very fine, crimp it, and fasten it on the center of the handle, to hang down like a fringe or tassel.

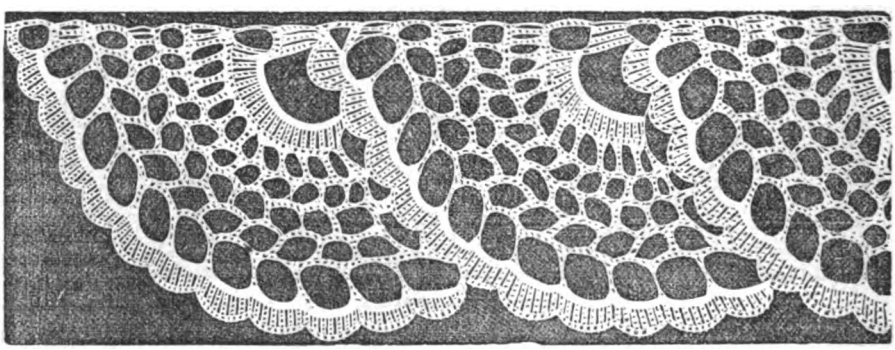
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These baskets are entirely new in design, and are very fashionable, this year, in Paris and London. The facility with which they can be made adds greatly to their popularity.

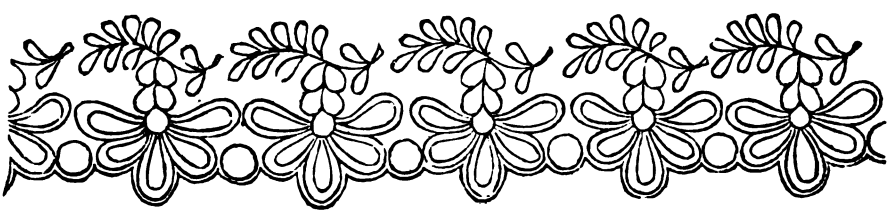
PATTERN FOR CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We shall give, from time to time, new patterns for crochet trimmings, as they are always useful, and can be worked, at times, when other fancy work cannot be conveniently had, as during evening visits, or when traveling in the cars, or elsewhere.

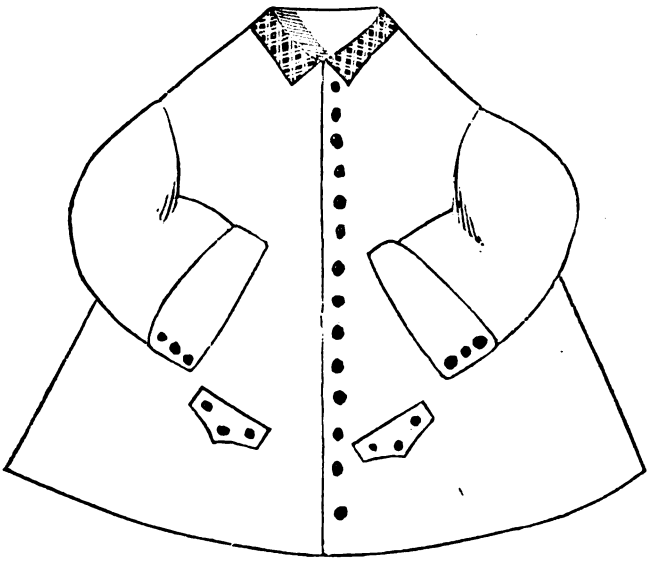
EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



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LADY'S WALKING SACK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THESE sacks are all the rage this spring. We give, here, a diagram of one, and below a diagram by which to cut it out. These sacks are not only pretty and fashionable, but economical also; and they are destined, therefore, to come into universal use.

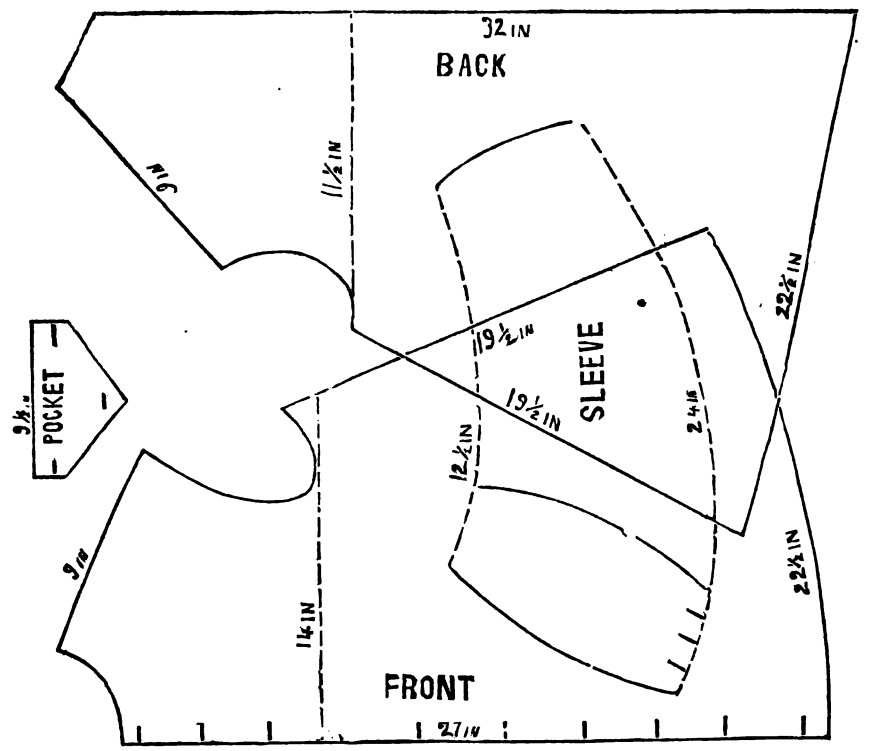
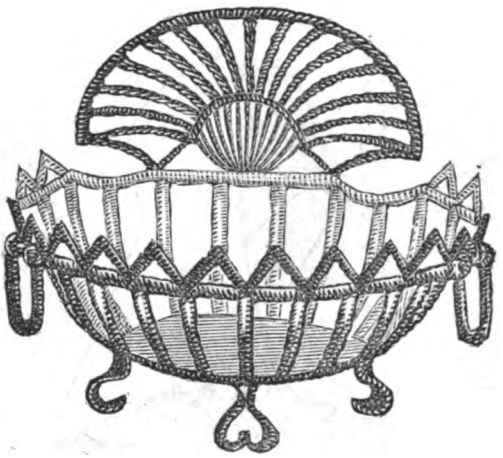


DIAGRAM OF LADY'S WALKING SACK.

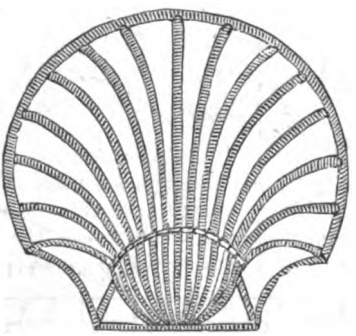
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SHELL BASKET.

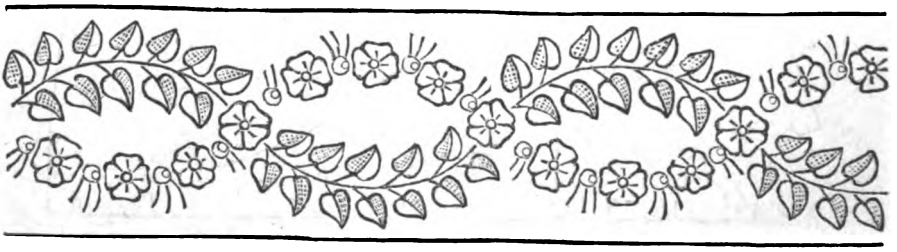
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE Shell Basket is made of brass wire, the same form as the design. No. 2 is the cover. Chenille is then twisted around the wires, in which case the basket must be lined with silk, or it is slipped under and over the wires, like basket work; in this instance it does not require lining. This article makes a beautiful little work-basket.



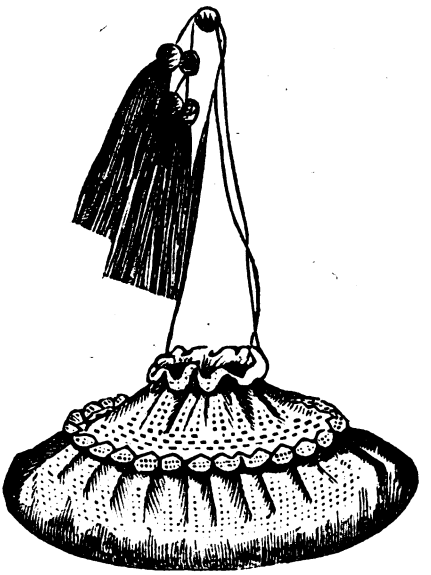
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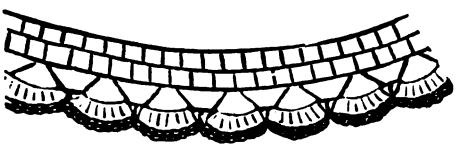


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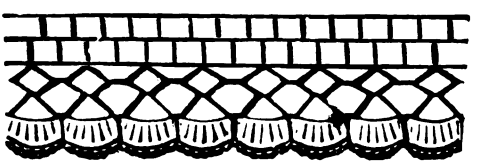
BIARRITZ PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





THIS Purse has the form of a turban, and is made in plain and open crochet. It must be commenced in the center in plain crochet. Make several chain stitches, unite them together. Then crochet forty-six rows of scarlet, widening gradually until you have three hundred and sixty-eight stitches. Commence on the forty-seventh row and do eleven rows of open crochet with green silk. The edge is finished like the lace-work No. 2. Nos. 2 and 3 are black. The border, No. 3, is made separately and added to the last row of the plain crochet. The drawing-strings are run through the second and third rows of open crochet.



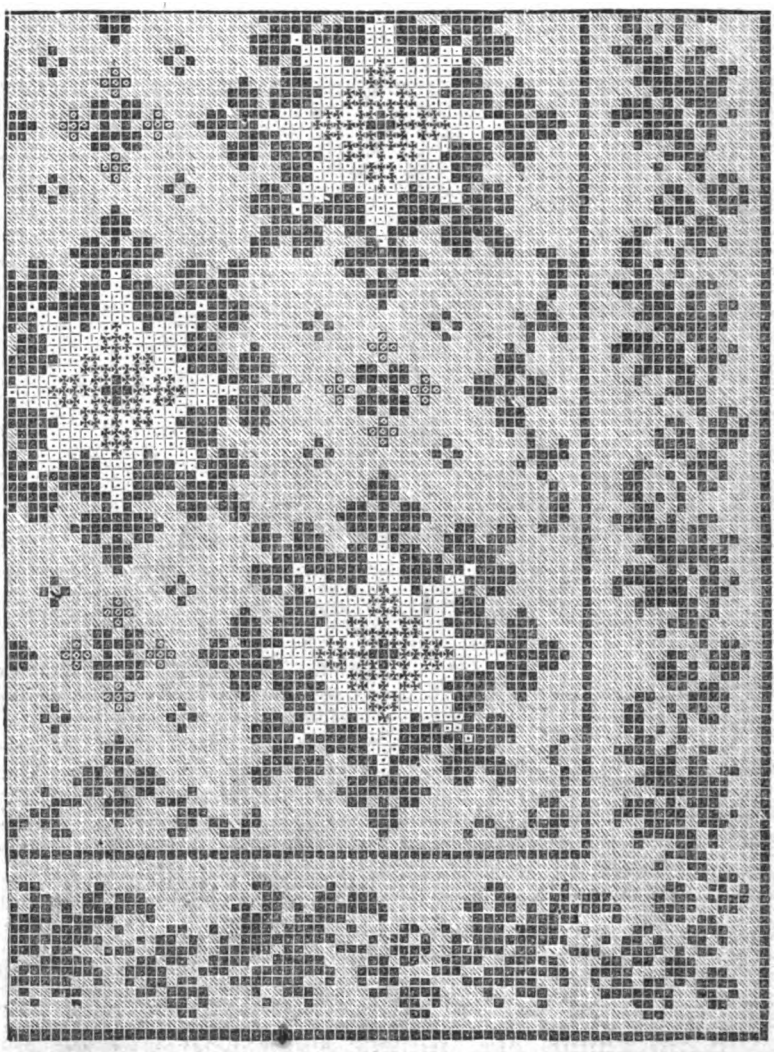
EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



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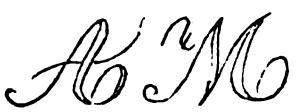
PATTERN IN BEAD-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS pretty pattern may be used for a variety of purposes. It is made by working beads on cloth: the beads to be of various colors, as seen in the engraving; and those colors to be selected according to the taste of the lady working the pattern. Or the pattern may be worked in embroidery, substituting zephyr for beads. In either case it is a charming design.

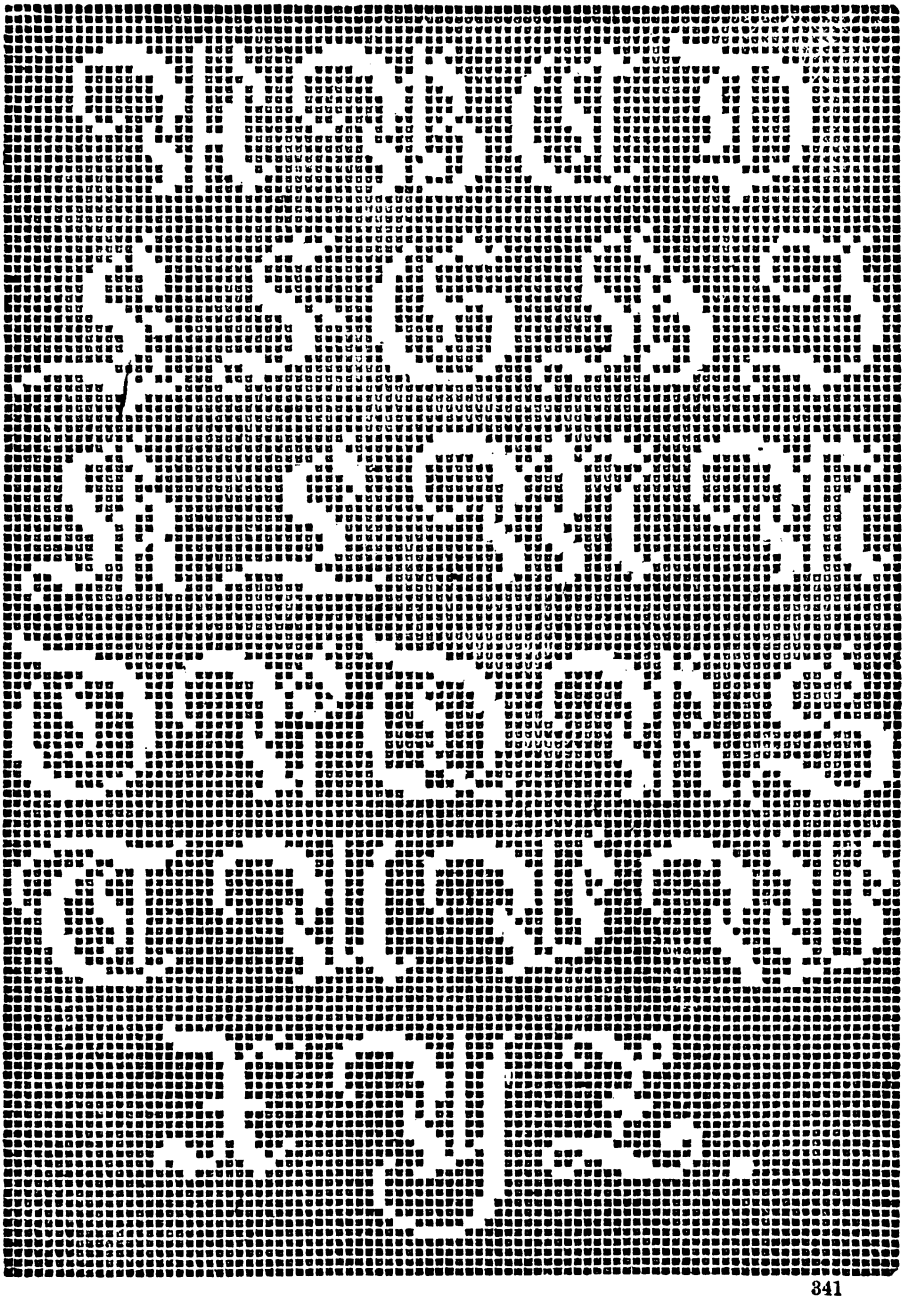
INITIALS FOR MARKING.



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ALPHABET IN CROSS-STITCH: GERMAN TEXT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE PEARL AND ITS LOCALITIES.—The pearl, so long a mystery, assumed to be, now the production of the celestial dew, now the eggs and now an excrescence in the flesh of the oyster, still retains something of its old undiscoverableness, though generally believed to be caused by some foreign body in the shell, whereby the fish is irritated, and so coats over the offender with successive layers of nacreous matter. Linnæus, believing this theory, got the government of Sweden to give him over two thousand dollars, and leave to teaze the fresh-water mussel (pearl-bearing) at his will. He did so, and produced pearls; but far dearer than the natural ones naturally obtained. And the Chinese, ever clever in cheating, do the same kind of thing with their pearl-oysters, and do actually get false pearls, not nearly so good as the true. Pearls do not appear naturally until the fourth year, and when got are found to be nothing but carbonate of lime and gelatine. A little carbonate of lime and gelatine, in successive concentric layers like an onion, the whole soul of the peerless pearl! Pearl-fisheries are of great antiquity, and those at Ceylon were the most famous. The Red Sea had once a large trade in the pearl-fisheries; but the yield was exhausted centuries ago. The chief fishing-grounds at the present day are on the coasts of Coromandel and Algeria, Ceylon and the Sooloo Islands. The finest pearls come from Bahrein, whence the best are sent to Europe, and the smallest to China, where they are sold by weight for medicinal purposes. The fishing-season begins in February and lasts till the middle of April, and is managed with great circumstance of care and guardianship. Nevertheless there are often fatal accidents from sharks, notwithstanding the confidence of the shark-doctors and the credulity of the divers. A good diver will remain from four to six minutes under water, but the average time is two minutes and a half. They stuff their ears with cotton-wool moistened with oil, and drop a little oil into their mouth and nostrils also. They are bred to the trade from infancy, and live in it to quite old age; so that it is not unhealthy though perilous. When the oysters are brought up, they are all thrown into a mass together, and left there for days to decay, so that the gem may be the more easily detached: a disgusting process, and one at which the very imagination revolts. If left too long in this foul putrid mass, the pearls become yellow, and lose their purity of shine and color. When detached, they are shaken through sieves of successive fineness, those with the largest interstices stopping only the largest pearls, and so on through all the ten sizes down to the small grains called seed-pearls, which, if not very valuable, are yet very pretty when well wrought. Pearls are rounded and polished only by pearl-dust; and the best are pear-shaped, like the famous jewel which "Old Egypt," in her wanton pride, drank in that royal draught of costly acid. Pearls are subject to a strange disease, which is communicable; and not unfrequently all the pearls in a casket are attacked by it, whereby in a short time they are reduced to dust; as was said of the magnificent *parures* belonging to the present French Empress. Pearls should not be wrapped in jewelers' wool, but should be kept in magnesia or common hair-powder, and never suffered to get damp. A few pearls, of no great value, have from time to time been found in Ireland and other parts of the British Isles; the most celebrated of which is Lady Glenlealy's, for which she refused eighty pounds: but in general British pearls are what are called brock pearls, and are sold for five or eight pounds the ounce. But the old Romans prized them, dull as they are, beyond any with which they were acquainted; and the pearls from the famous fishery in the river Irt commanded the best prices from the Roman jewelers. The British pearls are from the mussel, not the oyster; as are also the Bohemian, which are likewise deficient in brilliancy and "orient." Pearls are sometimes colored—black, and pink, and roseate, and bluish-gray, and pale yellow; but, though valuable in proportion to their rarity, they are surely not so beautiful as the true or typical pearl, the emblem of purity, chastity, and all feminine virtues—the lily among gems—the moonlight where the opal is the star, the colored gems the streaming meteors, and the lordly diamond the living central sun! It was Pompey who brought the taste for pearls into Europe, and it was Catherine de Medicis, and her rival Diana de Poitiers, who carried it to its height: as did Louis XIV. the taste for diamonds, and the impoverished purses of the Restoration that for the lovely bit of gypsum known as satin-stone. Pearls are religious emblems as well as fashionable favorites: in the New Jerusalem each of the twelve doors was one sole pearl; and a pearl was one of the sacred gems of the ephod; while in the Hindu mythology pearls play almost as important a part as flowers, none of the gods or goddesses being depicted without a profuse embellishment of these gems, and those more rightfully called precious stones. Indeed, precious stones are incorporated into all religions, and made to represent the noblest meanings and the divinest attributes; while savage and civilized nations alike hold them as among the most precious circumstances of human life.

SALADS AND SUMMER SOURS.—The Journal of Health says that physiological research establishes the fact, that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious," that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic of fever is cooling. It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood—that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens, and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence, also, the taste for something sour, for lemonades, on an attack of fever. But, this being the case, it is easy to see that we nullify the good effect of fruit and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even with sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, or eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence, also, is buttermilk, or even common milk, promotive of health in summer time. Sweet milk tends to biliousness in sedentary people; sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milkdealers alum to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like water melons on the system.

THEY "STILL COME."—Subscribers continue to pour in for "Peterson's." Our success, this year, has exceeded our highest expectations. In fact, "Peterson's" has come to be a household necessity. Once introduced into a family, it is found to be indispensable.

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SKATING INTO LOVE.—We don't know who wrote the following, or we would give him credit for a "good thing." He says of himself that he is a bachelor, who had held out against pic-nics, moonlight, and sea-shore, but who had, at last, to succumb to skates.

"Well, sir, this Mary caught the skating fever, which is now raging so fearfully. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be found in the city, and nobody knows who sent them to her. We went down upon the ice, and there that little devil of a Mary just sat quietly down, ordered me on my knees, and quietly placed that foot, *the* foot, in my lap, and bade me put on her skates. Sir, had Venus dropped down from Olympus and bade me rub her down with rottenstone and oil, it could not have astonished me more than when that divine foot was placed in my unworthy lap. I felt very faint, but I buckled on the skate, and stood up with Mary by my side. Have you ever taught a woman to skate? Now let me tell you. You've seen a kaleidoscope, with a few old bits of glass, etc., in a tin tube, and turning it, have seen all sorts of beautiful figures.

"Just imagine a kaleidoscope, and in place of beads and broken glass, please substitute blue eyes, curving eyelashes, ivory lips, wavy hair, crinoline, gaiter boots, zephyr worsted, cupids, hearts, darts, a clap of thunder, a flash of lightning, and 'auld Nick.' Imagine yourself the center of system, with all these things revolving around you, and a violet bank breathing sighs upon you all the while, and you have Mary and her victim in the first skating lesson. Mary and I start—she on my left arm—all square. First, Mary's dear little gaiter boots present themselves to my astonished vision, and before I have time to wonder how they came up before me, I feel them pressing their blessed beauty, with emphasis, into the pit of my stomach. Next scene—wavy hair, with thirty-dollar bonnet and a divine head, comes pitching into my waistcoat with such force that I feel the buttons against my spine.

"Next Mary gazes at me from between my jack boots, and anon, her blessed little nose is thrust into my shirt bosom. Ah! my friend, all research and study of the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain, till, in this eventful year of 1861, the fashion of skating has opened new and various sources of information. Do you remember your first attempt at driving tandem? Do you remember that perverse beast that you selected for a leader would insist on turning short round and staring you in the face, as if to ask, 'What the deuce you'd be at!' Well, just you go and try a woman on skates, that's all—just try it. Ah! won't you come to the conclusion that women have tandry and divers ways of accomplishing their objects? Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every time she turned up or came around. I'm hers."

GARDEN HINTS.—The best edging for the beds of a kitchen garden is strawberry plants. Parsley also makes a very good edging, and comes in very useful for culinary purposes. As regards the Paths, the following is the best way to construct them:—Screen the gravel of which they are at present made from the loam which is mixed with it, and to every part of clean gravel add one of sharp river sand. To five parts of such equal mixture add one of Portland cement, and incorporate the whole well in the dry state before applying the water. It may be then laid on two inches thick. Any laborer can mix and spread it. No tool is required beyond the spade, and in forty-eight hours it becomes as hard as a rock. Vegetation cannot grow through or upon it, and it resists the action of the severest frost. It is necessary, as water does not soak through it, to give a fall from the center of the path toward the sides.

OUR MARCH NUMBER.—Says the New Lisbon (Wisconsin) Republican:—"We are in receipt of the King of Magazines for March. As usual, Peterson outstrips all his competitors in the issue of his household treasure. The beautiful engraving of the 'Two Little Monkeys' is well got up, and reflects great credit on the publisher. All should be in possession of this highly useful Magazine."

THE SOLDIER OF '76 RETURNING AT PEACE.—This is a match picture to the one published in our March number, "The Soldier of '76 Leaving Home."

A MAGAZINE ESSENTIAL IN A FAMILY.—Says the Western New Yorker:—"Peterson's Magazine should have been commended to our readers last week, if it hadn't been in such demand by the ladies as to prevent our examining it. It fully sustains its reputation as one of the most deserving Ladies' Magazines ever published. Either in illustrations or reading matter, we do not know its superior. Gentlemen should reflect that not newspapers alone are essential for family reading. A magazine of this character has its place which nothing else can fill." That is true. Every husband should subscribe for a good magazine for his wife.

COLORED STOCKINGS.—Colored stockings still continue to be patronized by the fashionable ladies of French society. Red ones are much less worn than hitherto; those spotted with pink, blue, or white peas, small bluebells, rosebuds, or violets are more general; but the neatest are those marked with narrow horizontal black and white or other colored stripes.

TO IMPROVE THE MEMORY.—The best way to remember anything is thoroughly to understand it, and often to recall it to mind. By reading continually, with great attention, and never leaving a passage without comprehending it well, we cannot fail to improve the memory.

CAUGHT IN THE SNOW-STORM.—This spirited engraving tells its own story.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Margret Howth. A Story of To-Day. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—It may seem exaggeration to say so, but the writer of this volume, if she sustains the promises held forth in "Margret Howth," will eventually be acknowledged, by our best critics, to be the foremost female novelist America has yet had. We speak of the anonymous author as a woman. On this point, we have, in confirmation of our own opinion, the verdict of Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, the well-known annotator of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and now the literary editor of the "Philadelphia Press," who says: "No man could have drawn the character, showing us the heart of the heroine, nor created such a being as poor Lois, that truest of good Christians with weak brain but strong and noble spirit and faith." The book is full, however, of proofs that only a woman, and one of the truest womanliness also, could have been its author. And yet, in its vigorous style, its strong characterization, and its powerful thought, it shows a masculine force, which might be considered impossible in a female, if we did not recollect that genius has no sex, but is, in reality, dual. More than this, there is, in "Margret Howth," a large charity, rarely seen in modern writers, a charity, which, while holding fast to its own opinions, is tolerant and forgiving. Shakspeare, more than all others, had this broad charity. Our present author, tolerant and loving to all of human kind as she is, is not so merely because she is a woman. Her charity is of the head as much as of the heart. On some of the deepest problems that agitate humanity she has evidently thought much and deeply; and she has come back, from the solemn quest, more reverent than ever, more full of heaven-like faith, yet also more pitying than before. This, however, has not, as it might be feared, weakened her as a writer. Such characters as Holmes and Knowles, in their robust strength and their originality, exist nowhere, in the novels of female writers, except in those of Charlotte Bronte; and we would say that Holmes and Knowles are more powerful creations than even the best of Charlotte Bronte's, if we were not afraid of being considered too eulogistic. Plainly, this author, womanly and even young as we believe her to be,

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has lived where individuality is marked, and has probed some of the deepest recesses of some of the strongest natures. In descriptive power, also, this writer is superior. What others do by elaborate delineation she brings out by a few bold dashes of the pencil. Hers is, everywhere, what artists call the broad style. She writes idiomatic, picturesque English, so terse, at times, that it is hardly continuous: you see her thoughts, as you see a landscape in a thunder-storm, only by broken flashes of lightning. But we must close. It would give us pleasure, if we had more space, to analyze thoroughly this new genius, who has, so suddenly, risen in our midst, and who, if she remains as faithful and pains-taking an artist as she has shown herself to be in "Margret Howth," will eventually be confessed to be the greatest of American novelists. The volume is very handsomely printed.

A Strange Story. By E. L. Bulwer. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of Bulwer's last novel. The name is well chosen; for the tale, though not undistinguished by the writer's usual ability, deals so much with the improbable, if not the impossible, that it is the strangest of strange stories. There is a fashion, however, in literature, as in all things else. Just now the supernatural is fashionable. The old days of "The Castle of Otranto" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho" have returned, only the supernatural element now is varied in character. The present novel will, consequently, have a large sale. Of all living writers, Bulwer, in spite of his affectation of high art, follows most the taste of the hour. He began with "Pelham," when Byronism still lingered in society; wrote "The Last of the Barons," when the historical school still had its votaries; culminated in "My Novel," after stories of every-day-life had become popular; and now exhibits his versatility, though hardly his genius, in this tale, a sort of hotch-potch, as lawyers would say, of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and Arabian magic. The volume is sold for the low price of twenty-five cents.

The Flower of the Prairie. By Gustave Aimard. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this novel is a Frenchman, who is said to have spent many years of his life among our North American Indians, and whose fictitious narratives, in which they figure, are declared to be as popular in France as Cooper's novels are in the United States. The story before us, which has been translated from the French, is certainly full of adventures spiritedly told. Action, action, action is the law of the book. Messrs. Peterson & Brothers, we understand, design issuing a series of these novels, many even superior to "The Flower of the Prairie." The venture, we think, must be a highly successful one. The public mind is in the mood for novels of exciting incident. Price fifty cents.

The Harbinger of Health; Containing Medical Prescriptions for the human body and mind. By Andrew Jackson Davis. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: A. J. Davis & Co.*—This work contains many valuable suggestions in regard to avoiding disease. They are mixed up, indeed, with the peculiar ideas of the author; but it is easy to separate the wheat from the chaff, and the result is really worth the trouble. It is indisputable that health, as Mr. Davis declares, is best secured by good food, regular exercise, and the avoidance of all excesses whether of body or of mind; in a word, as the old adage says, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents of the work.

The National School of the Soldier. By Capt. W. N. Van Ness. 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This is an elementary work on military tactics. It conforms to the army regulations, adopted and approved by the War Department, and is arranged in questions and answers. The whole volume is comprised in seventy-five pages.

Mistakes of Educated Men. By John S. Hart, LL. D. Editor of the Sunday-School Times, and late Principal of the Philadelphia High School. 12 *mo., muslin gilt. Price* 50 *cents; paper covers* 25 *cents. Published by J. C. Garrigues,* 148 *South Fourth street, Philadelphia.*—In a former number we noticed, at some length, this very excellent work. We are now glad to herald a new and more elegant edition, handsomely bound in cloth, or paper, as purchasers may prefer. The book ought to have a large sale.

Charles O'Malley. By Charles Lever. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition of this popular novel, the best military one ever written. The cover is handsomely illustrated in gold, red, white, and blue, adding much to the material attractiveness of the book. Price fifty cents.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE WHISTLE.—A whistle with a string attached to it is to be fastened to the back of one of the company secretly and without his knowledge. He is to be placed in the centre of a circle of the players, and another whistle is to be shown him, which he is told to find where it is. When his back is turned, some one who is behind him seizes the whistle, blows it and drops it quickly; he hearing it will turn around instantly, when another person must blow it again, and so keep him constantly turning around and about in hopes to find the whistle which he supposes to be passing from hand to hand around the circle.

SHE CAN DO LITTLE WHO CAN'T DO THIS.—This is played with tongs. The one who understands it places her left hand on the knob of the tongs and the other one on one of its legs; she then knocks the tongs on the floor three times, saying, "She can do little who can't do this." The next person then takes them, knocks on the floor and repeats the words, and if not acquainted with the play, has not probably held them in the proper manner; the tongs are then passed on to all of the company in turn, each one trying to do it right, but few will chance to hold them exactly as the first one did. But if any are familiar with the play, they must not tell the others until all have tried it. Forfeits can be exacted of all who fail to do it correctly.

SCIENTIFIC RECREATIONS.

BEAUTIES OF CRYSTALLIZATION.—Dissolve alum in hot water until no more can be dissolved in it; place in it a smooth glass rod and a stick of the same size; next day, the stick will be found covered with crystals, but the glass rod will be free from them: in this case, the crystals cling to the rough surface of the stick, but have no hold upon the smooth surface of the glass rod. But if the rod be roughened with a file at certain intervals, and then placed in the alum and water, the crystals will adhere to the rough surfaces, and leave the smooth bright and clear.

Tie some threads of lamp-cotton irregularly around a copper wire or glass rod; place it in a hot solution of blue vitriol, strong as above, and the threads will be covered with beautiful blue crystals, while the glass rod will be bare.

Bore a hole through a piece of coke, and suspend it by a string from a stick, placed across a hot solution of alum; it will float, but, as it becomes loaded with crystals, it will sink in the solution according to the length of the string. Gas-coke has mostly a smooth, shining, and almost metallic surface, which the crystals will avoid, while they will cling only to the most irregular and porous parts.

If crystals be formed on wire, they will be liable to break off, from the expansion and contraction of the wire by changes of temperature.

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RECEIPTS FOR MEATS, ETC.

Lobster Salad.—For the Dressing.—Oil in proportion of two tablespoonfuls to one of vinegar, one teaspoonful of made mustard, the yolks of two eggs, cayenne and salt to taste, quarter of a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. These ingredients should be mixed perfectly smooth and form a creamy-looking sauce. Wash the salad, thoroughly dry it by shaking in a cloth, cut up the lettuces and endive, pour the dressing on them, and lightly throw in the small salad. Mix all well together, with the pickings from the body of the lobster; pick the meat from the shell, cut it up into nice square pieces, put half in the salad. the other half reserve for garnishing. Separate the yolks from the whites of the two boiled eggs, chop the whites very fine, and rub the yolks through a sieve, and, afterward, the coral from the inside of the lobster. Arrange the salad lightly on a glass dish, and garnish—first with a row of sliced cucumber, then with the pieces of lobster; the yolks and whites of the eggs, coral, and beetroot placed alternately, and arranged in small, separate bunches, so that the colors contrast nicely.

To Hash Beef.—If the meat is raw, hang it till it is quite tender; then cut some thin slices, and put them into a stewpan with just water enough to cover them, a bunch of sweet-herbs, an onion, and a little pepper and salt; cover the stewpan close, and let them stew till tender: then put in a glass of port wine, and a tablespoonful of shalot vinegar. When it is warm, pour the gravy through a hair sieve to clear it from the herbs and vegetables; then put it back into the saucepan with the hash, and thicken it with butter kneaded in flour, with a little brown sugar. This is an excellent dish, and may be made from the trimmings of large joints of meat. If the meat has been cooked, mince a shalot and an onion; fry in a little butter; then add a spoonful of flour, a little gravy, and a spoonful of walnut liquor or ketchup. When it boils, put in the slices of beef cut thin; let them get hot through, but not boiled. Sliced potatoes and onions may be added if approved. Observe that it is owing to boiling hashes or minces that they get hard. All sorts of stews, or meat dressed a second time, should be only simmered.

To Boil Tripe.—Put it into hot milk and water, an equal quantity of each; milk may be entirely omitted, or that used in which it may have been soaked; let it boil until quite tender. Boil several large onions in two waters, so as to diminish their flavor; or if Spanish onions can be got, they should be preferred. When quite tender, slice the onions into small flakes, but leave them in that state, and do not mash them into smooth sauce; put the onions into a casserole with milk and butter, so as to make a delicate white sauce, and season it only with a little salt, or a slight grating of nutmeg; then put the tripe, hot from the pot, into a deep dish, and smother it entirely with the sauce. It is usually eaten with pepper and mustard. Oyster-sauce is sometimes used, and much approved.

To Stuff a Leg of Mutton.—Take a leg of mutton, cut off all the fat, take the bone carefully out and preserve the skin whole; take out the meat and mince it fine; mince with it about one pound of fat bacon and some parsley; season the whole well with pepper and salt, and a small quantity of shalot or chives chopped fine; then put the meat into the skin and sew it up on the under side: put it into a stewpan with a little gravy made from the bones, two or three slices of veal, some sliced carrots and onions, a bunch of parsley, and a few slices of fat bacon; let it stew for three or four hours, and drain the liquor through a fine sieve; when reduced to a glaze, glaze the mutton with it and serve in stewed French beans.

Minced Mutton as Rissoles.—Enclose the minced meat in a paste or browning of egg and crumbs of bread but season it as if for forcemeat.

Bubble-and-Squeak.—Cut slices from a cold boiled round or rump of beef; let them be fried quickly until brown, and put them into a dish to be kept hot. Clean the pan from the fat; put into it greens and carrots previously boiled and chopped small, or, instead of these, large onions sliced thin and fried, though sometimes only greens are used. Add a little butter, pepper, and salt; make the vegetables very hot, and put them round the beef with a little gravy. Cold boiled pork is thought by some to be a better material for bubble-and-squeak than beef, which is sometimes hard. In either case the slices should be very thin, and lightly fried!

An Irish Stew.—Cut six rather thick chops from the loin; when the square ends of the bones are cut off, these will probably weigh two pounds; lay them in an iron pot, and put four pounds of sliced potatoes, placed in layers, with the chops, and half a dozen small onions, with about a quart of water; cover the pan closely, and let them stew on a moderate fire for two hours, or until the potatoes have become nearly a mash, and absorbed all the water and gravy of the meat; the chops will then be found very tender, and the potatoes rich with the fat. The stew should be eaten hot, but without any kind of sauce.

Miroton of Veal.—Chop very fine some cold dressed veal and ham or bacon; mix it with a slice of crumb of bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry, two onions chopped and browned, a little salt, pepper, and a little cream. Put all these ingredients into a stewpan until they are hot, and are well mixed together; then add one or two eggs according to the quantity, butter a mould, put in the whole, and bake it in an oven until it is brown; turn it out of the mould, and serve with fresh gravy.

Blanquette of Lamb.—Cut the best part of the breast of small lamb into square pieces of two inches each; wash, dry, and flour them. Having boiled four ounces of butter, one of fat bacon, and some parsley, ten minutes, put the meat to it: add the juice of half a lemon, an onion cut small, pepper and salt. Simmer the whole two hours; then put in the yolks of two eggs, shake the pan over the fire two minutes, and serve.

Pigs' Feet and Ears Soused.—Clean carefully and soak them some hours, then boil them tender; having prepared a pickle of some of the liquor that they were boiled in, and a quarter part of vinegar and salt, boiled, pour it over them cold. When they are to be dressed, dry them, cut the feet in two, slice the ears, and fry them. Serve with butter, mustard, and vinegar, in a boat. They may be dipped in batter, or only floured.

Pigs' Feet and Ears Fricasseed.—Take feet and ears that have been boiled, but not kept in pickle wherein was vinegar; boil them tender in milk, cut the feet into neat bits, and the ears into strips of half inch wide; wipe them, and simmer in veal broth, with a bit of onion, mace, and lemon-peel. Before you serve, add a little cream, flour, and butter.

Tripe.—Tripe may be dressed in several ways, but, whatever mode may be employed, it will always be found an improvement to soak it for a whole night in milk. Indeed, if left in the milk until it gets sour, the acidity thus imparted to it will render it still better.

DESSERTS, ETC.

Mother Eve's Pudding.—Grate three-quarters of a pound of bread; mix it with the same quantity of chopped suet, the same of apples and also of currants; mix with these the whole of four eggs, and the rind of half a lemon shred fine. Put it into a shape; boil three hours and serve with pudding-sauce, the juice of half a lemon, and a little nutmeg.

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Rhubarb Pie or Tart.—Take the stalks from the leaves, and peel off the thin skin; cut them into pieces about an inch long, and as you do so sprinkle a little fine sugar into the basin. For a quart basin, heaped, take one pound of common lump-sugar; put the rhubarb into it, with a table-spoonful of water, and as it simmers shake the pan often over the fire. It will turn yellow at first, but keep it very gently doing until it greens, and then take it off. When cold lay it in the tart-dish, with only as much syrup as will make it very moist. Put a light crust over it, and when that is baked the tart will be done enough; quarter the crust, and fill the dish with custard or cream. Many persons think the flavor of the rhubarb injured by taking off the peel.

An Apple Charlotte.—Pare and slice a quantity of apples; cut off the crust of a loaf, and cut slices of bread and butter. Butter the inside of a pie-dish, and place bread and butter all around; then put in a layer of apples sprinkled with lemon-peel chopped very fine, and a considerable quantity of good brown sugar. Then put on a layer of bread and butter, and another of apples, lemon-peel, and sugar, until the dish is full, squeezing over the juice of lemons, so that every part shall be equally flavored. Cover up the dish with the crusts of the bread and the peels of the apples, to prevent it from browning or burning: bake it one hour and a quarter; then take off the peels and the crust, and turn it out of the dish.

Cheese Puffs.—Strain cheese-curd from the whey, and beat half a pint of it fine in a mortar, with one and a half spoonful of flour, three eggs, but only one white, a spoonful of orange-flower water, quarter of a nutmeg, and sugar to make it pretty sweet; lay a little of this paste, in very small round cakes, on a tin plate. If the oven is hot, quarter of an hour will bake them. Serve with pudding-sauce. To those who make cheese, these puffs are not bad; but they are hardly worth the trouble of preparing the curd.

Transparent Crust for Tarts.—Beat an egg till it be quite thin; have ready twelve ounces of the purest well-washed butter, without salt, melted without being oiled; and when cool mix the egg with it, and stir it into one pound of fine flour well dried. Make the paste very thin; line the pattypans as quickly as you can, and, when putting the tarts into the oven, brush them over with water, and sift sugar on them. If they are baked in a lightly heated oven, they will look beautiful.

Baked Rice Pudding for a Family.—Put into a very deep pan half-pound of rice washed and picked, two ounces of butter, four ounces of sugar, and two quarts of milk, with a little cinnamon powder. Eggs are not necessary, but a little veal suet or marrow, chopped small, is a great improvement. Bake in a slow oven.

New England Pancakes.—Mix a pint of cream, five spoonfuls of fine flour, seven yolks and four whites of eggs, and a very little salt; fry them very thin in fresh butter, and between each strew sugar and cinnamon. Send up six or eight at once

RECEIPTS FOR SOUPS.

Thick Spring Soup.—Have ready washed and picked a bunch of spring onions, some carrots, lettuces, chervil, spinach, parsley, thyme, sorrel, mint, and asparagus; put them in a stewpan, with a slice of butter; let it sweat for half an hour on a brisk fire, stirring it occasionally; have ready some French rolls that have been previously soaked in water and squeezed dry, sufficient to thicken the soup; fill it up with good broth made of any kind of meat; let it nearly boil, skim, and pass it through a sieve; season with a little salt and sugar; garnish with asparagus points; it should be very green.

Green Pea Soup.—Boil in salt water, over a slow fire, a quart of freshly-gathered large green peas, with a handful of parsley, sorrel, and a few chives, until they become thoroughly stewed; drain and pound them in the mortar until made into a *puree*, which mix gradually into veal or beef broth: if that of beef, seasoned only with pepper and salt; but if of veal, with mace and a very little refined sugar. Have ready some leeks and lettuce that have been boiled, but not to a pulp, and fry them in butter along with some slices of bread cut into dice; put them into the soup just before sending it up; add a few heads of boiled asparagus when in season; or if not, hop-tops are a tolerable substitute. Chopped mint is also served with it. The bread is frequently sent to the table separately. The sorrel will give a very delicate flavor of acidity to the soup; but care should be taken never to acquire this flavor by adding vinegar to any kind of pea, lentil, or farinaceous pulse soup, as it will occasion it to curdle.

Clear Gravy Soup is made from solid lean beef, in the proportion of one pint of water to one pound of meat and two ounces of ham; strain it through a napkin, to free it from the shreds of meat and vegetables. Boil the vegetables separately a few hours before dinner, in a portion of the broth, and add them to the soup. When soup is sufficiently boiled on the first day, all that it requires on the second is to make it thoroughly hot. Many persons prefer boiling all the vegetables in the soup on the first day, thinking that they improve its flavor. This may be done in common soup that is not to be strained, but should never be done if you wish it to be very bright and clear. It should be of a clear amber color, without any artificial browning: but if wanted of a deep color, a burnt onion will suffice. This soup is, in fact, the foundation of all those made from beef: the great secret of making it being, "not to spare the meat," and to boil it slowly.

Macaroni Soup.—Take a quart of gravy soup; break two ounces of Naples macaroni into pieces of little more than an inch long, putting them, by degrees, into a small portion of the boiling soup, to prevent them from sticking together, and let them boil until quite tender, but not soft or pulpy—from fifteen to twenty minutes if quite fresh, but nearly half an hour if at all stale. Vermicelli is used in the same manner. They will improve the consistence of the soup if the quantity above stated be added; but it is useless, and does not look well, to see, as at some tables, only a few strings of it floating in the tureen. The flavor will also be much improved if a small quantity of Parmesan cheese be either melted in it, or grated and served up separately.

Spring Soup.—Take any or all sorts of green vegetables, sea-kale, asparagus-tops, green peas, spinach, lettuce, and sorrel, with mustard and cress, chives, and young onions, to which gherkins and cucumbers may be added as the season advances. Stew them in any kind of good broth, either until they can be made into a *puree*, which is by far the best way, or they may be chopped small and left in the soup, but not boiled quite so much as when meant to be pulped.

RECEIPTS FOR VEGETABLES.

Asparagus.—Scrape the buds, and cut the white stalk off about six inches from the head; throw them into cold water, and, after soaking, tie them in small bundles and boil them rather quickly. If overdone, the heads will be broken. Toast a slice of bread very brown on both sides, and, when the asparagus is done, take it very carefully up, dip the toast quickly in the water, and lay the heads upon it, leaving the white ends outward, each way, and pour melted butter over the toast and green parts.

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Green Peas.—Boil them very fast in plenty of water, with the lid off the stewpan; the water should be moderately salted. They are unfit for eating when they become hard and yellowish; but, when growing rather old, a very small quantity of carbonate of ammonia put into the water, with two or three lumps of loaf-sugar, will greatly improve them. The old English method of putting a sprig of mint, or a little parsley, is still a good practice, and ought to be continued unless specially forbidden; or the mint may be chopped and put round the dish. A few bits of raw butter should also be put into the peas when boiled, and a dust of pepper and salt thrown over them if they be completely ripe; but if quite young, neither butter, salt, nor pepper should be added to them, but a teaspoonful of pounded white sugar. When growing to maturity, the pods are of different ages, and young and old peas should not be boiled together. Sift them, therefore, from each other, and put the old ones into the water some minutes sooner than the young; they require from fifteen to twenty minutes' boiling.

To Fricassee.—Scrape the asparagus clean, and, having steeped it in cold water, cut off the eatable portion. To fifty heads add one head of endive, a young lettuce, and a few chives, all three chopped; put them into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter; shake the pan while the butter is melting, and then dredge in a little flour, and season with pepper and salt; continue to shake the pan, and pour in a cupful of gravy; stew the whole until the sauce is very rich and thick, and then serve it up.

To Boil Rice.—The great art in boiling rice is to keep every grain separate. The pot should, therefore, be kept on a strong fire, so as to keep the water in a constant boil, as this motion will prevent the grains from sticking together. It should be left uncovered, and close attention is necessary, on the part of the cook, to watch the rice; take it off the fire the moment it is done; strain and dry it immediately.

Leeks.—They are generally looked upon as a species of onion, and, as such, commonly employed in the same manner, though rather milder in flavor. If boiled in separate waters, changing it three or four times, until stewed quite tender, then served in white sauce, or quartered and placed upon toast like asparagus, they will eat nearly, if not quite, as delicate.

Buttered Cabbage.—Boil the cabbage with a quantity of onions; then chop them together, season with pepper and salt, and fry them in butter. It is a rather homely, but savory, dish, and frequently used either with fried sausages laid over it, or as an accompaniment to roast-beef, and forms part of bubble-and-squeak.

Spinach.—Wash it well in different waters, pick off the decayed leaves, and boil it quickly in a large quantity of water and salt for a quarter of an hour; when done, squeeze it very dry, chop it, put it into the dish, and pour melted butter over it; season it with pepper and salt.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Whitewash.—Put some lumps of quick-lime into a bucket of cold water, and stir it about till dissolved and mixed, after which a brush with a large head and a long handle to reach the ceiling of the room is used to spread it thinly on the walls, etc. When dry, it is beautifully white, but its known cheapness has induced the plasterers to substitute a mixture of glue size and whiting for the houses of their opulent customers; and this, when once used, precludes the employment of lime-washing ever after: for the latter, when laid on whiting, becomes yellow. Whitewashing is an admirable manner of rendering the dwellings of the poor clean and wholesome.

To Extract Grease from Cloth.—Take off the grease with the nail, or, if that cannot be done, have a hot iron with some thick brown paper; lay the paper on the part where the grease is, then put the iron upon the spot; if the grease comes through the paper, put on another piece, till it does not soil the paper. If not all out wrap a little piece of cloth or flannel round the finger; dip it into spirits of wine, and rub the grease-spot.

To Remove Bugs, etc.—The bedsteads ought to be taken down three or four times a year, the screws rubbed with pure oil, and a good manual cleaning given in all its parts. This plan will render all poisonous mixtures unnecessary, besides saving all the trouble, filth, and expense consequent upon the use of those medicaments so much recommended by quacks, bug destroyers, etc.

Transparent Cement.—The composition of this cement is caoutchouc, fifteen grains, chloroform, two ounces, and mastich, half an ounce. The two first-named ingredients are to be first mixed: after the gum is dissolved the mastich is added, and the whole allowed to macerate for a week. More of the caoutchouc may be applied where great elasticity is desirable.

To Make Cement for Metals.—Take of gum mastich, ten grains, rectified spirits of wine, two drachms, add two ounces of strong isinglass glue made with brandy, and ten grains of true gum ammoniac. Dissolve all together, and keep it stopped in a phial When intended to be used, set it in warm water.

Food for Parrots.—Indian corn for a parrot must be well boiled, as, without this precaution, it swells, and becomes dangerous. Too much moist food is bad. Give hemp seed, canary seed, a little millet, and occasionally a pod of cayenne. Meat, or any oily matter, must be carefully avoided.

To Color Alum Crystals.—Bright yellow crystals may be produced by boiling gamboge, saffron, or turmeric in the solution; and purple ones by a similar use of logwood.

To Preserve Furs.—When laying up muffs and tippets for the summer, if a tallow candle be placed on or near them, all danger of caterpillars will be obviated.

To Extract Bitterness from Yeast.—Put into the yeast a red-hot wood coal; or a clear bright-red coal cinder will be equally efficacious.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with five flounces, the alternate ones being of a darker shade than the others. Above the flounces is a ruche of the two shades of silk. The body is high and plain with a point in front. The cording of the dress and buttons are of the darker shade of silk. The sleeves are large and full, and trimmed around the points which are open with a ruche. Head-dress of lace and pink ribbon.

FIG. II.—DINNER DRESS OF A WHITE ORGANDIE STRIPED WITH GREEN.—The skirt is plain, and around the waist is a broad green sash. The cape is trimmed with a ruche of green ribbon. The sleeves are of very thin, plain white muslin. Head-dress of green ribbon.

FIG. III.—EVENING DRESS OF THIN WHITE MULL OVER A MAUVE-COLORED SILK.—The under body is low with short sleeves.

FIG. IV.—MORNING DRESS for the country of buff pique trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. V.—SPRING BONNET, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, who has, as usual, the earliest novelties in shapes and styles. This month she gives us two most exquisite bonnets. The shape is much more flaring at the side than those of last fall and winter, and not so high at the top. The crowns are rounded slightly, making altogether the most becoming style we have had for some time

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past. One we have selected is of fine split white straw, the edge is finished by a straw and jet gimp, the cape is of white tulle, bound by a green ribbon slightly frilled. On the center of the cape is a pointed piece of green silk edged with black thread lace, laid on in small plaits, and finished at either end by a bow of narrow green ribbon with ends. A large cluster of purple velvet pansies, with purple and green leaves, intermingled with steel balls and small white velvet flowers, ornaments the top. Under this cluster is fastened a white marabout feather tipped with black, which extends over the right side. The inside has a fulling of black and white tulle as a lining. On either side a full plaiting of green ribbon, finishing on the head with a bunch of pansies, purple and green leaves, and one small green spray of chenille, with a very small red flower falling from it. White strings, striped with green.

Fig. VI.—Another Spring Bonnet from Mrs. Cripps. A Marie Louise blue silk, laid on the foundation in shirs, the crown being plain. The front of the bonnet is thin, bound round the edge with blue silk and covered with a fulling of black and white tulle, which extends to the shirred blue silk. The cape is thin like the front. Extending round the bonnet, and finishing on the cape with a fulling, is a white blonde lace about three inches in width. A plain band of bias blue silk heads the lace, pointed in front and fastened by a bunch of white roses with the velvet leaves edged with steel. On the center of the cape is a bow and ends of wide blue ribbon, surrounded by a fulling of the blonde lace. The inside is lined with full black and white tulle, which extends from the outside, and is terminated by a plaiting of black and white blonde lace. A blue band extends across the front, which is trimmed with a large loop of blue ribbon on either side, and in the center a bunch of white roses. The strings are wide blue ribbon, like the bow on the cape.

Fig. VII.—Bonnet with a white silk crown and black front trimmings. White lace and pink roses on the top.

Fig. VIII.—Bonnet with white silk face, and black tulle crown spotted with white. The cape is of black silk, bound with white. White roses, black lace and ribbon.

We give also in the front of the book illustrations of styles of dressing hair, making dresses, capes, caps, and sleeves, which need no description.

General Remarks.—There have been but few new goods imported this season, economy being the order of the day. Old dresses are "made to look like new" as nearly as possible. Skirts worn out at the bottom are renewed or lengthened by a bias band, plaiting or ruffle, or silk of black or some color contrasting well with the dress. In this way two old dresses often make one stylish new one. Then antiquated bodies, or worn out bodies, are discarded, and jaunty Zouave jackets with white shirt bodies and sleeves, or Garibaldi shirts, take their place. As the season advances, pique or Marseilles will take the place of silk or flannel for these articles.

A very pretty dress may be arranged in the following way: A black silk skirt, either plain or trimmed, may be accompanied with a full body of white muslin, having bands of black velvet over the shoulder, crossed with the same in front in the form of a stomacher, and having a bow at the waist of the white muslin, wide, and with long ends, crossed with black velvet at the bottom.

Nothing new has as yet appeared in the way of trimming skirts. In fact, it would be almost impossible to have anything new in this respect, as such a variety of styles are already worn.

Dresses for evening wear are generally made with low-necked bodies, with points before and at the back, and with a fullness extending from the shoulders to the middle of the body. But bodies partially open, either square or in the heart shape, are the most popular.

We have been asked to describe a dress suitable for a young lady. We give below one which is not very expensive, and can be modified according to the taste or purse of the wearer. We must premise that the combination of black and white is not at all confined to mourning, but, on the contrary, is one of the most fashionable of costumes. The dress of which we speak was composed of white tarlatane; the skirt ornamented with six narrow flounces at the bottom, each flounce trimmed with a row of tiny black velvet. The flounces were headed by a broad plaiting of tarlatane, trimmed at the top and bottom with black velvet. The low body was gathered, and cut square on the shoulders, also trimmed round with a plaiting, and finished off round the neck with a blonde tucker, having a narrow velvet run in it. A head-dress, composed of black velvet and bunches of rose-buds, completed this simple but elegant toilet.

Should any of our readers feel inclined to make one of these dresses themselves, we would hint that tarlatane cannot be too little or too lightly handled, and therefore the flounces should be as quickly trimmed and put on as possible. To accomplish this, the flounces should be hemmed and the velvet put on at the same time, by turning the tarlatane once on the right side, and running the velvet on over the raw edge. In this manner the material need not be much tumbled.

Short Coats hanging loosely will be very fashionable this season. They have a jaunty look, and have the advantage of taking much less material than those lately worn. Black silk shawls trimmed with lace, or silk ruffles will also be fashionable.

Bonnets have altered but little as yet in shape. A beautiful dress hat has just been made of white tulle, bound around the edge and cape with very light blue velvet, and trimmed across the top with a broad band of blue velvet. The white ribbon strings are also bound with velvet.

Kid Gloves of light color, with one or two buttons, and embroidered in little squares at the back of the hand, are the most *distingue*.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress of Gray Pique or Marseilles, braided in black. A loose linen shirt is worn under the Zouave jacket. Black straw Tudor hat.

Fig. II.—Knickerbocker Suit of Brown and White Plaid Cassimere.—This suit is trimmed with narrow bands of velvet as well as braiding. A linen shirt, ruffled, is worn with this suit. Straw hat.

General Remarks.—It is rather too early to give many costumes as yet for children. But as at this season many parties for the little ones are given, we will enumerate some styles of dress suitable for such occasions.

For little girls there is nothing so pretty and simple as white tarlatane, or clear Swiss muslin, either embroidered or plain, which may be made in a variety of ways—either with flounces to the waist, or with double skirts, or with puffings. A broad sash of pinked silk, of some bright color, makes a pretty finish to the dress; these sashes being generally fastened at the left side. Tiny checked or striped light silks are very pretty where a quieter toilet is required, made with three narrow pinked flounces at the bottom of the skirt, and a gathered low body, finished off round the waist with a sash of the same material as the dress, and pinked at the edges.

For boys' dresses, Knickerbocker Suits, made entirely of black silk velvet, and ornamented with large white mother-of-pearl buttons, are a very pretty evening dress. White stockings and patent leather boots, an embroidered collar, and closed sleeves, with a band of insertion forming a wristband, should be worn with this style of dress.

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Engraved & Printed by Ullman Brothers.

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

MAY.

1862

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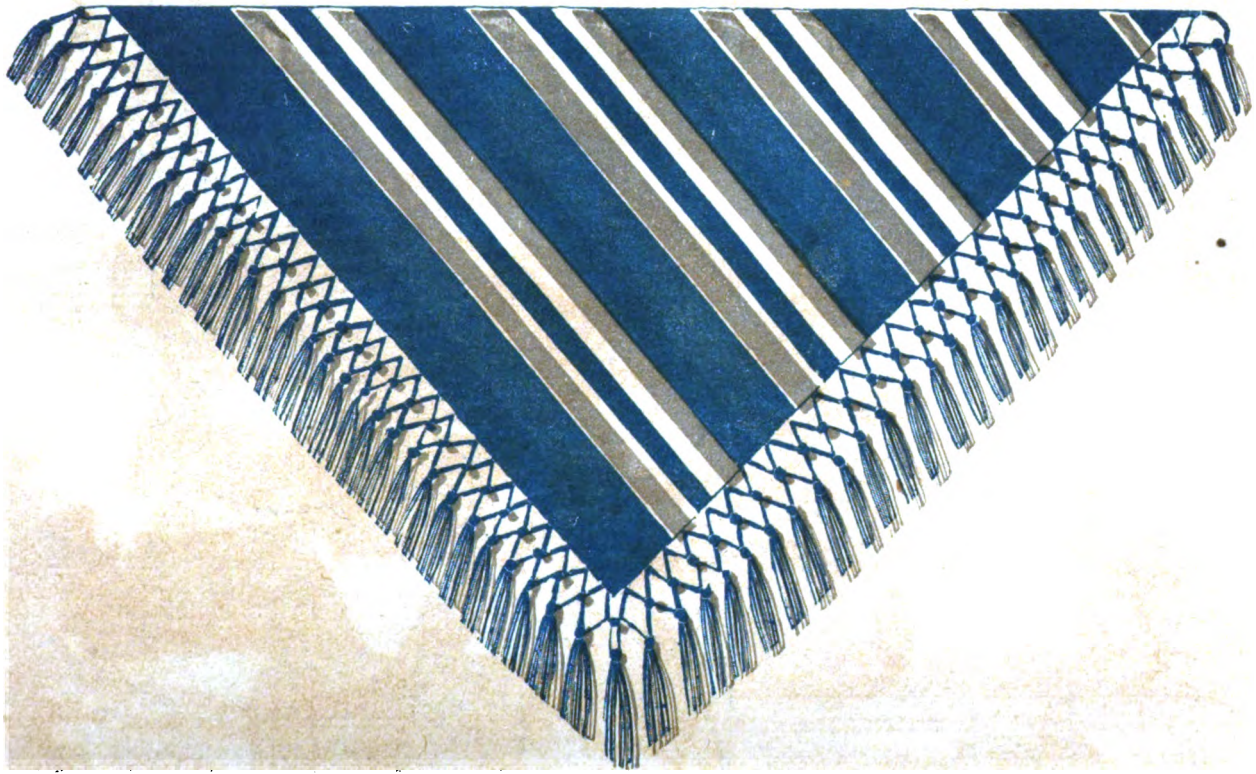
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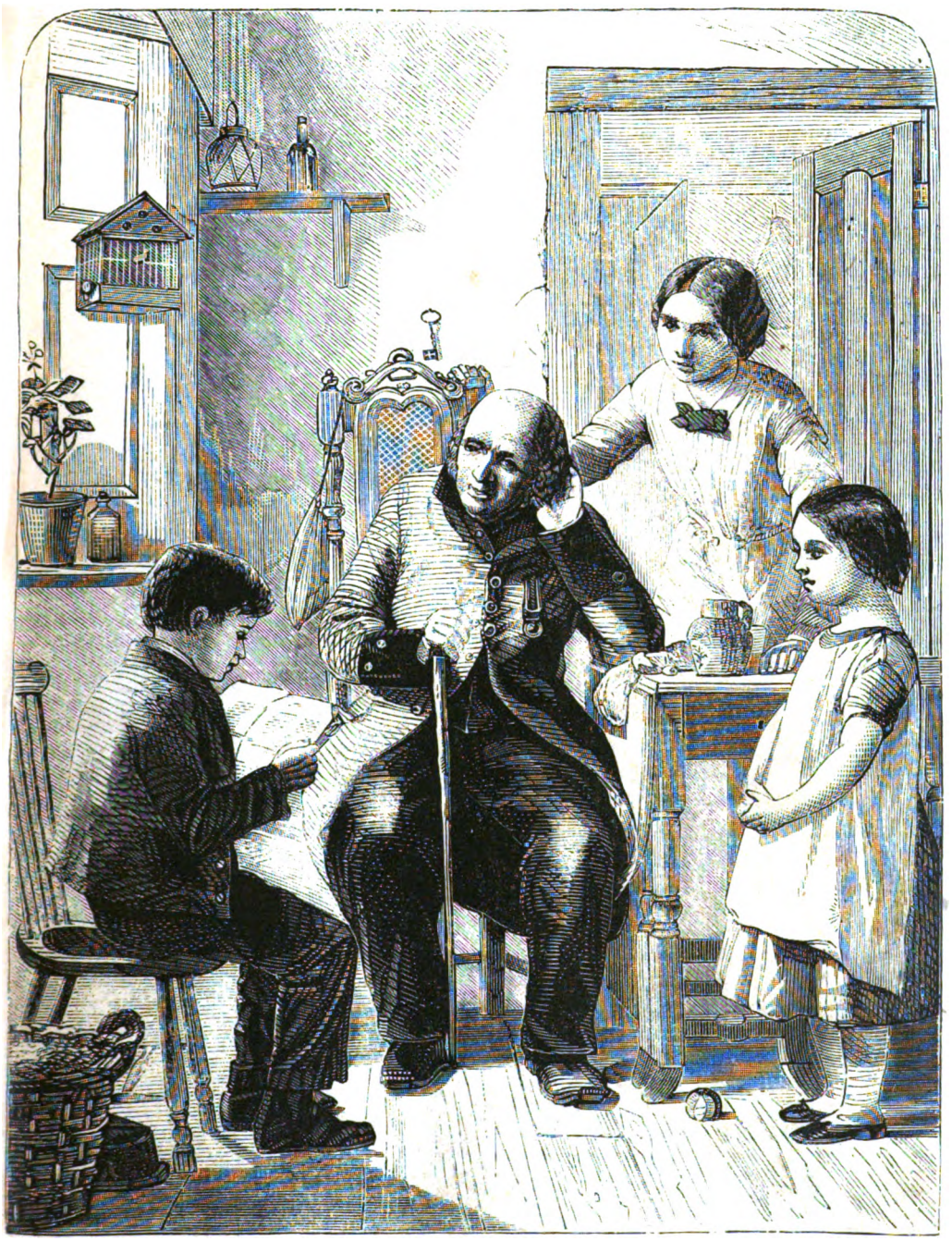
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KNITTED SHAWL.

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READING THE WAR NEWS.

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HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



THE PRINCESS CAPOTE.

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NAME FOR MARKING.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

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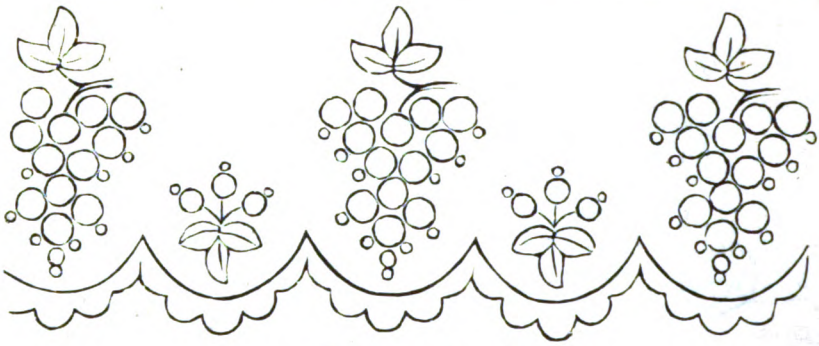
Matilda

NAME FOR MARKING.

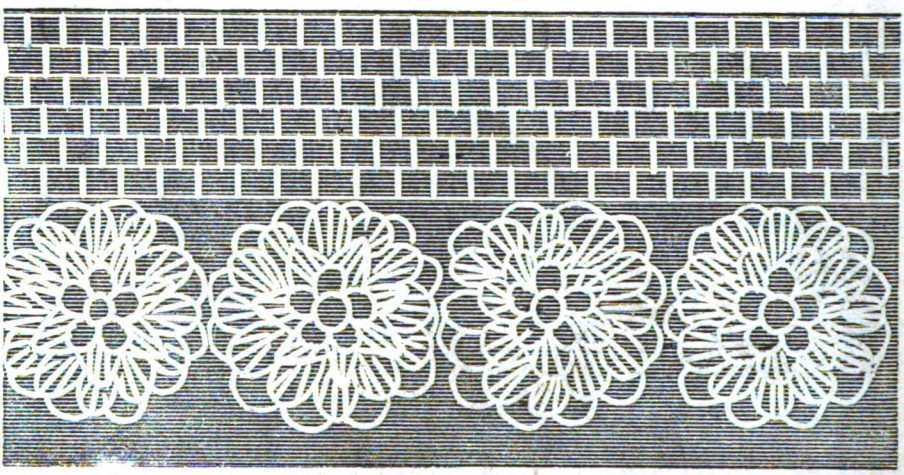


WALKING DRESS.

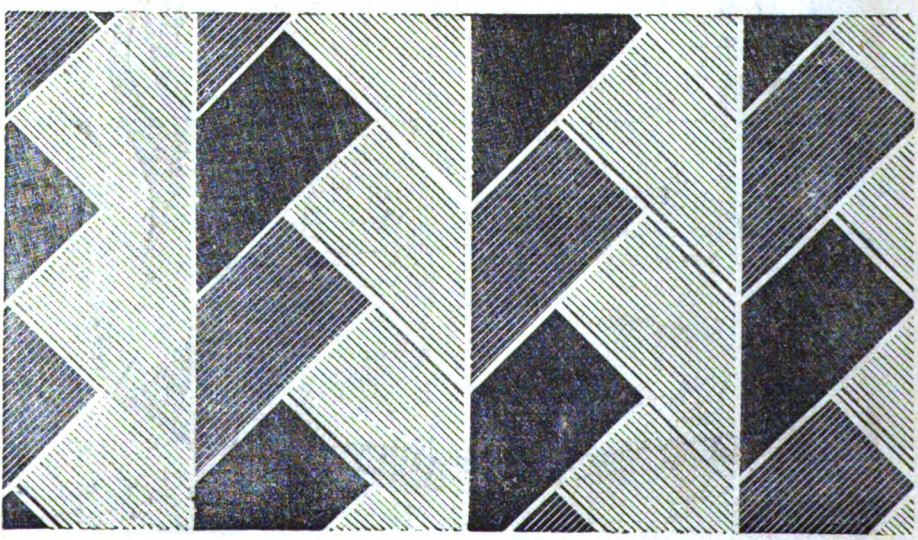
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EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

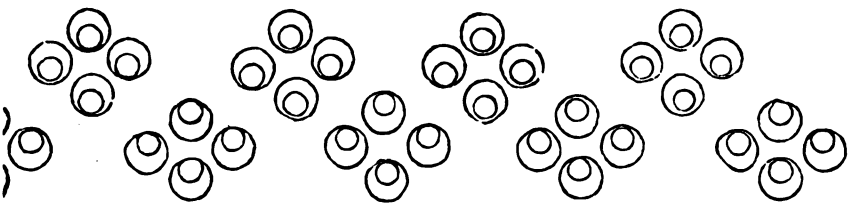


CROCHET LACE.

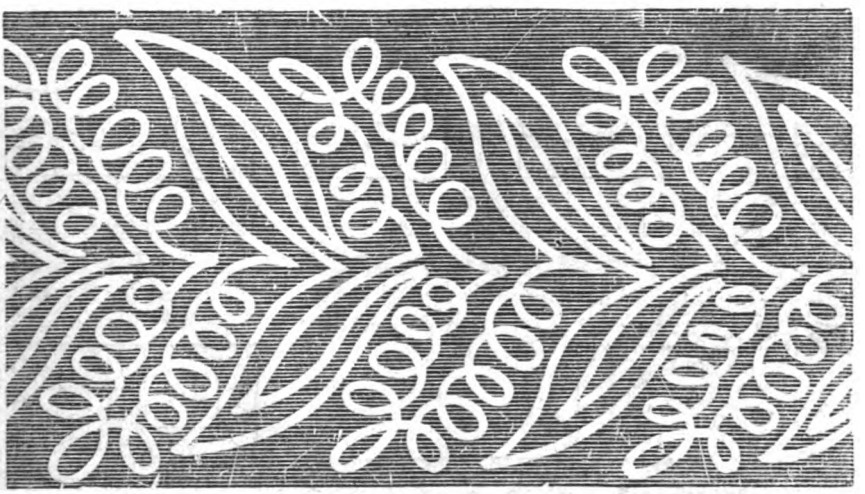


PATCH-WORK PATTERN.

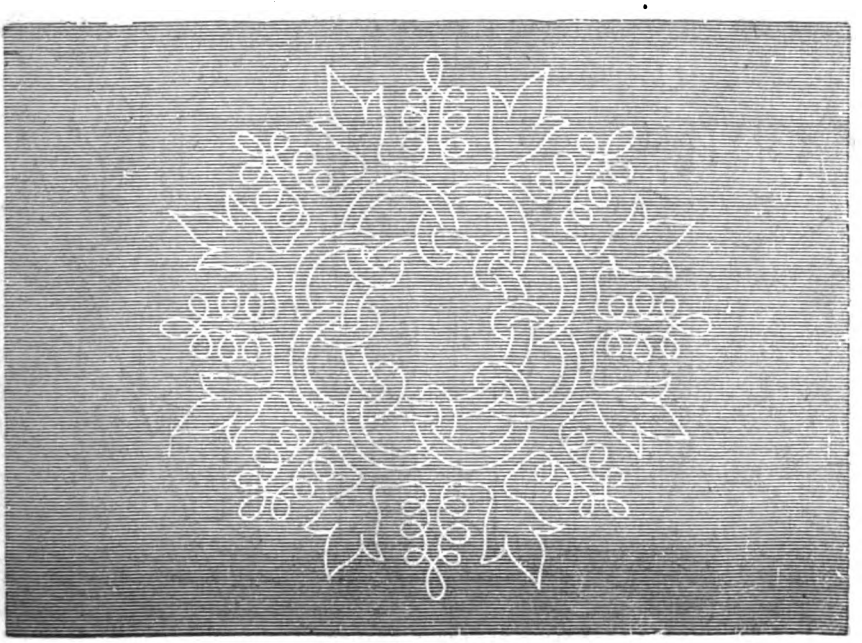
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INSERTION FOR BABY'S DRESS



BRAIDING PATTERN.

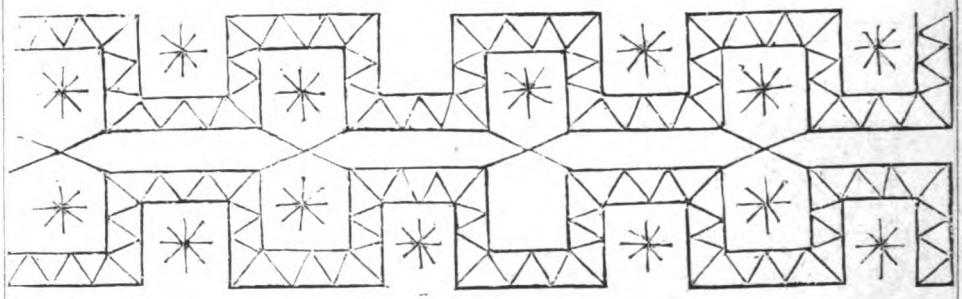


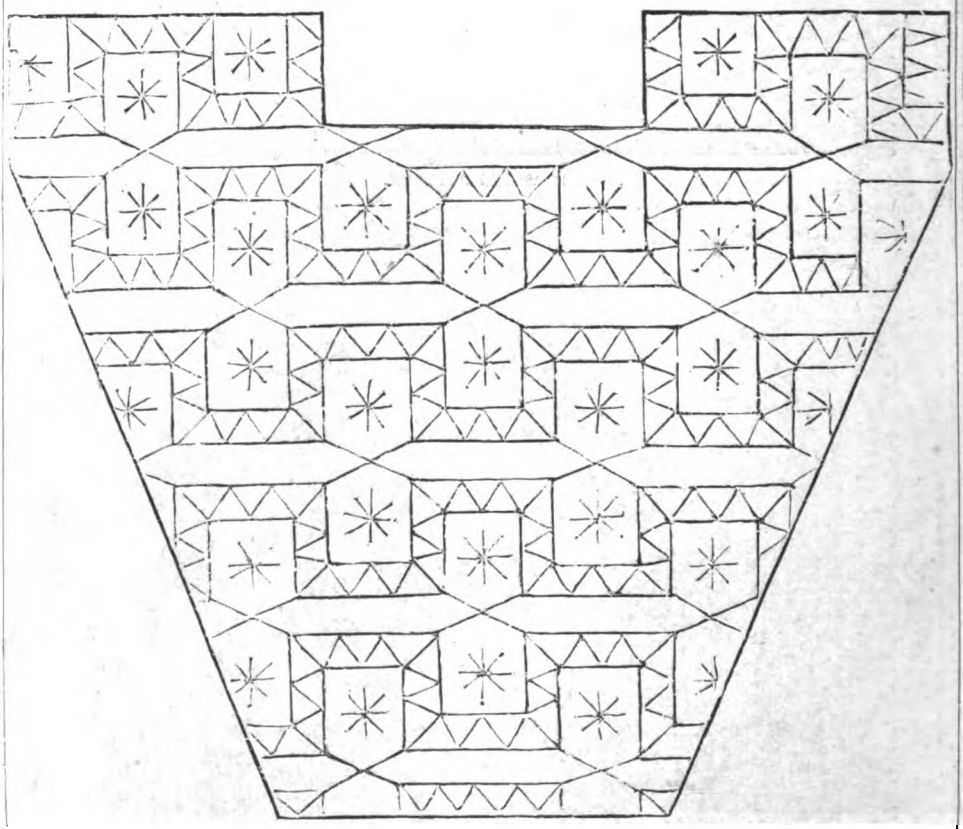
PATTERN IN BRAIDING.

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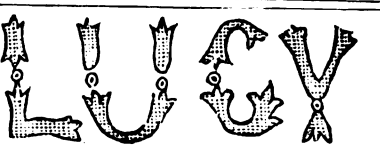
FOR CHEMISE YOKE.



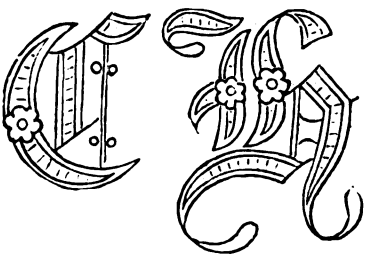


PATTERN FOR SLIPPER: IN GOLD BRAID, ON CLOTH OR VELVET.

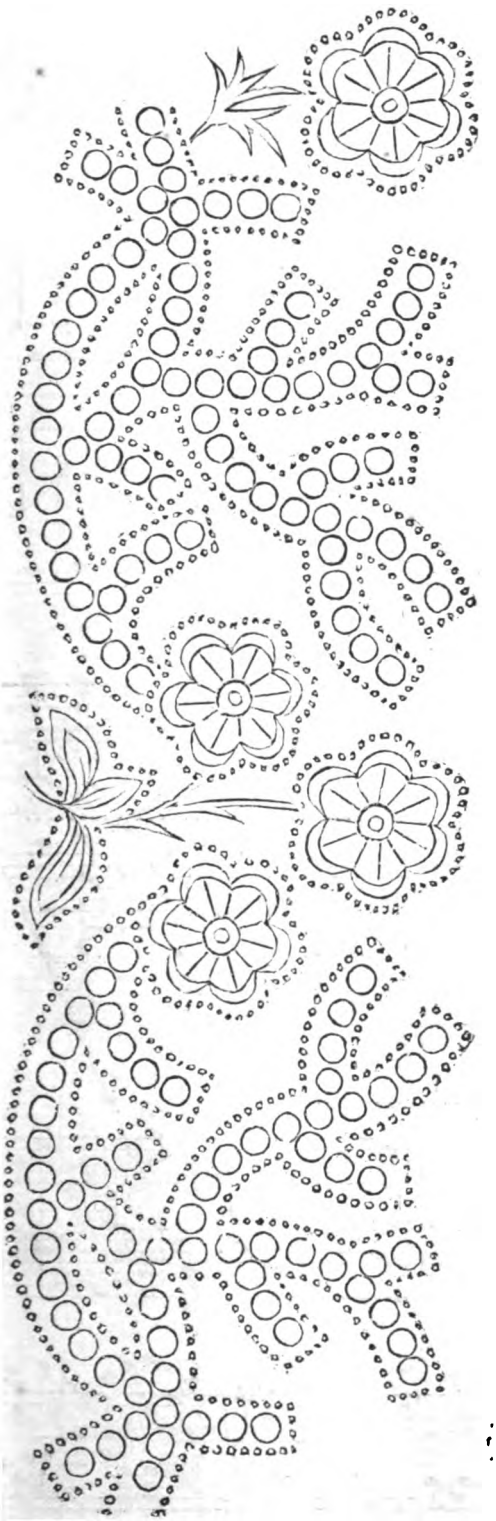
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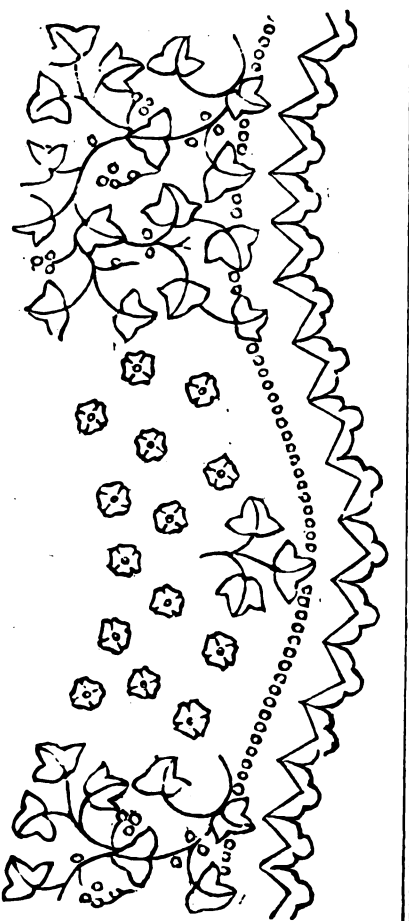
NAME FOR MARKING.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CORAL PATTERN: TO BE WORKED IN RED.



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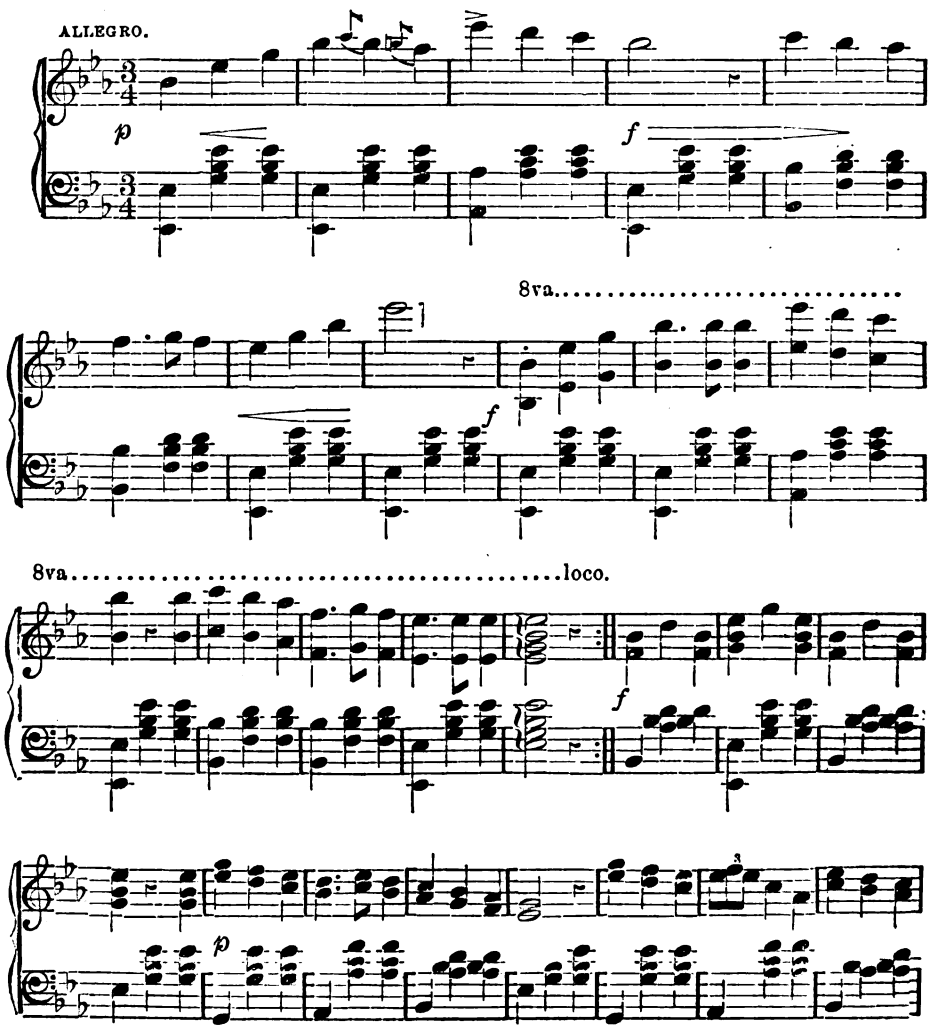
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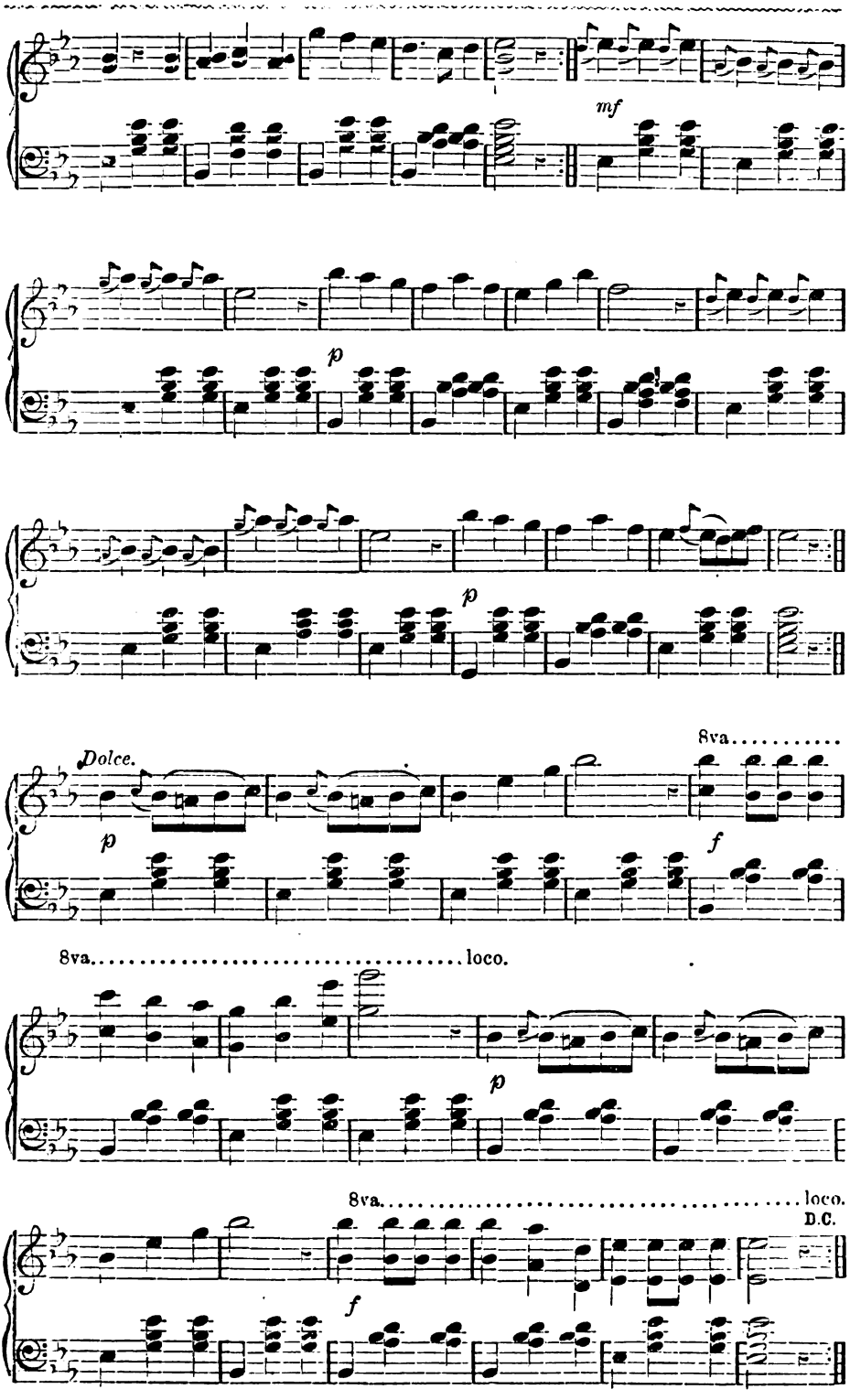
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MISS JANE F. CAMPBELL.

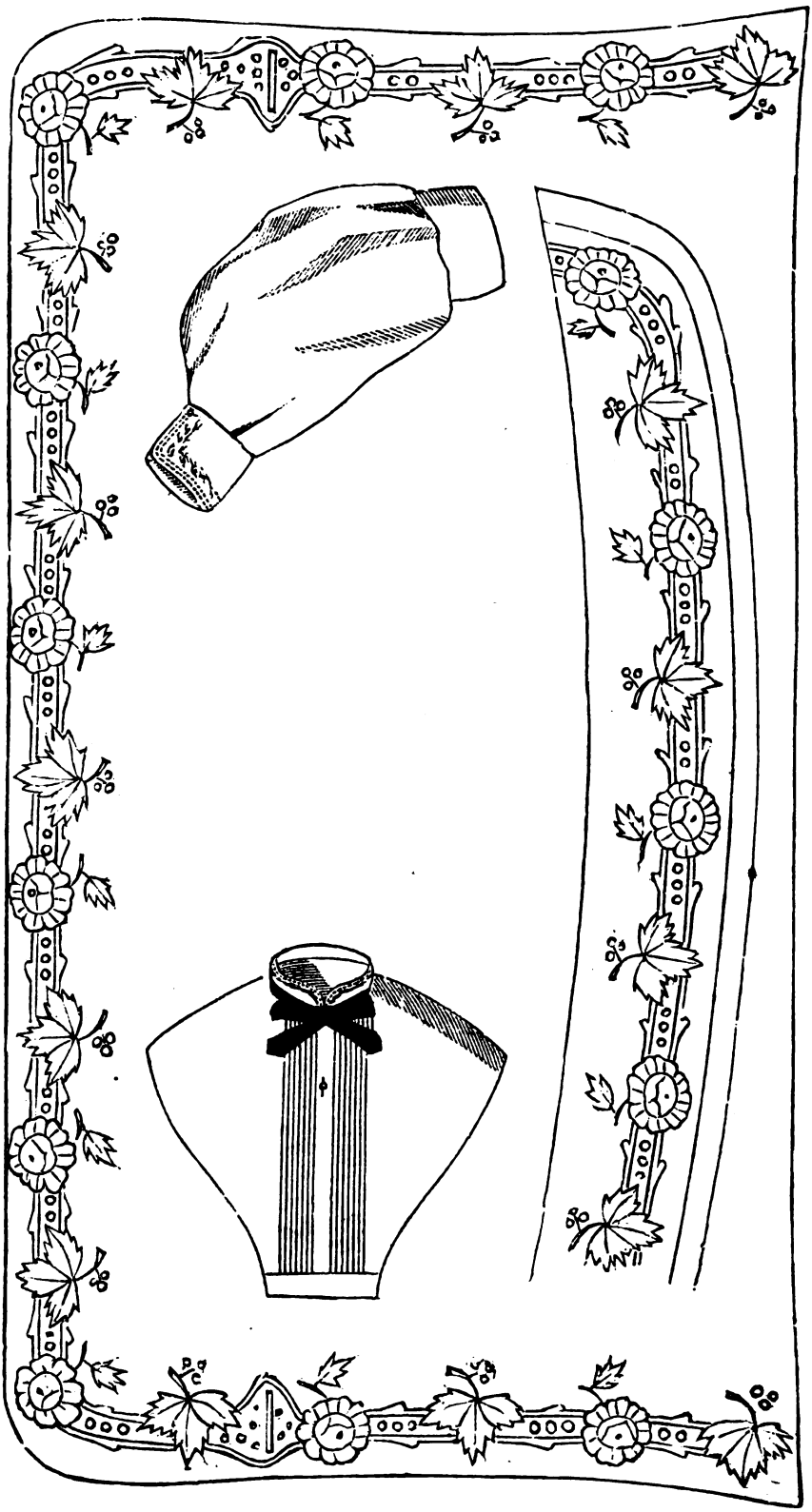
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NEW STYLE OF CUFF: PART OF COLLAR; SLEEVE; AND CHEMISETTE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1862. No. 5.

MRS. SETON'S CROSS DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

MRS. SETON was cross this morning. I knew she was before I went down, for the house was still; as it always is when she, its mistress, is cross, as it never is at any other time. I would have known she was cross, when I saw pale little Johnny, if I had not before. He was on the landing standing with his hand on the balustrade, as if to support himself. For Johnny is never strong; is always sensitive and easily made faint and afraid. The breakfast-bell had rung; but he was standing as if dreading to go down.

"Good morning," he said, when I spoke to him; but there was no spirit in the accost.

He went down with me.

Mr. Seton said, "Good morning," with what cheerfulness he could. Mrs. Seton said, "Good morning," but faintly, without looking up, with her lips held together. Mr. Seton tried to talk a little about our national affairs. But he did not care much for the affairs of the nation, this morning; his own domestic affairs filled his thoughts.

Mrs. Seton, meanwhile, had not spoken; but by-and-by, still without looking up, she said, "That Nora *does* try me so, is *so* cross I can't bear it any longer! It puts *me* all out of sorts, having her so; I haven't the least patience with anybody, or anything, when she has one of her cross spells."

"Perhaps Nora has the same excuse," began Mr. Seton.

"No, she hasn't; she can't have!"

"Why, perhaps somebody vexed her, as she vexes you; and she lost *her* patience perhaps, and was cross, and thought she couldn't help it."

"I don't care for that. Nora is a good girl in everything else, but I can't keep a girl that has her cross fit once a month, or once a week, and I shall tell her she may go. Johnny, take your arms off the table; eat as you ought to!"

I thought *she* wasn't eating exactly as she ought; but I suppose no such idea occurred to her.

"I hope we shall have our vegetables in better season to-day than we did yesterday," she went on, speaking to her husband. "It *tries* me! Nora was up twice yesterday, before they got here, to know what she should do. It just spoils my comfort when things go so. I wish you would charge them to come earlier, else not come at all."

"Good morning," said I to Nora afterward, as I was going through to the garden.

"Good morning!" a high inflexion on "good," the word exploded on a great sigh.

"Pleasant, this morning," added I.

"It isn't very pleasant ter me."

"But it *is* pleasant, for all that."

"Doesn't seem pleasunt ter me." She was scraping a basin with right good will. "An' this is the reason, Mrs. Seton is cross this morning—as she is a good many mornings, ef the truth is told."

"Weren't you cross first?"

"Perhaps I was; but if I was, I couldn't help it; fer airly, when I was swapin' the ar'a, an' do'n' no one any harm, a man struck his board agin' me an' a'most knocked me down, an' told me I must keep out o' his way then; an' ef I felt cross after that, wus I ter blame, ma'am? fer I couldn't help it!"

Perhaps I hardly need tell my readers that little Johnny, in his turn, has been cross to baby to-day; that, soon after breakfast, he began with snatching his tin horse away from him, and going to throw it behind the bookcase, saying, "Shan't have it! it's mine!"

Baby looked up wonderingly a moment, then crept laboriously toward another plaything; but just as his little hand was ready to touch it, Johnny sprang forward and carried that off. Again baby looked up; looked longer this time

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and seemed a little discouraged. But he is a darling baby, good-natured, and sensible as a little man. In a short time, he was looking round for something else; and, seeing his pretty glass ball before the window in the sunshine, he brightened, gave a glad cry, and hurried off toward it. But Johnny seized that also. Poor baby! Now he gave a little sob, for there was nothing on all the carpet left; he looked, after he had again studied Johnny's face awhile. Then, in an unlucky moment, his eye fell on a low door of the bookcase, which he had picked open one day when his mother's back was turned. He dragged out pamphlet upon pamphlet that day, had a nice time doing it, which now he remembered. His mother punished him that day. It cannot be known whether baby remembered it; probably he did not; if he did, he was not deterred by it.

When Johnny saw what baby was going to do, he said, "Ah, sir, if you do *that*, I guess mamma'll see to you! She told you once not to touch that door again! She'll see to you! she slapped your fingers then; she'll slap 'em harder this time, for she's crosser."

Baby tried as hard as he could to understand, looking in Johnny's face, but he could not.

"You may go if you've a mind to; *I* ain't going to stop you; but mamma'll slap you, you see'f she don't."

So baby kept on and picked at the door until it opened, revealing its treasures; and then, in his thoughtful, busy way, he began dragging the pamphlets out.

"There, sir! you've torn one!" said Johnny, standing back and looking on. "Now what'll mamma say? Mamma!" for Mrs. Seton that moment entered, "see what Benny's done! He's torn the cover off one your 'Petersons'. I told 'im you'd slap 'im; but he went."

"Oh, Benny, Benny!" said Mrs. Seton, speaking as if her baby were an incorrigible old sinner. "Oh, Benny, Benny! you thought mamma hadn't quite enough to-day to trouble her, and so you must do this! Now I must punish you; I told you I would."

So she slapped the darling's little hand hard.

Baby, by-the-by, was ten months old; was violating a rule that he had never half-understood, the penalty of whose former transgression he had probably wholly forgotten; she, thirty years old, had been all the morning in rebellion against her Master's perfect law of patience, gentleness, peace, love. But the poor woman did not think of that, I suppose.

Benny cried a long time; sobbed a long time after his crying was ended. He sought no more for playthings, but clung to his mother's skirts and wanted to be held.

So, to-night Mrs. Seton said, "I hope I shan't have another such a day as this very soon. Benny has worn me almost to death!"

She hadn't patience with him in undressing him. But I saw her at last, after she had held him awhile in his long night dress, kiss him softly a great many times; heard her a great many times call him, "Mamma's angel boy."

In conclusion, I must say for Mrs. Seton that moods like this come seldom; whether because Nora is seldom cross, and the market man seldom tardy, I do not know. Nor do I know exactly how much the good-nature is worth that bears no touch without disappearing. Perhaps it don't stand very high among the records in the Lamb's "Book of Life." I don't know how it is, however.

SKATES.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

Wings to my feet—I fly, I fly!
And yet more swiftly do I pass!
Above me hangs a purple sky,
Beneath me lies a sea of glass!

A wondrous current floods my veins,
I overflow with golden mirth;
Floating above my griefs and pains,
I scarcely touch the grosser earth!

And fast my gay companions glide,
Than fabled sylphs more airy fleet,
While Heaven lets fall her starry pride
To form a pavement for our feet!

Millions of icy crystals fling
Their coruscations on the air;
The flashing skate's metallic ring
Breaks into laughter everywhere.

The pure, electric air is fraught
With all the blessings born of health;
Here bring your undigested thought,
And find your souls a noble wealth!

The stagnant heart and aching brain
Invite the fury of the Fates.
What can dispel the dreary pain?
The silvery music of the skates!

Away! away! Though garish Day
Closes her eyes, we, still awake,
Shall chant a joyous roundelay,
And skim the surface of the lake.

Wings to my feet—I fly, I fly!
And cancelliering do I pass;
Above me hangs a starry sky,
Beneath me lies a sea of glass!

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THE MURRAYS OF MURRAY HOUSE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "KATE AYLESFORD, "THE OLD STONE MANSION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 313.

XIII. PHILADELPHIA IN 1778.

MRS. MARTIN had not exaggerated, when she had said that the royal officers had turned the heads of most of the fair Philadelphians, those of whig families not always excepted. In truth, when the war broke out, Philadelphia was the most aristocratic, probably, of all the American cities. John Adams, on repairing to the first Congress, wrote home, in amazement, at the princely style in which the richer people lived; there was nothing like it in Boston, not even at Hancock House, ostentatious and vain as the owner was. The Earl of Carlisle, when he came as a peace commissioner in the very year of which we are speaking, describes the elegant hospitality of the chief citizens. The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited Philadelphia as one of the French army, was in raptures over the ladies, praising particularly their ease of manner, their information, and their elegant tastes in dress. Mrs. Adams, the wife of the future President, spoke of the women as "a constellation of beauties." The wealthier families, with the exception of those who were Quakers, and who did not mingle in society, belonged to the Church of England, and had been connected, more or less, with the proprietary interest. Many of these had traveled abroad, some had been educated there; and their houses were decorated, we are told by an annalist of those times, "with valuable prints, or copies of the great masters." The same writer tells us that the dinner-parties of the Philadelphia magnates were famous for choice Madeira and French wines, and for West India turtle. The gentlemen of these families, with but few exceptions, either openly favored the royal cause, or practiced a selfish neutrality. They followed the example, for instance, of Judge Erskine, who privately told one of his old neighbors, over a choice glass of South-side, that, "for his part, he should stick to his ease and his Madeira; let who would be king, he well knew who would be subject."

But, when the British occupied the city, many of these moderates, thinking the royal arms permanently in the ascendant, went over openly to the king. The ladies of their familes, as a rule, had always been on that side. When the wife of Washington passed through the city, on her way to join her husband, their lately elected commander-in-chief, they very generally avoided calling on her. Now that the American cause seemed lost, they were more loyal, if possible, than ever; and toward the royal officers, many of whom united rank to their military position, they were all smiles. The handsomest houses in the handsomest city of its time, for Jefferson declared Philadelphia handsomer than London, far handsomer than Paris, were hospitably thrown open to these ever-welcome guests. Entertainments made the town as gay as a European capital. On their part, the royal officers returned these civilities with weekly balls, theatrical representations, and other amusements got up for the fair Philadelphians, till, just before they finally left the city, they gave the famous Meschianza, of which ancient ladies in our youth, who had figured as belles there, loved to talk in raptures sixty years after the event.

Of this fastidious and polished, but selfish, society, Miss Erskine, from her father's position, was unavoidably a member. But notwithstanding the reports, which, as we have seen, had reached Hector at Valley Forge, her heart was not interested, either in the gay festivities, or in any of the heroes of the hour. It is true that her engagement to Capt. Mountfort was the theme of general rumor. But this was in consequence of the captain's undisguised admiration for her, and of her father's evident partiality for the match. The cold-hearted, ambitious old judge left no means untried to induce Helen to favor the suit of one who was next heir to an earldom. In a dozen ways he endeavored to influence her, now through the vanity which he believed to be paramount in every female breast, now through some other fancied womanly weakness. He told her how much Major Stanley, "who may yet be Earl of Derby, next to the oldest peerage of that rank,

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you know, Helen," admired her; how Tarleton, the famous cavalry officer, did nothing but talk of her; how the Marquis of Lindsay, Lieut. Col. Harcourt, Sir John Wrottesley, and others, toasted her as "the beauty of the town." But, most of all, he dwelt on the high connections, the future rank, and the indisputable accomplishments of Capt. Mountfort. "My child," he said, "you must dismiss your foolish romance; the captain is such a match as is not likely to offer again: think how all the other girls will die of envy!" It was in vain that Helen declared she had disliked Mountfort from her first interview. "I am sure he is treacherous," she said; "I am never deceived in my instincts." "Spoken like a foolish girl," cried the judge; "it shows, Miss, how little you know of physiognomy, for Capt. Mountfort is the acknowledged soul of honor." But Helen was inflexible. She treated the captain with bare civility, and would scarcely have done this, if it had not been for her mother, who, always a peace-maker, and seeing that an open breach between father and daughter was inevitable, if Helen went too far, besought the latter not to break her heart. "It will all come right, by-and-by, my dear," she would say; "the captain will get tired, or Washington will drive the British away: ah! if young Hector Murray had only kept out of this war; it used to be the wish of my heart to see you two married; but God's will be done!"

Helen did not, among her intimates, disguise her sympathies for the colonists. She was known, in consequence, to the royal officers, as "the fair rebel." One of the wittiest of them had tried to rally her on her sentiments, but had met such a rebuff, that the scheme had not been tried again. "Before such eyes as yours, Miss Erskine," he had said, "no soldier could stand. If your Mr. Washington had had you in the van at Brandywine, he might have converted a retreat into a victory." "You ran away fast enough at Trenton and Princeton, my lord," was the retort, "without having to flee from my eyes." But her partiality for Hector was the secret of her own heart. Not even her mother suspected it; and her father, though he occasionally had misgivings on the subject, soon dismissed them, for his cold, selfish nature could not understand how any one could be faithful to the absent and unfortunate. Thus, though Helen still was a patriot, and though Capt. Mountfort never had any chance of success, she enjoyed, generally, the reputation of being his affianced bride, and was envied and abused accordingly. Her dear fifty acquaintances (for society in Philadelphia, in 1778, did not exceed that number), who kissed her when they met and vowed eternal friendship before her face, wondered, behind her back, how Capt. Mountfort could see anything to like in "that proud Helen Erskine, who was always doing something odd, and different from other folk, as if she was better." Hence it was that the report of her engagement had reached Hector in so positive a manner.

The night Hector left Murray House witnessed a grand entertainment at Judge Erskine's. Sir William Howe and staff were there; and there also were all the tory families. A few of Helen's whig acquaintances had been invited, at her special request, and had, after much solicitation, consented to come; though the judge trembled lest Sir William should regard this civility as a proof of his being lukewarm in the royal cause, and even went so far as to apologize to the great man, by saying, "Old school-mates of my daughter, general, we mustn't be too hard on these girlish friendships." It was an entertainment long remembered, for the judge, wishing to propitiate the royal general, had spared no expense. Helen, from her position as daughter of the host, was compelled to play a conspicuous part in the entertainment. It was the fashion then, in Philadelphia, for each gentleman, on such occasions, to attach himself to some one lady, whose cavalier he remained throughout the evening; and Judge Erskine took good care that Capt. Mountfort should occupy this relation to Helen, since it would give even greater currency to the report of their betrothal, and so help, he thought, to bring about that result eventually. Helen was secretly annoyed at this arrangement, which she saw through, but could not prevent. It determined her to run every risk of her father's displeasure, by giving the captain a positive refusal, if he offered her his hand, which she had a premonition he would attempt, that night.

Nor was she mistaken. The captain had, by this time, become so passionately in love, that he resolved to put himself out of suspense, even at the chance of a rejection. He had, lately, begun to have a suspicion that the young officer, with whom he had fought his duel, had been more than a common acquaintance of Helen. There were not wanting envious belles to whisper to him, that, before the war broke out, there had been talk of a marriage between Miss Erskine and young Mr. Murray. The quick indignation, which the American had shown at his free use of Helen's name, seemed to favor this supposition. Such an attachment, if secretly

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reciprocated by the young lady, would account for her indifference to him; and the thought made him mad with jealousy. Now Mountfort, when he had boasted of Helen's liking to him in New York, had given way to a momentary temptation to annoy his auditors: the fact was, much as he had been devoted to her, she had repelled him then, as since. And in this assertion, as in his subsequent escape, he had justified Helen's instinct, and refuted the judge's and the world's opinion, that he was "the soul of honor."

"I have long watched for an opportunity like this," he said, when he had succeeded in getting Helen, for a moment, into a little side-room, which she occupied as a sort of boudoir. "You must have seen, from my manner, ever since we first met, now a year ago, how much I love you——"

"Capt. Mountfort," said Helen, who had listened up to this point, impatiently, and now interrupted him, "I cannot hear such language. You will do me the justice to admit that I have never encouraged you."

"I do," answered Mountfort, abashed. "But, my dear Miss Erskine, is there no hope in the future? If," he continued, eagerly, "the most devoted and persistent devotion——"

"Again I say I cannot listen to such language," said Helen, and she moved toward the door.

"Stay a moment, only one moment!" exclaimed Mountfort, interposing to prevent egress. "Is there no prior preference?"

"That is a question," replied Helen, drawing herself up with severe dignity, "which you have no right to ask, and which I certainly shall not answer. Let me pass."

Mountfort, baffled in every way, was almost beside himself with rage. But he was compelled to conceal his feelings, for his own sake, and no one, for the rest of the evening, was more brilliant than he.

"Deuce take the witch!" he said, that night, when he returned to his quarters, "I wish I could get her out of my mind. But there's some consolation in knowing, that if she did love this Murray, he's dead and buried, and can never be hers. I should have liked to tell her so much, but there's a part of that affair I don't care about having known, or Sir William might look black on me. For that reason, I've never dared to tell how I got off from the rebels at Brandywine, nor say 'yes' or 'no' when I've been asked if I knew anything of this duel in which Mr. Murray is said to have been hurt. I remember Miss Erskine herself once asking me if I'd heard of it: faith! it was as much as I could do to answer composedly; but I don't think she suspected me, and she evidently believed the whole story to be a fabrication. And, now I come to think about it, she can't be in love with the fellow; for she wasn't the least bit embarrassed, when she mentioned his name: or, if she is, she's as secret as the Sphinx, and curse her! she bewitches one as completely."

So saying, in the worst of humors, he betook himself to bed.

XIV. MAJOR ANDRE.

Helen was sitting in her room, the day but one after Hector's arrest, when the servant announced Mrs. Martin. As such an event as a visit from the housekeeper of Murray House had never before occurred, she rose in some trepidation, her heart divining, instinctively, that the good lady was the bearer of ill news.

"Is anything the matter with the major or his sister?" she asked, assisting to remove her guest's shawl. "I see, from your face, that something has gone wrong."

"No, no," answered Mrs. Martin, with emotion. "I wish I had no worse news than that the major had a fit of the gout, or Miss Murray a turn of rheumatis. It is about Master Hector I came to see you."

"What about him? He is not——" She stopped, she could not utter the word "dead!" But she went on hurriedly, "There was a report here that he had been shot in some low duel, but I did not believe it, for nobody seemed to know anything about it."

"No," said the housekeeper, "he is not dead —yet——"

"What do you mean?" cried Helen, in an agony of suspense.

"He is a prisoner here in the city."

"One of those taken in the late skirmish?"

"No, no. Would to God he was! He was caught, night before last, entering the lines."

Helen turned as pale as death and sank into a chair.

"Is—not that—considered," she stammered, chokingly, "being a spy?"

"I believe it is."

"And the penalty—is—death?"

"Yes!"

For a minute, Mrs. Martin thought that Helen was dying. She sprang up, ran to the sufferer, threw open the window, and sprinkled Helen's face with water, crying, "Deary me, deary me! don't take it so hard, Miss Helen, for something may be done for him yet."

Gradually Helen revived.

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"How did it happen?" she asked, making no apology for her emotion.

Mrs. Martin, in reply, described the appearance of Hector at Murray House, his purpose in visiting Philadelphia, and his promise to return within twenty-four hours.

"So I waited last night," she concluded, "from early candle-light, till after daybreak, but he didn't come. Fifty times, during the long, still hours, Miss, when everything was so quiet you might have heard a pin drop, I thought his step was coming up the gravel-walk, and I undid the door to let him in. As soon as I could, this morning, I left home. At the guard-house, a mile below our house, where I stopped to show my pass, people were talking of a spy that had been taken near there, the night before last, and sent in to Philadelphia. He was, they said, an American officer, and I soon found out it must be Master Hector, and nobody else. So I went, at once, to head-quarters, where I learned all."

"You do not go on," said Helen, pale as death. "Tell me the worst."

"He is to die, to-morrow, at sunrise."

Helen did not faint away this time. The first shock had passed, and her naturally energetic character had rallied. It was not a time for womanish fears, but for prompt, vigorous action.

"This shall not be, this shall not be," she cried, starting up, and looking for her walking attire; "they dare not do it. He is no spy. It was to see me, you say, he came. He shall not suffer for my sake. Did he not tell them why he came?"

She had been eagerly tying on her hat, before the glass, as she spoke, while the sentences came forth in broken snatches; and she now turned suddenly on Mrs. Martin.

"I did not see him," answered Mrs. Martin, bewildered and frightened by her manner. "But I got a pass to do so, to-night, for, in case of the worst, I knew he would like to have me visit him. I thought I would come and see you, and maybe the judge could do something for him."

"No, no, my father will not interfere, there is no hope in that direction," said Helen, hurriedly opening a drawer, in a lofty walnut press, which, with its bright brass handles and elaborately carved feet and top, stood between the windows. "I never knew any one speak so strongly against another as my father against Mr. Murray, since this unfortunate war. But you have not answered my question. Didn't Mr. Murray tell them why he entered the lines?"

"No. He couldn't say what brought him, except that he wasn't a spy. I met such a civil, handsome gentleman—a Major Andre, I heard him called—who told me all about Master Hector, and seemed so sorry. He got me the pass, and when he was gone for it, another officer said to me it was a favor nobody else could have obtained, for they were very strict about such things. He was leaving the house, when I was talking to the sentinel, and heard the man refuse to let me in. When he learned I had been Master Hector's nurse, he asked me to walk into a parlor, sent for a glass of wine for me, and was as kind as if I had been his own mother, God bless him!"

By this time Helen had arrayed herself in the black silk hat and cloak, which was the fashion of the period. Her eye was brilliant with excitement. Her hands trembled with eagerness as she drew on her gloves.

"Come, let us go," she said. "I will see Sir William Howe myself. I will tell him why Hector, Capt. Murray, I mean, entered the lines."

Mrs. Martin gazed on her in surprise. Before the quick energy and heroic aspect of the young girl, the more tardy old housekeeper stood lost in admiration. Helen misinterpreted her hesitation.

"You do not think it unmaidenly?" said she, coloring violently. "But what care I what others may say? I cannot be his murderer!"

"I was not thinking of it, my dear Miss," said Mrs. Martin, rising. "I was blessing you, in my heart, for what you said. Let us go. You can save Master Hector, if any one can."

"I have met Major Andre," said Helen, talking hurriedly. "He dined here, with the general, a few days ago. He is Sir William Howe's favorite, and can get us speech of the general. He has a noble heart, it is said, and will not misinterpret me. This way, my dear Mrs. Martin; it is better to go out by the garden-gate; we shall be less noticed: and the way is shorter."

With rapid steps, with which the old housekeeper, tall as she was and still active, could hardly keep pace, Helen threaded the smaller and less frequented streets, keeping her face concealed as much as possible. After a ten minutes' walk, they came out, on Pine street, opposite St. Peter's church, which stood then, as now, amid its patriarchal trees, solemn and still, one of the few churches in cities realizing the idea of a house of God. A short walk now brought them to the head quarters of Sir William Howe, which had been established, near by, in the mansion of Gen. Cadwallader, a

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patriot officer now absent in the army of Washington.

Fortunately for Helen, the crowd of orderlies, aids, and other persons usually lounging about the entrance, was, at this hour, absent, so that she was not subjected to the curious stare of strangers, which she had so much dreaded. The same sentry, too, was on duty, who had stopped Mrs. Martin, and recognizing the latter admitted her, with Helen, immediately, bidding an orderly, who opened the door, to call Major Andre.

Though the room into which the two women were ushered was unoccupied, Helen instinctively shrank into the shadow, and turned her face away from the door, lest some chance officer should look in and recognize her; for, in consequence of her father's position, she had already met many of the military family of Sir William Howe. It was not until she heard the voice of Major Andre, that, with a beating heart, she came forth from her obscurity.

This young officer, whose subsequent fate has thrown a melancholy and romantic interest about his name, was, at this time, in his twenty-sixth year. In stature he was about the middle height, and graceful in every gesture and movement. His features were almost as delicate as those of a woman. It was impossible to look into his face without feeling that intellect, refinement, and a tender heart, were each prominent points of his character. Yet there was no lack of manliness either in his expression. High courage, daring ambition, and strength to endure as well as to achieve, were all written in that strikingly beautiful countenance. His naturally elegant aspect was set off, in the eyes of Helen and Mrs. Martin, by the comely fashion in which his hair was powdered and tied in a queue behind, and by the gorgeous scarlet uniform which he wore as an officer in the royal army. He bowed low to Helen, recognizing her at once, but with a look of surprise, asking, in a voice as musical and modulated as that of a woman, in what way he could be of service to her. As he spoke, the smile that lightened up his face, banished, for the time, the melancholy of his eyes, which had made Helen, as it made so many others, feel strangely sad at their first interview; for, like the eyes of Charles the First, they seemed to prophesy an early and violent death.

Reassured as Helen was by the delicate tact of his manner, she was still too confused to speak, and fortunately Mrs. Martin came to her aid.

"It is about my poor boy," said the housekeeper, rising and curtesying, "that we have come, major. Captain, Mr. Murray, I mean, had a sister, who was Miss Erskine's dearest friend. The families have always been intimate, and Miss Helen thinks, if she could see the general, he might, perhaps, spare the young man's life."

It struck Major Andre as singular that Judge Erskine himself had not come to intercede for the captive; and he promptly suspected the true state of affairs. But he was a gentleman, by instinct, and he knew the delicacy of Helen would shrink if she divined what was passing in his mind: so he said, quickly,

"Nothing more natural, nothing more indicative of the tender and true hearts your sex all have, Mrs. Martin. I will see the general immediately. You will not, I trust, Miss Erskine," and he bowed again to Helen, "have long to wait, and meantime I will take care no one intrudes on your privacy."

"Bless his heart!" cried the housekeeper, when the door closed on him; "what a good, handsome gentleman he is! Not a bit like most of the others. Take courage, dear Miss Helen, for if the general resembles him, or his word can do anything, and they say he is all powerful, Master Hector will be pardoned."

In about half an hour, which, however, seemed an age to Helen, Major Andre returned.

"The general will see you now, if you please, Miss Erskine," he said, "and I will, if you permit me, conduct you myself. Mrs. Martin is to wait here."

Helen could thank him only by a look. The long suspense, and now the near prospect of the interview with Sir William Howe, had quite unnerved her, and she trembled, undisguisedly, as she rose.

"Be of good cheer," whispered Andre. "The general is kind-hearted. I will be in waiting to conduct you to Mrs. Martin when you leave his presence. Speak boldly."

With these words, he opened the door of the commander-in-chief's apartment, and ushered Helen in.

XV. SIR WILLIAM HOWE.

Major Andre had interested himself for Helen to an even greater degree than his modesty would permit him to confess. His own life had not been without its romance. His attachment to the fair Honora Sneyd, though it had been unrequited, and though she had afterward married Mr. Edgeworth, the father of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, had left him full of sympathy for the

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unfortunate. That Helen was attached to the prisoner he had no doubt. That her attachment was not favored by her father he strongly suspected. No case more potent could have appealed to him. He had, therefore, during his half-hour's absence, used what influence he possessed with Sir William Howe, to induce the latter to grant Helen's petition.

But his usual success had not crowned his efforts. The general was not ordinarily a severe man, if misfortune could but force itself into his presence; his natural indolence, which made him leave so many things to his cruel provost-marshal that he ought to have supervised himself, prevented this. But on the present occasion there were many reasons why he was not in a mood for mercy. In the first place he was suffering under an indigestion, the result of one of those feasts, the day before, of which he was so fond. In the second place complaints had been made to him, from various quarters, that his troops were plundering in the city, and, as he desired to conciliate the inhabitants that remained, this had temporarily soured his temper. In the third place—and this, unfortunately, bore on Hector individually—the patriots were declared to have a plot for burning the city, and as the prisoner had obstinately refused to say what brought him to Philadelphia, he was believed to be the leader in the conspiracy. As Sir William had ordered a couple of his own men, who had been caught in the act of plundering, to be hung, he felt little disposition to listen even to his favorite aid, when the petition was, that he should spare an enemy's life.

"It cannot be," he had said, at last, almost gruffly; "and I wonder that you ask it. My enemies at home would have it all out in Parliament, if I was to pardon this young rebel under the circumstances. His being the son of a loyal subject is only an aggravation of his crime. His education, his *esprit du corps*, ought to have taught him better. For God's sake! let the higher classes be faithful to each other, in these leveling and revolutionary times, or we shall all go down, in company—monarchs, nobles, gentry, church, everything!"

So Andre had given up in despair. He knew that nobody could be more inflexible, if he chose, than Sir William; but he knew also that the general had a tenderer heart than the world gave him credit for, and he trusted that Helen, in person, would have better success. It was not often, indeed, that the general could resist a woman's supplication. Haughty as he was usually, to the sex he was always gentle.

Sir William was sitting when Helen entered; but he rose immediately, and, though he ordered a chair to be handed to her, remained standing himself during the interview—a civil intimation that he desired it to be as short as possible. He was tall and portly, full six feet in height, and of stately and dignified manners. Helen had met him before, as we have said; but his imposing presence impressed her now more than ever. The sullen family gloom, which all the Howes inherited, was more visible in his face, this morning, than usual, and it made Helen's heart sink within her. She hesitated, in embarrassment, for some time, till the general kindly came to her aid.

"I am sorry to see you so distressed, my dear young lady," he said. "Major Andre tells me that you and the prisoner were old friends and neighbors, which, naturally, makes you solicitous for his safety. It was womanly and noble to come here to intercede for him; and I am, believe me, disposed to strain a point in your favor; but your own good sense must tell you that, in these matters, private inclination must often give way to public duty."

In spite of all this urbanity, Helen fancied she saw, on the part of the speaker, a settled purpose to evade her request and get rid of her as soon as possible. This fear gave her courage to speak.

"It is no ordinary inducement, as you may suppose, Sir William," she said, "that leads me to seek this interview. But of all Mr. Murray's former friends in this city I am the only one left. It is, peculiarly, my duty, also, to interest myself for him; for it was to gain a personal interview with me that he ventured to break your lines. There was, I can assure you, no political or military purpose in his visit. His old nurse, who is now waiting without, saw him the night before last, and to her he confided the real design of his coming. He may have been foolish and rash, but not criminal."

The confusion, with which she made this avowal, only heightened her beauty; and Sir William thought to himself that he had never seen any one so lovely, not even the famous Lady Sarah Lennox herself, who, gossip said, had come near to being queen of England, but who lived to a higher destiny, since she became the mother of the Napiers. But for the influences which we have described, he would probably have yielded to that pleading face. But they rendered him inflexible.

"I suppose this nurse was the person for whom Major Andre obtained a pass to see the prisoner?" he asked.

"Yes!" eagerly said Helen. "And if you

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will see her, she will assure you that the purpose of Mr. Murray, in visiting Philadelphia, was private, not public, as I have said."

To do Sir William justice, he was moved by the earnestness of Helen. Nor did he doubt that she sincerely believed all she said. But as a military commander he had become familiar with the adoption of so many disguises, in order to obtain access to valuable information, or carry out some secret plot, that he did not, even for an instant, believe that our hero's real purpose was to see the girl only. Without a particle of romance in his disposition himself, it was impossible for him to understand a character like Hector's. He answered, therefore, evasively,

"I do not doubt your word, my dear Miss Erskine; and were I responsible only to myself for what I do, as commander-in chief of his majesty's forces, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to discharge the prisoner. But I cannot act in this matter according to my private feelings. The young gentleman has violated the laws of war, with a full knowledge of what he was doing, and the times are such that an example is indispensable. If, indeed," he added, moved, and wavering, for a moment, by Helen's distress, "any well-known and loyal citizen will come forward and pledge himself for Mr. Murray's future good-behavior, I may, perhaps, find an excuse to be lenient. There is your father; his principles are satisfactory; and, by-the-by, I wonder the judge did not come himself, instead of sending you. Surely he need not have feared but that he would be welcome."

When Sir William spoke thus, it was in entire innocence of Judge Erskine's hostility to Hector. He was too well-bred, had he known the truth, needlessly to lacerate Helen's feelings.

Helen blushed crimson as she answered,

"My father, alas! sees nothing but evil in those who are in arms against the king. There is not, in all Pennsylvania, one who would be less likely to intercede for Mr. Murray."

The real truth now began to break on Sir William. He was sincerely grieved that he had said anything to pain his fair guest. Inwardly censuring Andre for having subjected him to this interview, which was the more annoying to him because of his naturally indolent benevolence of heart, he hastened to say what he could to console Helen.

"Well, well, my dear young lady," and, as he spoke, he respectfully took her hand, "do not despair. I am, as I have already said, not omnipotent in affairs of this kind. But I will see what can be done. Your visit has gone a great way, I assure you, to relieve me of the necessity, which, otherwise, would have been imperative, of executing a painful duty."

Helen rose, at these words, feeling that the interview was over.

"If," resumed Sir William, desirous of softening still further his refusal, "you wish to see the prisoner, I will, to that extent, gratify you."

Helen nodded, mechanically; for she could not speak. This very offer was a proof, if any had been needed, that all hope was over.

The general hastily wrote the pass, folded it, and handed it to her, respectfully.

Passively Helen took the paper, moved toward the door, and courtesied, as Sir William himself opened it with a bow. How she succeeded in doing this she never afterward remembered.

Major Andre was slowly pacing up and down the hall without. He flew to receive Helen, and, by his soothing, gentle, considerate manner, he silently strove to comfort her. Helen trembled so violently that she could hardly walk, and, when she reached the parlor, where Mrs. Martin was waiting for her, sank into the first chair that presented itself.

Major Andre had not needed to be informed of the ill-success of her mission. He had caught the morose and irritated look of his chief, as the latter parted from Helen at the door; and he knew that he should feel the full effect of the general's anger, at their next interview. But he thought nothing of this now; for his sympathies were entirely engrossed by Helen, who, he saw, was endeavoring to summon all her fortitude to conceal her feelings from him. With an almost feminine instinct, he realized that his absence would be what she would most desire, since then only Mrs. Martin would witness her emotion; and, under pretence of being wanted by his chief, he excused himself from further attendance on the ladies, first pouring out for Helen, however, and offering to Mrs. Martin for her, a goblet of water, from a massive silver pitcher that stood on a salver in the apartment.

As Major Andre had expected, he found Sir William, when he attended the general's summons, angrier than he had ever seen him before. The young officer had to listen, for full ten minutes, to the irate reproaches of his chief.

"To put an end to such annoyances in the future," said Sir William, in conclusion, "I forbid you ever again to introduce a lady to me on such a mission. And as for this young apostate and rebel, who has been the cause of all this trouble, send Cunningham word to have him executed at day-break in the morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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HOW THEY MADE IT UP.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"I CAN'T endure him! Don't talk to me, Lizzie! I tell you he is perfectly hateful! I've flirted with him till my head ached; played for him; sang at him; romped, or been dignified till my wits were fairly bothered how to create a new sensation—and the wretch sits staring at me as if his eyes were made for nothing but to see with!"

"Well, Nettie, what are his eyes made for?"

"Such eyes as his were made for a thousand things—great black ones with such long silky lashes! Why, he could make no end of a commotion in the feminine feelings with his eyes alone. What are they made for? They are made to say unutterable things, to look a million varying emotions, to raise with fervor, to cast down with modesty, to melt with feeling or flash with pride; and, upon my word, I don't believe the man has the slightest idea that they were made for anything but the convenience of seeing! And to think that I am engaged to him!"

"I thought you could break the engagement?"

"And lose every penny of my property—to say nothing of bringing the whole family about my ears. No, uncle Will portioned off Briardale to us, if we took it together; if not, it is to go to some forty ninth cousin who lives in Wisconsin. So, down comes my sharer of this world's goods, and, in a most matter-of-fact way, says, 'I think we had better be married in the autumn, Nettie!' and I, like an idiot, said, 'Very well!'"

"He is very handsome!"

"So is father's bust of Napoleon. Looks like him, by-the-way; and one has about as much animation as the other. The most provoking thing about him is, that he will never do anything that is not perfectly proper or dignified. I never see him take a glass of water without a desire to tip the whole of it down his neck, and see him jump; though, for that matter, he wouldn't jump if I did. I put a pin in the arm of the rocking-chair, yesterday, and, instead of yelling when he leaned on the point, he quietly took it out, walked over to my work-box, and deposited it there, as if pins, point up, were the most every-day-matters in the world. I haven't done a harum-scarum thing, since he came, that he has not caught me in the act. I was in the hay-loft, last week, looking for eggs, and he came in below to order the carriage; so, just to scare him, I dropped that immense pitch-fork within an inch of his toes, and he took it up as coolly as if it had been a straw, and said, 'That is dangerous sport, cousin!' The day I took little Bobby Hays, our washer-woman's brat, out, in front of me, for a ride on Goodwill, of course, I met cousin Leigh; and when I tumbled down with old Mrs. Jenkins' soup, and made a perfect figure of myself, there was Leigh, waiting to pick me up. I never scramble over a fence that he is not on the other side, with a d'Orsay bow, for my especial benefit; and as sure as I dare to climb a tree, or undertake the least bit of a frolic, his most magnificent highness is the first object to greet my eyes. Lizzie, I wonder if I couldn't make him jealous! I mean to try! Will Dehaven came home, yesterday, and is all ready to fall at my feet!"

"Will Dehaven is a brainless fop."

"He knows how to use his eyes if he is, and is the best fun in the world."

"Take care! Nettie, take care! You are playing with edged tools. You may offend Leigh forever."

"*Tant mieux!* I hate him!" And Nettie dashed out of the room, leaving her lame cousin and confidante aghast at her sudden outburst.

In the parlor the merry beauty found her stately betrothed, his large white eyelids closed over the useless eyes, and apparently fast asleep.

"I wish I had a fool's cap; I'd put it on and see if that would astonish him when he woke," she said.

"Not in the least, if I knew it was there beforehand," said Leigh, lazily opening his eyes.

"How dare you pretend to be asleep?" cried Nettie, indignantly. "I might have talked secrets!"

"I should not have listened."

"Oh! of course not. Nothing half so naughty could occur to you!" she said, rather sneeringly.

"I trust that nothing dishonorable could," was the quiet reply; though, for a moment, his cheek crimsoned with vexation.

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'I ask your pardon. I did not mean to be so rude," said the frank little penitent, holding out her hand.

He only bowed gravely, and, snatching away the rejected hand, she threw herself down on the piano stool and worked off her pique in a stormy polka. The afternoon was just shading into evening, and, as the shadows gathered, the wild girl's inner self began to develop its beauties in the softening music. The polka went off into a dream-like waltz, and one of Beethoven's sonatas followed, till, as the room grew almost dark, the subduing influences became stronger, and she began to play one of Doehler's exquisite nocturnes. The rippling notes fell softly from her little fingers, filling the room with a melody of touching sweetness. As the last note died away she began to sing, not as Leigh had ever heard her before, stormy bravuras or dashing opera airs; her voice rose clear, but subdued in sad melodies, old ballads full of tender associations, and those wailing, longing airs of "auld lang syne," so seldom heard now. From the dark corner a full manly voice joined hers, and for nearly an hour these odd lovers sang, the whole room between them, and not a spoken word to interrupt the music.

The tea-bell broke in upon the pleasure, and the light dining-room found Leigh as dignified, and Nettie as saucy as if no music had stirred their hearts into a new and strange communion.

Lizzie heard, day after day, with a new pain, of the marked attentions of Will Dehaven, the increasing stateliness of Leigh, and Nettie's pranks of flirtation and tormenting. At last the crash came.

"I am free!"

Nettie threw back the door, and rushed in with burning cheeks and flashing eyes.

"I am free, Lizzie! My magnificent cousin came to me, an hour or two ago, to ask a private interview. Granted, of course. He informed me that when he graduated as a physician, with his heart full of the glory and responsibility of his profession, he had come here, trusting to find a wife who would be his companion and true helpmate in the arduous life before him. He had hoped that my liveliness was merely youthful spirits; but, finding me heartless and frivolous, he preferred poverty to marriage with a flirt, and withdrew his claims to my hand, consoled by the thought that as Mr. Dehaven was a man of wealth, I would not suffer from his decision."

"Oh, Nettie! Such a heart as you have thrown away. In the hours he has spent here, trying to relieve me, I have learned much of the nobleness of his nature, more of his love for you. He has so hoped that you would let your own generous, frank nature show you the folly of your frivolous ways——"

"I have had one lecture, Lizzie, pray spare me a second. Leigh Harrison may seek somewhere else a wife as cold and censorious as himself."

"And you?"

"Oh!" with a nervous laugh, "he has kindly indicated my future for me."

"Nettie, you will not marry Will Dehaven?"

"A brainless flirt! No! though Leigh flattered me enough to think we are well mated. Hush! not another word. He thinks to mortify me by his rejection; he shall see how gladly I accept my freedom;" and Nettie left the room as abruptly as she had entered it, to fly to her own chamber, lock the door, and indulge in a long, bitter fit of weeping.

Leigh Harrison was riding and musing. With his own hand he had just torn from his heart its one bright spot. In the few glimpses Nettie had let him see of her generous heart, her many secret acts of charity, her tender care of her lame cousin, he had learned to love the bright little beauty, all the more dearly that her vivacity so strongly contrasted with his own rather stern nature. His life was one of earnest aims and steady seeking for the highest ends of life. With an enthusiastic love for his profession, he had seen, in his short time of practice, such hard realities of life, such scenes of suffering, such calls upon his deepest feelings, that life had become to him one broad field for the exercise of usefulness, the devotion of self-sacrifice, and the earnest living of one seeking for ways and means to render himself a "faithful servant." His one dream of happiness he had broken that day, rejecting the estate from which he had hoped to draw fresh funds for usefulness, because he dared not trust the hopes of his life in the hands of a trifler. Yet he loved her, loved her as such a nature loves the bright witching loveliness of a gay little beauty like Nettie; and his heart ached sorely as he took his long, lonely ride. He had promised his uncle to finish his promised visit and remain some weeks longer; and he was nerving himself to think of his cousin as the wife of another, lost to him by his own act. As he drew his horse up at the stable door, one of the servants came suddenly to meet him.

"Oh! Dr. Harrison, I am so glad you have come! Miss Lizzie, sir, is very ill. Will you come quick?"

"What is it, Bessie?"

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"One of the dreadful attacks she used to have when she first hurt her spine, sir."

The quick, firm step of her cousin was the first grateful sound Nettie had heard since she had been called to her cousin's side. All embarrassment was forgotten as she sprang to meet him.

"Oh! Leigh, help me!"

"You have seen her in these attacks before," he said, gravely; "tell me what you have done then, and how she was taken now."

Clearly and concisely, while she still tried to still the writhing form of the sufferer, Nettie described former attacks and their treatment, and the probable cause of the present one.

"You say you have used ether successfully?"

"Yes; but Dr. H—— said there was some trouble of the heart making it dangerous.

Quick to decide and prompt to act, Leigh made her useful as nurse, while he tried his skill with loving zeal to ease the gentle girl before them. His uncle came in late in the afternoon, and, seeing how things were, refused to send for any other advice, and thus free to act, Leigh was busy, faithful, and untiring; yet his hand was not firmer, his step quicker, or his mind clearer than those of the pale, yet steady little nurse. For three nights and days she never left her cousin's side; and in the whispered talks beside her when asleep, all levity was gone, all trifling vanished. Sorrow and anxiety did what harshness or coldness could have never done, subdued the frothy frivolity that was on the surface of Nettie's nature, showing the devoted love, the quiet presence of mind, the unwearying capacity for self-sacrifice that dwelt under the vivacity.

At last the danger was over; and, after a fortnight of devoted watching, Lizzie was pronounced convalescent, and her weary little nurse consented to leave her for a long afternoon sleep in her own room.

"If you please," said Bessie's scared voice at Leigh's door. "Miss Nettie's fainted clean dead away!"

"Where?" cried Leigh, starting up.

"In her room, sir. She's altogether worn-out with nursing."

"Worn-out indeed!" Leigh thought, as he raised the little figure in his strong arms, and looked into the pale, very pale face. It was only the reaction from fatigue and anxiety, and in a few moments Nettie opened her eyes to see Leigh bending over her, his face full of tender, anxious love.

"Nettie, poor child! you are wearied out. I have been careless and selfish not to watch you more closely. Oh, Nettie! can you ever forgive my impertinent harshness, and let me tell you how I respect as well as love you?"

And, as Nettie afterward declared, "The man actually began to find out what his magnificent eyes were made for."

"Leigh, I am a good-for-nothing torment, but if you will trust such a fire-fly once more, she will try to be a wife worthy of you."

And thus began the true heart betrothal of the cousins.

PERDITUS.

BY DON LLOYD WYMAN.

God of the land that bindeth in the sea!
God of the sea which girdeth in the land!
I raise a feeble offering to Thee;
Giver, accept the gift from sinful hand.

Turn not away in wrath, but recompense
The guilty soul that pleadeth at Thy feet;
Point to the springs and to the fountains whence
Forever falls the flowing crystal sweet.

Long have I wandered in unceasing quest;
Long have I striven for the living truth;
Long have I coveted the peaceful rest
Wherein God hold'st the objects of his ruth.

Father, take back the gift; the golden crown
Presseth most sorely on the weary head;
I faint beneath the chill of Thy just frown,
And dare not raise my eyes from depth of dread.

And yet, oh God! I feel that Thou wilt heed
The wandering echoes of my broken cry:
That Thou, in mercy, wilt regard the need
Of one who moans beneath a frightful sky.

Dear Lord, within my nerveless grasp I hold,
By frailest tenure, my sublunar lease;
When, Lord, wilt Thou the prisoning chain unfold,
That I may clasp the gentle hand of Peace?

When, Lord, may I, upspringing from the earth,
Bathe my worn brow in silver-shining streams,
And twine the flowers of love, of which no dearth
Is ever known where Glory's chaplet gleams?

Oh, God! the sweetness of that sinless sleep,
And Thy dear presence! Lord, take back the gift;
Sweet Mercy wings above the Heavenly steep,
With wondrous eyes that pierce the purple rift!

Into Thy hands, sweet Lord, Thy tender hands,
Wearily sink I, lapsed in blisses deep;
Welcome, kind death! I catch from fairer lands
The soft approach of downy-footed Sleep!

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CHAUNCY FLEMING'S WARD.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"No bad news, I hope, Chauncy?" said Miss Phebe Fleming, watching her brother's corrugated brow, as he sat reading a letter, which he held in one hand; while absently crumbling a bit of toast to pieces with the other.

"Yes; poor Lyle is worse. He evidently thinks he cannot live long, and has written to me about his affairs," was the reply. "Poor fellow! I'd do anything in the world for him; but how in the deuce I'm to get along with a girl, I don't know!"

"A girl!" exclaimed Miss Phebe, with horror. "What will you do with a girl, I should like to know? Why, I thought he was never married."

"She is his niece, his oldest brother's daughter. He says that the child hasn't a relative in the world except himself, and begs that I will take charge of her affairs. She is at school now, where she will remain for a long while yet; and he adds that she is neither rich enough nor poor enough to be much trouble."

"Well, that is some comfort," said Miss Phebe, as she rose from the breakfast-table and picked out a lump of white sugar for her canary.

As Chauncy left the room to answer his letter, his sister muttered to her brother Robert, who was reading his paper, "A pretty guardian, to be sure, of twenty-four! Much he knows about girls! Well, I suppose he will have nothing to do but to pay her bills, and, perhaps, ask her here, now and then, during her vacations. The idea of having the house strewed with dolls and playthings—and the garden-beds all torn up—and the dogs teased! It's too bad! But poor Mr. Lyle thought he could trust Chauncy better than anybody else with her money, I suppose." And the confidence placed in her brother's character made her more willing to overlook the trouble.

A month from the reception of the letter, Chauncy Fleming returned from Mr. Lyle's funeral.

"Did you see the child, Chauncy?" asked Miss Fleming.

"No; she was at boarding-school, and not sent for. Lyle, poor fellow! had no home of his own, you know; and she would have been in the way in a boarding-house at such a time. I only told him I was willing to take charge of his niece, or do anything else for him that I could; but he was too ill to talk much."

So the subject of the ward was dismissed, and the Flemings settled down again, in their well-appointed household, to all the quiet enjoyments of a maiden and bachelor establishment.

Marion Lyle's vacations passed. But the Flemings forgot to send for her to spend her holidays with them. In truth, in a little while she had escaped their memories altogether, except when Chauncy had to pay her half-yearly bills to Madame Duboise. So Miss Phebe trotted about the house, holding confidential conversations with Mrs. Knight, the housekeeper; and Mr. Robert (as the oldest brother was called) read his papers, superintended the garden, and criticised the bran bread; and Chauncy went to New York, every day, making believe that he was a lawyer, but, in truth, spending more time over living authors than over Coke and Blackstone.

Two years had passed, when, one evening in the autumn, Chauncy Fleming returned from his office, with a perplexed, disappointed countenance. As he entered the library, he said,

"Well, Phebe, I'm afraid my guardianship will give you some trouble; but it shall be for only a little while. And my duck-shooting is knocked into next year. It's too bad! But it cannot be helped, I suppose. I'm off to-morrow to Boston, for Lyle's niece."

"Why, what's the matter with the child?" asked Miss Fleming.

"Nothing. But to-day I had a letter from Madame Duboise, saying that she had written a month ago, requesting me to find another home for Miss Lyle, as Madame is going back to France, and her school will be broken up. Of course, I never got the letter; and there is nothing for it now but to bring the girl here till I can find a suitable place for her. It will not do to put her to any kind of a school, till I know something about it. Dear me! what a responsibility it is!"

"Rather too bad, I should say," growled Mr. Robert, "to have the bother of other people's children, when you won't get married for fear of being troubled with your own!"

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But Miss Phebe always saw the "silver lining," after the first glance at the black cloud; so she said,

"Oh! things are never as much trouble as we think them at first. I dare say she has been well trained by Madame Duboise, and we can have the Ferris children here to play with her now and then. It will not be for a great while, you know."

"I hope so," sighed Chauncy. "But I do wish it had not happened just as I was going duck-shooting!"

Miss Phebe glanced at her brother Robert, to see whether there were any signs of his taking the journey for Chauncy's ward; but Robert had no thought of leaving his newspapers and wood-fire, or of trusting his dyspeptic stomach to the mercies of any bran bread but that which was home-made. If he remained a bachelor, in order to avoid trouble, he did not intend to have it thrust upon him by other people.

Miss Fleming stood, thoughtfully, measuring out her little silver shell full of tea, from the bright, old-fashioned silver caddy, till she very nearly got it one degree stronger than Mr. Robert liked; and then said, gleefully,

"Oh! I've got it, Chauncy, I will send Mrs. Knight for the child. She is such a trustworthy, motherly body, that she will do better than you would; the little thing will not be so shy of her."

So when Mr. Fleming went to bed, he could dream of marshes, and muddy creeks, and tall, rank grasses, and rickety boats, and guns, and wet clothes, without fear of waking to disappointment.

At the end of ten days Chauncy returned home, the pride of his success somewhat damped by the cold drizzling rain which had set in. But he thought of the pleasant tea-table which awaited him in the library of Greyhurst, and of the bright wood-fire, and his sister Phebe's kindly inquiries about his sport; and, as he walked up the avenue, he almost sung to himself, "There is no place like home," till he suddenly recollected the child who must have arrived several days before.

"I should feel just as comfortable with a domesticated anaconda," he muttered, as he put his key in the dead-latch. He deposited his gun, powder-flask, etc., on the hall table, and turned toward the library, where, at this time of the day, the little family always assembled. The center of the large room with its old-fashioned furniture was illuminated by the cheerful, crackling wood fire, which only deigned to play bo peep with the farther corners. But the light danced gleefully over the snowy table linen and bright silver tea-service, and even dared to play pranks with silent, crotchety Mr. Robert, who, at this hour, always took his siesta in his large arm-chair; it crept up his legs, danced around his folded hands, tried to tickle the end of his nose, then settle comfortably down on his glistening bald head. As for Miss Phebe, light and warmth seemed always to concentrate about her genial little person. She sat in the full light of the fire, in her low sewing-chair, absently stroking the back of her Maltese cat, which was curled up in her lap. In the shadow sat another figure. Mr. Fleming carelessly glanced at the tall, over-grown girl, as he thought her, and said, patronizingly, when his sister introduced him to his ward,

"Ah, my dear, this is the first time I've ever had the pleasure of seeing you. Try to make yourself at home while you are here, and we'll talk over your studies by-and-by."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," was the answer, as the girl rose from her chair and made an approved boarding-school curtesy.

Miss Phebe had turned to ring the bell for the tea; and as Chauncy went up stairs to change his dress, he said to himself, "A sweet voice, which is always a pleasant thing, and she seems well enough behaved. But, dear me! I had no idea she was so tall; she'll be wanting a husband before long, I suppose."

When he entered the library again, the urn and toast rack had been placed upon the table, and candles brought. He was very much surprised to hear a hearty laugh from Robert—who never laughed as much as was good for him—and to see Pinch, Miss Phebe's cat, scratching his way out of the newspapers in which he had been dressed.

"The child's doings! I'm glad Robert is not annoyed," thought Chauncy, looking at the cat and laughing at its ludicrous appearance, and seeing, for the first time, that its efforts were divided between extricating itself from its paper robes, and the endeavor to reach a ball of zephyr, which was tantalizingly being dragged, inch by inch, away. And off in the corner, half-sitting, half-lounging, drawing the ball along, was Marion Lyle.

Chauncy's face became grave instantly. In a moment his eye took in the lithe, graceful figure of the girl of eighteen; her small head with its heavy coils of dark hair; her low, Psyche-like brow; the long, almond-shaped brown eyes; the round, white throat; the little hands that twitched at the thread of zephyr;

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he noticed even the becoming dress which she wore.

Marion had not looked up since his entrance in the room, and when he said,

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lyle; I did not know——"

She jumped up, clasped her hands behind her back, and put on an expression so much like a child expecting to be catechised, that he laughed aloud. He could not help thinking of Sidney Smith's "Bunch," when she was called upon to make a confession of her sins of "door-slamming, plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, and courtesy-lobbing."

Marion preserved her gravity as long as she could, and then laughed too. As they took their seats at the table, she eyed him attentively for a moment, then said,

"Why, Mr. Fleming, isn't it odd? I thought you fifty; and I suppose you thought me ten."

Chauncy sat wondering what he should do with his beautiful ward. Somehow a new light seemed to be in the room, that wet evening, a feeling of completeness in the home circle which he had never experienced before; but he was afraid of disturbing the recluse habits of his brother and sister, and thought there was nothing for him to do but to find a suitable home for Marion in some private family.

Several weeks passed, and still Miss Lyle was at Greyhurst. She reveled in the new feeling of a home—she, poor girl! who scarcely remembered any better home than a fashionable boarding-school. The large, old-fashioned country house, with its wide halls, its paneled rooms, huge fire-places, and bright fire-irons; its quaint furniture, that kept her in a perpetual wonder as to what all those drawers and grotesque cabinets contained; its stores of old china and antique silver, was a constant source of novelty to her. Mr. Robert and Miss Phebe were delighted to have some one to whom they could tell the history of this picture, or that goblet, or the romance of the wainscoted room with the little convex mirrors set in fillagree: and Chauncy was equally glad that when he came home, sufficiently early in the afternoon, there were young feet to tramp with him through the woods that were fast shedding the autumn leaves, or down to the Narrows, where they would watch the stately ships as they spread their wings for other lands.

Marion scarcely knew how the days passed. Sometimes she did a little gardening with Robert, tied up his flowers, or clipped off dead leaves; sometimes she followed Phebe about as she threw open the windows and closets of unused rooms; sometimes she helped spoil Mrs. Knight's best dessert; but every day she passed hours at her chamber window, in a kind of dream, watching the crisp waters of the blue bay, the tiny boats as they scudded along, the setting sun on the wooded hills of Staten Island, and wondered whether life could have a lot happier than that.

But one afternoon, as Chauncy and herself were watching a homeward bound steamer, that was laboring like a "huge Leviathan" through the Narrows, she said,

"How pleasant it must be to those who are going home! I cannot imagine a bliss greater than having some one to care for you—to look for your coming and regret your departure—to have a home!"

It was so seldom that Marion was not full of jest and laughter, that Chauncy looked at her somewhat astonished, and saw tears in her eyes. Presently she said,

"Mr. Fleming, am I always to live at Greyhurst because you are my guardian? I know nothing about such things, you know."

"Not of necessity because I'm your guardian, Miss Lyle, and I have scarcely given the matter a thought yet; but I hope you are not tired of us already."

"No," answered Marion, slowly; and she eyed the steamer wistfully as it ploughed its way on toward New York.

On their return, Chauncy mentioned their conversation to his brother and sister, and said he must look for a home for his ward: but they both protested against it. Mr. Robert averring that Marion was a kitten about the house, and Miss Phebe opening her heart more than before to the motherless, homeless girl. So, to Marion's intense gratitude, she was told, that, if she wished it, her home was henceforth to be at Greyhurst, "That is, till a husband carries you away, Miss Lyle," added Chauncy.

"I don't see what she will want with a husband when she has got both of us," said Robert.

"Why, Mr. Robert, do you approve of polygamy? How wicked!" exclaimed Marion, in pretended horror.

"Not at all. We intend to make an old maid of you. So acquire a taste for cats and all other animals, or birds that belong to an old maid's menagerie."

Marion laughed gaily, and said,

"No, no, Mr. Robert, I've no wish to be 'in maiden meditation fancy free.' Dear me! I should like a husband of all things! Is it not Mr. Fleming's place, as my guardian, to provide me with one?"

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Chauncy raised his eyes from his book, looked keenly at his ward for a moment, then answered,

"I shall be but too happy, Miss Lyle, provided you are satisfied with my selection."

"I don't suppose I should be, as I am a woman," replied Marion, carelessly, picking up Pinch and seating him on Mr. Robert's shoulder, as she passed around to the table.

Chauncy looked again, then continued his reading, appealing to Marion's taste, on this evening, less than he had done lately.

As the winter set in, the long walks were discontinued, but still not given up altogether. Miss Lyle sometimes inveigled Mr. Robert into a game of snow-ball with her, or Miss Phebe into trying her balance on a glassy slide on the pond where she was learning to skate with Chauncy. But just as the winter evenings were the longest, and the days the dreariest, she went to pay a visit to a school friend. It seemed as if some light and warmth had left the large, old house at Greyhurst after her departure. Miss Phebe said it was as if some bright, fragrant flowers had been taken out of the room, she missed Marion's presence in the same undefinable way; but Mr. Robert loudly complained that both his sister and brother were stupid chess or backgammon players compared with Miss Lyle. Chauncy said nothing. He returned home at his usual hours, read as steadily, or spent an occasional evening with the neighbors as formerly.

Marion's letters to Phebe were full of the gayeties in which she was participating: how she went sleighing with one gentleman, how often she danced with another, who sent her bouquets and baskets of flowers; evidently reveling in the new life around her. Chauncy read these letters and returned them to his sister without a comment. Phebe thought he was displeased, and said half-apologetically,

"You know, Chauncy, that it is what we must expect; it is only natural that a young girl should like such things, she has never had a taste of gayety before. I only fear that our hum-drum life will seem too quiet to her when she returns; but perhaps we shall not have her long. Have you noticed that she does not mention Frank Gilmer's name as often as she used to do, and that is certainly very suspicious?"

"No, I didn't notice," replied Chauncy; then he turned over the leaves of his review and went on reading.

But Marion did not seem to think Greyhurst too quiet, as Miss Fleming had feared. She curled herself up on the end of the lounge, on the afternoon of her return, and said,

"Well, this is thoroughly enjoyable. I believe that there is no place in the world like Greyhurst."

So the family fell into their old routine, except that the huge hall doors swung open more frequently to visitors; and gay laughter, and music, and the measured tread of dancers came oftener from the quiet old parlors. Marion was as much in place in the house as a sunbeam was, and the great rooms seemed to take up her voice, and toss it from one side to another, from very love of it, as she went about singing. Robert and Phebe petted her and spoiled her to their heart's content, and to hers, too, if the truth must be told; but Chauncy was always distant, though polite in all his attentions. He seemed to want to show her that all he did was from his sense of duty as a guardian: the exercise which he insisted upon her taking, the books which he read with her, or advised her to read. Between them it was always "Mr. Fleming" and "Miss Lyle," not the familiar Christian name, as between herself and the others. So, day by day, he appeared, to his ward, to grow older and older, less like the dashing young fellows who began to visit her so often; he even seemed older than his brother or sister, to mingle less with her friends, to enter less into her pleasures. He gradually grew, in her eyes, to be the elderly gentleman she had thought him before she had ever seen him, when she was away at school; and from having read smuggled novels, imagined that all guardians were never under fifty year of age, had gray hair, bushy eyebrows, pompous, dictatorial manners, and wore huge watch-seals. She stood in some awe of him, too; though her naturally gay disposition could not be entirely subdued by his "very august presence," as she mentally denominated it. So she sang, and danced, and flirted away the winter, longing for the spring and summer-time, when she could rush into a series of pic-nics, boating, riding, or driving parties, which had been planned out by her young friends.

The spring came, and she fluttered about like a gay butterfly, seeming to have less than ever in common with her guardian.

One evening, on Chauncy's return from his office, he walked up and down the library with his hands in his pockets buried in thought. At tea time he pushed away his muffin, scarcely tasted, but hacked in little pieces, as he sat playing with his knife in abstraction. To Miss Phebe's grief and wonder, she was not permitted to fill his cup the second time; and, as he arose from the tea-table, he said to Marion,

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"Miss Lyle, will you favor me with a few moments' conversation in the parlor?"

Marion was too astonished to answer; but she got up and led the way, looking like a naughty girl who was expecting a severe reprimand.

"Can it be that sweet little bonnet?" she asked herself. "I'm sure that it was not extravagant—at least not very—and I have never spent over my allowance yet. I won't go about looking like a fright, now! And I'll tell him so." And by the time that she had come to this sage conclusion she had thrown herself into an arm-chair, by the window, with a pout on her pretty lips.

Chauncy walked up and down the parlor once or twice; and Marion was getting nervous, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, and had it on the end of her saucy tongue to say, "Oh! Mr. Fleming, out with it, and have it done with!" when he took another turn, and then said,

"Miss Lyle, you cannot tell how great a responsibility I feel my guardianship of you to be!"

Light-hearted Marion cared but little about his responsibility, if the truth must be told. So she sat twirling her rings on her taper fingers; but, finding that he seemed to wait for an answer, she said, "Oh! do you, sir?" then looked again at her rings. He commenced again.

"I had a note, to-day, from——"

"Why, what on earth possessed Madame Ferrare to send in my bill till the first of July? I should have paid it then!" broke in Marion, impetuously. "But if you are going to scold, do scold away, Mr. Fleming, and be done with it—that's a good soul! I do so hate to have things hanging over me!"

Chauncy could not help laughing at the girl, whose thoughts were so much more on bonnets than on beaux.

"It's not a milliner's bill that is 'hanging over you' now, child," he said, sadly, but with an attempt at pleasantry; "it's something much more terrible—it's a husband!"

"Oh!" said Marion, much relieved. "Who is he?"

"Frank Gilmer. He has asked for permission to address you."

Marion's vivacity subsided instantly, as she looked out of the window, and forgot all about her guardian. Chauncy was still walking up and down the room, with his head bent, as if waiting for her to express approval or disapprobation. But she sat gazing before her on the bed of gay tulips which faintly gleamed in the soft spring twilight.

"Have you nothing to say, Miss Lyle?" asked Mr. Fleming, at last. "I cannot tell what answer to send Mr. Gilmer, till I know your wishes. If you are willing to accept his address, I will make all the necessary inquiries as to his character?"

Still no answer from his ward.

"You have known him for a long time, haven't you?" persisted Chauncy.

"Yes, sir; I was very intimate with his sister all the time I was at Madame Duboise's," she replied, under her breath; but still he could get at no idea of the state of her affections.

"Well, Miss Lyle, the letter must be answered, and I do not wish to be harsh with you; but you must tell me how to answer it. Do you now love, or do you think it likely you can love this Mr. Gilmer?"

"No, sir," answered Marion, and then burst into tears.

Chauncy was baffled; and what to do with a woman in tears was more than he knew. So he went up behind the large chair in which she was sitting, with her head leaning against its back, and stood there for a moment; then he timidly passed his hand slowly and softly across her hair, again and again. Marion gradually ceased crying, and reached up and took his hand, and pressed it to her cheek like a child. Presently she said,

"Mr. Fleming, please don't scold me! But—I've been so naughty!"

"How?" was the answer.

"Oh! why—you see I didn't mean to—at least I didn't think much about it—But, Mr. Fleming, I'm just a little bit afraid I made Mr. Gilmer think, at one time, that I cared something for him!" And she hung her head, and twirled her rings again.

Her guardian stopped stroking her hair, but still stood behind her chair, looking out into the twilight. The heavy scent from the hyacinths that grew under the window filled the room with fragrance. Marion began to wonder whether it was the white or blue ones which were so sweet; and an undercurrent of thought ran through her mind, that, to-morrow, she must tie up that heavy stalk of pink waxen bells that was bending under its weight of beauty. Still she never for one moment forgot that she had been obliged to make a confession of which she was ashamed. She sat a little while longer; then she threw her head back and looked up in Chauncy's face.

"Are you very angry with me, Mr. Fleming? If I had thought, I wouldn't have done it! I never realized how wicked it was, till now; and,

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indeed, I don't think I shall ever do so again!" And the tears fell afresh.

"No, I am not angry with you; I hope it was only thoughtlessness on your part. But, Marion, every time a woman does such a thing, she loses some of her purity of character. And that is not all, child: any woman is unworthy to be loved, who can, for her own amusement, inflict such pain on another."

"Indeed, Mr. Fleming, I didn't think—maybe he doesn't love me a great deal—don't be so stern with me!" And Marion again conquered through her tears.

"I do not want to be stern with you, child; but it is my duty to tell you how wrong such trifling is. There, now, don't cry any more; only remember that you might do a kinder thing to a man by murdering him at once than by torturing and playing with his heart."

Chauncy still stood behind her chair, as if irresolute as to what to say next; and Marion's tears gradually dried. Then her guardian commenced walking up and down the room again, and she sat looking out into the night. She waited for a long while for him to speak; but, finding that he said nothing, she asked, in a tone like a contrite child,

"Please, Mr. Fleming, may I go now?"

"I ask your pardon—certainly! I'm to write to Mr. Gilmer that you decline his addresses, I suppose?" he replied.

"If you please, sir." Then she glided away, for fear of the dreaded subject being renewed.

Hours later, when Marion was going to bed, she saw a little speck of fire moving to and fro under the oak trees, and she wondered why Mr. Fleming had gotten into that unsociable habit of smoking his cigar so much alone, lately.

After this the relations between the guardian and ward went on as quietly as they had done before; but Marion often saw a watchful eye on her, as she sat laughing and talking, and making herself as agreeable as possible to her gentlemen visitors. She frequently answered the look with a defiant glance and a saucy toss of her little head; nevertheless her manners always changed when she thought he did not notice her.

But he saw less of her now than usual. All the country-seats around were full of people eager for amusement, and the winter residents on the island entered with a zest into all the pleasures which were proposed. So Marion was much less at home than she had been. She would be away at some neighboring house for days at a time, preparing for tableaux or charades, or off yachting, or doing something which took her from Greyhurst. Her guardian was never sure now of hearing her laugh or song when he entered the house, and scarcely looked for the light form among the flowers or under the trees. He returned from his office, one hot afternoon in August, wearied out with the heat and dust of the city, and the sound of the scribbling pens of his clerks, and the monotonous droning of the flies in his close, untidy room. He lighted his cigar and strolled away into the woods, and down to a pond which was famous for its white lilies. The beautiful little bit of water was surrounded by fine trees, and was approached by a foot-path made soft and brown by the fallen pine-tassels. A wood-thrush was pouring out its liquid notes close by; and as he reached the edge of the pond, he saw a hawk go sailing and circling in the air—the only black speck between the water and the blue sky. While watching the bird, he had walked slowly along, heedless of his step, till he suddenly gazed before him, as if fascinated; then, mechanically, sheltered himself from observation behind a large alder bush.

There was Marion, sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, and beside her Richard Taylor, one of the most assiduous of her admirers. The western sunlight was filtering through the trees above them, flecking the two figures and the ground around them with patches of trembling gold. On the brown earth beside Marion lay scattered quantities of white lilies in their green leaves; a wreath of the pure waxen flowers gleamed on her dark hair, and one or two fell loosely on her shoulders. The snowy blossoms filled her lap, and she sat with her head bowed; so he could not see the expression of her face, as she nervously drew one of the long, brown flexile stems through her fingers.

The young man's straw hat lay at her feet, filled with lilies; and to him she was certainly indebted for the wealth of gleaming flowers beside her; for by the hat was a long, crooked stick, which he had evidently used for capturing those white naiads; and his pantaloons were thrust into his boots, which yet glistened with the water. He was leaning toward her, with his elbow on his knee, his hand supporting his head, and eagerly speaking. The handsome, boyish face was eloquent with his theme. Marion still continued to play with the long lily stems; and when Chauncy saw the lover draw still nearer to her, he turned suddenly in an opposite direction, and walked and walked for hours.

Miss Phebe wondered what had become of her usually punctual, systematic brother, when

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tea time arrived; and when at last he came slowly toward the house, it was well for her comfort that she did not see in the summer twilight how pale he looked, and how set his mouth was.

Marion sat apart from the rest of them all the evening, with folded hands, so silent that Mr. Robert persisted that she must be sick; and she glided away so quietly to her room, a little later, that no one noticed it but Chauncy. By breakfast time, the next morning, she had partially recovered her usual gay manner; but sometimes she would cast a furtive glance at her guardian, then look thoughtfully in her cup for awhile, though, in spite of herself, the dimples would play hide-and-seek about her mouth.

"Do you know, Robert," said Chauncy, busily breaking the shell of an egg as he spoke, "I have more than half a notion of going to Europe with Jack Pendleton? We've talked of it for some time, but never seemed as if we could make our arrangements to suit; but he is now determined to go early in September, and I don't know of a better time than the present for myself."

"Dear me! Chauncy, what an idea!" said his brother. "You'll wish yourself home many a time, I assure you. I've run the gauntlet of those vile European hotels; not a decent bed to sleep in half the time; and out of France the cooking is enough to kill you. Faugh! I can taste the garlic and oil now!"

Miss Phebe only said, "Oh, Chauncy!" But there was a world of regret in the kind sisterly tones.

Marion had raised her eyes to her guardian's face, when the subject was first mentioned, but seemed to forget all about it as she pounded her egg-shell with the handle of her knife.

So Chauncy Fleming's European tour came to be talked about at home as a fixed thing; though he was somewhat unsettled, as day by day passed and young Taylor neither came to see Marion, nor applied to him for his ward's hand. He argued that if Marion did not love Richard Taylor, she probably loved no one else; and why were not his chances for winning her affections as good as another's? But at the bottom of his heart he knew they were not as good—she had, from the first, looked upon him only as her guardian, a man much older than herself, and his reticence of manner had placed him at an immeasurable distance from the gay-hearted girl.

But in making his business arrangements, the weeks flew by more swiftly than he had expected. After much consideration he had determined to go abroad, believing that absence would cure him of his fancy for Marion. She, in a jesting way, had ordered pink coral from Naples, mosaics from Rome, enamels from Paris, and seemed to think that his chief purpose in going was to act as a commission merchant for her.

He started one afternoon for his usual walk, taking unconsciously the road by which his ward would have to return from a friend's house, where she had been passing the day. He did not know of the visit, and was, therefore, very much surprised when he saw her coming toward him, humming a tune, and peering about her for wild flowers, forsaken nests, or strange insects, in a curious way which she had. So he joined her and walked back toward Greyhurst.

"We shall have to hurry, Mr. Fleming," said Marion, looking up just as he accosted her; "see what a black cloud! I'm afraid we shall be caught in the storm."

He had been walking with his back to the west, and had not noticed that there the heavy, sullen clouds had been gathering in ominous masses. Before him the bay had been blue, and the vessels with their white sails had skimmed along in the sunlight. But now there was a dead hush in the air terrible to notice: and he saw the clouds were purple black above, and the waters purple black beneath. In a little while the wind, which seemed to have been lying quiet, like some wild animal, to gather up its strength, came crashing through the woods, bending great trees in its fury, swaying some to and fro like playthings, whitening others as if from fear, making it almost impossible for them to proceed. The clouds were coming on swiftly, silently, chasing the sunshine out toward the ocean, throwing an inky pall over the waters. Far up the bay, the vessels were swallowed up in the blackness one by one; but nearer they wildly tacked, from side to side, with the white waves lashed into fury by the gale, clambering up the sides of the vessels, like water demons from the blackness beneath, snarling, raging, clamoring as they rushed over their prey. The vessels that were bent seaward scudded along like phantom ships before the gale, with their white spectral sails, as they flew on between the black sky and black water.

"Isn't it grand?" asked Chauncy, at length; though, as he looked, he still hurried Marion forward.

"Yes; but so terrible, Mr. Fleming. I never saw a storm like it," and she was almost breathless with facing the wind.

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Chauncy feared she would be exhausted before they reached a shelter.

"If you can keep up a little longer, we can get to that old shell of a barn on the hill before the rain comes," he said, encouragingly, and he threw his arm around her and almost carried her along.

But before they reached the barn the thunder broke and the lightning flashed, and then the great drops came plashing down. They were under shelter at last and not much wet, and could observe the grandeur of the storm in comfort. In a few moments the whole landscape seemed to smoke in the rain. Water, trees, everything was blotted out, and still the wind rushed on shaking the old barn in its fury, and the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed almost simultaneously.

They were standing by the door looking out, when there came a crash so loud, and a light so blinding, that Marion grasped Chauncy, exclaiming,

"Oh, Mr. Fleming! I'm so afraid!"

He was thrown off his guard—he did not mean it—but in an instant his arm was around her, drawing her closer to him, and he whispered,

"Marion, darling! I love you, I love you!"

The answer was so irrelevant to her remark, and she was still so frightened, that she took no notice of his reply, but stood gazing, with distended eyes, at the storm without.

"Marion, did you hear me? I love you, girl; don't you understand?" he asked, almost fiercely, as she turned and gazed at him with such a questioning, wondering look, as almost made him throw her from him in his excitement.

"Oh! Mr. Fleming, you don't mean it!" she said, still looking her astonishment.

"It is too late now, Marion," he replied, as calmly as he could. "I had not intended that you should have known it, for I was aware it was useless; but I have loved you ever since you came to Greyhurst: and because I knew that my love was hopeless I was going away from you till I had conquered it;" and he left her side and paced backward and forward over the floor.

Marion said slowly, as she still looked at him, "But you are my guardian, Mr. Fleming," very much as she might have said, "But you are my father, Mr. Fleming."

"I know it, unfortunately," he replied, a little bitterly.

He still walked up and down, and she turned again to the storm without. She stood thus for some time, and when she looked around there were tears in her eyes. She glanced at her guardian irresolutely for a moment, then joined him in his walk.

"Mr. Fleming," she said, "I wish you would not go away because of me. Indeed I never knew that you lo— liked me. I will leave Greyhurst immediately, for I will not turn you out of your own home;" but sobs and tears came together as she made the offer.

"No, no, child, I shall go away. Whether you remain at Greyhurst or not I should go." Then he was silent for a moment, his face calming down except for the twitchings around the mouth; and he laid his hand gently on hers—which, in her wish to be kind to him, she had thrust through his arm—and said, "Let us forget that this ever happened, Marion. We will be guardian and ward again; and, when I come back, I know that I shall be heartily able to congratulate you, if you are the wife of a worthy man."

Marion made no answer, but withdrew her hand and went again to look at the storm.

It was dark when they reached home. All that evening, and, in fact, till her guardian's departure, Marion watched him curiously; his new position had evidently invested him with a new interest in her eyes. She never knew before how handsome he was; how much more character there was in his face, than in those of so many of her admirers. She began to think how different his conversation was from the flippant nothings of others; and in her girlish heart she exaggerated the romance of his exile for her sake.

In three days from the time of the storm, Chauncy was steaming slowly down the bay toward the Narrows, leaning over the side of the ship nearest Staten Island, thinking of the scene in the dilapidated barn, and wondering why he had not then taken the *one* kiss which he almost considered his by right, because he had given her all that was valuable to him.

From her chamber window at Greyhurst, Marion sat and watched the steamer go down the bay; and, when it was out of sight, she threw herself on the bed and cried as if her heart would break.

Chauncy's letters from abroad to his brother and sister were always read by his ward, and she soon found she looked for them more eagerly than she did for a visit from the most agreeable of her admirers. She missed his readings during the long winter evenings; she missed the exhilarating walks among dead leaves, under bare trees, and cold skies; and, more than all, her heart was sore when she thought of her guardian restlessly wandering over other lands

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for her sake. Sometimes she felt as if she dared scarcely look Mr. Robert or Miss Phebe in the face, lest they should discover why their brother had gone away. In her girlish regrets, she exaggerated the danger by sea, the inconveniences by land, the terrors of the desert. Sometimes, with a thrill, she would think of the almost fierce declaration of love in the old barn, and throw back her head, in unconscious pride, when she remembered that this strong, proud, reticent man had loved her. For, after all, it was only a character like her guardian's that the willful, light-hearted girl could respect, and now she felt that she might love him more than any one whom she had ever seen. As these thoughts would flash through her pretty little head, she would smile and think, "Maybe I'll love him, after all, when he comes back—then it'll all be right—I don't know though—we'll wait and see;" and so dismissing her sorrow, which made her uncomfortable, for the time, she imagined she would probably repair the unintentional injury done to her guardian in the future.

Chauncy's messages to Marion were always kind. But as time wore on, and they became longer and about indifferent matters, she began to fear that they were losing the quiet consciousness which they had had, and were becoming too friendly. And then another name gradually glided into his letters—very frequently as the first year of his absence passed away—a Kate Lyons, a distant relative of Jack Pendleton's, who, with her parents, Jack, and Chauncy, had met abroad. Sometimes it would be an original criticism of Miss Lyons of some great picture; sometimes a sunset at Naples, or a moonlight view of the Coliseum, which they had all seen together; sometimes a message to Marion that he had purchased this trinket, or that nick-nack for her, because Miss Lyons, who had helped him select it, had approved of it. Then Marion would set her teeth together, and inwardly vow that she would never use the obnoxious article—that she didn't want any other woman's taste in anything of hers—that she was sure she should never like anything selected by a woman named Kate—for she hated the very word.

Gradually this girlish petulance gave way to real womanly regret for what she had never cared for till it was too late. Chauncy Fleming's absence was, probably, doing more to win the heart of Marion than his presence would have done. When he was at home, his attentions had been taken as a matter of course; his conversation had seemed dull beside the flattery and gay common-places of her numerous admirers; but now that another was likely to claim those attentions, they were highly prized. She discovered what a fund of knowledge and poetry his conversation was, and she had always appreciated his high-minded, noble character—there she had done him justice.

Two years passed, and, as Fleming went farther East, his family heard less seldom from him. Marion knew that Miss Lyons was of the party, and openly called a woman who would climb the pyramids, or travel through the deserts on a camel, unfeminine. In vain Mr. Robert and Miss Phebe argued in favor of a healthy-minded, healthy-bodied woman; though as Mr. Robert said, to quote Sam Weller, "How any one could go so far to get so little, was more'n he could see."

"Wouldn't it be queer if Chauncy took a fancy for this Miss Lyons?" asked his sister, one day.

"It's just as likely as not," answered Robert; "for any man who would be crazy enough to go knocking about the world for two years, when he's got a comfortable home, would do any other ridiculous thing. I suppose he *will* marry her."

Marion threw down her sewing, and gave poor Pinch, who was curled up in her lap, such a toss as sent him bouncing on the floor, and made it quite doubtful whether he would not be an exception to the proverb, that "cats always come down on their feet." All day she was quieter than usual. She went to a party that evening, and she danced a good deal, and flirted more than she had done for two years.

"Oh! Marion, Marion, Chauncy is coming home! He will be here—let me see—in three or four weeks. Yes, he sails on the twenty-fourth!" exclaimed Miss Phebe, one November morning.

"I'm so glad—for your sake, dear Miss Phebe," said Marion, demurely; but her eyes danced with glee, and she went about the house singing all day.

After what seemed a long waiting at Greyhurst, the day arrived on which Mr. Fleming was expected. For hours before the steamer could possibly reach the Narrows, Marion had scarcely taken her eyes off the bay; and when it was at last seen, treading the waters majestically toward New York, she took the glass and eagerly watched the groups on deck, though she knew, of course, that she could not recognize her guardian.

But her reception of Mr. Fleming was as self-possessed and undemonstrative as the proudest

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woman could have wished it to be. Perhaps an older woman would have made it a little less so—have put herself at once on the old half-playful, half petulant terms with her guardian; but he did not appear to notice it. He was kind, brotherly in his manners, and at last sank down in his favorite chair, in the full tide of questions and narrative. Marion stitched away at the filmy piece of cambric she held in her hands, which had become cold through nervousness; but her flushed cheek and questioning eye, as she occasionally cast a furtive glance at him from under her long lashes, would have made a close observer question if the quiet of her manner was not forced. But there were no close observers fortunately, for the brothers and sister apparently remembered no one but themselves. Pinch walked up to Mr. Fleming, rubbed himself against his legs, curved up his back, stretched himself and yawned; but without receiving the slightest notice, till Marion made a sign for him to come to her, when he jumped into her lap, curled himself up and went to sleep.

Marion sat for nearly an hour without speaking, or being spoken to. She was growing more nervous every moment, and felt as if she must pitch poor Pinch on the floor and run out of the room. She was evolving the feasibility of this plan in her mind, when her guardian, who had been sitting with his profile toward her, turned suddenly around, scrutinized her for a moment, and then said,

"Marion, if you have no objection, I should like you to go with me, in a day or so, to call on Miss Lyons—I want you to know her."

Marion muttered, "Very well, sir," without looking up; but she tumbled Pinch out of her lap as she did so, and sewed with such rapidity, that the next day the stitches taken just then had to be pulled out.

"Phebe, I am sure you will take a fancy to Kate. She is just like a mountain breeze, she has such a fresh, invigorating kind of character," continued Chauncy, turning to his sister.

Marion sat a few moments longer; then, picking up her work-basket, bid good evening, and left the room.

But that trial of her strength did not compare to the one caused by hearing Miss Phebe say, at the breakfast-table, on the morning on which she was to make her call on Miss Lyons with Mr. Fleming,

"I suppose, Chauncy, that the wainscoted chamber will be too gloomy for Miss Lyons—she can have the bay room instead. I am glad, Marion, for your sake, that she is going to make us a visit—she promised me yesterday when I called on her. It is quite time we were becoming better acquainted, eh! Chauncy?"

Chauncy looked over the top of the newspaper which he held in his hand, and answered absently, as if his mind was still on the fall of stocks, "Quite time, Phebe."

Mr. Robert buttered his toast in stern disapproval, and Marion crumbled twice too much bread in the cream which she was preparing for Pinch.

But the call was gotten through with an ease which astonished Marion. She talked and laughed, though she frequently found that her fingers were twisting nervously together; and once, when in the middle of a sentence, she suddenly looked up and saw Chauncy calmly scrutinizing her, she stopped, for a moment, as if fascinated; then blundered on through what she had to say.

"Well, what do you think of Miss Lyons?" asked Mr. Fleming, interrupting the silence which had fallen on them ever since they had bid that lady adieu.

"She is very beautiful—seems to possess a great deal of character—and her manner is charming!" replied Marion, with as much composure and fervor as she was mistress of.

Miss Lyons soon made herself completely at home at Greyhurst. She took even taciturn Mr. Robert's heart by storm, and Miss Phebe's low, contented laugh bubbled forth, constantly, at her originality. As for Marion, she could not help liking her; though, for the life of her, she could not seem cordial. She schooled herself about it when alone; but to no purpose. She could not help her manner being constrained and her conversation almost monosyllabic. Chauncy played the host to perfection; and, amid tears of disappointment, Marion was obliged to acknowledge to herself how valuable his attentions would be to her, now that it was too late.

The early twilight of a gray December afternoon was closing in, and Marion crocheted rapidly on one of those innumerable pieces of fancy work, which were of no earthly use except to dawdle away time and keep her fingers busy in tune to her thoughts. Miss Lyons moved restlessly about the room, going frequently to the window which looked upon the avenue, and at last asked Miss Phebe, abruptly, if Mr. Fleming was not later than usual in returning home.

"Well, I'd have bitten my tongue off rather than have betrayed so much impatience!" was Marion's mental comment; and she closed her

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lips tighter, as she jerked a knot out of her silk. But crocheting was too quiet for her stormy thoughts just then; so she went to the piano and played a noisy march so impetuously, that Mr. Robert, who was settling himself down for his twilight siesta, put both hands on the arms of his chair, raised himself up, and turned around to look at her. Marion knew it; but as long as Kate Lyons kept up her watch at the window, she could not keep still. But, fortunately for bachelor nerves, Miss Lyons threw herself into an arm-chair too, and patted her foot impatiently, when Marion closed the piano, flounced herself on the lounge, and "chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancies" in silence.

Presently the hall door opened—then there was the interval of taking off hat and coat—and Chauncy entered. Marion still lay on the sofa, and watched his meeting with Miss Lyons through her half closed eyes; but she only saw Kate's start, Chauncy bend over her and whisper something to her.

By the time the lights were brought, Marion was quivering, to her fingers' ends, with impatience.

What magic words had Mr. Fleming breathed in her ear that made Miss Lyons fall into such a reverie, as she sat gazing into the fire, as the flames shot up the chimney and the wood crackled and sparkled in such a merry manner? In truth, Marion was in such an irritable state just then, that she was even angry at the fire for seeming to enjoy itself so much.

"Whose marriage do you think I saw in the papers, to-day, Miss Kate? It took place in Paris. Guess," asked Chauncy, as he stood with his hand supporting his head, and leaning his elbow on one corner of the mantle.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Some improbable person, I am certain. Don't be tiresome, there is a good soul, but tell me!" was the rejoinder.

"Why, Bertie Cooper's, at last!"

"To Miss Davies, of course!" answered Miss Lyons, indifferently.

"Not by any means of course! To a French girl, with an aristocratic *de* before her name, and who can count a great many more grandfathers than she can francs, I suppose."

"Well, if a man ever was in love with a woman, Mr. Cooper was with Carrie Davies, when we met in Switzerland. I pity the French girl with a great many grandfathers and a few francs; for I'd be no man's second love!" And Kate drew up the hem of her dress, complacently, and showed the tip of her bewitching gaiter, as she placed her foot on the fender.

Chauncy looked down at her for a moment, with a curious smile flickering over his face and in his eyes; then glanced quickly at Marion, whose gaze he caught wandering, with a half-questioning look, from Miss Lyons to himself. Just then Marion had the supreme felicity of pitying the girl who sat before her in such queenly security of possession.

"'No man's second love?' Ah! dainty lady-bird! If I'm not much mistaken, *I* took the strength out of Chauncy Fleming's heart long ago," thought she, and the corners of her mouth drew down in a contemptuous smile.

And then the talk between Chauncy and Miss Lyons went back to Switzerland—of the purple, and violet, and blue of the mountains—of the tender rose-color of the dawn—of the Alpine flowers, and pines, and snows—of the earthquake and foam of the cataract. An accident was hinted at which made Kate blush and laugh shyly, then fall into a sweet, smiling reverie.

Chauncy paced the floor in a way he had, with his head bent, and in a reverie too, till Marion could bear it no longer, and, hastily gathering up her work, left the room.

The next morning Miss Lyons left Greyhurst. Marion thought this would be a relief; but she missed the irritating excitement which Kate's presence had caused.

A dead weight seemed to have settled over her energies. She cared for nothing, hoped for nothing but to have the wedding over.

All noticed the change in the girl. Miss Phebe talked of more exercise and gayety; Mr. Robert, of gruels, syrups, and thick shoes; Chauncy said nothing, but watched his ward closely and quietly.

The first December snow was falling silently and steadily. All the afternoon the large flakes had been coming lazily down, in a sort of soft, voluptuous whirl, settling over the evergreens like an ermine mantle over a queen. Leafless trees caught the white gift on their branches and made the wood look like a fairy forest; the pines stretched out their fingers for the blessing, till their dark palms were whitened with its beauty. Nigh lawn and distant field lay in unsullied purity, and Marion stood by the window and watched the falling snow till her eyes ached with the slow, rolling motion, which seemed to her so much like weird machinery turned noiselessly by spirit hands.

Neither Robert nor Miss Phebe were present; and as she felt as if she could not talk to Chauncy, Marion remained by the window, apparently intent on the scene before her.

The early winter twilight was gathering in the room; but Marion's sad face was clearly

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defined against the window-pane. Mr. Fleming watched his ward for a long while, when he suddenly asked,

"What ails you, Marion? You have changed so since I have been away! I hope you have no more lovers for me to discard?"

Marion would have given much to have found a touch of bitterness in his voice; but it was as guardianly as if he had been sixty, instead of a handsome young fellow just in the prime of life. She made no answer, only turned away her head, which had been in profile against the window, gave her shoulders a pettish shrug, and unceremoniously stood with her back to Mr. Fleming.

But her guardian was not to be discouraged by this show of dislike. He went and stood beside her, and said, in a voice which evinced enough interest,

"I wish I could make you happy, child. Will you not tell me what ails you? After the confession which I once made to you—do you forget, Marion?—you need not hesitate to tell me all your troubles. I am your guardian, you know."

Marion, who had been ready to burst into tears before, commenced drumming on the window-pane at the last sentence.

But Chauncy waited for an answer, and she felt that she must give one; so she jerked out in as cold tones as possible,

"Nothing ails me that I know of. I sometimes think I should like a change; it is natural at my time of life, I suppose. I wish I was standing under the nose of the Sphinx, or riding an elephant, or inside the great Chinese wall, or anywhere to get away from this dead level of things;" and, having recovered her self-possession, she ended the sentence with something of her old jesting manner.

"Oh! if that is all," replied her guardian; "if you will wait till spring that can easily be arranged. Kate wants to go abroad again, as soon as she is married, and I know she will be glad to matronize you."

"I wouldn't go with her if I died first. I tell you I hate her—I hate her!" exclaimed Marion, passionately, as she rushed from the window, threw herself on a sofa like a child and burst into a flood of tears.

Chauncy followed her, but stood looking at her helplessly. Like most men, he did not know what to do with tears. On a battle-field; in a burning house; on a wreck in mid-ocean, he would have been brave, self-possessed, keen to see the right thing to do at the right time; but before a woman's tears he felt like an idiot, his ideas flying off to sal-volatile, cold water, fans, anything but what was most necessary to say or do. So he stood watching Marion out of the corner of his eyes, twisting his fingers like a woman, and half-inclined to escape from the room, only he thought it cruel to leave her alone. The first nervous outburst over, Marion had stopped crying, but she was too much mortified to take her handkerchief from her face, so she leaned with her head on the arm of the sofa, also meditating an escape.

Chauncy recovered courage as the sobs ceased. He drew nearer to his ward, and mechanically stood stroking her hair as he had done in the spring twilight long ago. Old memories surged up so impetuously that he could not quell them. At length he said passionately, as he stooped and kissed her forehead,

"Oh! Marion, Marion, I shall always love you! What can I do to make you happy?"

Marion's breath was almost taken away in her glad surprise; but her womanly dignity would not long let her forget that she was listening to a man who was engaged to another woman. So she took her handkerchief away from her face, sat up as erect as a statue, and said coldly,

"You forget yourself, Mr. Fleming; all this is treason to Miss Lyons."

Chauncy's manner cooled beside her coldness. He answered,

"I see no treason to Miss Lyons in it. She did not wish their engagement made public, because she dislikes to be the subject of general discussion; but I know that, in this case, she would not at all object to my mentioning it."

"Why I thought——" commenced Marion, sitting bolt upright in her astonishment.

"Thought what, Marion?" asked Mr. Fleming, sitting down beside her, encouraged by a something in her eye and manner.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Thought what, Marion?" again questioned her guardian, with gentle authority, as he bent over her and looked in her face.

"That *you* were going to marry Miss Lyons," was the low reply; and she twisted the bit of cambric in her hands till rent after rent appeared; and she sat, unconsciously, poking her fingers through the holes till the handkerchief was in shreds.

"Why, she has been engaged to Pendleton ever since they were in Switzerland," replied Chauncy, his whole face lighting up with a half-amused, but happy smile. "May I hope you did me the honor to be jealous, Marion?"

Marion had long before lost her erect posture,

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and seemed to have collapsed in the corner of the sofa, where she sat with her head drooping down on her chest, but with her eyes looking up from under the lowered brow with a shy glance, and a nervous smile around her mouth. She still poked her fingers through her handkerchief, as she asked, without looking at Chauncy,

"What made you smile so when Miss Lyons said she would be no man's second love?"

"I'm to make a clean breast of it, am I, little one? Why, I was thinking how little she knew that Jack had been in love, a dozen times at least—not a grand passion like his love for Kate, but fancies, you know."

"Oh!" was Marion's sole comment; and she played with her handkerchief till one of her hands was imprisoned by her companion.

"Can't you forget that I am your guardian, Marion, and take me for your husband?" asked Chauncy, at last taking her face between his hands and trying to look into her eyes.

Marion made no answer. But when a few moments after, Mr. Robert entered the room, and found Chauncy with his ward's head on his shoulder, he comprehended the state of affairs at once, and his comment to himself was, that "he supposed it was the next best thing to not marrying at all."

POEM.

BY MRS. HOWARD.

While wandering by the mountains,
And musing by the streams,
I asked myself if ever thus
My life would pass in dreams.

I gathered the little pebbles
The waves threw on the sand;
The rippling waters seemed to say,
"There is a better land!"

And while thus my steps were straying,
Above, in azure far,
I saw a beacon's streaming light—
The glorious evening-star!

My soul, enraptured, then exclaimed,
"Hail beauteous star of even!
Wilt thou, while speeding into dawn,
Bring me the will of Heaven!"

I watched it in its onward course,
Until its golden glow
Was lost behind the Western clouds,
And left me wrapped in woe.

I struggled hard to free my soul
From brooding thoughts of care,
Till morning broke, when, with the star,
These words fell on the air:

"No more let earthly passion move,
Nor wearied hopes bemoan,
A life that has a God to love—
A Heaven to call its own!"

The star had kindled hope,
And raised my soul in prayer;
The clouds that rolled between,
Foretold a life of care.

I bowed my head, and humbly knelt,
Submissive to His will,
Who, when the waves were troubled most,
Said, "Peace!" and all was still.

AT REST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Gather white lilies—emblems of her life—
Spotless and pure, and lay them on her brow;
She has passed upward from this restless strife,
And with the angels lifts her fair voice now;
Before her semblance loft in mortal clay,
Oh! solemn gazer, in mute rev'rence bow!

Silent and white she lies, with folded hands,
Touched is her forehead with celestial calm—
Smiling her lips, as if the Heavenly lands
Burst on her vision with their airs of balm,
Or as she heard through boundless arches swell
The diapason of some grand, sweet psalm.

Utter no vain repinings o'er her clay.
Drop on her face no useless meed of tears;
Lay her within the conquered grave away,
And cast out all your troublous doubts and fears.
Why weep for one who, in the courts of Heaven,
Shall dwell through all eternity's bright years?

Call her not dead; but say an angel's kiss
Has touched her lips with tenderness and love,
And won her spirit to the world of bliss—
Her spirit gentle as the wild wood-dove.
What better fate than to be with her God,
And with the angels, in the Heaven above?

Ay, turn away! She is no more of earth!
But her example, deathless as the stars,
Has fallen on us at her glad new birth—
Fallen adown through the sky's purple bars!
Accept the trust—and be not sad for her,
Whose palm-crowned forehead not a shadow mars!

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FIVE YEARS AFTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE sun shone pleasantly on the broad lawn in front of the house, and lighted up the group of young people who stood there holding an earnest discussion, in which everybody talked, and nobody listened.

Half a dozen youths, of whom the oldest had not more than reached majority, and a knot of young girls, as pretty and fresh as spring hyacinths, composed the party; and all were full of plans as to the best mode of passing that June gala day, for gala day they had determined it should be; and the guardian angel of the weather seemed to have made the same resolve.

Mrs. Erskine sat on the porch watching them, listening patiently to each proposal, and even offering several of her own, which proved little more successful than any others. But the mother's eyes turned oftenest toward her handsome young son, whose high spirits kept the whole party in constant merriment, as he added to their perplexity, by suggesting all sorts of impossible schemes with the utmost gravity.

There was one other looker on, but nobody saw him; although, as he has more interest for me than any other person in this little sketch, I shall leave the merry group, for a time, to tell you about him.

He stands by an upper window, concealed from view by the heavy curtains, and looks down upon the merry-makers with a face too grave and serious for a day like that.

Mark Staunton was thirty-five; a son of Mrs. Erskine by a former marriage, an unhappy union which brought her so much trouble, that had Mark grown up any less self-centered and noble, it might have been difficult, even for her mother's heart, to have turned toward him with any degree of fondness. As it was, she loved and respected him, he was almost like a brother to her; the great love of her life had centered upon her youngest child, her willful, capricious Herbert.

The place where they lived was Mark's property, a fine old estate to which he was greatly attached, and in caring for which he found most of the interest that his monotonous life could claim.

He looked like a man who might have won honors and distinction. When he left college, everybody prophesied that fifteen years later would find him famous; but the period had passed, and he was only a quiet country gentleman, respected for his wealth, and acquiring influence in the county by the uprightness and nobility of his character.

Many people blamed him for having wasted his life; men often called him indolent; and women usually believed that somewhere, in his early life, he had met with a disappointment, which had left him so quiet, and grave, and apparently satisfied to wear his life out in the round of duties and cares which he had taken upon himself.

One report was as false as the other. We are in the habit of saying and believing that men are incapable of sacrifice; that in this quality they fall far below women. Very often this thing may be true; but, more than once in my life, I have met men whose whole history proved that there can be exceptions to this sweeping rule.

Of these exceptions Mark Staunton was one. As a child, the leading influence of his nature was a passionate love for his mother, a love which was seldom expressed in words, and of whose depths the poor woman never dreamed. He saw her wretched and persecuted by a tyrannical husband; he understood her suffering, as children will do, long before he comprehended it; and the one constant dream of those years was a yearning for the time when he should be able to protect her. That resolve and his miserable surroundings took him out of his childhood before he had known anything of its enjoyment—God forgive the human being who puts such a curse on any young soul!

No wonder he was different from other children; no wonder he had no love for the sports in which those of his age delighted; his mother's tears had worn a channel so deep in his heart, that all its glee and freshness were gone forever.

At school he studied hard; he was the envy of the boys and the wonder of the teachers; but he had neither pride nor pleasure in that which he accomplished, it was that one resolution which spurred him on, the maddening desire to do something for his unhappy mother.

When he was fourteen his father died, and

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within the year his mother married again, a man whom she had known when a girl, and perhaps loved. However that might be, he came to her when she was in a state to have turned toward any one who showed her kindness and sympathy, and the result was that he won her in spite of all the terrible experiences of the past.

The first intimation Mark received was the news of his mother's marriage; the boy nearly died. Few people will believe how terribly a child, or a very young person can suffer; but I know that through all the after trouble of Mark Staunton's life, there never was a grief so poignant and so insane as that.

Then Herbert was born, and when he was three years old his father died, and fortunately too; for though Mr. Erskine loved his wife devotedly, and was invariably kind to her, his dissipated habits would have brought upon her suffering almost as severe as that which had before crushed her heart and soul.

The years went on, and as Mark Staunton grew to manhood, he saw clearly what his life must be; the reason had changed, but he had still to protect and guard his mother.

Her whole life had fastened upon that youngest boy, and Mark saw plainly that through him she was to know trouble as heavy as that which had desolated her past. He read the boy's character perfectly; he saw him full of generous impulses, but selfish, capricious, capable of great wrong toward those who loved him fondly, and possessed of that peculiar character one sometimes finds, which seems to make its possessor incapable of loving, with any great intensity, where he knows himself truly worshiped.

All Mark could do was to hold his peace and watch. He could do little toward influencing the boy's nature, for Mrs. Erskine resented the slightest approach to counsel even, and would have tortured Mark by ascribing it to jealousy and dislike. For a season her heart was almost entirely estranged from her eldest son; but as time went on, and she saw how kind he was to her boy, she began to lean again upon him; and now, after all these years, she regarded Mark as her best friend and adviser.

Truly he had bought that affection at a great price. He had given up the hopes the young love, he had tamed his ambitions, he had been a secondary object in his own house; but, to a great degree, he had accomplished his purpose, and he knew that when the blow did fall, his presence and love would be a solace and support to her.

More than a year previous, the daughter of an old friend of Mrs. Erskine had come to reside in her family; almost two years younger than Herbert, and spirited and charming as could be imagined, for with them all she was neither selfish or cold.

Mrs. Erskine had decided that Laura More should become Herbert's wife, and she had formed a thousand charming plans upon that basis. The society of a young girl would detain Herbert at home, draw him away from the dissipated companions, whom she knew, in spite of her willful blindness, he frequented, and thus change his habits to all that she could desire.

Had Laura been one whit different from what she was, Herbert would have flirted desperately, and then thrown her aside; but in secret she looked down upon him as a boy, and her petulance and variable manners had their effect; he flew into a violent boyish passion and was perfectly devoted to her.

Mark Staunton had watched this thing go on; but he had, at last, been forced to own to himself another secret—he too loved Laura, child though she was.

Old as he was, it was the first passion of his life. Until then his heart had been so engrossed that he had found no time for love. He never dreamed that she cared for him; he saw his own folly clearly, but he loved her all the same; and, for the first time, he had found a feeling in his heart which he could not conquer.

So Mark Staunton stood at the window that morning and looked down upon the light-hearted group, marveling sadly why he had been deprived of all youth such as they enjoyed, watching Herbert not with envy, but with a bitter pain at the heart, and a terrible fear as he thought of the future. He trembled when he saw him jesting and laughing with Laura. He could bear not to possess her himself—he was so accustomed to sacrifice that it hardly occurred to him that he had a right to expect happiness—but it was dreadful to think what a fate love for that passionate, misguided boy might bring upon her. Then he heard his own name spoken, and several began to call for him.

"Oh! he is hidden away in some corner," Herbert said, not unkindly, but in the slighting way which he was accustomed to employ even toward his mother; "you might as well expect a dormouse to enjoy anything as old Mark."

He did not hear Laura More's reply; but she did say angrily,

"If all men were like your brother we should have a different world; you would do better,

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Master Herbert, to take pattern by him than to sneer."

She always called him Master Herbert when she wished to annoy him: and he colored with anger. Several sharp speeches passed before Mrs. Erskine could check the dispute, greatly to her annoyance.

"Go and find Mr. Staunton, Laura," several of the girls pleaded.

"She does not dare," said Herbert, triumphantly; "she is afraid of him."

Laura gave him one indignant look and walked haughtily up the steps.

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked Mrs. Erskine.

"To beg Mr. Staunton to join us," she replied.

"I am afraid you will disturb him," she said, gently; "you——"

"Then he can tell me so," and Laura marched on.

Mark heard her step on the stairs, her low knock at his door, and, when he opened it, he stood there with his usual appearance of calm gravity. Of late Laura had appeared to avoid him, and though he was pained thereby, he made no effort to alter her manner; to him it seemed only natural that a light-hearted creature like that should shun one so worn and quiet as himself.

"I hope you won't think me very rude," Laura said, speaking rapidly and coloring.

"Why should I?" he asked, smiling.

"We want you down stairs so much," she continued. "Will you please give up your studies, for once, and go with us?"

"Certainly," he replied; "I am quite ready."

Her request once granted, Laura seemed shy and confused; but by the time they reached the hall she had forgotten it, and was talking gaily to him.

"I have conquered," she cried, triumphantly, as she passed Mrs. Erskine; but Mark, who knew his mother's face so well, saw that she was not well pleased, and Herbert looked downright cross.

But the expedition was decided upon and undertaken, and, on the whole, they had a pleasant day.

Laura, for the time, put off the restraint in her manner, which Mark had noticed growing gradually for more than a month; and, unconsciously to himself, his spirits rose to a height they seldom attained, and he was really the life of the whole party. Quite young girls are apt to fancy men considerably older than themselves, and they were all delighted with Mark, when they found him putting aside his gravity, and jesting with them almost as Herbert might have done.

Mrs. Erskine saw and noticed everything. With a woman's quick perception she saw much farther into the whole matter than Mark; and, before retiring to rest that night, she went to his room, a thing so unusual that Mark was bewildered; although, night after night, she would steal into Herbert's chamber, to give him a last kiss, or if he had been wayward, and impertinent, and refused to speak at all, to entreat him to be friends with her again.

"You are not ill, mother?" Mark asked.

"Not in the least; tired, of course," she replied, a little impatiently. It was only to Mark that she was ever fretful, probably on that inexplicable principle of human nature, which makes people crossest to those who love them most unselfishly, and will bear everything.

She entered the room and sat down.

"Herbert refuses to return to college," she said, abruptly.

Mark was by no means certain that it was an evil, for he knew only too well what the boy's associations were there.

"He hinted something of the sort to me yesterday," he replied; "but gave no reason. Does he wish to go into business?"

Mrs. Erskine colored violently.

"It would look strange enough," she said, "if a man worth half a million permitted his only brother to become a common drudge."

Mark made no answer; that was a sore subject. Herbert had no fortune, and though Mark gave him a far more liberal allowance than most wealthy men do their sons, Mrs. Erskine, for a year past, had hinted and hoped that he would give him outright a portion of his fortune. Mark knew that to do so would prove the youth's ruin, and he knew that it was only Herbert's incessant reproaches to their mother, which induced her to keep up a discussion really foreign to her tastes and character.

"What is he to do?" she asked.

"Certainly he is in no want of money," Mark said; for he was well aware, although his mother believed him ignorant of the fact, that she had only lately paid his debts to a large amount over and above his foolishly generous allowance.

"He is unhappy," she said, suddenly, and with a tone as full of reproach as if Mark had been the cause. "Laura does not treat him well—I am disappointed in her."

"But is it quite just to be so?" Mark returned, gently.

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"You know what my idea has been," Mrs. Erskine answered. "Certainly, you cannot wonder if I feel bitter toward any one who thwarts my wishes!"

Mark did not even speak. It would have been useless to show his mother how unjust and illogical her argument was; and, more than that, there would have seemed a sort of disrespect in so doing—so carefully had he considered her real or fancied claims all his life-long.

"You might help me!" she broke out again. "I cannot understand you, Mark. I am sure I have suffered enough—you might help me to a little peace!"

That was hard to bear; but Mark was accustomed to those things. There comes a season when trifles cease to make a keen impression from those who have wronged and insulted us for years, because they knew our faith and affection. They strike the heart each time, it is true; but it is only a dull, heavy pain, very unlike the poignant suffering that followed the first attacks of that nature.

"I will help you, mother," he said, after a moment's silence. "You know that I am ready and willing to do so always."

"Yes, yes," she answered, indifferently, "you are very kind, Mark, very kind—Herbert always says that."

It was the highest praise she could give him—her other child had consented to do him so much justice!

They talked a long time; and before Mrs. Erskine left his room, she had seen a letter written to his lawyer, requesting him to make out a deed by which property to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars would be placed at Herbert Erskine's disposal. That sum, the mother avowed and believed, would secure her son's happiness, and make him all that she desired. In vain Mark pleaded with her—showed her how wrong and weak was the act on both their parts. But she could not see that! Herbert was dissipated because he had no interest in life; he was irritable because his brother was wealthy. And yet, when she said it, the mother could not perceive that she was exposing the weakness and deformity of her boy's character—it seemed to her right and natural; and, of course, Mark must yield.

Several days passed. The deed was made out, and Herbert Erskine found himself wealthy and independent. He was so happy, so gay, so miserably boyish, in his delight, that the mother was more convinced than ever that she had been in the right; while Mark went about sick at heart, oppressed by the knowledge that he had committed his first wrong toward his mother, in weakly yielding to her wishes.

Perhaps a week went by in that quiet way; then two or three young friends of Herbert came out to visit him, and the next morning he announced his intention of running into town with them. His mother expostulated in vain; and when, at her request, Mark spoke to him upon the subject, the boy turned upon him with the insolence and ingratitude which any man who is idiot enough to do a kindness or confer a benefit may expect as a speedy result. Possibly Herbert was rendered more obstinate by the way in which Laura treated him when Mrs. Erskine appealed to her.

"I should advise Master Herbert to go," she said; "he only distracts us here by his noise. If there is any place where he can make his society agreeable, he most assuredly ought to seek it."

Herbert gave her one furious look and darted out of the room; and Mrs. Erskine, pale and worn-out, went up to her chamber, too much grieved to be angry with Laura, and without even the solace of weak women at her call—for she had wept so much over her early troubles that it was not easy for her to shed tears now.

"You are angry with me?" Laura said, suddenly, looking toward Mark, who was regarding her with a grave look. "You are angry with me, Mr. Staunton?"

"Not angry," he said. "But you should not have spoken to my brother as you did. You know his thoughtless disposition so well that it was unkind."

Laura burst into tears; and Mark, of course, was disarmed.

"You need not lecture me," she said. "I know you don't like me; I know you think me a child—a baby; but I did not believe you would turn against me with the rest!"

"You are not in earnest," Mark replied. "You know that every one here esteems you highly; my mother loves you like a daughter."

"Then why does she tease me?" exclaimed Laura, petulantly. "Why can't she leave me in peace? She must see that I don't care for Herbert—that I never shall do so!"

Mark regarded her in unfeigned astonishment.

"You say that because you are angry," he said.

A change came over Laura. She wiped her tears away, and sat there, womanly and quiet.

"I am glad this subject has come up," she

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said, calmly. "May I talk freely with you, Mr. Staunton?"

He could not say no, although he knew that both his mother and Herbert would reproach him. For one instant a mad hope shot up in his heart; but the burial-stone that, for years, had shut over his aspirations closed quickly over it, and he sat there calm as ever.

"You know that you may," was all he said. And Laura went on, with a composure and dignity he had never seen in her before, and which only increased the wild love that had burned at his heart so long.

"It sounds unwomanly," she said; "it is wrong for a girl of my age to talk so; but I must speak to some one. Mr. Staunton, I do not love your brother! He has made me no direct proposal but his words and manner; Mrs. Erskine's hints could not fail to make me see his feelings. I know that, with him, it is only a boyish fancy, which he will forget within the year. I am years older than he, in reality; I am not the child you think me. I ask you, Mr. Staunton, to put an end to this thing, or arrange it so that I may go elsewhere to live."

Then she began to cry again; and before Mark could either soothe or answer there came an imperative message from his mother, and he was forced to leave the room at once; and Laura was left alone with a trouble of which no one dreamed, and which seemed to her eternal, as suffering always does to the young.

A week passed before Herbert returned; and even that was only accomplished by Mark's going to town. How and where he found the boy, his mother never knew. I need not describe the circumstances; for every mother of my acquaintance would believe that I was deliberately attacking her son. But Herbert came back, and that very day he avowed to Laura the love that she had before known existed. She turned upon him with the ungraciousness which a very young girl is sure to show a man who wearies her with his affection; and, at the moment, his mother entered the room and was passionately appealed to by both.

"You are driving me to ruin and despair!" Herbert exclaimed; and the mother pleaded as only a woman can do whose whole hope of peace depends upon the success of her suit. But Laura was firm; she sat there, tearless and white as a ghost, but with a composure and firmness wonderful at her age.

"You are cruel and unjust," she said; "do not urge me—do not put an end to every possibility of friendship between us."

Still they pleaded; and when Herbert went away Mrs. Erskine remained, and, before she left the room, Laura's secret was no longer her own—not that she had confessed it in words, but the quick instincts of the woman had made it clear to her own mind.

Herbert rushed up stairs to his brother's room, and indulged in one of those violent paroxysms of despair, which only a nature weak, in spite of its passion and intensity, can do, and ended by leaving the house altogether.

Mark went into the room where Mrs. Erskine had left Laura, and found the girl weeping bitterly. How it came about he never could have told, but he saw what he had never before dreamed—she loved him. That was one of the happiest hours of Mark Staunton's life. For a time he entirely forget everything, except Laura and the words she had said; but the trouble and difficulty which surrounded him was brought to his mind quite soon enough.

"But what will your mother say to all this?" Laura asked, and then it all came back.

"I will go at once and speak with her," he replied; and although Laura trembled a little, she was too frank and honest not to feel that it was the only right way to act.

Mrs. Erskine was in her room when Mark entered—her first words were for her son.

"Where is Herbert?"

Then Mark had to confess that he had gone back to town.

"That wretched girl!" exclaimed the mother; "she will ruin my boy utterly."

"Mother," said Mark, firmly, "you are doing wrong; you have no right to force Laura's inclinations. She does not love Herbert—she has told him so—he would be ungenerous and unmanly to urge her farther; and you certainly know life too well to reproach any one for not being able to give affection."

The imperious temper of her youth was in Mrs. Erskine's mind.

"Do you think me blind, or an idiot?" she asked, passionately. "I see everything—you love that girl—you dare not deny it."

"Nor do I wish to do so, mother; I came here to tell you so—I do love her."

"And you thrust yourself between Herbert and his happiness—you are false and treacherous!"

"Have I not as much right to happiness as Herbert, mother? But, no matter! You do not believe me false—I never dreamed, until to-day, that Laura cared for me."

"Between you my boy will be driven to destruction!" she cried, giving way to a hysterical burst of grief. "Go and find him—bring

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him to me, or, so help me heaven! I will never see your face again."

Expostulations and entreaties were useless. Mark hurried to town; two days after he found Herbert—better almost have never done so—the reckless boy had plunged himself into a disgraceful difficulty, which it required all Mark's influence to settle. He tried to get him home again, but Herbert would not stir; with his usual inconsistency he blamed his mother almost as much as Laura.

Suddenly he announced his intention of going to Europe. Mark despatched a messenger for his mother, but before she could reach the city Herbert had eluded him, and when Mrs. Erskine arrived he had sailed.

Then she broke fairly down, and, to add to her grief, a letter fell into her hands which exposed the action of which Herbert had been guilty. She had been very violent with Mark, but after she took to her bed her feelings changed—with death near she looked at everything in a different light. She thanked Mark, she consented to his marriage with Laura: but one promise she exacted.

"Never marry her until you have found my boy, until you have saved him!"

And Mark promised, in his agony scarcely realizing the whole dreary import of that pledge.

Mrs. Erskine died, and he prepared to redeem his promise. It was a terrible parting with Laura, added to the agony he felt at his mother's loss; but he bore it all, lived all down as few men could have done, and started upon his errand at least composed and firm.

I shall not follow him on that weary pilgrimage. For five years he watched Herbert from one scene of vice to another, from one country to another, and yet his pledge to his mother was not wholly fulfilled.

Sometimes Herbert was friendly with him, at others he heaped the most terrible abuse upon him, but Mark bore everything with unalterable patience.

He conquered at last. Herbert Erskine was saved, really a changed man, who, perhaps, might go through the rest of his life without any recurrence of his old follies and sins.

He was not yet twenty-four, a splendid, handsome fellow, and the bitter experiences of his life, his remorse, and a really sincere penitence gave a charm to his manner, very unlike the boyish impetuosity of the old time.

But Mark—ah! there was where the change was visible! He looked twenty years older than when he left his home; the hair showed gray about his temples; and the deep lines on his forehead no after contentment could ever efface.

During all those years he had never once seen Laura—truly he had redeemed his pledge!

It was a June day, almost as bright and pleasant as the one with which this sketch commenced.

Six months had passed since Mark's return to America with his brother.

They were visiting the relative with whom Laura lived, and that day Mark sat in the library watching that young pair.

He had seen, from the first, that Laura loved him no longer—he had made up his mind to that which must follow—it would be his last sacrifice, surely he could endure that.

Herbert had acted well. Mark blamed neither him nor her; but he saw, long before either of them, that they loved each other, and he knew that the time had come for him to interpose, or run the risk of wrecking their lives as entirely as his own had been.

He called his brother to him and told him everything.

"Now," he said, "go to Laura—tell her all, and ask her to marry you."

Did he suffer? Yes, but there is support in sacrifice like that—there is peace and rest in store for the soul that can complete such self-abnegation, and Mark Staunton found it so.

CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. A. M. ALEXANDER.

In a fair island-home, where the South-sea winds
Through the leaves of the Araca sigh,
And the Yucca's white plume waves high;
Where the incense, afloat from the evergreen bowers,
Mounts up to the tropical sky,
Bloomed a beautiful child—
Flower of the bright tropic-wild,
In the mid-ocean green—
Josephine!

With a spirit as free as her own blithe air,
Now dancing o'er lily-crowned lea,
Joy-wild, in the rapture of glee;
Now pouring sweet notes on the low forest aisles—
Or, by the white-sanded sea,
To the rythm of the main,
Trilling, in sportive refrain,
The echoes—between—
Josephine!

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER VIII.

KATHARINE FRASER and Flora Macdonald stood in the great window which partly loomed over the street, watching the array of Prince Edward's army as it came pouring into Edinburgh. It had swept through the gates without opposition; and, while the magistrates were in deep consultation in Guild Hall, the Highland forces planted themselves in the tumultuous heart of the city without a blow. Up through the narrow streets and into the broader thoroughfares came the several divisions, each with its banners dancing on the breeze, and shrill Highland war-pipes filling the air with exhilarating music. The people were struck with consternation or excited with the wildest enthusiasm. You could see it in their faces—in the quick transition of step which kept joyous time to the music—in the glances full of fire which greeted the triumphant clans from door-steps and balconies; nay, even from the very churches—for it was Sunday—and they gave forth their congregations to swell the joyous tumult. Yes, even in Edinburgh the young Prince felt, with exultation, that he was greeted as the representative of a lawful king.

Onward he came, radiant with triumph, all aglow with the first great military display of his life. Clad in the national costume, with the flowing tartan giving the imposing effect of drapery to his slender person, and his bright face shaded only by its wealth of hair, which took the sunshine and the soft wind as sea-grass yields to rippling waters—the youngest-born of the royal Stuarts appeared before those two noble girls, who stood eagerly looking for him from that balcony window.

Upon the massive stone-work, outside, the Lady of Clanranald and her mother stood erect, in this imperial triumph, and reckless of the scowls or cheers turned upon them from the street.

On he came, doffing his cap to the clamorous people, but lifting his bright blue eyes, with a young man's craving for admiration, to the thronged windows and doorsteads crowded with eager-eyed women.

Around him, composing a staff worthy of any monarch, came the Highland chiefs—Lochiel, the Fraser, and all that array of noble men whose names have softened stern history into the splendor of romance by the chivalry of their devotion. Never did the sun shine on a nobler group of men—never on an array more picturesque than that which came to a sudden halt beneath the stone balcony of Lady Clanranald's mansion.

The Prince had seen the lady leaning upon the massive balustrade, calm, in her joy, as the Roman matrons waiting for their victorious sons. His war-charger came to a restive halt. The bonnet that had sunk for a moment to his brow was uplifted reverently, and the young Prince bent to his saddle-bow, thus doing public homage to the first lady who had welcomed him to Scottish soil.

The lady gathered up the gorgeous tartan that fell over her robe of purple velvet and gave it to the wind, with a smile that shamed the sunshine. Close to her, looking down in benign joy, was the dainty little mother, glancing upward to her stately daughter, and downward to the lifted face of the Prince, as if doubtful which to bless first or most. Now, from out the group of chieftains, a young man rode up close to the balcony, obeying a glance from his princely leader. The balcony was not high from the ground; so, when Lady Clanranald saw her son so close, she forgot the multitude, and, giving way to her woman's heart, bent over and tendered him her white hand to kiss. Tears leaped into her eyes, and a burst of roses flushed her matronly cheek as those dear lips touched her.

When the audience saw that this noble woman was Clanranald's mother, they set up a shout, and the chiefs gathered under the balcony with lifted bonnets; for they knew well that here at least their master was certain of a patriotic welcome.

Then the balcony window was flung open with a suddenness that made the diamond panes rattle in their lead settings, and out came Flora Macdonald of Skye, with a cluster of roses, which she had snatched from her friend's hair

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and bosom, grasped in her hands for one instant, when away they flew on the air down upon the bare head of the Prince, flushing his cheeks redly as he caught them. No wonder his gaze was fixed—no wonder his blue eyes flashed with something more than martial enthusiasm, as they fell on that lithe young figure poised Hebe-like on the balcony above him.

Just then the Clanranalds were marching by. They saw the fair young creature hovering above them, and gave a shout that made the old street ring again. Next came the Frasers; but they looked beyond the bright girl, and saw that which made the blood leap to their faces—a creature even more lovely than she to whom the Macdonalds bared their heads, enframed in the massive stone-work of the window; and, shrinking from the notice, she had not the presence of mind to escape.

Up went the Fraser bonnets, and out rang a thousand thrilling voices, carrying this sweet burden with them, "The rose of Dounie! The sweet rose of Dounie!" Then out burst the air with which the clan went to battle, rivaling the great pibroch of the Clanranalds; and amid this tumult of homage Flora kindled into brighter loveliness, but Katharine shrunk back, trembling and dismayed.

The clans swept on, led by their minor chiefs; but the Prince, with his staff, yet lingered under Lady Clanranald's balcony. Katharine had seen her father in the crowd, and this brought her forth, reckless of all else. She, too, bent over the balcony, greeting the Master of Lovat with beaming smiles that turned into blushes, when Clanranald, wheeling his horse, suddenly found his sword entangled by the scarf she had been waving and which floated loose from the balustrade, to which her hand still grasped one end.

Clanranald gently disengaged the silk, grasped it in his hand, looking up with a glance full of entreaty. At first Katharine shook her head, then her white fingers relaxed from the hold on the balustrade, and the scarf floated from under them, curving off like a rainbow, till it was gathered into Clanranald's bosom, eagerly, as if he were anxious to hide some theft.

"Nay, there must be no concealing of our trophies," said Charles Edward, fastening one of Flora's roses in front of his bonnet. "Pass the scarf over your shoulder, Clanranald, it proves, at least, that we carry some gentle hearts with our cause."

Clanranald laughed, but his face was crimson. "Be content with displaying your own spoils, my Prince; or, if I must have some lady's favor, give me one of cousin Flora's roses."

"Not a bud—not a leaf," cried the chevalier, gayly, kissing the flowers left in his hands, and reining up his horse for a start. "Come on, gentlemen, now for Holyrood. To-night we sleep beneath its roof; and to-morrow, the saints willing, we will welcome these fair ladies there as beseems a Scottish Prince and a Stuart."

"What ails you, laddie? The color has left your face, your lips are trembling and white," said the Master of Lovat to his page, as the horsemen wheeled into place, still under the eyes of that fair group of ladies.

"Nothing. My horse bears hard upon the bridle-rein, that is all," gasped the youth, drawing back to escape further scrutiny.

"He is only cutting a wisdom tooth that is hard in coming," said a shrill voice from the ground. "Heed him not—heed him not, good Master of Lovat; by-and-by you may be troubled with the same disease."

"What? Luke!" exclaimed Dougal, startled by the sight of his uncouth brother, who was under the very heels of his charger.

"He in Edinburgh!" muttered the master, gloomily; "there is mischief in this."

"This is a sorry welcome, handsome brother of mine," jeered the dwarf, trotting nimbly after the horses.

"Be careful, be careful. I fear to harm you," said the youth, impatiently. "What brings you hither?"

"What should bring two gallants like you and me to war and to court, but a love of fair sights and bright eyes? Love and glory, Dougal—love and glory!"

The youth checked his horse, and, stooping from his saddle, said, with a touch of gentle kindness,

"Go home, Luke; or if you have no home in this strange city, find some safe place till the Prince is lodged at the palace. Then come to our quarters, wherever they may be, and what shelter or comforts may be mine I will share with you."

Luke turned away his face, and drew an end of his tartan across his eyes; but when he looked back, the jeer was on his lips again keener than ever.

"Ten thousand thanks, most gracious brother; but I am housed with the old lord in rooms better than your Prince will find in that old rat-trap, with pepper-boxes on the corners, I'll be sworn; under the same roof with pretty Kate, too."

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"Housed with the old lord?" questioned Dougal, full of wonder; "and here in Edinburgh? I can scarcely credit it, Luke."

"Ask pretty Kate, yonder, if I did not come down to yon lady's mansion, inside the coach with her, in full charge, as if I had been her grandmother. Oh! I can be trusted with dainty-faced women! It is something to be a dwarf and a hunchback to boot. The old lord isn't afraid to trust her cheek by jowl with me. Ask the young one there, if he would do as much by you."

"Have done with this folly, Luke," said Dougal, angrily. "Why should you couple my poor name with this young lady of Dounie? It is cruel to me; insult to her."

The dwarf laughed, and shook the hair over his forehead like an unruly dog. His bright eyes twinkled maliciously through the scattered locks. He drew close to Dougal's stirrup.

"What will ye give me now if I steal fair Kate's scarf from that gallant's bosom? See how saucily he rides away, as if the heart were not burning hot in your breast. I have been watching—I have been watching. They shall not torment my braw brother for nothing. We haven't slept in the same cradle for that, have we, Dougal?"

"Oh, Luke! I think you mean kindly, but do not say these things," cried the youth, with tears in his young eyes. "No one is to blame for my folly but myself."

"Tush! a soldier with water in his eyes! but I am off. See you not that grand dame is going in from her stone perch? Now Mistress Kate will be missing me."

Dougal lingered, and, shaking the black plumes of his bonnet a little over his face to hide the shame there, almost whispered,

"Did she miss me, Luke?"

"Miss you? Yes!"

"And did she inquire? Was she anxious?"

"Aye; as if her pet hound had run off."

"But she did not observe me in the master's train just now. I watched her every movement, and her eyes never turned that way."

"They were dazzled by the bright-eyed Prince, Dougal."

"If it were only that!" muttered Dougal. "If it were only that I could bear it."

Luke laughed. "Ha! ha! our falcon flies high. He can forgive the Prince for being comely. I would that his highness knew of this gracious mood in my mother's son."

"Luke, you are too near my horse's heels. That sharp laugh frightened him; besides I am lagging behind and may be missed."

"Ho! ho! ho!" shouted Luke, as the youth rode away, "we are flying at high game. Now for Holyrood, the show will be grand when he enters the old portal. I wonder when they will drive him forth."

As the royal army swept away toward the palace, Lady Clanranald and her guests drew back into the dwelling, filled with pleasurable excitement: all but the old lady. She was pale, and trembled from head to foot. The joy of that moment had been too much for her. In the consummation of her one great idea, the support of her life had given way; and hope for the future, that vague happiness which is so much more powerful than reality, being lost in what she deemed a sure consummation, left her aimless and weak. She sat down in that great oaken chair, and, huddling her little figure in a corner, began to cry piteously, as if she had lost something—and so she had, the greatest boon known to humanity, an object to hope for and work for. When she saw Charles Edward, with his gallant array of Highlanders, marching toward the old palace of the Stuarts, she felt that he was in no longer need of her, and the loneliness that came upon her was touching to behold.

"Mother," said Lady Clanranald, kneeling before the little woman in her queenly, sweeping fashion, "why is it that you weep? I thought this would be an hour of pure joy to us all."

The old lady clasped her tiny hands and laid them in her daughter's, smiling wanly through her tears.

"Daughter, I am old, and from this hour have no more work before me."

"But see what has already been done, and much of it with our mother's gold."

"I know, I know. But what have I to do now?"

"Why, thank God for what has been done, mother. Is it now, when the Stuart is entering the palace of his ancestors, that you break down?"

"What are you to do, dear lady?" cried Flora. "What will you do? Why, take Kate Fraser and Flora Macdonald to the first court that our Prince shall hold at Holyrood. Who shall dare gainsay our right to the best places there?"

The old lady smiled, a flickering sweet smile, and then drooped again into placid feebleness.

But Lady Clanranald was radiant. She had seen her son at the right hand of the Prince; his clan, led on by old Macdonald of Boisdale, had occupied the van of his little army. Homage, such as might have gratified a queen, had

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been rendered to her before the chivalry of Scotland. No wonder her cheek burned scarlet, and her eyes shone with triumphant fire. The proudest woman in the three kingdoms might have envied her then.

"Heaven forbid that our Prince waste precious time in pageants, at Holyrood, while there is work to be done," she said, smiling upon the fair maid of Skye. "It is in London that our mother here shall present you to King James. When that comes, my lassie, it shall go hard if we do not find enough jewels in the old family casket to grace the occasion; that is, if my mother does not insist on casting them after the broad pieces which have done such brave work."

The old lady was lying back in her chair with closed eyes. She did not seem to heed this speech, which was intended to enliven her. The moment of reaction had fallen heavily upon her delicate frame, or it may be that the sensitive spirit, which had lived so long on one patriotic idea, was imbued with some vague prevision, which chilled her to the center.

Kate Fraser saw her paleness, and, coming gently forward, placed a cushion under her head. Then, for the first time, Lady Clanranald saw how beautiful she was, and the noble heart in her bosom grew warm with a new ingushing of love.

Katharine blushed under the kind scrutiny of those eyes, and busied herself still more devotedly about the old lady.

While they were all thus gently occupied, there arose a slight tumult at the outer door, and directly after Luke, the dwarfed hunchback, came into the withdrawing-room after his uncouth fashion, and, going up to Katharine Fraser, addressed her in a brusque whisper, which every one in the room could hear.

"You are to go home at once, Mistress Katharine. The old lord has been informed of your basking upon stone balconies before the Pretender, and his wrath is up mightily. But for seeming to be of kith and kin with the house here, he would have come himself to bring you away. So, don your mantalette, and let me pilot you through the thronged streets; two stout serving-men wait below to open the way for us."

Katharine turned pale as death when this speech was commenced; but at the end her face was one flush of wild crimson.

"My grandfather angry, and with me!" broke from her lips. "Oh, good Luke! surely you make it worse than it is!"

"Faith, that would be difficult, for a hungered wolf is a sucking doe compared to the chief in his full force of rage. Come, lady, let us be going, lest his wrath fall on this back also, which is not straight enough to bear it."

"Yes, yes, I will go!"

The poor girl trembled violently, and her eyes shone with terror. She drew close to Luke and appealed to him in a wild whisper,

"You will not let him kill me, Luke?"

The dwarf laughed, and looked down upon his person with a sarcastic glance.

"I am so stalwart! So fit for a defender of dames!" he sneered.

"My grandfather angry, and my father down yonder! If he were only by to defend me!"

"Better as it is," muttered the dwarf. "The Lovats are not given to great love of their heirs; in a sudden feud the master would be in greater danger than his child."

The conversation had been carried on apart from the other occupants of the room. But when Lady Clanranald saw how pale Katharine had become, she drew close to her.

"What is this? Why, poor thing! the blood has left her face white as my kerchief. No evil tidings, I hope, Mistress Katharine?"

"No, lady, no. Only I am sent for. My grandfather——"

"Is Lord Lovat ill?" inquired the lady, turning to Luke.

"Aye, after his fashion," snarled the dwarf.

"There is something wrong here," said the lady, turning earnestly from the pale girl to her tormentor. "Do I understand that Lord Lovat is suddenly ill, and has sent for his grand-daughter in all this haste?"

"It matters little what anybody understands," answered the dwarf, doggedly. "Lord Lovat has sent me to fetch his grand-daughter away, and not to answer questions. So, Mistress Katharine, let us be going."

"Can you explain?" said the lady, questioning Katharine, with kindly solicitude.

"No, dear lady; I can only gather that his lordship is angry because—because——'

"Well, speak out; it pains me to feel you tremble so!"

"I—I was on the balcony when the Prince paused to render you his homage, dear lady; and it seems that there was some cause of offence in it, which has greatly angered my grandfather!"

"And is his wrath then so terrible?"

"Yes, yes, it is terrible!" answered the poor girl, shivering.

"But I was to blame for this!" exclaimed the lady.

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"No, no, it was I! I flung the window open—I led the way!" cried Flora, eagerly. "Tell Lord Lovat that it was Flora Macdonald who tempted his grand daughter on to this mischief. You will not forget, good—good——"

"Hunchback!" laughed the dwarf, taking the sentence from her lips.

"Well, good hunchback, if you like it," cried Flora, laughing cheerfully. "Only remember to lay the blame on me, Flora Macdonald. Don't forget the name!"

"I shall not forget it," answered the dwarf, curtly enough.

There was a sharp bitterness in the answer that disturbed Flora. She laughed a little constrainedly and turned to Katharine.

"My poor friend! Will the old lord devour you alive?"

"Not so bad as that, I hope!" answered Katharine, with a tremulous smile which spoke of deep inward terror. "In sooth! he can really do nothing but wound me with sharp words!"

"Indeed!" drawled the dwarf. "What if he ask for the silken scarf that a young chief in the Pretender's gang carried off in his bosom?"

Katharine's face blazed with a hot red; for Lady Clanranald's calm eyes were upon her. She had not seen the transfer of the scarf, and the dwarf's words surprised her.

"Was it Clanranald?" she inquired, in a low, kind voice.

Katharine lifted her eyes with a deprecating glance, but her lips only quivered when she attempted to speak.

Lady Clanranald smiled with genial sweetness, and Katharine felt the hot blushes ebbing from her face.

"It could not have been better bestowed, or more gratefully received; I will answer for that!" she said. "But it seems that my whole household have been leading you into trouble."

"Do not think so, lady. It is my own heedlessness. I should have reflected, but went——"

"Nay, reflection is not the province of youth; so never blame yourself for anything that may have chanced. I, who have done the mischief, must amend it. Flora, order my hood and mantle. I will accompany your friend to Lord Lovat's house and explain these matters."

Katharine's face brightened; for she was in terrible dread of meeting her grandfather alone.

"And I," said Flora. "Kate shall have a body-guard of the Macdonalds. It will not be the first time that they have been opposed." So away she ran for such garments as were necessary for a visit to the street.

Lord Lovat's ponderous carriage stood on a cross street, some distance from Lady Clanranald's door. When that lady inquired the meaning of this, Luke answered that his lord had no fancy that his carriage should appear twice in the same day before the residence of a known Jacobite; he would as soon see it in attendance at Holyrood itself.

The throng of people in the streets had become still more dense and tumultuous. No general conflict had taken place; but party spirit raged fiercely, and, in the tumult, harsh words and fierce blows were freely given, and with impunity—for all law was for the time at an end in the city.

Lord Lovat's two serving-men were in attendance, and Luke was by no means a foe to be despised; for he had the tenacity of a hound, and the agility of a cat. Still the streets of Edinburgh was no safe place for these high-born ladies, and they passed on toward the carriage with bated breath; for scenes like those passing at every corner were new even to the more experienced and elder lady.

More than once the ladies were jostled, in their progress, and rudely questioned regarding their business in the street, at which the two stout Highlanders made a tart reply, which led to fresh annoyances, and directly to blows. In the rush and tumult which followed Flora Macdonald got separated from her party and was swept off into the crowd. She was a brave girl; but each instant the mob threatened to trample her down, and, with all her struggles, she could find no traces of her companions, or discover in what direction she was moving. The crowd bore her onward like a whirlwind. At times she was completely lifted from her feet and hurled forward with a violence that must have sent her headlong to the ground, but for the press of rushing bodies that gave her no room to fall. She was so terrified that all power of observation forsook her, or she would have known that the crowd was heading toward the palace, all eager for a sight of Charles Edward as he dismounted at the portal. At last this truth broke upon her. She saw the grim walls of the palace above the heads of the people. Its pointed towers rose between her vision and the sky, banners floated in the distance and fluttered over the mailed masses that were pouring through the portals. Wild bursts of music and hoarse shouts rang out louder and nearer as she was hurried along, and the people clamored around her, that the Prince had dismounted—that his foot was on the threshold of Holyrood—that he stood in the great hall of his

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own ancestral palace. Then a wilder, hoarser shout went ringing to the skies, and through a a break of the crowd she saw the royal standard of the Stuarts surmounting one of the towers and sweeping out gorgeously on the wind. Then Flora Macdonald forgot her terror—forgot that she was a woman, alone in that rude throng. She only saw that her king was in his rightful home again, and the glad, glad tears flashed down her face like rain. While she was so lost in an ecstasy of gratitude, the crowd, which had tossed her forward like an uprooted flower given to the swell of a torrent, swerved another way and lifted her stranded against the abutments of a wall.

Standing out thus alone, Flora grew terrified again and looked despairingly around, ready to cry out from the shame and dread that possessed her. A young horseman, pushing toward the palace, saw those clasped hands and the delicate beauty of that uplifted face. A halt—a sudden exclamation—and he sprang from the saddle, and, holding his horse by a loose rein, approached her.

"Lady," he said, lifting the bonnet from his head, and addressing her with a gentle reverence which brought the tears to her eyes; "lady, surely it is but an hour since that I saw you in the balcony of Lady Clanranald's dwelling. I cannot mistake that face!"

"Yes, yes!" answered Flora, still panting with excitement. "I am lost; the crowd bore me off from my friends; I could not extricate myself. I—I—well, I saw the banner planted; I knew when *he* entered the palace, by the shock of joy that ran through the crowd."

"Yes, that *was* a sight!" exclaimed the youth. "A patriot might be content to die after seeing it! Do not grieve that it has been forced upon you; many a high-born lady might envy you the happiness at a dearer price!"

"Grieve!" answered Flora. "Nay, I could bless the rude force that bore me hither, though much against my will. I did not know the glorious end of that rough beginning. But now I would gladly find shelter again, if I only knew the way."

The youth looked down upon her rich apparel, and could not help smiling at the incongruity it presented with the coarse garments of those women who had ventured forth to see the pageant.

"I am but a stranger here myself," he said; "still it shall go hard if I leave a kinswoman of Clanranald without protection. Here," he said to a soldier who stood near by, "take my horse, and say to the Master of Lovat that I am compelled to leave my post for a brief time."

"No, no!" protested Flora, with sudden fright, for she had heard of soldiers being shot for like offences. "Give me only some place of shelter till I can send to my aunt's house, or, what is better, gain speech with my cousin Clanranald."

"That I can do at once," answered the youth. "Here is an old man who knows the palace well; there must be some private room not yet occupied by our chiefs."

The youth beckoned to an old man who stood at a distance, and, after a moment's conference, came back to Flora.

"Come this way," he said, giving her his arm; "this old man will find us an entrance through the chapel."

Glad to escape from her present position, on any terms, Flora took the young man's arm and followed the guide through a side-door into the royal chapel. A thrill of awe possessed her as she found herself in the dim light of this long-neglected place. The radiance as of a dull sunset filled the room—cobwebs swayed mournfully from the corbeil far overhead, agitated by gushes of wind that came through broken pieces of glass in the great arched window—no light that was not clouded penetrated to the stone floor—all was stillness and gloom. The sounds of mustering feet, and the far-off hum of voices, came with such muffled solemnity through the massive walls, that it fairly deepened the silence of the place. The altar, where the beautiful Queen Mary had so often knelt, was a mass of black shadows. The funereal gloom of years lay around it heavy and deep. Through a broken glass of an arched window behind it ivy had crept, and swayed in dusky festoons from the wall, the leaves whispering and sighing together, as if nature were full of grief that a place so rich in poetry of human life could not be at once drawn back into her own bosom again.

Flora paused. The associations of the place—the solemn twilight held her breath in abeyance. It was one of those moments in which a living soul loses itself in the past and exists only in history. It seemed to her as if Mary, the most unfortunate of the Stuarts, must be somewhere in the dimness of the chapel—as if heaven itself would yield her up for one day of earthly joy, now that her descendant was treading the floors of Holyrood. The young girl stood still and looked around her awe-struck and pale.

"It was here she prayed!" whispered Flora.

Dougal understood her, and, turning toward the blackened altar, bowed his head reverently. "Yes, lady, it was here."

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He spoke in a whisper, and the swaying ivy answered him with sighs.

The old man opened a narrow door in the wall, after groping for the lock, which had been long in disuse. The hinges gave way with a hoarse sound, born of accumulated rust.

It struck Flora's ear like a moan; and she caught her breath, listening.

"This stair-case leads to the queen's closet," said the old man, who cared nothing for the holy gloom around him, but was only anxious to earn his piece of silver and get back to the crowd again.

Flora knew that this was the stair-case through which Darnley had led his assassins to murder Rizzio, on the night that he turned Mary's heart to iron against him. The thought thrilled through her like a sharp wind. She drew close to Dougal, and would have clung to his garments; but he clasped her cold hand, passing with her up the narrow stairs. He felt that she was trembling, and pressed the chilled hand tighter at each step, till they stood together in a little dim chamber, empty but for two or three straight-backed, antique chairs that cast their spectral shadows on the floor, and a picture that hung on the wall like the head of a living man looking gloomily through the wainscot.

The girl was chilled to the heart now. She paused upon the threshold; her eyes fell downward, searching the floor with a frightened look.

"It was here!" she whispered, pointing to a dusky stain that had eaten through the floor of oak—a stain which fire alone could lick out: time had so engrained it with the wood. She shuddered and shrank from the spot.

The old man was in haste to leave them, and muttered that he wished to be gone. What was the difference between that floor and another, he would like to know.

Flora placed a coin into his palm, thus bribing him to silence; but she had no strength to speak—the mighty power of the past was upon her. After a little she skirted her way outside of the dusky stain, lifting up her silken robe as if to save it from being dabbled in blood, and made her way into the room. She sat down in one of the antique chairs, pale and breathless. Dougal followed her. The atmosphere of the place had seized upon him also, and his eyes took a depth of feeling that had never lived there before.

"Be calm, lady, it is but the place that startles you, the remembrance of Scotland's martyr queen thrills your mind too painfully. She was gentle and kind; why should you fear to rest where she once sat?"

Flora looked at him earnestly; then, as if fascinated, her eyes turned on the picture of Rizzio, which hung upon a panel of the oaken wainscot. Was it enchantment, or did the two faces really resemble each other? Those deep, deep eyes, in themselves of a luminous brown, but with an underglow of expression so eloquent, with a consciousness of coming fate, that the young girl's soul was held in suspense, as if waiting to hear the lips plead for life.

She turned to the living face, so young, so wonderfully like that picture of the man who was dragged forth to die, while the music, which was his life, thrilled on his lips. There was a startling likeness in the two heads—for the instant a resemblance that made all her pulses stand still. But directly the youth changed his position, and smiled at his own awe-struck feelings. Then the delusion was partly swept away; that mouth in the picture—could it ever have been stirred with a smile like that? Still the expression would come back. Why should those two heads be imprinted on her soul at once, to remain there indelible as the blood stains on the oaken floor?

Flora struggled with her feelings and got control of them, burying the awe and romance deep in her soul and covering them with smiles.

"I am very foolish," she said, "to be frightened so, because a man was killed in this spot scores and scores of years before I was born. The Macdonalds are no cowards, men or women; but I shall make you think that they are, if you judge me from this."

"There is no cowardice in yielding to the spirit of a place like this," answered Dougal, in a low voice. "I could almost think that this face had been known to me from my birth up. There is a mournful fascination in it."

When his eyes were uplifted the expression came back, haunting her afresh. She turned her look away, afraid to compare the two faces again.

The old man, hoping for a second reward, waited at the door, knocking against the lintel with his heavy shoes, thus rudely reminding them of his appearance.

"Shall I wait and show the gentleman his way out?" he said, at last.

His rough voice broke the spell of romance that had ensnared those young hearts. The youth shook off the oppression that held him and took a clear view of his position.

"No," he said, promptly. "We would first send you to the residence of the Lady Clanra-

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nald, with news that her niece is safe, and will in a little time return home under the protection of her cousin. If the lady should not be in-doors, go to Lord Lovat's mansion; you should know the house."

"Aye, aye. Never a man in Edinburgh but knows where the old lord lives, when he is in town."

"That is well," answered Dougal. "Then if the lady is not at home, go to this lord's mansion and deliver my message there; for Lady Clanranald will surely be at one of these places."

"Could I not go at once?" said Flora, anxiously, for her natural courage had not quite returned.

"It would be impossible. You are safe here until I can find Clanranald. You will not be afraid again."

"Afraid! No, not that—only, only—it seems cold here."

"Nay; then I must not leave you."

The tone of compassion in which he spoke aroused Flora's courage. She was ashamed of the panic that had seized upon her.

"Indeed, sir, you must think me a child, I will gather this mantle closer around me. It was coming through the damp chapel; but this room is close and dry. There is no need of waiting. I will study the pictures; or, if that wearies me, pace the chapel till you come with Clanranald to my liberation."

The young man looked around the room.

"It is a dreary place," he said; "but I will not be long."

He took her hand, and was about to drop it; but she wound her fingers around his, and clung to him, conscious of the cowardice at her heart, but far too proud for speech of it.

He bent down and kissed her hand, frightening the fingers from their clasp with his lips.

It was strange, but that kiss went thrilling through the ice in her veins and warmed her cold cheeks with blushes.

"A few moments and I will bring your cousin," he said, descending the narrow stairs.

Flora heard his step, as he crossed the stone floor of the chapel and let himself out; then she gave herself up to a quiet melancholy, totally unlike the feeling that had possessed her on entering the room. The first excitement had worn itself out, and, strange enough, all apprehension left her. As if some gentle spirit had come into the room, breathing perfume and peace through the chill of her first entrance, she fell into a state of dreamy repose, and lay in the great antique chair gazing languidly, through her half-shut eyes, on the picture that had so enthralled her imagination. The din of the moving host within the other portions of the palace was subdued enough to deepen this trance-like feeling. It rose and fell on her senses like the hum of a distant hive, carrying a feeling of the calm summer-time with it. This calmness of heart and brain deepened till her eyes closed, and her breath came in soft, gentle waves, stirring her bosom, at regular intervals, as a lake lifts the water lilies with its swell.

Dream or no dream: this is what passed through the young girl's mind, while her sweet face rested against the carved work of Queen Mary's chair, and her hand, still flushed with Dougal's kiss, fell over the ponderous arm. First came a strain of music, soft and plaintive, rising from what seemed a whisper among the ivy leaves, with a soft, harmonious swell that thrilled the atmosphere around her to a sweet ecstasy.

While the music was in its richest swell, the picture disappeared from the wall, and the face went floating away amid the shadows of the room, itself a shadow, but possessing a form, vague at first, but gradually gliding forth from its native shadows a human being—of a presence so touchingly gentle that the sleeping sense of the girl turned lovingly toward it.

As she looked, another figure came out of the shadows, indistinct at first, like the man; but gradually a glow of gold and purple broke out from the garments, and a face—surmounted with waves of chesnut hair, from which came a gleam of pearls—grew beautifully distinct.

The soul of Flora Macdonald arose in the midst of her sleep and bowed down before this most lovely woman, who looked from her to the man with mournful eyes, smiling faintly as a flower breathes, brightening beneath its own perfume.

"Since the kings of our race have held and lost thrones, the ancestors of this fair girl have been faithful to them. She is brave; she is pure; let her do our work and save the last Stuart from the fate that threatens him."

Whether these words were spoken or breathed in the music, the sleeping girl never knew; but the sense penetrated her soul and she listened wonderingly. What was she that this queenly shadow should so honor her?

She looked and saw the beautiful woman, who was distinct, and yet a shadow, sink into a chair as a cloud floats downward; and at her feet, the form, which had stolen that pictured face, knelt with his mournful eyes uplifted to

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her face, as he had knelt that night when the stain was left upon the oaken floor. He spoke, and the sleeper gathered the import of his words. He said that all pure souls, all things beautiful and good, must bow to his sovereign's wishes. That sorrow and death might come to this fair girl in the mansion to which they would lead her; but he knew how sweet the death could be when it was consecrated by the tears of his gentle queen. Then the shadow, with a glow of purple on her garments, being herself womanly, doubted if the young girl might not fail when deadly weapons flashed before her eyes; when Flora, struggling with her sleep, cried out, "No, no. I will not be afraid!" Then there was a disturbance in the room. The shadows that had taken such beautiful forms floated together and broke away darkly. Flora felt that the two figures were passing from her; and, with a struggle, she seemed to follow them down the stairs, across the chapel, and close to the altar, which grew luminous at her approach, and blazed out with cloth of gold upon the marble steps; tapers of snow in the glittering candlesticks; and of holy incense rising in clouds of white smoke from censers swung by unseen hands.

The figures had disappeared from the scene; but Flora knew that they were present in the cloud of perfumed smoke that gathered above the altar. So she knelt down upon the steps and vowed an oath to give up all life—love, which is the life of a woman—hope, everything in behalf of the Prince, who, that day, had come back to the regal home of the Stuarts.

While the oath was going out from her heart, darkness swept over the altar, and she started up chilled through and through—not from the chair in which she had fallen asleep—but on the broken steps of the altar, over which the ivy branches waved, and the dull shadows fell laden with dampness.

Still she was not afraid. The remembrance of her dream was too vivid for that; but obeying some inexplicable impulse, she moved across the chapel and sat down upon the lower steps of the stair-case leading to Queen Mary's closet. The door was partly closed, screening her figure, but she commanded a view of the altar and of a large portion of the room. There was no drowsiness upon her now, but vigilant watchfulness. She expected something and waited, wondering in what form her task would come. In a little time she heard a door open from the palace—not that through which she had entered—but one opposite which led to the state chambers.

Flora leaned forward and watched keenly a person come through the door, treading softly, and closing the entrance as if he did not wish his visit there to be known. At first Flora could not distinguish the face; but as the man came within the light of the great window she knew him at once. It was Charles Edward, who had come alone into the half-ruined chapel to give thanks before the altar at which his ancestors had knelt. He went up to the steps and prostrated himself upon them. Directly Flora heard faint sobs, as if his gratitude had swelled off in a gush of tears. She felt the drops stealing into her own eyes; but still that anxious unrest, left by her dream, kept her watchful, and her eyes were turned on the door through which the Prince had entered.

She saw it open softly; she saw a man steal in, creeping along the floor like a panther; her eyes were keen, every sense sprung to sharp action. They caught the gleam of steel in a hand that moved restlessly in the imperfect light.

Noiseless as the assassin the young girl crept across the floor, keeping his crouching figure between her and the altar. Then, with a single leap, and a cry that brought the Prince to his feet, she sprang upon the altar, confronting the assassin with her own person.

"It is your life! It is your life he wants!" she cried.

The Prince saw the danger, and, drawing his sword, sprang upon the man. But he was too late. The jar of a door was all that answered his eager courage—a fair girl, sitting upon the steps of the altar where he had just knelt, was the only creature beside himself in the dim old chapel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OH! JOIN NOT THY VOICE IN THE CLAMOR!

BY LOUISE SMITH HARRIS.

Oh! join not thy voice in the clamor
That mars the fair name of a friend!
For a faint heart may droop 'neath thy power,
And a future with dark shadows blend!

This life, for us all, has its sorrows—
Oh! add not one pang to the breast!
Encourage the weak and the erring,
And point to the haven of rest!

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A PLAIN WOMAN'S STORY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

I NEVER liked spring. Apple-blossoms and violets seem to call for cheeks and eyes to match them; soft, balmy airs are in accordance with "gushing young voices;" and the light drapery of the trees, and the soft emerald hue of the grass, suggest visions of gipsy hats, gossamer robes, and all those things that look so well on pretty people. And I very early became conscious that I did not belong to this class. An idolater of the beautiful, in persons, deeds, and things, my mirror gave me back no suitable object of worship; and I felt provoked, not because I desired great things for myself, in the way of admiration and homage, but because that I saw these offended my fastidious taste. I should have had the same feeling on a desert island.

This unpleasant consciousness was particularly strong upon me one bright afternoon of the May in which I completed my seventeenth year. I was seated upon a roll of carpet in a room where the furniture was "at sixes and sevens," (we were in the midst of house-cleaning,) and I had just caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror placed in a "cross-light." The warm, May sunshine streamed through the open windows, that had just been scoured to a dazzling brightness; and outside, the apple and cherry trees were in full bloom, the birds were chirping in their nests, and the earth looked so young, and bright, and fair, that I felt altogether out of keeping with it.

"How pleasant it must be," I exclaimed, "to be pretty! Really and undeniably pretty, without any misgivings about it."

The only audience to this remark was cousin Ruth, a distant relative, who always made her appearance in any family commotion, and never lost an opportunity of setting a house to rights. Having been quietly engaged in binding a piece of carpet for some time past, her thoughts were probably very different from mine; and before making any reply, cousin Ruth surveyed me critically from under her spectacles, in that flattering manner which seems to imply that the person is unexpectedly reminded of the small circumstance of your existence, or that he or she considers you slightly demented. When she spoke, she said just what might have been expected of her.

"Everybody can't be pretty," said cousin Ruth; "*I* never was."

I sat and studied cousin Ruth, and wondered if I should ever look like her. Fifty years, to be sure, is considerably past the prime of a woman's life; but at twenty, she could not have been very different. I have seen fifty-year-old faces on which the impress of mind and heart made a light, like the glow of an autumn sunset, that could not be quenched; but in cousin Ruth the lamp had never been lighted. She was well-meaning, and of average intellect and intelligence; but that was all. My face, in outward form and feature, was beyond my powers; but could I not mould it so that it would be different from cousin Ruth's at fifty?

"People who are not pretty marry just as well," resumed my companion; "for beauties are generally great flirts, and take up with a crooked stick at last."

My ears tingled indignantly, for I had been perfectly innocent of any thoughts of this nature; but I was obliged to listen to two or three instances of girls who were not at all pretty, and indeed had nothing in particular about them, and yet they had "done so well for themselves."

The more I listened to cousin Ruth's conversation, the more I resolved that I would have something in particular about me; and I determined to set about it without delay. Left alone in the May twilight, I pondered how I could light my lamp and keep it trimmed and burning.

Five or six years always bring changes—if not visible, outward ones, yet changes that are steadily at work, like the miners, under ground; and, from what I saw and heard, I had reason to suppose that the change in me was for the better. I had not changed into a beauty; but I had several acquaintances who were worse off, in that respect, than myself; and I had received two offers, one of whom was too old, and the other too young, and neither of whom I would have married upon any terms.

I had been spending the morning with Carrie Evelyn, almost the only intimate friend that I had, for I never was given to wholesale schoolgirl friendships. Carrie was a *fiancee* of two weeks' standing, and I had been very much amused all the morning; for, although half a

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head the tallest, and two or three years the oldest, I had been called "child" at least half a dozen times, and received several pieces of advice from a girl who had often clung to me at night with terror, and who had not felt easy that it was quite right and proper for her to love Mr. Liliam until I had approved of him. She was a very sweet, engaging little thing, though, and I did not at all wonder that *he* should love *her;* but I exercised over her a sort of protecting fondness that made me rather jealous of any new influence.

"Oh, Ellen!" exclaimed my companion, suddenly, (I would not be Nellied by any one, for I thought that Ellen suited me better,) "how much more you might make of your hair!" and she gave a hopeless sort of sigh.

"Why," replied I, rather stubbornly, "it answers all the purposes for which hair was intended, does it not? I believe that it covers my head—that is all I expect of it."

"'Covers your head!'" repeated Carrie, contemptuously. "Why, child, you talk like a goose!—or a swan."

The next moment, my hair was floating around my shoulders; and, while I was deep in a volume of "Faust," I caught, occasionally, a remark from Carrie something like "gold in the sunshine and brown in the shade." But when she had finished her labors, and they lasted some time, I looked at myself in the glass, and took the whole structure to pieces. *A l'imperatrice* did not suit me; and when the thick, careless-looking knot once more rested on my neck, Carrie rather ruefully remarked that "she was not at all sure I did not look 'classical.'" As I was *quite* sure, I gave the subject no further attention.

"I have just thought of something, Ellen," said my friend, after a pause, "that I hope will turn out properly. I want you to marry Herman Forsyth—he is so rich, and queer, and knows so much. He will be here at the party, and I shall see that you are introduced."

I was in all the majestic dignity of five feet three.

"My dear little girl," said I, loftily, "this kind of thing must cease. Mr. Forsyth is, I have no doubt, a very good sort of person; but neither he, nor any other man shall have an opportunity of saying that my friends tried to make a match between us. I do not like parties, as you know, Carrie; I feel out of my element, and would always prefer sitting in the dressing-room with a book; therefore, if I come, you must promise to let me do as I please. And now tell me who is to be here."

"Why, Robert, of course," replied Carrie, dimpling into a smile again, "and——"

"Nobody but 'Robert?'" I inquired, after a reasonable pause.

I watched the pretty blush on Carrie's cheek as a painter watches the sunset.

"Of course, there will be somebody else," said the young *fiancee*, with a laugh; "but I shall not tell you until you come. And now what are you going to wear?"

"A dress will be necessary, I suppose; and, as it is to be a party, I shall probably indulge in a pair of shoes—likewise a fan, handkerchief, and bouquet."

"'A woman in a bonnet, and gownd, and veil,'" rejoined Carrie. "How provoking you are, Ellen! I believe that you really look forward, with pleasure, to the time when you can legitimately put on cap and spectacles."

The idea was no more agreeable to me than it is to most people; but I never allowed myself to talk of my dress or appearance, for fear of thinking of it, and, if I thought of it, I might forget my lamp. So people said that I was an oddity; and perhaps I was.

I felt a particular disinclination to that party; and would not have gone but for Carrie's sake. The servants, who came up to see me after I was dressed, declared that "I looked beautiful;" but I knew that, in their heart of hearts, they adopted the homely old adage, that "fine feathers make fine birds."

I had paid my respects to the lady of the house—had ordered Carrie to leave my side, and attend a little to her guests generally—and had become quite separated from my friends and rather packed into a corner. Thus situated, I had pretty much what I expected, and I took to philosophizing. But, in the midst of my reflections, my eye was arrested by a young girl who was just being led to the piano. Her face presented a strong contrast of bright colors, softened by smiles and dimples, and the expression was one of extreme sweetness. Three or four very young men crowded around her; and the air with which she handed her bouquet to one, her fan to another, and her handkerchief to a third, and the expression of rapture with which the different articles were received quite overwhelmed me.

"Excuse me," said a gentlemanly voice at this moment, and I found that I had dropped my handkerchief.

The speaker was probably a man of thirty-five, (I had heard a girl of seventeen pronounce him "horridly old,") tall and fine-looking, but with rather a puzzling, quizzical expression

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about his mouth and in his eyes. I had noticed him several times, during the evening, and thought that he seemed to feel very much at home. We were rather hemmed in by the crowd; and two or three common-place observations followed, until finally we were talking together on very easy terms. When people spoke to me, in proper places and at proper times, I was very apt to reply to them; a spoilt belle would probably have elevated her eyebrows in a supercilious stare at such presumption; but I was not a spoilt belle, only a plain, common-sense woman, who considered that the air and manner of a gentleman, and the invitation extended to him in common with myself, entitled a stranger to the privilege of speaking to me if he saw fit.

"You are an artist," said my companion, at length, following the direction of my eye, which still rested on the pretty musician.

"No," I replied, laughing, "I never could draw anything straight in my life."

"Nevertheless," said he, "you have a quick eye for color, and I do not wonder that it should be pleased now. Those tints are exquisitely arranged—Ida Mason is certainly a very pretty girl."

"*I* call her beautiful!" said I, a little nettled that he did not come up to my enthusiasm.

"I do not call any face beautiful where there is no *soul*," replied my new acquaintance, calmly. "I would not have called Undine 'beautiful' before her marriage."

"I think one of the greatest charms of Miss Mason's face is its expression of sweetness," I continued, stoutly holding my ground, "it is almost seraphic!"

My companion's lip half-quivered, for a moment, while his eyes were dancing with laughter. "Yesterday," said he, in a low tone, "I entered the drawing-room unexpectedly, and saw a 'seraphic' being boxing the ears of its little brother."

I could not help laughing, and yet I felt provoked. "What a dreadful sort of person you must be!" I exclaimed, "to pounce so upon people in their 'worser moments!'"

"People should not have 'worser moments,'" was the reply, "and then they would be sure of not being caught at a disadvantage. Independently of this episode, however," he continued, "Miss Mason's face would never attract from me more than a passing glance. A face, to interest me, must have written upon it, in unmistakable characters, 'Warranted not to fade.'"

"Is that to be met with in anything human?" I asked, wondering what my companion was thinking of.

"I think it is," was the reply, "indeed, I have seen it; but, like the ladies and their dress goods, I am generally dubious about very bright colors. In twelve years, or so, the bright colors are usually washed out, and, like Rosamond's Purple Jar, (which, I suppose, you remember?) there is nothing left but a common vessel. The man, too, who has been taken with this brightness of coloring, as Rosamond was taken with her jar, is very apt to think regretfully of some plainer woman whom he, perhaps, slighted in those early days when he did not think of acting for the future. The same folly which prompts a man to live this life as though it were to last forever, is at the bottom of his living as though each day, or week, or year were to have no end."

This was novel conversation for a party; but I could not help thinking that, were it not so novel, parties would not be so useless.

"That is a painful sight," said my companion, as a lady passed us who had evidently been "washed out," but who had as evidently resolved not to remain so as long as teeth, and hair, and complexion were to be had by paying for them; "how much better to sink down at once into quiet, respectable middle-age, than to spend time, money, and mind on a falsehood that deceives no one! So few women know how to grow old gracefully!"

"And who are to blame for that?" I exclaimed, wrathfully, fully roused to taking up the gauntlet. "Who but the very men that laugh at the folly? What respect is paid to a woman's mental acquirements, or to her beauty of soul, in comparison to that which encircles the chance possessor of a pretty face or showy accomplishments? Just so long as men bow to the gold that glitters, just so long will women strive to obtain that glitter. I do not blame poor Miss Noakes half as much as I do the greater portion of the men in this room; they have made her, and hundreds like her. Do not misunderstand me, though," I continued. "I am not defending her; for I despise weakness either in man or woman—and a pitiable weakness is that which cannot accept a clearly-defined position, and labor faithfully and honestly to perform all the duties contained therein."

"'To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me,'" said my companion, reverently; and my heart gave a quick response to the familiar words.

At this juncture Carrie approached, with a face

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brimful of something, and my new acquaintance bowed and moved away.

"How do you like Mr. Forsyth?" whispered my friend, at the first opportunity.

"I have not seen him," I replied, indifferently. "Remember, Carrie, that you are not to introduce him to me. I consider all lions the rightful property of Ida Mason, and they will probably consider her theirs. I have no wish to interfere."

"Mr. Forsyth probably thinks differently," replied Carrie, mischievously, "as he has been talking to you for some time past, and has scarcely spoken to Ida Mason."

Carrie laughed, with merry malice, at my face of dismay; and my first impulse was to take Mr. Forsyth to task for being himself. But he did not give me the opportunity. Carrie said that he always left early, "to make a sensation, she believed;" but I thought it more probable that it was because he could not *feel* one, except that of weariness.

I had said a number of things to Mr. Forsyth which I would not have said had I known that he was Mr. Forsyth; and I now sat meditating on the wisdom of silence in general, or, at least, until you know to whom you are talking. I had supposed my casual acquaintance to be a man of no particular prestige, one whom chits in general would call, as did the chit whom I overheard, "horridly old," a sort of rough diamond, whose flash and glitter none but myself would care to draw forth; and lo and behold! I had stumbled, in my blindness, upon Mr. Forsyth, the man who was "so rich, and queer, and who knew so much," and talked to him just as though he had been an ordinary mortal.

Once, during the evening, I had seen Ida Mason throw him a look from under her long eyelashes that opened my eyes to the fact, that she would rather have him bending over her than the half-dozen white-kidded youths whom she had in tow. Mr. Forsyth, however, was made of different material from most men, and could stand an unlimited quantity of eye-shot without the slightest inconvenience. The pretty Ida assumed a disdainful front, but Mr. Forsyth looked just as he did before.

A very few evenings after the party, Carrie made her appearance, in our drawing-room, with Mr. Forsyth; and, after that, he frequently made his appearance alone. Carrie smiled mischievously whenever his name was mentioned, and, in spite of my protestations that I was not the least bit in love with him, and never should be, nor he with me, she pursued a systematic scheme of teasing.

"It is a very singular thing," I exclaimed, indignantly, one day, "that a man and a woman cannot form a friendship, but that people must immediately talk of matrimony! I do not consider that, by any means, the highest rung in woman's ladder of felicity; and, in spite of people's remarks and innuendoes, I shall continue my friendship for Mr. Forsyth, and show them that it is *only* a friendship."

I thought that *he* understood me. When he asked me to marry him, I was surprised and disappointed.

"Will you tell me," said he, very gently, "what are your reasons for refusing me?"

"The very reasons," I replied, "that would influence forty-nine women out of fifty to marry you. You are intellectual, fine-looking, rich, and richly endowed in many ways; and people would say, at once, that I must have laid a plan to ensnare you, as I have so few recommendations in myself."

"*You!*" he exclaimed, in astonishment. And then followed a panegyric which it is not worth while for me to put upon paper; as those who have had similar words addressed to them will comprehend its nature, and those who have not would only say, "How silly!"

I took a grim satisfaction in refusing Mr. Forsyth and refusing to "listen to reason" (which, of course, meant him); and I went vigorously about my duties, and began trying to "grow old gracefully." My brothers and sisters were all married, and I acted the model "auntie;" but I often felt hungry at heart, and I began to be afraid that rebellious organ would not be satisfied with a cold collation of duties.

Mr. Forsyth persisted in bringing various relatives to see me, who appeared to take wonderful fancies to me, and pleaded warmly in his favor, until, at last, I was weak enough to yield. He seemed to have fully made up his mind that I was "warranted not to fade;" and I must say that it is a pleasant thing to be appreciated—a thing, by-the-way, which no one ever is, in his own estimation, unless he is very much overrated.

I had been bridesmaid to Carrie, and godmother to her little son, before I stood by Herman Forsyth's side and vowed to take him "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, until death us do part;" and the solemn, reverent manner in which my husband had just repeated those words, as though he fully realized their import, and meant what he said, gave me new confidence and courage.

The concentrated feeling with which, when we were alone in the carriage, away from all

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the bustle and congratulations, he uttered the words, "Mine, entirely, 'until death us do part!'"—the care and tenderness that I received, during that Elysian journey—and the numerous kind letters and presents that poured in upon me, almost made me forget my want of beauty. This consciousness was renewed in rather an unexpected manner.

At Herman's request, I went with him to pay a visit to an old, bed-ridden aunt, the carefully tended charge of one of my husband's sisters—a personage who, like the baby in a family, ruled them all by her very helplessness. No event could take place without aunt Nancy's being informed of all the circumstances—no purchases made without her having the first sight—no visitor could arrive without an early presentation. Aunt Nancy liked pretty things and pretty people—upon the principle, I suppose, that we always fancy our opposites; for the old lady might have sat for a portrait of the Witch of Endor—and, unfortunately, at my presentation, I was very weary, and had a bad cold in my head—two circumstances which never enhanced my charms.

I shook a little as aunt Nancy's sharp eyes deliberately scanned me; but old feelings, which I had hoped were dead and buried long ago, came trooping back in full force, as the old lady remarked in a disappointed tone, "Well, Herman, you didn't select your wife for her beauty, did you?"

My eyes filled with tears, and I glanced timidly at my husband.

"Yes, aunt Nancy," he replied, in his strong, cheerful voice, pressing me closer to him, "I *did* select her for her beauty, but it is of a kind that is warranted not to fade; and besides, she does not look as well as usual, to day—so, you must not form a hasty judgment. To *me*, she is the prettiest and dearest wife in the world."

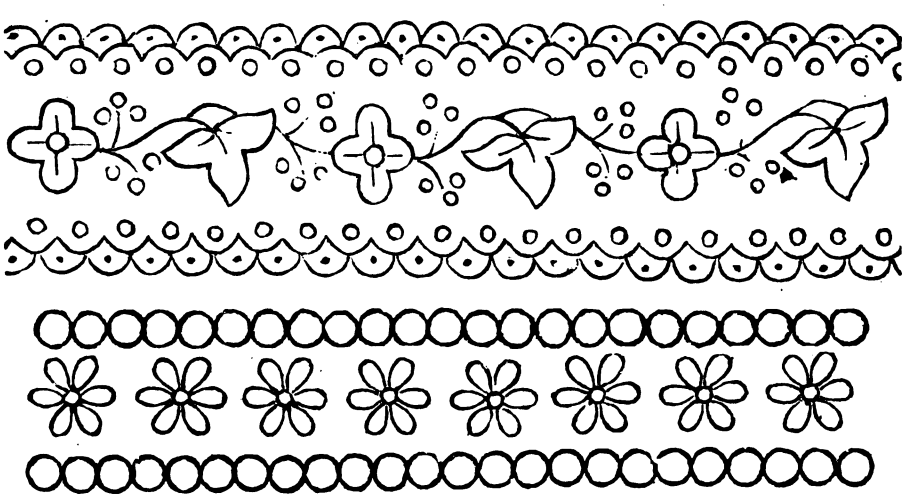
How strong and rich I felt then! And just so strong and rich I have felt in the years that have passed since then. Cousin Ruth, who makes us occasional visits, for the sake of saying pleasant things, assures me that "I look quite as well as ever I did," in a tone which plainly implies that this is not saying much; and now classes me among the girls who had "nothing in particular about them," and yet have "done so well for themselves."

I passed Ida Mason in the street, the other day, as I was leaning on Herman's arm. Ida Mason no longer, but for some years the wife of one of the white-kidded youths; and such a changed, discontented face I hope never to behold again.

"Twelve years, Ellen," said my husband, significantly, "and where are the bright colors? Blooming in the face whereon I read, in my first glance at it, an unfading lustre—and whose physical merits, permit me to say, you have always underrated."

As I said before, it is a pleasant thing to be appreciated—which means, of course, to be thought far more highly of than you deserve; and that pleasure I enjoy to its fullest extent.

PATTERNS FOR INSERTIONS.



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INFANT'S SHIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



With split zephyr, cast on 100 stitches, using fine ivory needles, or coarse steel ones, No. 11.

Knit 2 rows plain.

3rd Row.—Knit 1, bring the thread forward and knit two together, continue to the end of the needle; knit the last stitch plain.

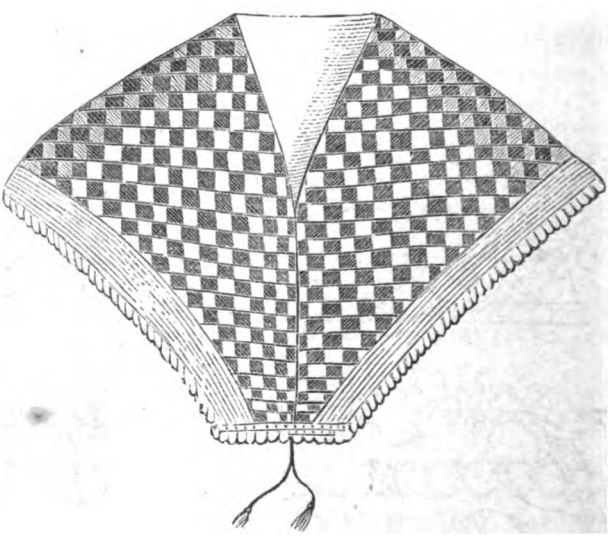
4th, 5th, and 6th Rows.—Knit plain.

Repeat these last 4 rows 4 times; then seam 2 stitches and knit 2 plain, alternately, until you think you have it long enough. The general length of shirts is a quarter or three-eighths of a yard long. Bind off for one side.

Repeat this for the other side. Sew the two sides together, leaving 2 inches unsewed at the top for the armholes. Do the same for the other side. Begin where you finished sewing and pick up the stitches (on the right side) on one side of the armhole; cast on 12 more stitches, then pick up the other stitches on the other side of the armhole and knit 1 row plain; then repeat the 4 rows of holes 4 times. Bind off, and knit the other sleeve in the same way. Join under the arm. Pick up the stitches all round the neck on 4 coarse steel needles. Make 3 rows of holes as before. Bind off and finish with cord and tassels, or ribbon.

KNITTED SONTAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials.—6 oz. crimson zephyr; fine bone knitting-needles.

Cast on 31 stitches. Knit 1 row plain, 1 row widen and narrow, 1 row plain.

Beginning of the Blocks.—*1st Row.*—(Widen at the beginning of every row.) Knit 4 plain and 4 seam, throughout the row.

2nd Row.—(Reverse.) Seam the 4 stitches that were knit plain, and knit the 4 seam stitches plain. Repeat the two rows until you have one block made. 4 rows form a block.

5th Row.—Seam through.

6th Row.—(Reverse.) Seam the 4 plain stitches in the last block, and knit plain the 4 stitches that were seamed.

Repeat 4 rows.

Repeat these two blocks until you have widened to 180 stitches; then take off 69 stitches on another needle. Bind off 12 stitches in the center; then repeat the blocks on the one side of the work.

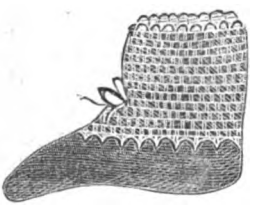
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Observe to widen at the beginning of the outside row as before, and knit two together at the beginning of the row at the neck. Repeat this until you have 4 blocks made, then continue narrowing at the beginning of every inside row, until you have all the stitches narrowed off on this side. Do the other side in the same way.

FOR THE BORDER.—Commence on the right side and pick up the stitches from the point all the way up the inside, around the neck and down the other side to the point (on one needle); widen at the beginning of every row until you have 12 or 14 rows knit; bind off. Then commence at the point again and pick up all the stitches round the outside, bottom of the back, and the other side. Widen and knit the same number of rows as before. Crochet a border in single crochet stitch into every stitch all round the Sontag, observing to keep the work flat.

BABY'S SOCK IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

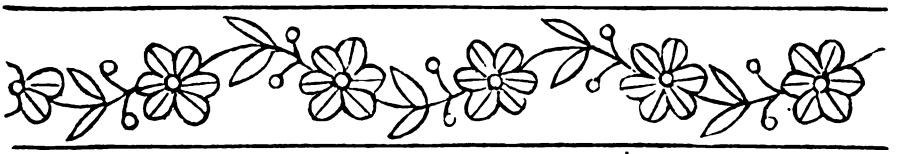


MATERIALS.—1 oz. of white zephyr; 1 oz. of pink zephyr.

Make a chain of 36 stitches of the pink wool. Join, and crochet in single crochet stitch 3 rows, only taking up the half of the stitch.

Tie on the white and crochet in single crochet, taking up the whole stitch, work twenty-four rows. Crochet to the 24th stitch, then turn, work in the same way 12 stitches (for the top of the foot), until you have 14 rows made on the top of the foot; then tie on the pink wool and crochet all round the entire sock, observing only to take up the outside half of the stitch, and work 16 rows all round for the sole of the foot. When you crochet it together at the bottom, draw the thread through 10 stitches at once at the toe and the same at the heel. After this commence at the top and make two rows of loops, making 3 ch and 1 sc stitch into every other stitch; 2nd row, 3 ch and 1 sc into every loop. Finish with cord and tassels at the ankle.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION.

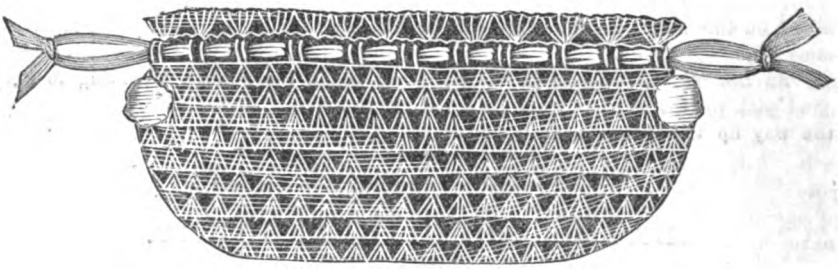


INITIALS FOR MARKING.

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KNITTING-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—2 oz. tinsel zephyr; 1 yard of ribbon one inch in width; 2 large size brass curtain rings; muslin or silk for lining; small bone crochet hook.

With the zephyr, make a ch 11 inches in length. On it work one row of treble crochet, making the tc stitch on every fourth stitch of the chain, and working four chain stitches between each stitch. (This makes the row of holes for the ribbon.) *2nd Row.*—Work in dc stitch. *3rd Row.*—Work in shells, making 4 dc stitches for every shell.

4th Row.—Same as 3rd, only observing to place the four stitches of each shell in the center of each shell in the preceding row.

Continue in this way until you have worked 28 rows of shells, then work 1 row in dc, same as 2nd row, and 1 row in treble crochet as in the 1st row, finishing off both ends of the work with 1 row of shells. Now draw up the work on the sides as far as the 28 rows, crocheting them on the rings as seen in the design. Line the bag, run the ribbon in the place designated, and it is complete.

NEW STYLE BONNETS FOR MAY.





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THE PRINCESS CAPOTE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This entirely new and beautiful hood, of which a drawing is given in the front of the number, is so simple that any lady can readily make it. Below we give the diagram for this purpose.

Cut out of silk flannel or merino, a square 31 inches by 31 inches: turn over one corner 12 inches in depth at the point from A to A. Cut it off diagonally from B to B. Then sew the point A (of the three-cornered piece just cut off) to the A on the bias from which you cut the point.

After this, join B B on the one side and B B on the other, making a seam from B to A and from A to B. From C to the point C, and from the point to the end C, run a small casing of ribbon on the under side, this is to be drawn to fit the head. The point which falls over, as seen in the design, is to be finished with a tassel.

Now cut off the face evenly with the cape, and trim all round with a quilling of black lace; also braid the hood with narrow silk braid after the design.

A bow at the back and strings will complete the hood. Rose-colored silk, braided with black and trimmed with black lace, is very effective for this purpose.

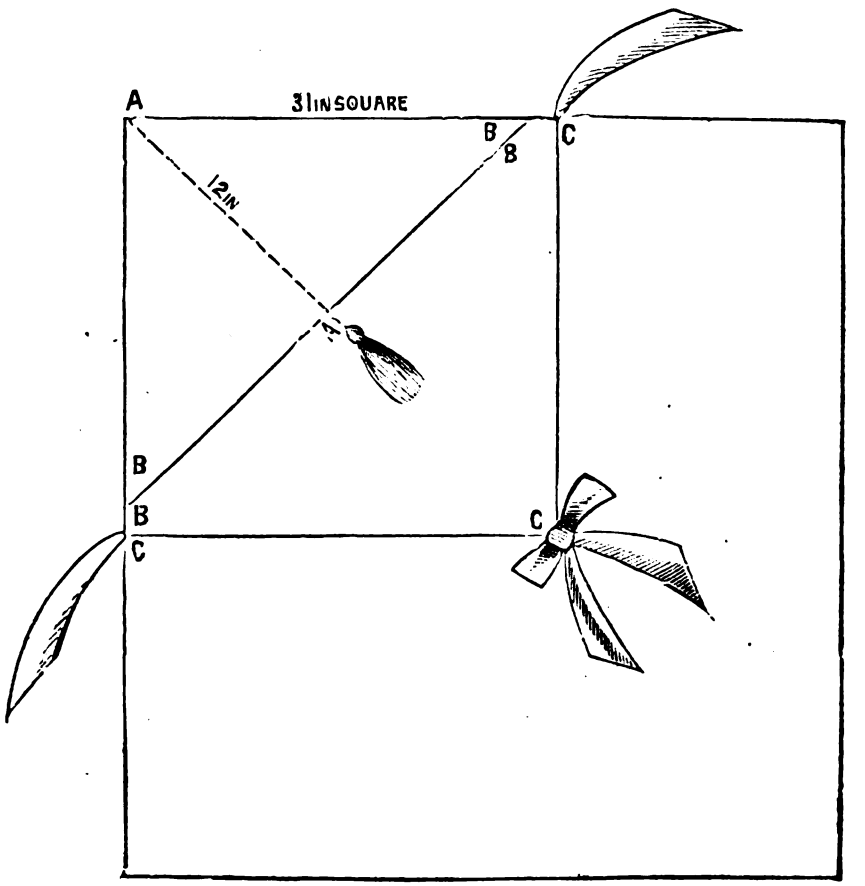
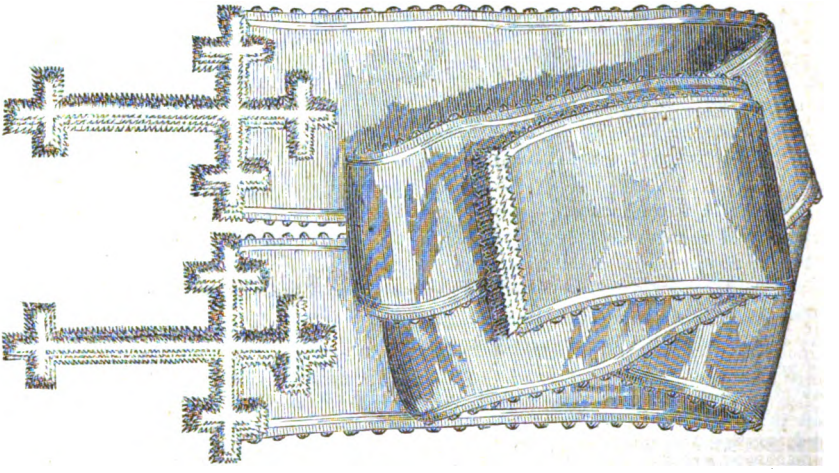


DIAGRAM FOR THE PRINCESS CAPOTE.

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MARKER FOR BIBLE OR PRAYER-BOOK.

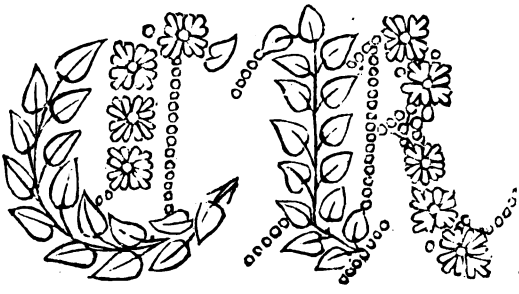
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



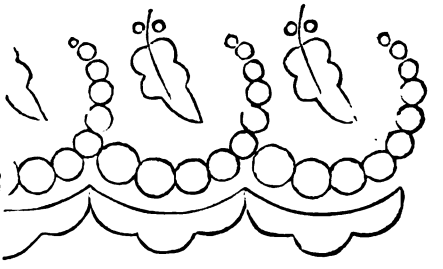
MATERIALS.—A yard of ribbon an inch wide of any color; a piece of fine perforated board.

Cut the board of the shape in the engraving: four pieces of this size; four pieces one row of holes smaller; four pieces one row smaller; and four pieces one row smaller. The last four will have no holes in them. Care must be taken to cut these very exactly, as much of the beauty of this Marker depends upon this. Have ready some mucilage or some gum arabic dissolved. Take one of the largest pieces and paste it on the ribbon, then one smaller until the four are on. The other side of the same end must be trimmed in the same way; also the other end of the ribbon. Double the ribbon not exactly in the center; cut four pieces of board the width of the ribbon and as wide as the cross, graduate them in the same way and paste them by the end made by the doubling of the ribbon. This Book-marker is very beautiful.

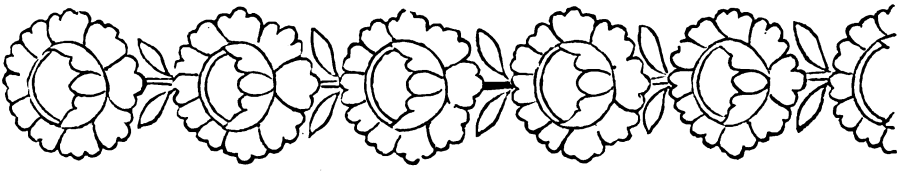
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



EDGING.



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.

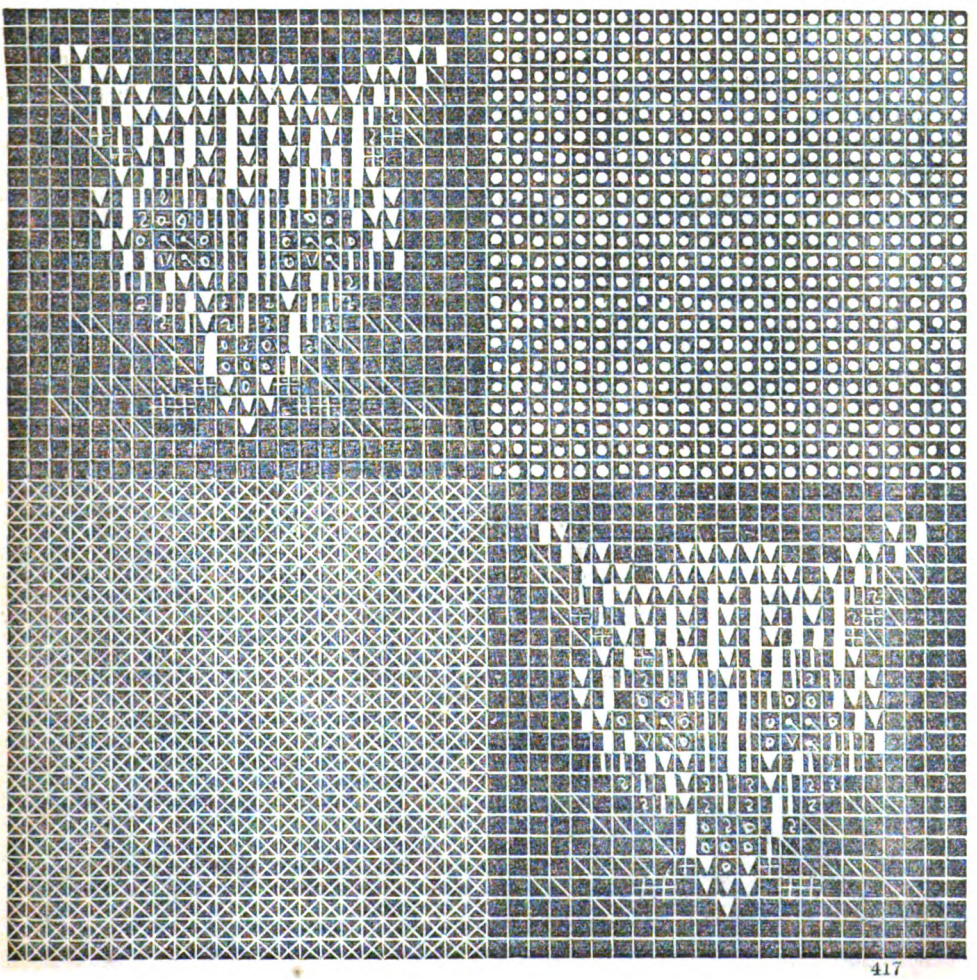
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TRAVELING BLANKET, OR AFFGHAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Affghan is 133½ inches in length, and 120½ inches in breadth. It is done in bands, in Tunisian crochet: the thickness of the wool is 10 strands. Place 46 chain stitches on the needle, 23 stitches black, 23 scarlet; when a square of 23 rows is obtained, the wool must be changed, so as to arrange the squares like those of the pattern here given. These squares



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are composed of three colors, blue, black, and red. Enough bands must be made, so as to make the Affghan of the dimensions given above. After this, the head of the fox must be embroidered on the black squares. When these bands are finished, they must be overseamed on the wrong side: then bind the blanket with a worsted braid.

Fawn, very dark.

Fawn, dark.

Fawn, light.

Fawn, very light.

Flesh color.

Light gray.

Very light gray.

Background, scarlet.

Background, blue.

Black.

White.

Background, black.

It will be seen there are twelve colors, which are indicated by the small diagrams opposite. This pattern of a fox's head may be used also for gentlemen's slippers.

As, in traveling, a strap is useful to carry the Affghan by, we give also a pretty design for such a strap. The strap is done in full crochet stitch, with a coarse silk: the model, with the colors to be employed, is here given.

Black.

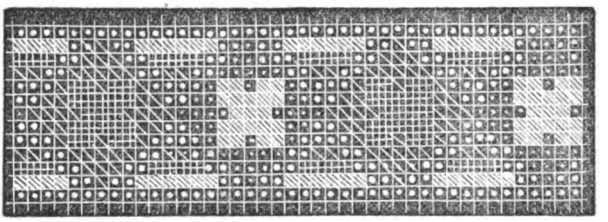
Red.

Yellow.

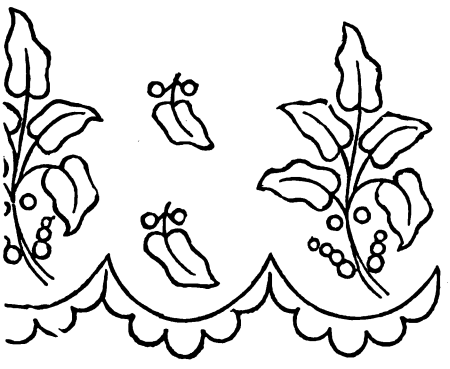
Green.

Blue.

The strap should be about thirteen inches long, and an inch and a half wide. The strap is lined with kid. Little buckles should be attached to one end; and a bit of kid, pierced with holes at regular intervals, to the other end. A handle of leather should be used to unite the two straps.



VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EDGING.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.

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BRACKET.

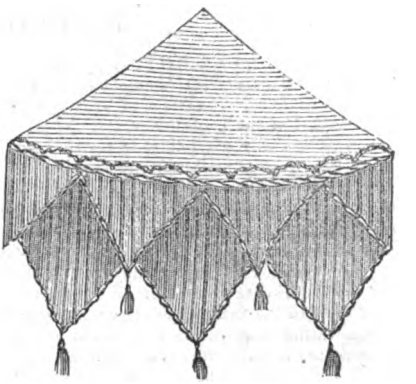
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The Bracket in the January number requiring more time than some would have, we give one of not so much work.

A quarter of a yard of the heavy ribbed goods used in upholstery; three yards of heavy silk cord to match; three yards of heavy gilt cord; three yards of smaller, and five gilt tassels, are the materials necessary.

The small gilt cord is for winding the silk cord which is to trim the points of the bracket and planks around the top.

The heavy gilt cord is put on as in pattern in place of a moulding, which cannot be obtained in small places.



KNITTED SHAWL, IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the pattern, see front of the number.

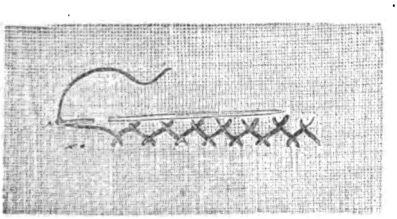
Materials.—10 oz. blue zephyr; 5 oz. gray zephyr; 3 oz. white zephyr; small but long wooden needles.

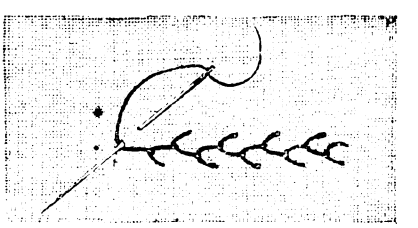
With the blue wool cast on 2 stitches. Knit plain, widening 1 stitch at the beginning of every alternate row. Knit 24 rows. Tie on the gray wool, knit six rows; white, 3 rows, blue, six rows, white, three rows, gray, 6 rows, always observing to widen as directed. Repeat from the beginning until the shawl is large enough. Finish with a fringe of the several colors. Cut the wool for it in lengths of three-eighths of a yard, tie it on at equal distances, knotting it twice as seen in the design. This shawl is quite new.

VARIETIES.



NAME FOR MARKING.





NEW DESIGNS IN CHAIN-STITCH.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Romantic Marriage.—It is an old saying that love knows no aristocracy. The stories of King Cophetua and the beggar girl, of the Lord of Burghley and his peasant wife, are not the only ones, either in romance, or in history. A late English periodical recalls a tale of "true love," similar in its character, which happened in our own time, and one of the characters in which is still living. It refers to the late Archduke John of Austria, the famous Lord Protector of Germany during the stormy days of 1848. Archduke John, born January 20, 1782, the sixth son of the Emperor Leopold II. of Austria, distinguished himself early in the anti-Napoleonic wars, during which he organized the insurrectionary movement of the Tyrol and the alpine countries of the Vorarlberg. Becoming thus acquainted with popular life and manners, he never lost his fondness for it; but at the end of the war retired to a small country house near Gratz, there to enjoy the pleasures of rural life. He made frequent hunting excursions, and in one of these had occasion to require the services of the post-master of Aussee, a little village in the mountains. It was late on a cold January evening that he arrived at the post-master's humble dwelling, to ask for a carriage to take him a stage onward to his destination. The master, Herr Plochel, was not at home, and all the carriages and horses were in use; nevertheless, the smart daughter of the house volunteered to drive the humble traveler, whom, by his dress, she held to be a pilgrim, in a two-wheeled cart across the hills, that he might not come to harm in walking along the lonely road. So they set out, the son of the emperor and the daughter of the post-master; he silent and preoccupied, she merry as a bird, chatting and singing alpine songs all the way long. Anna Plochel was not beautiful, but merely what people call interesting; the archduke thought she was the most interesting creature he had ever set eyes on. He shook hands warmly when set down from the humble cart; and the next day, to Anna Plochel's great astonishment, was again at Aussee. He stayed three days at the little village inn, had long chats with little Clara, and at the end of the time asked the post-master the hand of his daughter. Of course, the suitor was required to give his name and profession. "Johann, Archduke of Austria, late field-marshal; now out of employment." Herr Plochel, a serious man, did not like the reply, and angrily bade the visitor to leave his house, and never show himself again. In vain did the stranger plead that what he had spoken was the truth, and nothing but the truth; all his arguments had but the effect of making the post-master more and more angry. So nothing was left for Prince Johann but to go to Gratz to fetch some friends who would vouch for his "respectability." This he did, then got the post-master's consent, was duly proclaimed in church, and married to Anna Plochel on the eighteenth of February, 1827, exactly three weeks after he had made her acquaintance in the two-wheeled cart. Prince John did not in the least make a mystery of the union, but forthwith sent word to Vienna that he had been married, and would give himself the pleasure soon of introducing his wife at the Hofburg. The Kaiser laughed, the Empress got into a fury. The upshot came to be, that Johann's humble spouse was made a Baroness of Brandhof and Countess of Meran, with a large annual pension. When Archduke John was Lord Protector of Germany in 1848, his wife acted as mistress of the house, in the hall of the Old Emperors at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Several sons were the offspring of the marriage, the eldest, now called Count of Meran, born March 11, 1839. The countess is still living, being at present in her fifty-sixth year.

Cartes de Visite: or Small Photographic Portraits.—Hitherto we have only known our ancestors through the pencils of certain great artists, and the sitters themselves have all belonged to the highest class. Hence we are apt to attribute certain leading expressions of countenance to our progenitors which are rather owing to the mannerism of the painters than to the sitters. Thus all Copley's beauties possess a certain look in common; if we believed his brush without any reserve, we should fancy that the American race of the latter part of the last century were the noblest-looking beings that ever trod the earth. No portrait of man or woman ever came from his easel with a mean look. The same may be said of those of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hoppner, in England, and the result is that all our knowledge of the faces of the last century is purely conventional. But it is far different with the *carte de visite*. Here we have the very lines that nature has engraven on our faces, and it can be said of them that no two are alike. It is a curious fact too that the *cartes de visite* have, for the present, entirely superseded all other sized photographic portraits. This is rather singular, inasmuch as we did not adopt it until it had been popular in Paris for three years. Possibly, however, the rage has its foundation in two causes. In the first place, a *carte de visite* portrait is really a more agreeable-looking likeness than larger ones; it is taken with the middle of the lens, where it is truest, hence it is never out in drawing: and then, again, it rather hides than exaggerates any little roughness of the face, which is so apparent in large-sized portraits. Secondly, when a man can get four portraits for a dollar, his vanity is flattered by being able to distribute his surplus copies among his friends. It enables every one to possess a picture gallery of those he cares about.

A Dress of Eugenie's.—At the balls at the Tuileries, this winter and spring, many dresses of plain and embroidered tarletane have been worn. At the last ball given at the Tuileries, the Empress wore a dress of exquisite taste. It was composed of white tarletane of a very fine, transparent texture, and had two skirts. The lowest one was trimmed with a large ruche of tarletane, surmounted by a wreath of flowers of various hues. Above it was another ruche set on in waves, and also surmounted by a wreath. The upper skirt, which nearly veiled, or covered, the lower one, was looped up on one side by a large rose. The trimming on the corsage consisted only of folds of tarletane, and it was not enlivened by any ornament. The Empress wore a diamond necklace with pendeloques. Her majesty's hair was dressed in flat bandeaux, and her coiffure consisted of a diadem of the Roman form, composed of diamonds and emeralds.

Reading the News.—In thousands of households, the scene, here represented, goes on every morning. It is not every home, indeed, that has a veteran grandsire to listen, or a hero of 1812, or 1776, though but few of these last, alas! remain.

Spring Flowers.—This is one of the most beautiful engravings we have ever published, and it is as appropriate as it is charming.

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TABLE-COVER, CUSHION, CHAIRS, IN COLORED SILK PATCHWORK.—As a piece of stock work, always to be kept ready for carrying on in small instalments, but never to be made into a labor, perhaps silk patchwork is the most interesting, and best rewards the time employed, by producing articles as elegant as they are useful for the adornment of home. Ladies entering on this work should collect as many fragments of silks, satins, and velvets, as they are able, and should have a little work-basket always at hand with paper shapes cut ready for covering pieces of silk also cut, with the necessary implements, so that at any spare minutes of time a few of the patches may be tacked and laid on in a safe place, so that, when a sufficient variety has been accumulated to allow of the necessary arrangement of contrast, they may be sewn together. Some ladies, in pursuing this work, make a rule of covering and sewing together a certain number each day, and it is surprising what progress is made by this means. The use of the velvet for the parts which are marked black very much enriches the effect; but unless the whole of these can be completed with this material, it is better to be content with plain black silk, the contrast being disadvantageous. For a cushion, or even a table-cover, the velvet might, perhaps, be procured without too much expense; but if it were contemplated to complete the whole of the drawing-room articles, then the introduction of the velvet might be worthy of some consideration. The pattern given in our illustration, in the front of the number, is extremely effective. The black, the medium, and the light, will be found distinctly marked in it. There is, however, one error which we frequently observe in this sort of work, and which we mention that it may be avoided. The light patches ought not to be put too light, of course, but they should be all of the same equality of shade, and so also of the medium tint. In arranging them there should be no question which should be called light, and which medium, as the effect requires each to be kept perfectly distinct and clear.

THE GARIBALDI SHIRT is gaining in favor, having been sufficiently well supported to carry it through the formidable opposition with which it was at first encountered. The Emperor of the French, on first seeing the Empress in one of these articles, expressed the most forcible disapproval; but this being in a clear white material, might, as we imagine, make the objections all the stronger. These Garibaldi shirts are now made in colored flannels and other wool manufactures, and they have the merit of being warm and comfortable, and inexpensive, leaving to the limbs all that freedom of motion which is essential to health. Stripes of white and some gay color are now the most fashionable, but scarlet, and Solferino, and violet, are also much worn. Almost every lady has in her wardrobe one or more silk dresses, of which the skirts have survived the bodies, and these are extremely suitable for wearing with these Garibaldi shirts, making a stylish morning toilet, and, at the same time, preventing the necessity of purchasing new dresses. Dark-colored silks are also made up in the same way, with the fronts, cuffs, and collars stitched in white by machinery, and in these the skirt and the body are sometimes alike, and sometimes different. Thus, a black skirt may have a violet shirt, a brown one a black, or the reverse. For the young ladies of a family between the ages of eight and twelve, these loose bodies are extremely suitable; for instance, a black or a French blue merino skirt, bordered with five or six inches of scarlet, and worn with a Garibaldi body of the same scarlet, has a very good effect; or the black may have the same accompaniments in the blue, with equal propriety of taste. For a young lady under eight years of age, a brown Brussels cord, having a band of French blue silk turned up from the bottom, and a narrow velvet of a little darker color laid on the silk half an inch from its upper edge, makes a very pretty dress, with a large circular cape, trimmed to match. This Garibaldi shirt is also made in black and white stripes of different widths, all of which have a very striking effect.

NEW MUSIC.—We have just received Nos. 13, 14, and 15 of "Winner's Dime Violin Tunes," which contain the popular melodies of "Abraham's Daughter," "Johnny is gone for a Soldier," "Jac. Bowers," etc., with a fine collection of the latest and most fashionable Gallops, Schottisches, Negro Melodies, and Dances; also The "*Carneval de Venise*," with nine brilliant variations for the violin, with piano forte accompaniments, by Sep. Winner. These variations are quite easy and very effective, being as showy and brilliant as the more difficult arrangements of Paganini and Ole Bull; the various tricks, introducing the Pizzicato and Harmonic notes, are fully explained, and the piano forte arrangement suitable for an ordinary performer. Price fifty cents. Copies sent by mail, postage paid. Address the publisher, Sep. Winner, No. 530 North Eighth St., Philada.

THE BOOTS AND SHOES adopted in ball and evening costume are sometimes trimmed with a flower instead of a rosette of ribbon, the flower being of the same color as those employed to ornament the dress. Thus, the chaussure adopted with the white tarletane dress we have described consists of boots of white silk, ornamented with a rose. The chaussure ought to harmonize in hue with the dress. With a colored dress the boots or shoes should be of silk or satin of the same tint. A dress of mauve-color silk has the skirt covered with another of mauve-color tulle, looped up with white roses; and with this dress are worn boots of mauve-color silk, trimmed with white roses.

TO MAKE IVY CLING.—By a little management the Ivy may be made to cling perfectly: that is to say, by adopting the following method:—Whenever a branch grows without attaching itself to the wall, cut off the loose part close to a leaf beneath which the attachment is perfect. Continue this process till the wall is covered, and always afterward cut away all hanging branches, or by the force of the wind they will detach others besides themselves. When the ends of growing Ivy lose their hold, they are never still sufficiently long to be able to attach themselves; but by cutting away to the point of contact, they are enabled to proceed to the new growth, and thus hold fast.

CHEAPEST OF ALL.—The Wilmington (Del.) Journal says of our last number:—"This beautiful number contains forty-five articles of reading matter, many of which are indispensable to a family, and all of them interesting and useful to every lady. Sixty embellishments of a high order also grace this number. The fashion-plate is a gem of neatness and taste. Patterns in embroidery are given and explained with great minuteness, and all necessary instruction in plain and ornamental needle-work is given from time to time. Peterson's is the cheapest Magazine in the Union; being only two dollars a year, and yet equal to the best in point of interest and execution."

TEN-WEEK STOCKS AND MIGNONETTE.—There is not an annual that can eclipse these two in point of fragrance, and none make a more agreeable appearance in pots or in the open ground. Such being the case, they should on no account be overlooked, but, on the contrary, freely cultivated; and as this is a very favorable time for sowing the seed of either, you cannot do better than put in a pinch or two of each. They may be sown in pots of natural earth, in a hot-bed, or in the open ground on a warm border, any time during the present month.

ALWAYS SUPERIOR.—Says the Nyack (R. I.) City and Country:—"The reading matter of Peterson's Magazine is always superior to that of any other magazine for ladies."

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Earl's Heirs. By the author of "East Lynne." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this novel is an Englishwoman, who has made "the hit of the season," in London, by the publication of "East Lynne," a novel which has already run through three editions abroad, and sold by tens of thousands here. The present fiction is even better than "East Lynne," and has the advantage of being published first in the United States: the Messrs. Peterson owning the copy-right. The distinguishing merit of Mrs. Wood, for such we believe to be the author's name, is the skillful manner in which she constructs her plots. Novels have been multiplied so much, in these latter days, that novelty in the story has become almost impossible. Every reader can tell, after a chapter or two, how all is to turn out: whom Harry is to marry—which of the rivals Lucy is to select—when the angry father will relent. Only two writers, indeed, can lay any claim to originality in the management of their incidents. One of these is Wilkie Collins. "The Woman in White," the best of his works, is a master-piece of constructive ability. No one can fully estimate its merits, in this respect, who has not read it a second time. The first reading, in its breathless absorption, hurries even the critic on, till he loses his calmer judgment. It is only when the book is read again, and with the cool eye of rigid analysis, that its wonderful mechanism becomes apparent. Then we see how astonishing the clock-work is, what wheels within wheels, yet how harmoniously all move together. Mrs. Wood is the only other novelist who exhibits this constructive ability in anything like perfection. Her "East Lynne" was remarkable for this characteristic; but "The Earl's Heirs" is even more so. In "East Lynne" many things happen which are highly improbable, and on one of these the whole denouement turns. In "The Earl's Heirs" there is nothing of this. From first to last the incidents are not only natural, but evolve themselves also in natural sequence. Consequently the tale is one of intense power. Nor is this the only point in which "The Earl's Heirs" is superior to "East Lynne." There is one character in "The Earl's Heirs," we mean Mrs. Pepperfly, which would not have been unworthy of Dickens himself. The volume is printed in double column octavo, and sold for the low price of fifty cents. For that sum the publishers will even send a copy by mail, free of postage.

Leisure Hours in Town. By the "Country Parson." 1 *vol.* 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—Another delightful volume of those chatty essays, which have made the name of the "Country Parson" a familiar word in thousands of households, not only in Great Britain, but in America also. Among the most charming of the papers in this collection, if any one can be more charming than another, is that entitled "The Sorrows of Childhood." In reading it we go back to our own boyish days. The man who wrote that paper, whatever else he may be, is a man with a young heart in his bosom yet; and we venture to say, that, even if he survives to four-score and ten, he will have a young heart still. A portrait of the author, we are glad to see, accompanies the volume. The "Country Parson" does not look, however, precisely as we had pictured him to ourselves. His face is suggestive of ill-health, if not of sad experiences; yet it is genial, nevertheless, and with a broad though low brow. The volume is very handsomely printed and bound. Price one dollar and a quarter.

The Young Step-Mother; or, A Chronicle of Mistakes. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 2 *vols.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—We think this the best novel Miss Yonge has written, if we except "The Heir of Redclyffe;" and many persons, perhaps, will regard it as superior even to that. The general characteristics of our author are well known to the reading community; so we need not here enlarge on them: while popular with almost everybody, she has, and deservedly, her own circle of enthusiastic admirers. Her books always teach a lesson. Nobody can read one of them without being the better for it. Her principal characters, too, are always more or less refined: she knows, what few novelists do, how to draw a real lady or gentleman. The volumes are handsomely printed, and bound in paper covers Price one dollar for the two. To our taste it would have been better to have bound the book in cloth; for it is one that most persons, at least, would wish to preserve.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

INFANT TREATMENT.—The dress should be simple, and as free from pins as possible, and above all of needles, which have sometimes become imbedded in the flesh. A small shirt next the skin protects this delicate covering from the flannel, which should be of the white kind, and should never be allowed to continue when it is wet, as the odor of the *ammoniacal gas* which is evolved by the heat of the child's body is most offensive, and extremely deleterious to its lungs. The employment of a *second* flannel over the first, to prevent the upper clothes from becoming wet, is a very baneful error, as the surface of the skin is chilled by its retained moisture, and is the common cause of chafing and ulceration about the folds. The head of an infant should not be too closely covered: the blood is circulating there so freely, that too close a cap even is often liable to produce real disorder of the membranes of the brain; but it is scarcely possible to keep the lower part of the body and the arms too warm, which being at a distance from the heart, the center of circulation, will frequently become chilled to that degree as sometimes to produce a loss of vitality, and very often materially weaken the action of the limbs, and this especially in feeble children. A deficiency of blood thus circulating in the limbs, the *head* will be *too abundantly* supplied—the consequences of this excess will be immediately anticipated. During the changing of the dress, moderate friction should always be employed, especially on the belly: it is agreeable to the feelings of the infant, and promotes free and healthy circulation, and, above all, assists the process of digestion and prevents the accumulation of wind.

EXERCISE.—Infants may, at the end of the second week, be taken into the external air, if they are healthy and the weather prove favorable; and this exercise may be repeated daily on each second day. They should be kept in the horizontal position, on a *flat* wicker tray (furnished with a pillow and thin clothes), to prevent distortion of the spine and angular breasts. The child should be, during its exercise, free from all tight bandages or swathes.

BATHING.—If we reflect on the importance of the skin, it will require little argument to establish the benefit of bathing. Nothing tends to preserve the healthy action of the skin so much as washing; hence its great importance during the infantile period when direct exercise is impossible.

In appreciating the employment of cold bathing, it is essential that we should notice the state of the child after it has been plunged into cold water. If it appears lively, and if there is a diffused *redness* and *warmth* breaking forth over the body as it is rubbed dry, then undoubtedly the bath has been beneficial, and a repetition is indicated. But if, on the contrary, there is a *chilliness* and *pallor* over the skin—if there is an absence of lively action—if the countenance is anxious—the limbs rigid and benumbed, and should these symptoms, moreover, continue after the child is dry and dressed, then it will be highly dangerous to resort again to cold bathing.

In those infantile constitutions, then, where the powers of life are evidently not adequate to the production of *reaction*, the *tepid* bath is the more salutary. Its temperature

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may be varied according to circumstances, ranging between the degrees of eighty and ninety-five, which approaches the usual heat of the body. Where warm bathing is employed, we would recommend, immediately after birth, a temperature of eighty-two or eighty-five degrees. This may be decreased one degree every three or four weeks, until it be so far reduced as to produce at first a slight sensation of chilliness in the child.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that the tepid bath is productive of relaxation; its effect is, usually, the most animating vigor, and the cleansing of the impure skin is undoubtedly more complete, as the warmth seems to exert some solvent power on the oily secretion with which some skins are imbued.

One most valuable property of warm bathing is, that it may be employed during the existence of internal *inflammation*. Its benefit as a fomentation and its cleansing properties are simultaneous.

The custom of bathing implies, as its consequence, the salutary employment of moderate friction, the effect of which is an immediate increase of circulation in the vessels of the skin, by which internal parts are relieved, and the skin itself rendered healthy. The expression of delight in the child is an indication of its very beneficial tendency.

PARLOR TRICKS.

To make a Magic Picture.—Take two level pieces of glass (plate glass is the best), about three inches long and four wide, exactly of the same size; lay one on the other, and leave a space between them by pasting a piece of card, or two or three small pieces of thick paper, at each corner. Join these glasses together, at the edges, by a composition of lime slaked by exposure to the air, and the white of an egg. Cover all the edges of these glasses with parchment or bladder, except at one end, which is to be left open to admit the following composition: Dissolve, by a slow fire, six ounces of hog's lard, with half an ounce of white wax, to which you may add half an ounce of clear linseed oil. This must be poured in, in its liquid state, and before a fire, between the glasses, by the space left in the sides, and which you are then to close up. Wipe the glasses clean and hold them before the fire, to see that the composition will not run out at any part. Then fasten, with gum, a picture, or print, painted on very thin paper, with its face to one of the glasses, and, if you like, you may fix the whole in a frame. While this mixture between the glasses is cold, the picture will be quite concealed, but become transparent when held to the fire, and as the composition cools it will gradually disappear.

To put a Penny-Piece under a Candlestick, and to withdraw it without lifting it up.—This appears a wonderful trick, and yet it is one of the most simple, and never fails to raise a hearty laugh. Place a penny-piece under a candlestick on the table; then bet any one of the party that you will take it from under it without lifting up the candlestick. Thinking it impossible, some will, no doubt, accept your wager; this being done, knock three times sharply under the table, saying, "Presto, fly, begone!" Then tell your antagonist it is gone, and desire him to lift the candlestick to satisfy himself. This, of course, he will immediately do: then, on the instant he raises the candlestick, snatch up the penny-piece. You will then win the wager, as you did not take up the candlestick.

The Magic Spoon.—Put four ounces of bismuth in a crucible, and, when in a state of complete fusion, throw in two ounces and a half of tin; these metals will combine and form an alloy fusible in boiling water. Mould the alloy into bars, and take them to a silversmith to be made into tea-spoons. Place one of them in a saucer at a tea-table, and the person who uses it will be not a little astonished to find it melt away as soon as he puts it into the hot tea.

DESSERTS.

Tartlets.—Are always so called when made of a small size and uncovered with a crust; nor should preserved fruit of any kind be put under crust. The paste is made stiff enough to support the contents, being cut thin, put into pattypans, and crimped at the edges. The fruit is then frequently ornamented with small strips of paste laid over it crosswise, which are made thus: Mix a quarter-pound of flour, one ounce of fresh butter, and a little cold water; rub it well between the board and your hand till it begins to string; cut it into small pieces, roll it out, and draw it into fine strings; then lay them, in any way you please, across your tartlets, and bake immediately. The jam of raspberries, currants, or any other fruits, as well as the marmalade of apricot, quince, and apple, may be made into tartlets, and, when baked in a quick oven, may be filled up with raw custard or whipped cream.

Rice Pudding.—Wash two large spoonfuls of rice, and simmer it, with half a pint of milk, till thick; then put a lump of butter the size of an egg, and nearly half a pint of thick cream, and give it one boil. When cold, mix four yolks and two whites of eggs well beaten, sugar and nutmeg to taste, and add grated lemon and a little cinnamon. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a slowish oven, and, when the pudding is ready, strew over it a little powdered lump-sugar and cinnamon powder. Currants may be added to the pudding. *Or:*—Boil half a pint of rice in new milk until perfectly tender and not too dry; then add six eggs beaten, a spoonful of ratafia, sugar, and some grated fresh lemon; mix well, and bake in a mould one hour and a half. Turn it on a hot dish, and stick it thick with almonds slit in six. Serve with a rich custard round. It is equally good cold.

Lemon Custard.—Strain three wineglassfuls of lemon-juice through a sieve; beat nine eggs, yolks and whites; strain them also, and add them to the lemon-juice, with a quarter-pound of powdered loaf-sugar, a glass of white wine, and half a wineglass of water, with a little grated lemon-peel. Mix all together, and put the ingredients into a saucepan on the fire, stirring it until it becomes thick and of a proper consistence. *Or:*—Boil the rind of two lemons grated, and the juice of one, in a pint of water; add the yolks of fourteen eggs beaten to a cream and sweetened; stir it one way till it thickens. When taken off the fire, add two spoonfuls of brandy.

Excellent Light Puffs.—Mix two spoonfuls of flour, a little grated lemon-peel, some nutmeg, half a spoonful of brandy, a little loaf-sugar, and one egg; then fry it, but not brown: beat it in a mortar, with five eggs, whites and yolks; put a quantity of lard in a fryingpan, and, when quite hot, drop a dessertspoonful of batter at a time; turn as they brown. Serve them immediately with sweet sauce.

Parmesan Puffs.—Take a quarter-pound of cheese, the same quantity of bread-crumbs, and two ounces of butter; pound these well in a mortar, beat up an egg, and mix it up into the paste, making the whole up into balls about the size of a golden pippin; make a thin batter with flour, milk, and one egg; dip the balls into this, and fry them a light brown.

RECEIPTS FOR MEATS.

Mutton Cutlets a la Polonaise.—Remove all the fat, put the meat into a covered stewpan, with a carrot and a turnip sliced, two onions, a bundle of sweet herbs, a little pepper and salt, and enough broth to moisten the whole; let it stew very gently until the meat is perfectly done, then take it out, strain the gravy, put it over a brisk fire, and reduce it to a glaze; then cover the cutlets with the glaze, and serve them up with tomato-sauce, or a vegetable puree of any kind.

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Cutlets a la Maintenon.—Cut and trim cutlets from a neck or loin of mutton; chop very finely a quantity of parsley, a little thyme, and a shalot; fry the chops a little with the herbs; then allow them to cool; add some fresh parsley chopped and a few crumbs of bread, and seasoning; spread this over the cutlets with a knife, wrap them in buttered paper, and broil them over a slow fire. Serve a sauce piquant in a boat. *Or:*—Cut them handsomely from the loin or back end of the neck; half fry them, and then cover them with herbs, crumbs of bread, and seasoning; lay this on very thickly and put them into a stewpan with a little gravy; stew until tender, then wrap them in writing-paper, and finish them on the gridiron.

To Dress Scarlet Beef.—Take a brisket or thin flank of beef, and rub it well all over with equal quantities of common and bay salt, and an ounce of saltpetre; let it remain for four or five days in an earthen pan, when it will become red; it should be turned once every day. Boil it gently for four hours, and serve it hot, with savoys or any kind of greens; or press it with a weight, and leave it to get cold. If served up hot, add a wineglassful of port wine, a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, a teaspoonful of shalot vinegar, and some butter rolled in flour, to half a pint of gravy. Place the meat neatly in the dish, and pour the sauce over it.

Veal Cutlets and Rice.—Boil a cupful of rice in milk until quite soft, then pound it in a mortar with a little salt and some white pepper; pound also separately equal parts of cold veal or chicken; mix them together with yolk of egg, form them into cutlets, brush over with yolk of egg, and fry them: send them up with a very piquant sauce, made of good stock, thickened, and flavored with lemon-pickle, or Harvey's sauce. The cutlets may be sent to table covered with the small pickled mushrooms.

Cutlets and Beans.—Having dressed French beans as usual, drain the water from them, and simmer them with pepper and salt in a good piece of butter. A few minutes before serving add the beaten yolk of an egg, and shake the pan over the fire; but they must not boil. In the mean time have ready three mutton-cutlets, neatly trimmed, seasoned with pepper, salt, and a few crumbs, and nicely fried; and serve them on the French or string beans.

To Stew a Loin of Mutton.—Bone a loin of well-hung mutton; take off the skin, and remove the fat from the inside; put it into a stewpan, with broth enough to cover it, and let it stew gently till it becomes of a good brown color; add a glass of port wine, a large spoonful of mushroom ketchup, and some vegetables cut in shapes.

To Stew Tripe.—Simmer it in beef or veal gravy; thicken it with butter rolled in a very little flour, and add a spoonful of mushroom ketchup. Or boil it tender in milk, and serve with white sauce.

Tripe and Tomato-Sauce.—Select some double tripe; boil it until tender; let it cool; cut it into small pieces; dip them in egg and bread-crumbs; fry them a light brown; serve with tomato-sauce.

To Fry Tripe.—Dip it into batter of flour and eggs, and fry it of a good brown. Serve with onions fried.

RECEIPTS FOR SOUP AND FISH.

Potato Soup.—Take some large, mealy potatoes; peel and cut them into small slices, with an onion; boil them in three pints of water till tender, and then pulp them through a colander; add a small piece of butter, a little cayenne pepper and salt, and, just before the soup is served, two spoonfuls of good cream. The soup must not be allowed to boil after the cream has been put into it. This will be found a most excellent soup, and, being easily and quickly made, is useful upon an emergency, when such an addition is suddenly required to the dinner.

Soupe a la Flamande.—Take carrots, turnips, and onions of a large size, two of each; a small quantity of lettuce, leeks, chervil, and endive. Shred them in pieces, and put them in a stewpan, with a small piece of butter and a teacupful of gravy; set them over a slow fire, and let them be frequently shaken in the pan until they become tender; then add a quart of any sort of broth, and let it all stew gently for an hour, seasoning it with salt, a small quantity of mace, a little sugar, and a little cayenne. Mix thoroughly the yolks of three eggs with half a pint of cream, and add them to the soup the last thing before you serve it up. Keep stirring it after the eggs are in, until it almost boils, but not quite. *Or:*—Wash, peel, and slice twelve potatoes and six onions, cut six or eight heads of celery into small pieces; put these into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter and about a pint of water; let them simmer one hour; fill up the pan with a good stock; let it boil till the potatoes are dissolved; rub it through a sieve; add a pint of cream.

Asparagus Soup.—Take two quarts of good beef or veal broth; put to it four onions, two or three turnips, and some sweet herbs, with the white parts of a hundred of young asparagus; but, if old, or very large in the stem, half that quantity will do; and let them simmer till sufficiently tender to be rubbed through a sieve, which is not an easy matter if they be not very young. Then strain and season it; have ready the boiled tops of the asparagus, and add them to the soup. *Or:*—Poach six eggs rather hard; have ready one hundred of asparagus heads boiled tender; boil three quarts of clear gravy soup; put into it, for a minute or two, a fowl just roasted; then add a few tarragon leaves; season with a little salt; put the eggs and asparagus heads quite hot into the tureen, and pour the soup over them without breaking them. The fowl will be just as good as before for made dishes.

Eel Soup.—Take three pounds of small eels, and skin them; bone one or two; cut them in very small pieces; fry them very lightly, in a stewpan, with a bit of butter and a sprig of parsley. Put to the remainder three quarts of water, a crust of bread, three blades of mace, some whole pepper, an onion, and a bunch of sweet herbs; cover them close, and stew till the fish breaks from the bones; then strain it off; pound it to a paste, and pass it through a sieve. Toast some bread, cut it into dice, and pour the soup on it boiling. Add the scollops of eel and serve. The soup will be as rich as if made of meat. A quarter of a pint of cream or milk, with a teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth in it, is a great improvement.

Croquettes of Fish.—Take dressed fish of any kind, separate it from the bones, mince it with a little seasoning, an egg beaten with a teaspoonful of flour, and one of milk; roll it into balls; brush the outside with egg, and dredge it well with bread-crumbs, fry them of a nice color; the bones, heads, tails, with an onion, an anchovy, and a pint of water, stewed together, will make the gravy. Lobsters make delicate croquettes; in which case the shell should be broken and boiled down for the gravy.

Summer Soup.—Take two cucumbers, twelve or fourteen onions, three potatoes, one lettuce, one head of white cabbage; fry these together in butter, stew them three or four hours in three pints of stock; add a little green mint, parsley, and a pint of green peas; let it stew for two hours more; press it through a sieve, and thicken it with flour and butter.

Salmon Cutlets.—Cut the slices one inch thick and season them with pepper and salt; butter a sheet of white paper, lay each slice on a separate piece, with its ends twisted; broil gently over a clear fire, and serve with anchovy or caper-sauce. When higher seasoning is required, add a few chopped herbs and a little spice. Cook from five to ten minutes.

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MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Table Lamps.—They all require to be taken to pieces and thoroughly cleaned every five or six weeks. This may be easily done at home. Soap and warm water will generally be sufficient; but if not, use soda dissolved in the water, and take care it does not touch any of the lacquer on the outside. Rinse all the parts carefully with clean cold water, wipe them, and dry near the fire, before putting them together again. The glass chimney may be cleaned with a stick having a bit of sponge fastened at the end. Afterward polish with a bit of whiting and a soft cloth.

To Prevent Muslins, Linen, and Cotton articles from Taking Fire suddenly.—Rinse them in alum water, made pretty strong with the alum. The article then, if applied to a lighted candle or a flame, will only smoulder like woolen substances—not break instantly into a flame, and so destroy the wearer. As much as possible, in winter, articles of dress liable to flame should be avoided, and woolen textures substituted.

To Destroy Slugs.—Take a quantity of cabbage leaves, and either put them into a warm oven, or heat them before the fire till they get quite soft; then rub them with unsalted butter, or any kind of fresh dripping, and lay them in places infested with slugs. In a few hours the leaves will be found covered with snails and slugs, which may then, of course, be destroyed in any way the gardener may think fit.

To Remove Stains from the Hands.—Rub the hands well with pumice stone, or with the juice of a lemon. Or, take one ounce of prepared coral and four ounces of lemon-juice: dissolve the coral in the lemon-juice, and keep well corked. Apply it with a sponge two or three times a day. It is quite harmless, and may be relied on.

A Good Eye-Wash.—Twenty-five drops of "Goulard's extract of lead" in eight ounces of water, and one teaspoonful of brandy. Bathe the eyes with soft linen, dipped in the collyrium. Or an ounce of brandy to five ounces of water. Bathe the eyes night and morning.

To take Ink Spots out of Linen and Calico.—Cut a lemon in half, and press the stained part close over one half of the lemon, until it is wet with the juice. Then place on it a hot iron, and the spots will soon disappear.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF GRAYISH BLUE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with seven bands of black velvet. The body is high and plain; the sleeves are loose, but somewhat shaped to the arm, and trimmed with four bands of black velvet. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed inside and out with pansies.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF NANKEEN-COLORED FOULARD.—The skirt has a narrow bias band around the bottom edged with white. The pointed belt is braided and edged with white. Over the low body is worn a high white body of jaconet, plaited down the front. The collar and cuffs of this body are made of foulard, braided. Head-dress composed of blue velvet bows.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS suitable for the country. This dress is composed of one of the black and white silk and wool materials which are now so popular and are found so useful. The body is made *a la Parodi*, that is, with a slight fullness at the waist, back and front, but plain on the shoulders. The deep cape, collar, sleeves, and front and bottom of the dress are trimmed with a plaiting of ribbon.

FIG. IV.—BONNET OF WHITE ENGLISH STRAW, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York. The front is ornamented at the top with white lilies and leaves, interspersed with narrow white ribbon edged with black; a trimming of white tulle descends down the left side, terminating at the cape, which is of white ribbon and blonde lace. The face trimmings are a full cap of blonde, with a large white rose and buds in the center, and quillings of purple ribbon on the right side. Broad white strings.

FIG. V.—SPRING BONNET, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York. The material is royal purple silk of a delicate shade. The front is shirred, which meets a deep cap-shaped crown, finished with a rosette of black and white lace, from which two lappets of white lace mingle at the rosette, with delicate spray fall to the cape. The front is surmounted with a cluster of white flowers, interspersed with loops of purple and white ribbon. The face trimmings are composed of full loops of purple and white ribbon, gracefully intermingled with lace and white flowers. The bonnet is completed by broad white strings edged with black.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Most of the silks are in very small plaids or checks; though some of the more expensive ones are of a solid ground, with leaves, small sprigs, etc., of the same color as the ground, but of a darker shade. But few India silks have been brought to the market for some years past; but these, when they can be obtained, make the cheapest and most serviceable silk dress which can be worn. These silks wash like a good chintz, and always look well.

FOULARD is a material now employed for dresses at all seasons, and of late it has been made in new and beautiful patterns. Many foulards have a brown, black, or violet ground, figured with patterns like those on other kinds of silk. For instance, some are sprigged with flowers on a white ground, or they are figured with a lozenge pattern in green. We have seen one figured with black stripes on brown, and another with Pompadour bouquets. These foulards, we may also mention, are of a firm texture. For young ladies' demi-toilet nothing can be more suitable than a dress of foulard with a white ground; the corsage low, with a fichu and a ceinture of the same silk as the dress, fastened either in front or behind; or the corsage may have a berthe crossed in front, and trimmed with bows of ribbon on the shoulders.

ALPACAS of various colors are very much worn abroad; but few have been introduced here, except those in black, which are always so much worn for mourning. But there are various articles which have taken the place of alpacas, some heavy, some light, composed of silk and wool, or of all wool. The names and styles of these articles are legion, but any of them will make most serviceable dresses for the country, for traveling, for walking, etc.; in fact, no lady's wardrobe should be without one, particularly as they can be had very cheap, though some of the styles range as high as one dollar and thirty-seven cents a yard; but of *double* width. These goods can be obtained in either checks, stripes (like that of our third figure), or plain.

CHINTZES rival the silks this season in beauty of design.

PIQUES, OR MARSEILLES, are, as usual, of a light ground, with small figures. These, as we have before informed our readers, are a much heavier material than chintz, very much like the old-fashioned vesting Marseilles, and require no lining in the bodies. They are particularly suitable for children. Some of the plain buff ones, braided with black, make the most stylish dress a small boy or girl can wear.

Next month we will speak of barèges, tissues, lawns, etc., suitable for warm weather.

There is but little that is new as yet in the make of dresses. Many bodies, particularly those in silk and more expensive materials, are made with a point, both at the back and in front. For quite young ladies, the round waist is much worn, with either a belt, sash, or one of those pointed *ceintures* known as the *Medici* ceinture. One of the most beautiful of these latter is made of black velvet,

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having a point both at the back and in front, and with two long black velvet tabs, about a quarter of a yard in width, depending down each side, widening toward the ends, which are rounded. The waistband, as well as the tabs, are braided with very narrow white silk braid.

The Skirts of Dresses are still gored so as to be quite wide at the bottom, but narrow at the waist.

For Walking Dresses the skirts are made quite plain, or with only a little trimming up the sides or front; but silks are usually ruffled, except they be of very good quality, when they are made plain.

Bodies of Dresses are usually made high, buttoning down the front; but, as the season advances, low bodies and capes, or Raphael bodies (that is, bodies cut square in the neck), will be worn.

Many of the newest walking dresses have sleeves shaped to the elbow; they are slit up to a short distance at the lower part, and the ends are rounded. But sleeves are made in all styles, according to the fancy of the wearer.

Among the new capes, etc., the French *fichu* is a pretty variety of those useful articles which have lately been so prevalent. It is made of clear muslin laid in box plaits, joined up over the shoulders, and coming down to a point both before and behind. It is finished at the neck with two rows of narrow lace, having a narrow black velvet in between: and braces of black velvet, wide at the shoulders, but narrowing toward the waist, are laid on its outer edge. At the back there is a bow of black velvet *without* ends, and in the front one *with* ends. In making this *fichu* care must be taken that it shall fit the person for whom it is intended, and it is especially necessary that the velvet braces should fit the figure.

The most favorite Cap of the season is formed of a round crown, set into a narrow band, which just encircles the head. This band is trimmed in various ways, sometimes with quillings of *blonde*, sometimes with bows of ribbon, and sometimes with the two intermingled. One of the prettiest that we have seen in this style has its crown of white *tulle*, a full double quilling of the same set on all round, the band being pointed over the front, just in the middle of the forehead; two long lappets of the same, edged with a quilling of narrow *tulle* set on the front of the cap, and thrown back over the crown to hang down over the shoulders; and on the point in front a large rose, with a number of little sprays turned toward the back, the rose resting on the forehead, and the sprays turning backward over the lappets. Another extremely pretty and simple head-dress is made by covering a band with clusters of bows, not too regular, but rather varied in form, and fastening it behind with a lace or *tulle* lappet.

The Short Sacque, as we stated in our last number, will be the greatest novelty of the season; but this needs no description, as there was a design in the April number of the article. Scarf mantillas, trimmed with narrow ruffles, will be worn also this spring.

Bonnets are very much of the shape which have been worn during the past season, but some of them have the fronts very much exaggerated in size, and filled with trimming. A lady of good taste always adapts her bonnet to her style of face; and the very large bonnets are not worn by the best dressed people. The flowers are not worn as much in the middle of the bonnet as heretofore, but a little on one side.

One of the most striking Novelties of the season is the cloak of scarlet cloth, or flannel, now best known as the Gipsy Cloak. This is, in fact, the circular shape, not now cut either on the cross or in the width of the cloth, but with a join down the back, and the simple hood drawn up all round. The other cloak of the season, sometimes called the Galway, and sometimes the Colleen Bawn, is also now fashionable, made in scarlet cloth, or flannel. This cloak has its large cape drawn up behind with two rosettes, a shape which will be fashionable in the summer as a sea-side wrap, or for the cool evenings in the country.

FASHIONS FOR MOURNING.

For deep Mourning, bombazine is considered the most suitable material, though delaine is very much worn, as less expensive. For summer wear there are innumerable materials of the barege family; but these must all be made over black. Black alpaca is a most suitable article for mourning, except for the very deepest kind of black, when its glossiness is objectionable. But nothing can supply its place as a traveling-dress, or a "knock-about" dress, where there is likely to be much dust, as it throws it off so easily. For a lighter kind of mourning, plain black silks can be worn with propriety; but they should be of the kind styled "dead black," that is, without any gloss. Then come the different kinds of purples, grays, lilacs, and mixtures of black and white. Or black may be trimmed with purple, white, or gray; or these colors may have trimmings of black, according to the relationship of the person, or the length of time the mourning has been worn. For *deep* mourning, such as for a parent, husband, or any other near relative, the trimmings should be of crape only, and but little of even that. It is totally inadmissible to have much trimming in "deep black." The plainer the dress is, the more suitable. Black collars and sleeves are indispensable in such mourning, as well as black crape bonnet and veil. But when the relative is not so near, or when the deeper mourning has been laid aside, thin, plain white collars and sleeves are permitted, more trimming can be worn on the dress, the skirt may be ruffled or otherwise trimmed, and purple or white flowers worn in the face of the bonnet. With this lighter kind of mourning, a silk coat or sacque may be worn, or even a black shawl with a colored border, provided the colors are not too gay. As the season advances, white straw bonnets may be worn, trimmed with black, or even with white or purple, with purple pansies or violets in the face; but if the mourning is deeper, the bonnet should be of black straw, trimmed with crape or ribbon.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress of a Gray Figured Woolen material for a little Girl.—It is trimmed with ruches of gray silk.

Fig. II.—Raphael Bodied Frock of Blue Poplin, for a little Boy three or four years of Age.—The dress is trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. III.—Dress of Pearl-colored Pique, for a girl of twelve or fourteen years of age.

General Remarks.—A very pretty dress, of white cashmere, has just been made for a little girl. Round the lower part of the skirt there are three bands of blue cashmere. A Zouave jacket, of white cashmere, piped with blue, and trimmed round with a small ruche of white ribbon, is worn with the dress, and a sash, piped with blue, completes the costume.

We have seen a beautiful dress of poplin, checquered in gray and black, which was made for a little boy of about four years of age. The corsage is covered by a loose jacket, and the jacket, as well as the skirt of the dress, is trimmed with rows of cherry-colored velvet and passementerie. Collar and sleeves of lawn. Trousers ornamented with needle-work insertion and narrow tucks, and edged with a narrow fluting of nansouk. A hat of gray felt, turned up with black velvet, and trimmed with a white ostrich feather, is worn with this dress.

For out-door juvenile costume basquines, demi-tight, and paletots, are still in favor. In general, paletots have the preference for little boys.

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LES MUSES PARISIENNES

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Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

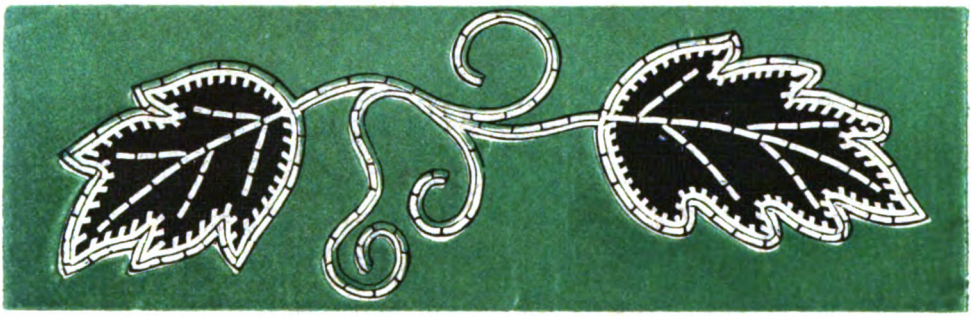
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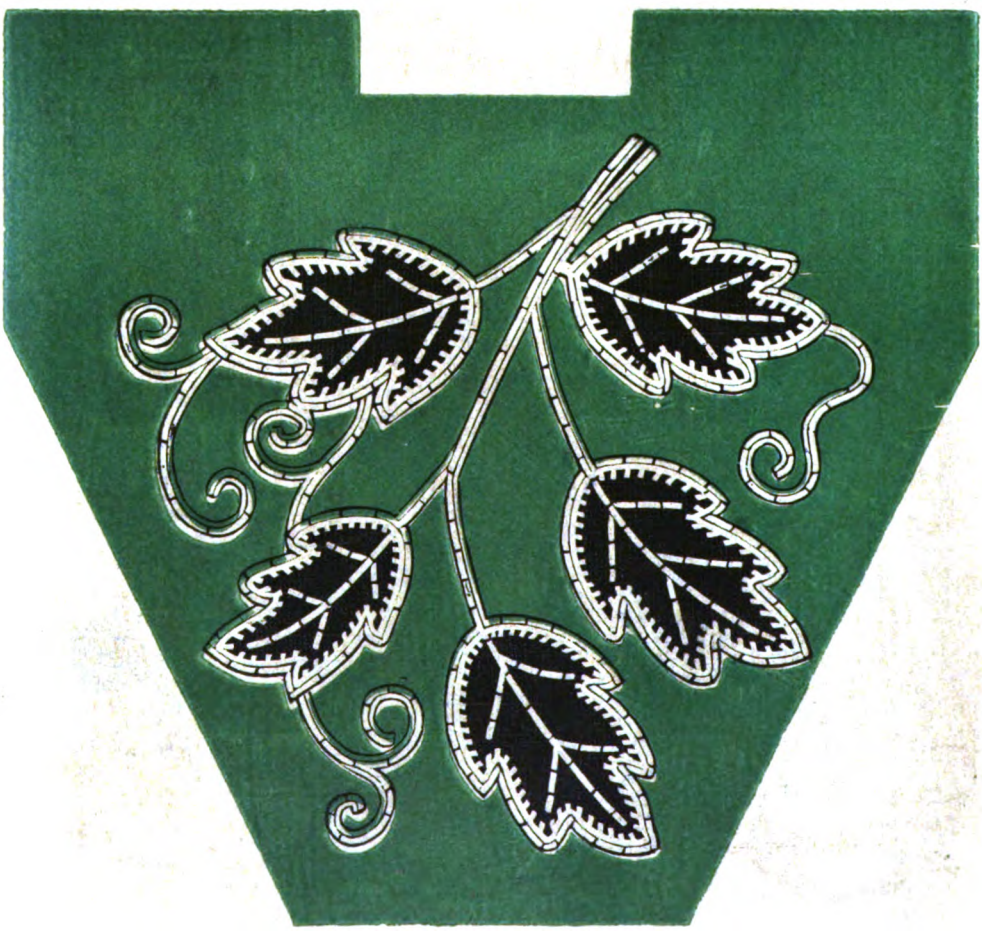
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Pattern for Slipper: in Applique.

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FEEDING THE RABBITS.

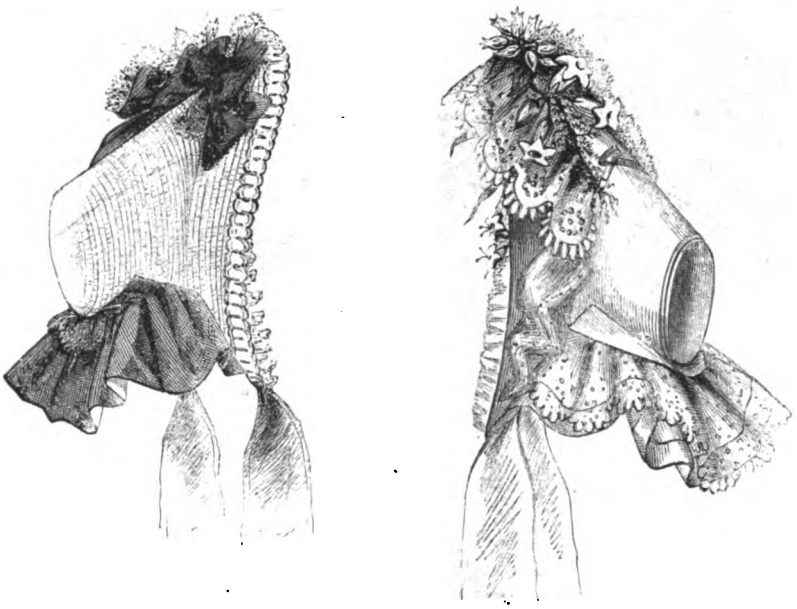
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NEW STYLE OF SILK SONTAG.

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LATEST STYLE OF BONNETS.

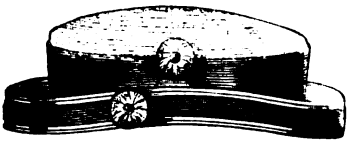


LATEST STYLE OF SACQUE.

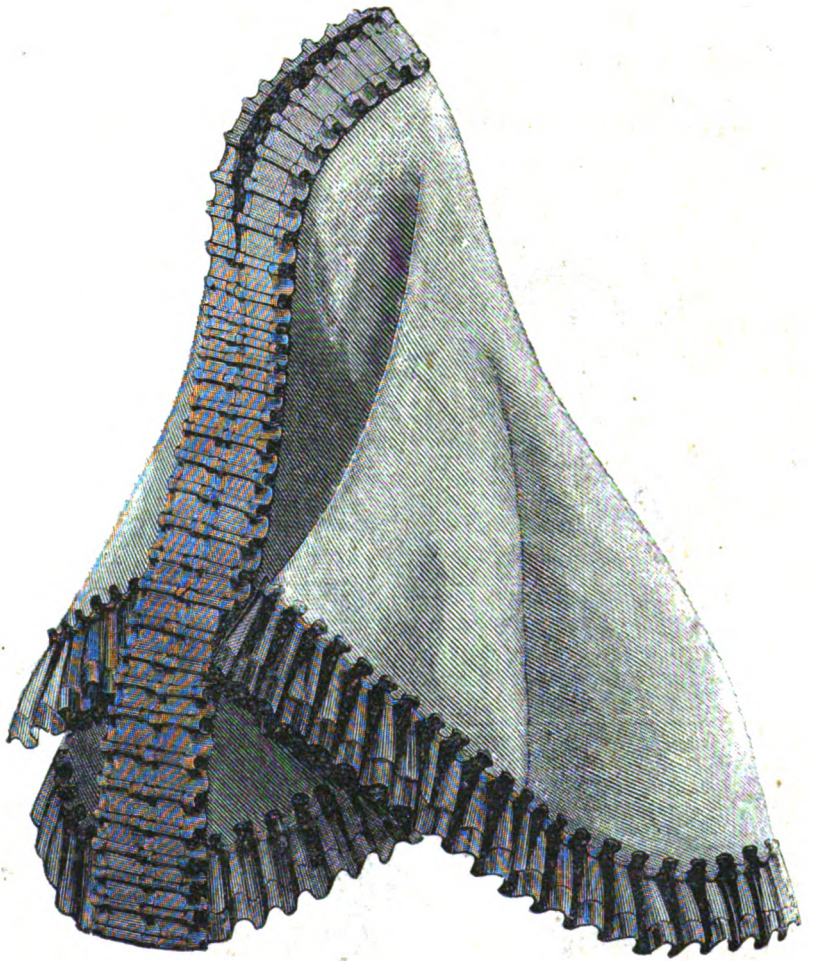
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MISSES HAT.



BOY'S HAT.



LATEST STYLE OF SACQUE MANTLE.

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INSERTION.



THE EUGENIE.

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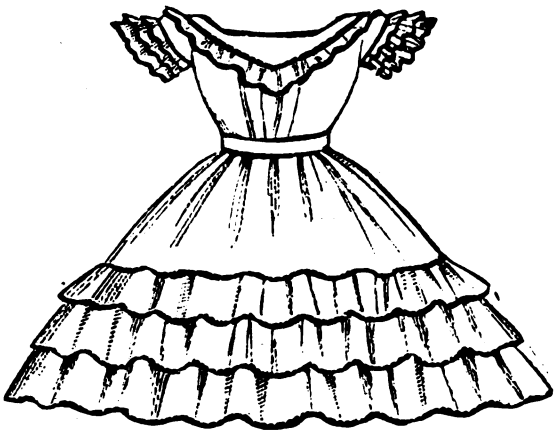


CHEMISE YOKE.

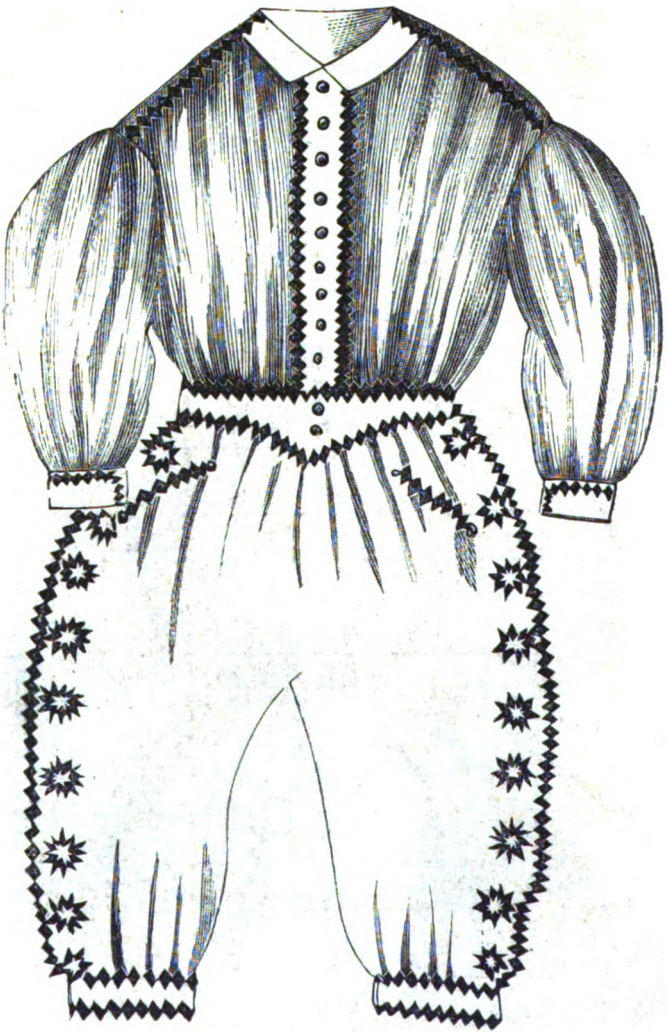


THE PRINCESS ALICE.

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LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.



BOY'S JACKET AND PANTALOONS.

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LITTLE GIRL'S LOW GARIBALDI DRESS.



LITTLE GIRL'S HIGH GARIBALDI DRESS.
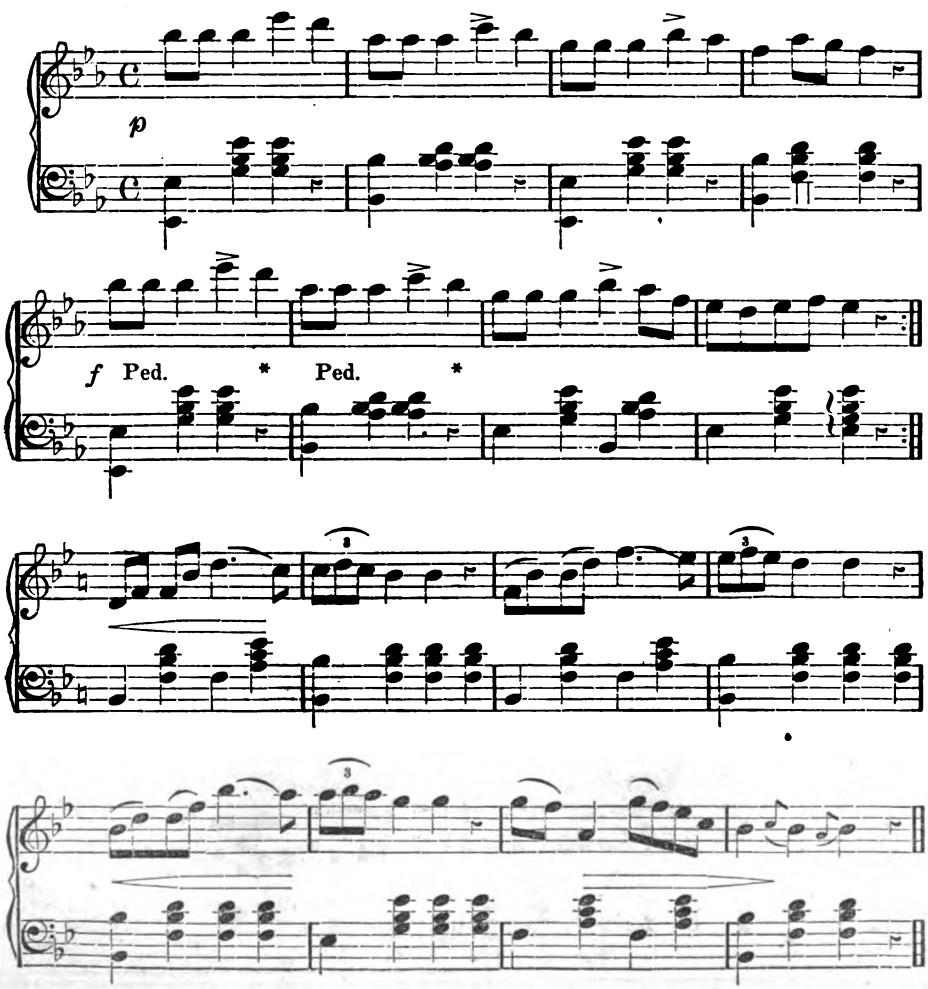
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JURA POLKA.
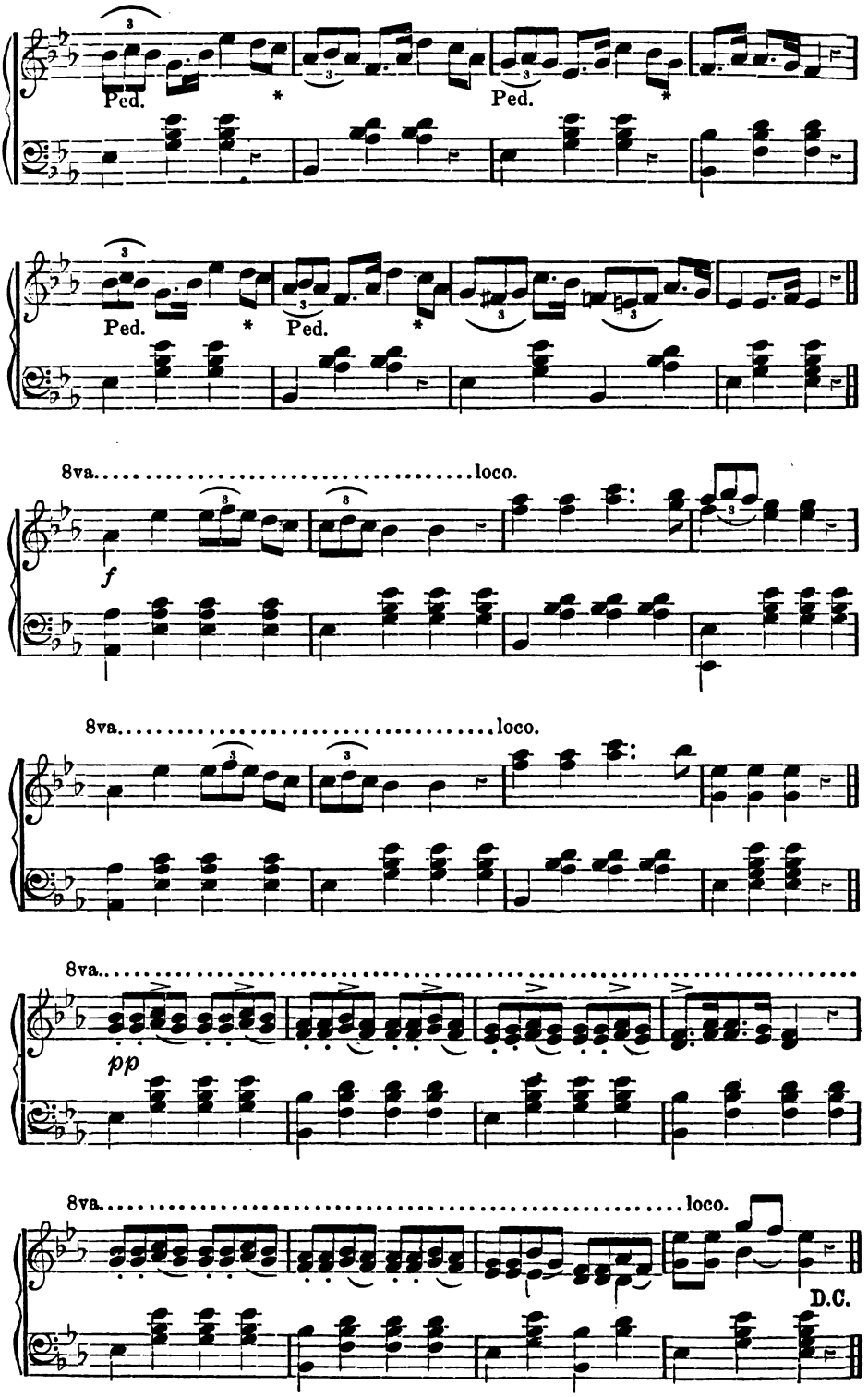
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NEW STYLES OF HEAD-DRESSES.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1862. No. 6.

"STRIVE AND THRIVE."

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"You do not really say that your husband is going to buy a house these hard times, Laura?"

"I do not say he is going to buy one, cousin, but that he has bought the dearest little home, just a nice distance from the city, and that we are going to take possession before May-day, so we can begin to improve it bright and early next spring. There is half an acre of ground attached, and a nice grass-plot, where the children can tumble about to their hearts' content, without being disturbed by any notice 'to keep off the grass.'"

"But how did you manage to buy it these dreadful times? Your income is no larger than ours, and we think it all we can do to live. And, to tell you the truth, Laura," her voice sank to a confidential whisper, "we are several hundred dollars in debt. How it is ever to be paid is more than I can see. It worries me daily."

No wonder the visitor's countenance assumed a troubled expression, for what burden can compare to that which a weight of hopeless debt imposes? One who can be at ease in the enjoyment of home comforts, when he feels they are not paid for, must have feelings peculiar to himself and not at all to be envied. The discomfort of self-denial in luxuries, or even in comforts, cannot compare with the feeling of distress which the consciousness of debt produces.

"We thought it the best time to buy, as the property was much lower than last year. We have been saving the money for it these eight years, and now have enough and a little over. The sooner we move into it the better for all of us, especially the children. Just think what a change it will be from this dusty, close street, to a country home with pure air all about us, and 'a real out-doors to our house,' as Georgie says. The doctor says it is the only medicine our Gracie needs; and I mean they shall all three enjoy it to the full next summer."

"I can see the desirableness of it very well, Laura; but not the 'ways and means.' Has any one left your husband a legacy? I know we have no rich relations to expect anything from, the more of a pity, too!"

"I am not sure that would have been so great a benefit to us, Lida. What we gain by our own exertions is really worth a great deal more to us, because it develops our own powers. Dr. Adams says, 'There is an invisible wealth in possessions acquired by personal industry and economy, which cannot be computed by the numeration table.' You ask how we got the money, and I will tell you, cousin. When we first commenced housekeeping, we 'set up,' at my suggestion, a savings-box, in a corner of the bureau, and resolved to save something, if only a half-dime, out of all our earnings, toward buying a home some day. My husband rather laughed over the project, and had no great faith in the results; but I persevered, and the first year's success encouraged us to continue it. Year after year we kept on, until the snow-ball assumed quite a respectable size. We have indulged ourselves in few expensive luxuries; but I believe we have enjoyed our many simple ones more than those who expend thousands every year on mere amusements. The children have frequent rides by cars or steamboat, and every few weeks a half-day in the country. By study and forethought I have learned to prepare many excellent dishes for our table at a trifling expense. I always prepare a new dish myself, and do not trust Ann with it until I am sure she knows how. We live a great deal better and much cheaper than we did the first year of housekeeping, though there are three children to feed now. A cook left without oversight will squander nearly as much as a family consumes."

"I wonder you always dressed yourself and children so well, Laura, when you were so bent on economizing."

"That was part of my economy, Lida. I find

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a good article lasts longer than a poor one, while the trouble of making is the same; and the children feel more self-respect, and are really happier than when shabbily dressed. It is not economy to buy a poor article, nor the very best either. Garments of a medium quality are the most serviceable; common good delaine, for twenty-five cents a yard, lasts better for the children's dresses than wool delaine at fifty cents a yard; while delaine for a shilling is not worth making up."

"But to my certain knowledge you give away a great deal. I saw you myself put a dollar in the plate for missions, one Sabbath, at our church; while I felt that a quarter was really more than I knew how to spare. I think that rather inconsistent with economy."

"There I cannot agree with you. We are none the poorer ever by what we give to the Lord. I sincerely believe that He has returned into our bosoms twenty fold all that we ever gave to His cause. Not that this should be our motive, for all we possess is His, and we are only stewards; but then His many precious promises to those who honor Him with the first fruits of all their increase, are intended to be an encouragement to trust freely to Him even in times of doubt and perplexity."

"Well, it is still mysterious to me, with all your savings, how you have managed to get so much together."

"I know it seems so to one who has never tried the experiment; but just try it once, and you will be astonished to see how the sum counts up. I have never felt above earning something by my sewing-machine when I could, and many odd dollars has it brought me in to add to our little stock. If we had not been willing to save the dimes, and even pennies, we should never have owned the home."

"Well, Laura, I should like the results well enough, but fear I should never learn to be as prudent and careful as you are. So I must content myself to live among these tiresome brick and mortar houses to the end of my days."

"Just try faithfully for one year, Lida, and I dare say you will have courage to persevere. You and your husband are both young, and the world is before you. It depends more on yourselves than on circumstances what you make it. Remember the motto our old mathematical professor used to give us, when we came to very hard problems, 'We can, because we think we can.'"

So Lida walked back to her showy, though far less comfortable home, with strong resolutions in her heart to profit by her friend's example. It was joy indeed to her sincerely devoted husband, who had been led into some extravagances by a desire to gratify his young wife's taste and wishes.

It was with a joy which only proprietorship can give, that Laura and her husband set about improving and adorning their pleasant country home. Oh! there is a zest about such efforts, when one feels that the result of his labors are not liable, in another year, to pass into other hands. What an interest in every shrub set out, in every tree planted, in even every green leaf which breaks the black garden mould, giving promise of early vegetables fresh from one's own soil!

If a man is but the owner of a humble cabin, he is more likely to be a sober, industrious citizen, his wife a happier woman, a better manager, and his children will be better educated and fitted for higher social positions, than if the father owned nothing in which to take an interest in his hours of relaxation.

A home is within reach of nearly every diligent, persevering worker in our favored land; but remember that thrift and economy go hand in hand. There is a homely old saying worth pondering in these hard times,

"Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find him strings for it. Neither purse nor strings will cost him anything. If he draws the strings as frugality directs, he will always be sure to find a useful penny in the bottom of it."

ON SEEING A WITHERED ROSE.

BY LUTHER GRANGER RIGGS.

The rose that blooms at early morn,
And forth its fragrance casts,
May have its petals rudely borne
On midnight's ruthless blast!
And none that marked the gentle flower,
So fresh in balmy day,
At midnight, in the parterre bower,
Will witness its decay.

And when, upon the drooping stalk,
Its torn remains we see,
And scattered o'er the garden walk
The faded leaves will be—
Oh! who will then, with gentle care,
Prop up the falling stem,
Or with a careful footstep spare
What lived and bloomed for them?

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A STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the close of a crowded court day, I was at work in my inner office with Messrs. Johns and Preston, counsel with myself in the Porton case, of which you have doubtless heard, if you know anything of the old dead-weights in Richmond courts.

The day had been foggy, and early in the evening the gas was lit inside, and the shutters closed, to bar out the view of the muddy streets and murky sky. The half-open door of my sanctum showed glimpses of the outer offices, where the full number of clerks were assembled at their desks. It was a thronged session of court, as I said, so they were compelled to forego clubs and champagne parties, and plod drearily instead at briefs and deeds. No welcome exchange, as the occasional smothered whiff of a Cabana, smoked furtively under a desk-lid, told, or a stifled laugh at some pranks of Flint's. I only closed the door when these symptoms of rebellion reached me, knowing that Egan was within, a clerk as gray-headed as myself, and with a sharper eye over the boys, whether students or copyists. When the door was shut, however, despite Egan's presence, a continual hum penetrated to us, broken now and then by his sharp rap on the desk.

"Never mind," I said, when Johns looked up irritated, "the boys haven't done justice to the races yet; and Gray Eagle does not run every day." To which Slidell chuckled an assent.

It was late before our consultation was over; Slidell was more than usually lazy, Johns captious, and I, thoroughly worn-out, wishing I had the reins entirely in my own hands. They got up at last, and I turned on the gas, knowing a night's work lay before me, and rang for Pine to show them out. I noticed that there was a sudden silence outside, as the door opened, and Egan's grizzly head was thrust in.

"Mr. Page, a lady on business. I told her it was out of reason; but she leaves Richmond in the morning."

Slidell, at the moment, shuffled his fat body out of the way, placing a chair for a lady who came in before Egan had finished his surly announcement.

She waited until the room was vacated, then took the seat, putting back her veil. A woman past middle-age, with dark, strongly marked features, wearing spectacles, dressed in a Quakerish color. That was all I noticed about her, being hurried and secretly impatient.

"Mr. Page?"

I bowed.

The woman's voice faltered a little, like a person endeavoring to conceal some peculiarity. I thought perhaps she stammered habitually, or perhaps was a foreigner trying to speak purely. This trait in her manner became more obvious as the interview proceeded. After circumstances caused me to recall it.

"I trouble you," she said, "upon a slight business, that will require little time or attention. I only wish to request that—— In fact, it is necessary that it should——"

I was accustomed to such preludes with lady clients. "You wish your business to remain a secret?" I said. "Certainly, madam. The request was unnecessary."

She did not smile, but was evidently relieved. "It is necessary with me, for more than the ordinary reasons," she said. "Even if you meet me again, in whatever circumstances, will you be kind enough to give no sign of recognition?"

Of course now I looked at her attentively while I gave the desired promise. There was no beauty in her certainly, that I should covet further acquaintance. Yet the dark, wrinkled face was honest enough, and bore traces of suffering.

"I am engaged in no dishonorable affair," she said, quickly, catching my keen glance. She had a package in her hand—a long, yellow envelope. She pulled and twisted it nervously. "I have been at the office down below, yonder. I have had my life insured. This is the policy," holding it out to me.

I took it, looking at her inquiringly. She steadied herself and continued more quietly. I did not wonder, by-the-by, at her agitation: Life insuring is a nerve-aching business. "I wish you to keep it for me. In case of my death, I want you to draw the money, and attend to having it settled upon the person named in the policy."

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"Who is——"

"My daughter."

I bowed. "It is necessary that I should know your name, madam."

"Louisa," she began, then stopped abruptly, her face growing scarlet; taking off her spectacles and rubbing them in her sudden embarrassment. There was a moment's pause. "You will find the name in the policy," she said, at last.

I hesitated. "Pardon me, but you probably are not aware—if for any reason you have given an assumed name to the underwriters your policy is vitiated."

"It is mine. All that I have a right to," she added, bitterly. She got up, folding her shawl and shaking her cotton umbrella.

I interrupted her again. "I am yet in the dark. How shall I be advised, if it is necessary to draw the money? Where shall I find your daughter?"

Her embarrassment became greater than before.

"I had not thought of that. I am a woman—not used to business. I——" She stood, uncertain, growing pale and red by turns.

"There can be no difficulty surely. Your daughter's address is all that is required. She can communicate with me in case of——"

"Of my death." (On *that* point she was calm.) She hesitated still, however, then coming closer, and, leaning on my desk, went on hurriedly, "I will tell you plainly. My daughter does not know of this. She never may need the money. God forbid she ever should need the money. It is only in case of a certain event taking place, after my death, that it would be of use to her. Do you understand? If that event should occur," (her lips were actually blue and clammy now,) "she will apply to you. You will draw the money for her. I need not ask you to be kind to my girl," she said, with a curious choking in her voice—"why should you? What is she to you? Or her need or her wrong?" She leaned her head down on the desk for a moment. There was no affectation in her emotion, it was genuine.

"I am an old man," I said, gently, "and not without a man's kindly feeling, I hope. If I can give your daughter any aid or counsel, I assure you I will do it heartily."

She looked up with a dull look of pain on her face, which my words had not touched. "She is nothing to you. There is no help, nor law for her or me. Let it be so. If she does not apply to you, the money need never be drawn."

"I comprehend you, I think," I said, ushering her out, for she hurried away almost before she had finished speaking.

I followed her through the crowded offices, to insure her protection from the curious stare of the clerks. She had pulled her veil tightly over her face. It was raining heavily; I saw an omnibus waiting for her, and naturally enough went down the steps to assist her into it. She stopped with a strange laugh.

"You don't know what you do, Mr. Page. Go back. Go," more urgently. "You do not know what I am!"

"It is raining," I said, quietly, a little annoyed at her excitement; "and you are a woman," opening the door.

She put aside my offered hand and climbed in herself. "You have promised," she whispered, leaning out, "never to recognize me, wherever we may meet; I rely on your promise."

Evidently a vulgar-bred woman, I thought, as the omnibus drove off: the fact betrayed itself in every measured word (for, with all her unaffected emotion, she uttered each word guardedly), yet sincere, poor soul!

Going in, I glanced over the policy. It was drawn for some ten thousand dollars, on the life of Louisa Carew, payable on her death to her daughter, A. T. Carew. The absence of the girl's given name occurred to me as odd. However, the whole affair was odd. I folded up the policy, and, committing it to one of the safes for private papers, soon forgot it in the intricacies of Porton *vs.* Ames, *et al.* On inquiry, a year afterward, I found that the premiums were regularly paid in at the office on behalf of Louisa Carew, and after wondering once or twice at the singularity of the woman's mode of conducting business, the paper remained yellow and dusty in my secret drawer, and the whole matter passed from my memory.

CHAPTER II.

I THINK I mentioned, once before, that I accepted at one time a diplomatic appointment, and remained abroad for several years. On my return, although retaining an office in Richmond, I resided at a plantation I had, down in Lower Virginia. Consequently, I was no longer *au courant de* Richmond gossip or changes.

In the winter of 18— I came up to the capital, for the first time in several years, to attend to some collecting business and consult with Brady, then the active partner in our firm. After I had been in the city a few days, I received a note from Col. Spalding, dated at a plantation a few miles out of Richmond. John

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Spalding and I had been college chums, and afterward brother lawyers, but his family being Alabamians, I had seen him but seldom in many years; often enough, however, to keep alive and warm our boyish friendships. He told me now that he had removed to Virginia, would remain there probably as long as he lived, having inherited the Poindexter estates. He had just learned that I was in Richmond, and wrote post-haste for me to come out and make my home with him. "The carriage will go for you to-night," he said, dogmatically. "I will not be defrauded of another hour. Annie and I will wait dinner for you. You do not know my niece Annie yet, John?" He added a postscript, asking me to take up Egan on the road.

I forgot to mention that my old trusty clerk, Egan, was one of the first to welcome me on my return. He had retired from business, and bought a small place on the James river. Egan belonged to an old, though decayed family of Henrico county, and, notwithstanding his poverty for many years, had never ceased to associate with the class rightfully his own. In Virginia, you know, as in all unchanging societies of landed proprietors, the test of rank is blood, not bank-notes. I was not surprised, therefore, to find Egan, now that he had leisure to gratify his natural taste, a popular guest and host in Richmond coteries, and his son, Philip, not only one of the most promising young surgeons in the city, but a favorite in Madame Cabell's literary *conversaziones*, as well as in the more unfastidious "hops" at the Spotswood.

Driving out with Egan, this evening (we were alone in the carriage), I inquired for Phil.

"He will follow us presently, on horseback," said his father, with a slight hesitation. "The fact is," he continued, after a moment's pause, "I intended to mention a little matter concerning Philip to you, and this is a good opportunity. Phil has an especial *penchant* for Col. Spalding's house."

I lit my cigar. "Well, Egan, and then—?" I understood, however: "My niece, Annie, etc." I had always a weakness for a love-story.

"Well, to be honest, I fear Spalding has no *penchant* for Philip. The young people are sincerely attached, and a better looking couple—you can see for yourself, however."

"What is the objection to Phil?" I asked. "Perhaps I can reason John Spalding into reason, eh?"

"Perhaps you can. That is my object in telling you. I don't know his objection. He is an eccentric man, you know. When Philip broached the matter to him, he put him off evasively. Next day, however, I saw the old colonel, on his mare Bess, coming down the street. Came straight to the office, and took me aside. I never saw a man more vexed. He said he liked Philip; that to himself, his family, or prospects, he had no objection—none in the world! That what was wanting in money, he could make up for Miss Spalding; but that the marriage was impossible—impossible! He repeated that several times. That Annie could not—dared not marry in Virginia. He dared not allow it. I couldn't doubt his sincerity; he was vexed to his heart's core. He took my hand, going away, and said, 'Before God, Brooks Egan, I would give Annie to your son, with all my heart, if I could. But it is a point of honor. Honor! do you understand?' I believe him, too. John Spalding is a queer man, but he's honest."

"Yes, he's honest," I said, reflectively, some odd incidents of Spalding's life rising before me. Once, for example, he had been on the point of freeing his slaves and packing them off to Liberia; but he didn't do it. Another time he contemplated joining a communist fraternity that bought a tract of land on the Ohio. He stopped short of that achievement also. Somehow, he always just grazed a noteworthy act—never hit it in the bull's eye. I fancied this difficulty about his niece arose from some whim.

Egan, while I sat silent, had been looking out of the carriage window, with a disturbed face. We were nearing the house, now, through a stately oak avenue.

"The reason why I am urgent about this matter is this," he said. "The young people are sincere: they feel deeply. I don't call love a sham, old as I am. If the separation is to be final, the sooner it is decided the better for both. Yet Col. Spalding invites Phil, as usual, to the house, and keeps up a wavering hope. It is cruel if he intends not to relent. Last week, through our consul at St. Petersburg, I was offered a surgeonship for Philip in the Russian army. If his marriage is not to come off, nothing better could chance for the boy than a sojourn abroad for some years. For that reason, Mr. Page, I requested you to speak to Col. Spalding. It will bring about some definite result."

"I will do so, to-night, if you choose!" thinking how careless Egan seemed of the girl's feelings in providing chance and change for Philip. But then, Phil was "his boy." I never had a boy; so managed, generally, to see all the sides of the picture.

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I saw a different side from Egan that evening, I fancy, watching the *dramatis personæ* of his story. For, after Spalding and I had talked through old times and old friends, for an hour or two, and the first glow of welcome was over, I did watch, curiously and closely. There were but two or three strangers in the party. To Egan and his son Col. Spalding was not only friendly, but eager in his cordiality. I believed, too, as Egan said, "the young people were sincere in their attachment." Very slight recognition passed between them; but when Philip heard her singing, I saw his face color, and heard his nervous laugh—like a woman's—uncertain, unassured. Miss Spalding, when he came near her, showed no sign of embarrassment; only her lips whitened a little, and her clear gray eye grew stiller, deeper. There was a difference between them. She had the more manly soul of the two. Yet Philip Egan, with his assertant physical nature, his bluff voice, frank face, hearty good-humor, was a master for many women. It was a mistake of chance that this one had chosen him for hers.

Annie Spalding was not beautiful. Small and puny in figure, with a pale, meek face. But her eyes—dark, pitiful, solitary eyes—made my old heart throb warm with sudden pity toward her. Yet I saw no cause to pity her. Col. Spalding held her as the apple of his eye; life opened fair and broad before her. As for the marriage with Philip Egan, when I had watched them for an hour, I found myself muttering, "Unsuitable, utterly unsuitable!" Yet Philip Egan was a trump of a fellow in his way. I never denied that. But, surely, a woman, whose soul looked out—as that girl's did—into the world, earnest, questioning, solemn, deserved something better of fate than a husband whom one, involuntarily, described as a "perfect brick."

Before the evening was over, Egan came to me. "Defer your remonstrance with Col. Spalding for a day or two," he said. "He may introduce the subject to you himself."

I nodded assent, watching the look with which Annie followed her lover. How lonesome it was! Tired, I fancied, of pain—of herself—of life.

"You are admiring my favorite," said old Dr. Ames, leaning over my chair. "Annie Spalding? Yes? Poor child!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

The old doctor took snuff. "Well, well, we doctors see the skeleton under the flesh, you know; 'smell the mould above the rose,' eh? There is a latent disease in the Spalding family—of the heart: their deaths are all sudden. The colonel yonder, with his broad shoulders and bulky chest, is walking on ice."

"And his niece?"

"Has the same latent flaw in her constitution. She might be his daughter: their temperaments, physical and spiritual, are so much alike. She never will live to see thirty."

For an instant I was shocked; then, remembering it was Dr. Ames' habit—pleasure, I had almost said—to smell the mould in preference to the rose, I poohed and pished myself into good-humor; especially when Miss Spalding came up, and, with a shy color in her face, took hold of my arm, saying, "her uncle had sent her to sing me some Scotch songs." I led her to the music-room, not blaming John Spalding if he chose a more heroic hero for her than good, whimsical Phil Egan.

CHAPTER III.

I TELL my story curtly. Incidents are all I attempt to give. I draw no inferences to "point a moral," delineate no characters "to adorn the tale." I hasten over the time, therefore, rapidly.

Some two weeks after I became an inmate of Col. Spalding's house, I was sitting with Annie in the breakfast-room—our favorite morning resort. I was smoking (the young lady was good-humored as well as good-natured), and the colonel reading scraps of news from the morning papers to us, while she sewed. I had not spoken of Philip Egan to the colonel as yet—had set apart this morning's ride as the time when it should be done. I had no fear that my mention of the matter would be deemed intrusive: Col. Spalding had hinted it to me frequently—seemed to desire that whatever had been told me by the Egans should be openly spoken of and discussed. The horses had been brought to the door, but we lingered. Col. Spalding had a headache, and I was lazy; so we read on at the Enquirer.

The *etagere* by which I sat was covered with daguerreotypes. Stereoscopes were then unknown. But the colonel, with his usual enthusiasm for a new fancy, had daguerreotypes not only of his friends, but also of his favorite slaves, horses, dogs. An odd collection, that made me smile furtively, once or twice, as I examined it.

I opened one case, at last, the face in which troubled me. Certainly, I knew it. I hesitated only a moment. It was the woman of the life-insurance policy.

I pushed it across the table to Miss Spalding. "That face is familiar to me," I said. "May I ask the name of the lady?"

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"You must be mistaken, John," said her uncle. "It is impossible that you could have seen her. It is Louisa——Carew, my housekeeper, for many years, in Alabama."

"And my nursery governess," said Annie, her eyes growing wet.

"She is dead?" I asked.

I thought Col. Spalding fidgeted, brushing the hair off his thin face, as he answered, "Yes."

"Did she leave any children?" I persisted, my mind naturally reverting to my own perplexing dilemma.

Col. Spalding rose from his seat, rang the bell to order the horses nearer, not seeming to hear my question.

"I think she did," said Annie, in her quiet voice. "I fear she did. She often used to talk to me of a daughter who was far from her; farther than land or sea could divide them, she said. I don't know what she meant by that."

"Come, Page, the horses wait. Good-by, Annie!" cried the colonel, kissing her cheek, and pinching her ear. "Wait lunch on us, little girl."

I asked no more questions. Some unpleasant memory stung him at the mention of this woman's name. Besides, I had promised her to keep her secret—to recognize her nowhere.

After we had struck into the open country, I broached the subject of Philip Egan.

"I am glad you mentioned this, Page," said the old man, drawing rein. "I knew Brooks Egan had consulted you; and I want you, as my friend, to convince him and his son that it can never be—never!"

"Phil is a clever fellow," I ventured.

"I know it. Not just the man I'd have chosen for Annie; but she likes him, and that's enough. But there is a bar, Page; there is a bar."

His gray eyes glowered dark and sombre; some thought of which I knew nothing troubled him, deep and painful.

"Well," I said, putting spurs to my horse, "I have discharged my duty to Egan. My heart was not much in it. A higher type of man would match Annie better."

Spalding groaned, "Annie? God help her!" He said nothing more.

Despite all my efforts, the ride was dull and silent. I was puzzled, as Egan had been. However, it was no concern of mine; further remark would have been but idle curiosity. Yet silently, I confess, I wondered what the fatal bar could be!

We returned early. I fancied the colonel was more tender even than usual with his niece. It was the manner of one who has done another a deadly wrong and strives to atone.

The house, that day, I recollect, was alive with visitors. I saw but little of Col. Spalding. Dinner—a state dinner—was over late; and when the last, lingering guest retired, I rung for my night-lamp to go to my own room. The colonel's man met me in the hall.

"Mars' John wish um moment's conversation wid you, in's chamber."

I turned and followed the servant through the corridors to the colonel's study.

Col. Spalding was sitting by the fire, a small table beside him, on which lay some papers, beside a bottle of wine and goblets. The red Bohemian glass glowed in the lamp-light, throwing a hot flicker on the man's pale, bearded face.

"Come in, Page. A bit of business on hand, to-night."

I sat down.

"Take a glass. It is pure *Lachrymæ Christi.* Your thin Spanish wines for me. There's fire in them, when a man needs heart."

We drank, and criticised our drink for a moment.

"I don't feel right to-night," he said, getting up and pacing the floor. "I have a curious heaviness in the lungs; must see Ames in the morning. What a confounded old croaker he is! Well, Page, here's the business," sitting down, abruptly. "I'm going to be ready for this thing when it comes," hurrying out the words: "Dying, you know! I've lived a poor life enough; but I'll try and patch matters up before I go. You know what old Ames says: I have not three hours' purchase on life, any day. There is one thing I tried to do right in; but God knows how it will turn out!" He muttered thus to himself, leaning his head on his hand. Looking up at last, he went on more calmly. "Do not laugh at me, Page; but I feel at times as if my lease of life were short. To-night I am haunted by the feeling. Indulge me in my whim; it is this: You know circumstances have made me a slave-holder; in principle I am almost a Fourierite. You smile! But there is no tyrant like circumstance, after all. I'll shake it off, at the last. I want you to draw up free papers for all my people."

"To-night?"

"No; to-morrow. I have not the documents prepared for you. To-morrow." He stirred the fire. "I only wished to tell you, and explain why I meant to do this."

During the whole time the man was smothering down some terrible emotion. I saw this, and rose to go. We were friends, but I had no right to pry into his heart-secrets.

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"Very well, Spalding. We will make it all right in the morning. You will lessen Annie's portion considerably, however."

His face was actually ghastly as he turned from me quickly. "Annie! Why do you talk of her?" moving the lamp with an unsteady hand.

"Good-night, Spalding."

"Will you go, Page? Good-night then."

He came up as my hand was on the door. "Good-night, John. Don't leave your life for the last moment to set right."

I spoke cheerfully, bidding him good-night; thought his depression transient and morbid, and told him so; recommended him to commend his soul and body to God in an honest, manly fashion, and leave the wine untouched, so go to bed with a clear conscience.

It was late before I slept; my brain was heated with the strange forebodings carried from his chamber: my sleep, when it came, was heavy and lasted long.

It was broken by a sharp clutch on my elbow. I looked up; the gray morning light was stealing wanly through the curtains, the night-lamp flared pale on the table; beside me stood old Dave, Col. Spalding's butler. His gray head was shaking as with palsy, his teeth chattering.

"What is it, uncle?" I cried, starting up.

"Fur de lub ob de Lord don't wake dat chile, Miss Annie—but mars' is dead."

CHAPTER IV.

DEAD! That page was closed. Let us leave it in silence. With the sins or short-comings of the dead, I have nothing to do; my story is only of the sore and heavy weight which fell from them on the survivors.

Three weeks after the death of Col. Spalding, I sat again in the breakfast-room. This time alone. Annie, who had sunk under the sudden shock, had never, as yet, left her room; and the light snow falling without was whitening the old colonel's grave. I had remained after his death; the girl seemed singularly alone. Their residence in Virginia had been short; so, although the planter's wives were kind in offering their houses for her present home, she shrank from them as from strangers. "The house puts me in mind of *him*," she said to me, "and he was all I had. I am an orphan, you know." My age and intimacy with her uncle seemed to call on me to assume the temporary care of the poor child, until something definite of her uncle's intentions could be ascertained. This was no easy matter: no will, no writing of any kind throwing light on his arrangements for the future, could be found. I had but little doubt that reference to the proper authorities in Alabama would establish Annie's claim to the estate.

Upon this morning Brooks Egan and his son were with me.

"I am confident, Mr. Page," said Philip, "that you will adopt my plan, when you consider it. Let Annie at once be removed to the guardianship of my aunt, and the marriage take place immediately. Her peculiar loneliness makes it proper. Necessary; I am sure you think so?"

"I am sure you do," I laughed. "Be patient. She is not unprotected. Wait until we hear from Alabama. Brady has written to Mobile, and hopes to receive an answer to-day."

"I know," said Philip, impatiently. "The more reason she should commit herself to me, her rightful guardian, while her fate is undecided, before she is declared an heiress, or otherwise. I do not wish my motives doubted."

"Philip is right," urged Brooks Egan. "Consider, Page——"

"I have no right to consider, or decide. She is of age, consult her."

"That is all I ask," said Philip, confidently.

I rang the bell. "Ask your mistress if she will see Mr. Philip Egan," I said to the servant.

A few moments after she returned, saying that Miss Spalding was in the library and attended Mr. Egan. He went out eagerly. An hour after he returned, flushed but crest-fallen; Annie had declined to marry him until her uncle's papers had been thoroughly searched, to discover, if possible, his reason for refusing his consent so long. "It is but a question of time," said young Egan, triumphantly, as he prepared to leave. "Annie will be mine at last."

I stood at the lodge-gate watching the Egans, as they rode down the avenue; as I turned away, I saw Brady driving up rapidly in a gig, and waited for him.

"News from Alabama?" I said, as he came up. He nodded, and, jumping out, threw the reins to a servant, and joined me.

I knew Brady's face well: something was wrong. I had not seen him look in this way since we lost the great Stokes case.

"What is it?"

"Read for yourself," he said, thrusting a letter in my hand. "Decide for us. Something must be done, to-night." Then he went walking up and down the path, wiping the sweat off his face.

It was a lawyer's letter, on blue paper, brief,

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to the point. He (Thomas Jordan, attorney-at-law in Mobile,) regretted deeply to learn the news of the death of his former client, Col. Spalding. It was true that in the midst of life we are in death. He was instructed by James Spalding, nephew and heir-at-law of the deceased, to inform Messrs. Page & Brady that he would set out for Richmond immediately, arrive probably as soon as the letter. Meanwhile, he desired the estate, real and personal, should remain intact. The slaves belonging to the Virginia plantations would probably remain there. One, however, brought from Alabama, deserved peculiar care from her painful position, which Mr. James Spalding fully appreciated; the pale mulatto, named Annie, daughter of Col. Spalding and his slave, Louisa. The girl, the lawyer had understood, was ignorant of her real position, believed herself the niece of Col. Spalding and his heiress. That he had permitted her to believe this, was but another proof of the mental weakness under which he had long labored. The letter closed with "highest considerations," etc.

A postscript informed us that Mr. J. Spalding had not decided what disposition should be made of the woman Annie.

I had, even then, a suspicion that the letter was written to give us timely warning. Afterward I knew it. Whatever Brady or I may have felt, it was no time for anything but keen decision and speedy action. The life-insurance was intended for this girl. Brady drew a check on the bank for the amount, trusting to luck to repay it from the insurance office afterward; which was done by-the-way.

A harder task remained for me: to break the news to the wretched girl. I put it off, until, at least, escape was certain. I only told her that it was necessary for her to leave the house instantly, on account of some legal procedures. Poor Annie had a wholesome horror of the law, and an utter ignorance. I said to her we must leave in the night train to join her friends, who had written to claim her, and bewildered, half-sick, terrified by my assumed impatience, she made little objection.

Shall I tell you how John Page, at that time the owner of two or three hundred negroes, ran a slave over the under-ground railroad to Canada? We went straight down to Charleston, S. C., completely to baffle all pursuers: thence across to New Orleans, and then in as direct a route as possible to Quebec. The letter I left in Brady's hands to give to the Egans.

One trial I was spared. I had not to tell Annie her story. Before we reached New Orleans she was ill, and the remainder of her journey was accomplished at the risk of her life. But we went on. I knew, though she did not, that worse than death lay behind.

I had a friend in Quebec, a Quaker lady, with a home as full of quiet content as her heart was full of love. I brought Annie to her, and told her the story; left Annie there, white and weak, in the little bed where the Friend's daughter died years before.

"Tell her nothing until you hear from me," I said; and then came back to Richmond, leaving the money from the life-insurance ready for her use.

I met Brady at the depot.

"Safe?" he whispered.

I nodded.

"Spalding is here, and it is, or he is, the deuce to pay."

"Come to supper first, and then we'll pay it," I rejoined.

After supper, we went up to the Spottswood, where Spalding boarded. He was a thin, wiry trader, Alabamian though he might be, or Spalding born. "What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards? Not all the blood of all the Howards," or Spaldings either, in this case.

He affected the bully for awhile, until he found it was no use.

"There is the money," I said, counting it on the table, "the full value of the woman Annie. For her escape I alone am responsible. Bring it before a court of justice, if you will. You will see how James Spalding and John Page stand before a Richmond jury." I bluffed him down. He threatened and swore at us as we left the house, but I knew he would do nothing. I never heard from him again.

My story is sad, I hurry over it. I remained in Richmond only long enough to know what course the Egans meant to pursue. I met Philip in the club-room that night. To do him justice, he looked worn and pale. I saw he avoided me, watching me furtively. I heard him tell an acquaintance that he would leave in the morning train.

"For what place?" I said, facing him.

"New York, *en route* for Russia," he answered, following me, whispering, "Where is she? For God's sake, Mr. Page, tell me something about her before I go!" I shook him off—the poor, pitiful hound!

After my return home, I received weekly bulletins from my Quaker friend, about her charge, written as tenderly as though she had spoken of a daughter. "She knows all," she wrote once. "No heavier blow ever fell on one of

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God's flock; but He tries none more than they are able to bear."

In March I received a note from Annie herself, asking me to come and see her. "Let me thank you for all you have done before I go," she said. "The pain was for a use. I see it now. I had but a few months to live, and it was better the world should hold little that was hard to part from. Now, no one will grieve for me, whose pain will not soon be healed."

God knows how bitter was the solitude of heart from which the poor girl wrote that word. I hurried to Quebec in time to see her once again, for her last steps down were swift. Quiet though and firm, He led her who holds the lambs in His bosom.

I remember but one look of bitterness on her peaceful face. When I first came, I raised her hand to my lips in my old-fashioned way.

"You forget," she said, her face dyed red. She never forgot.

It was a cool, bright evening, when she died. She never spoke of Philip. It may be that the honest clearness of dying hours showed her how false were the grounds on which such love rested, or perhaps the hurt was too deep. I cannot tell.

She lay that evening, holding my hand in hers, her head resting on the Quaker's breast, talking cheerily and brightly for an hour or two, looking at the clear crimson west.

"What is it He said?" she whispered. "'Peace I leave with you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' Say it for me."

I repeated it, my voice husky and choked. She noticed it, half-smiling,

"You don't want to see me go?" patting my hand. "How foolish that is! I am tired, you know. Good-night! I think I'll sleep awhile. Waken me early in the morning."

And so she slept until the morning: the morning of the Resurrection!

QUESTIONINGS OF A CHILD.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

To-night I sang, at twilight gray,
The songs I used to sing
Unto my babes, when closing Day
Was folding down her wing.

Of little forms I used to clasp,
Two slumber in a tomb;
One boy alone is left, whose cheek
Doth wear its fifth May-bloom.

He sits within his little chair
Drawn close mine own beside,
And prattles soft, my darling fair,
Of those dear ones that died;

And asks me, with sweet lips of love,
And eye that's flowing o'er,
If they have pleasant homes above,
And playthings on the floor.

Say, mamma dear, does little Grace
Lead Willie by the hand?
And walk they in that shining place,
So beautiful and grand?

And do they ever think of me?
And doesn't Gracie cry—
And little Willie too—to be
With papa, ma, and I?

Oh! if we fix a swing to-day,
And let it reach the sky,
Would they come down? But ah! you say
That they have wings to fly!

Why don't they come?—I wish they could—
And laugh with me, and play,
I'd let them have my toys, I would—
Oh! won't they, mamma, say?

If Grace a great, long stick should take
And with the bright moon play,
And if she spoiled it—would God make
Dear Gracie go away?

And does she pick up twinkling stars,
To fill her little pail—
As she and I the pebbles picked
Last Spring, down in the vale?

You say I was a baby-child
When Willie went away,
And that I bent down low, and smiled,
And kissed his lips of clay.

But I remember darling Grace—
My little sister fair—
Her eye was like the blue of Heaven
And brown, like mine, her hair.

How very much I long to see
Those dear ones in the sky!
Oh! mamma dear, do pray for me,
That God will make me die!

For I have none to play with me—
Papa would be with you—
Then Willie, Grace, and I should be
All in that sky of blue.

If they are happy, more than here,
May I not, too, be so?
You hurt my soul, oh! mamma dear,
When thus you say: No, no!

So prattled on my darling dove;
I clasped him to my heart—
Oh! thus we will be folded, love,
In Heaven—no more to part!

There came a light, with glory riven,
Fled all the twilight gray—
An angel-wing clove the broad even,
Adown the Heavenward way—

The angel Hope, that gilds the low
Dark clouds around us hung—
The angel Hope, whose music-flow
Each human heart hath sung.

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AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"You are not afraid to go on alone?"

The speaker was a young man who stood on the platform of a railway station, and he addressed a young girl beside him, whose neat gray dress and little satchel proclaimed the traveler.

"It is too bad," he added, "for the Walters to disappoint you at the last moment. Perhaps, to-morrow——"

"Oh, no! to-morrow won't do, Nat! Leonie is to be married on Wednesday, and I must start to-day. Mrs. Walters could not help the baby's sickness, and I am not afraid."

"You will have to ride all night."

"Never mind! No American ever annoys an unprotected female. I must get into the cars."

Mr. Ralph Howell very unwillingly gave his arm to his sister, led her to a seat, bade her good-by, and sprang off, just as the train started.

"After all," thought Miss Nettie, as she arranged her shawl on the back of the seat, "it is not so bad! The train reaches Rosehill at day-break, and there is sure to be some one to meet me. It is now four o'clock, and as soon as it is dark, I can put on my nubia and go to sleep." And, having reached this conclusion, Miss Nettie looked up to see what part of the country they were riding through. The cars were very much crowded; for it was October. All the seats were filled, except the one beside Nettie; yet there was only one person standing in the car. It was a gentleman, who leaned against the door, and looked out, over Nettie's head, and out of Nettie's window. She hesitated for a moment—for the gentleman was young and handsome—but another glance at his frank, honest face decided her: and, with a dignified bow, she offered him the place. He thanked her, and accepted her offer.

Having done her duty, Nettie took from her satchel a book and began to read, while her companion, from behind his newspaper, studied her face. He saw the rare but beautiful combination of very fair curls and large black eyes, with black eyebrows and lashes, a pure, blonde complexion, and a small, slight figure. She read for a few moments; and then, seeing that her companion had put away his paper, she said, in a quiet, lady-like tone that would have completely disarmed either impertinence or misconstruction,

"I have the magazines of the month, which my brother handed me as we started. They are at your service, if you have no book."

"I can cut the leaves for you," he said.

"Thank you!"

The darkness gathered, and the conductor lighted lamps enough to make *it* "visible;" but not, by any means, enough to allow anything else to share the privilege. Reading, of course, was at an end, and the cold was making itself felt as the cars sped forward. Nettie put up her hand for her shawl. In an instant it was taken from her.

"Stand up, and let me put it on for you," said the gentleman beside her. "Are you going to ride all night? Because, if you wish to wake at any particular time, I will call you."

"I ride to Rosehill."

"We reach there at six in the morning. I am going there too."

"Yes?" There was an accent of interest in Nettie's voice.

"Yes! I am on my way to act as groomsman at a wedding."

"Miss Simmons!" It slipped out before Nettie was aware of it.

"Yes. I am first groomsman to my friend, Dick Ross."

"And I am going there to be first bridesmaid. You are Dr. Holman?"

"And you Miss Howell, of course! How glad I am to be able to do what I have been longing for this last three hours!"

"And that is?"

"Offer you my assistance; for I see you are alone."

"Yes. Ralph was horrified at my starting unprotected. But my escorts, Mr. and Mrs. Walters, were unexpectedly detained by the illness of their child, and sent word to the depot. I was not afraid; so I made fun of Ralph's scruples and started alone. It was too late to turn back and ask mother or father."

The approaching wedding was a good subject for opening the conversation, and the travelers chatted pleasantly for two or three hours. Then,

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in a pause of the talk, the car faded away before Nettie's drooping eyelids, and she fell fast asleep. She felt a gentle hand draw her head down to a comfortable resting place, and then all sights and sounds fled away. She was wakened, some hours later, by a sudden shock that threw her forward violently. She stood up, and the next instant a strong hand caught her arm.

"Quiet! Wait and see what——"

The words were lost in a crashing sound. The door in front of her flew open, and she saw something crushing forward with resistless power. Horrible cries mingled with the roaring of the machinery, and then a blow on the head stunned her—and she lost all consciousness.

She revived to find herself lying on the ground, in the clear bright moonlight, at some few feet from the railroad track. She tried to rise, but a sharp pain in her arm and side prevented her, and she saw that she was covered with blood. She could see the piled up ruins of the cars, and people with heavy burdens passing to and fro. She could hear groans, and screams, the wailing of searchers, and the directions of clear, authoritative voices; but she could not move, and did not know how to speak or to whom. At last one group of the men, who were raising the dead and wounded from the ground, approached her. An old gentleman bent over her.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, in a grave tone, that the forced calmness made almost stern.

"I am afraid so. I cannot move."

"Who was with you?"

"I was alone, sir. What is the matter?"

"A collision. Ah! here comes our young doctor. Another patient for you, my friend."

"Miss Howell! Thank God, you are not dead!"

Dr. Holman bent over Nettie, as he spoke, and she saw that his left arm was in a sling, made of a strip of her shawl.

"We were obliged to rifle bags and baskets, and search for linen handkerchiefs, or anything else useful we could find," he said, noticing her eyes; "fortunately I had my instruments in the baggage car which escaped injury."

While he was speaking, he knelt beside her and had wiped the blood from her face, and dressed a deep gash in her forehead; while the old gentleman and his companions were looking further for their melancholy burdens. As Dr. Holman finished his task, he said,

"Where else are you hurt?"

"My arm, I think, and side!"

"You were thrown from the broken side of the car, by the crash of the locomotive before I could catch you, and I had to spring out for my life."

He raised her arm, as he spoke, and, with a sharp cry of pain, she fainted again.

It was a different scene upon which her next moment of consciousness found her. She was lying on a small bed, in a little room, whose low ceiling and narrow walls gave her an odd, stifled feeling; but her eyes rested first on a figure beside her, and she was astonished to hear her own weak voice, when she said, "Mother!"

"Are you awake, Nettie?"

"Why, mother, how came you here?—and where am I?"

"You are in the house of a farmer, who has given up all his rooms to the wounded from the railway accident. You remember that, Nettie?"

"Yes; but how did I get here?—and how did *you* get here?"

"We were telegraphed, the next morning, and I found you here when I came. You had dislocated your shoulder and broken your arm, and had a raging fever. I have been here for ten days."

"And Dr. Holman?"

"He has been a miracle! He was wounded himself, broke his left arm in springing from the cars, but he was everywhere from the first. All speak in the warmest terms of his care and skill; and I should surely be the first, for, I believe under Providence, I owe my child's life to his skill and attention."

Nettie saw the large tears in her mother's eyes; but she was too weak to do more than smile at her caress, and then fall asleep, thanking God for her deliverance from this great danger. She was not told then of the number of dead who were taken from the piled ruins of the shattered cars; but later she shuddered as she gratefully thanked her kind physician for his prompt care of her.

Her convalescence was rapid, but not too much so to allow hours of quiet talk, and of reading in her little room, with her mother and the doctor for guests.

For a month Miss Simmons put off her wedding, that she might have Nettie and the doctor present; and when they entered the room, with the traces of pain still visible in their pale faces, there were many significant smiles passed amongst the guests, and some loudly expressed prophecies of another wedding. And the next spring they came true, for then Dr. Holman married the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IX.

PRINCE EDWARD and Flora Macdonald stood together by the ruined altar, her hand was in his, pale and cold, notwithstanding the kisses he had left upon it. Her eyes were downcast; her lips quivering; fright had stricken all the bloom from her life. She was ready to sink down upon the steps of the altar and burst into tears at her sovereign's feet.

"How can I thank you?—how express the glow of admiration that warms my heart?" said the Prince, sincere and earnest in his gratitude.

"No, no. I want no thanks, deserve none. If my poor act has saved your life; if—if—oh! thanks to our blessed Lady that it was no worse. It seems as if the steel were in my own heart, I am so cold, so cowardly."

"Cowardly! Oh! brave, brave maiden, cold and trembling so, while this heroism warms every drop of blood in my veins! If our kingdom produces such women, it is well worth fighting for—dying for."

Flora Macdonald was sinking down in the reaction of extreme excitement; but at these words she stood upright again. "No, no, my Prince, not because her feeble women, now and then, do a wild act they cannot help, should our land be set loose from slavery to the German, but because the son of her rightful sovereign is on the soil—because the old line of Scottish kings is alone worthy to govern Scotland."

"Priestess! beautiful, beautiful woman!" exclaimed the Prince, grasping her clasped hands between his own; "the blood of kings alone should do homage to such heroism, such beauty!"

As he spoke thus ardently, the Prince bent his knee, and was again pressing his lips to her struggling hands, when the door, through which Flora had entered, opened, and Dougal came in, followed by Clanranald. The young men started back, in amazement, when they saw the Prince, and stood looking from him to each other, at a loss how to act.

The Prince saw them and dropped Flora's hands; but resumed one again on the instant.

"Come forward, my friends," he said, leading the trembling girl toward her cousin. "But for this fair lady, you might have found your Prince dead, here in the chapel, where he came to give thanks."

The young men started forward, uttering broken exclamations of surprise. Flora, trembling yet, clung to her cousin, who supported her feebleness with his arm; while the Prince, in a few glowing words, informed them of the peril from which she had saved him.

"If an angel had flung herself between me and death, I could not have been more surprised or more grateful," he said.

But amid all this praise Flora's head drooped, and her eyes were downcast. Then Dougal spoke out with a burst of regretful enthusiasm,

"Oh! that I had known of this peril, I might have earned the glory of saving my Prince and this fair lady from the terror which possesses her even now!"

At the sound of his voice, so fresh and ardent, Flora's color came back, and a flash darted from her half-closed eyelashes.

"I wish it had been you!" she said.

"Lady!" exclaimed the Prince.

"Forgive me," faltered the young girl, with touching simplicity; "but I am a woman, and it seems as if bloodshed fills me with terror. I cannot believe that the assassin will not reappear."

Edward smiled.

"Nay, we will guard against that. I shall not come into a dim, old chapel alone again, believe me; though this rashness has taught a lesson, and given me a memory I would not forget for half a kingdom."

There was something so thrilling in the Prince's words, so brilliant in his look, that Flora shrunk more and more behind the protection of her cousin.

"Take me away," she whispered; "oh! take me away!"

"My Prince," said Clanranald, "let me withdraw my cousin, that we may search for this assassin."

"Nay, I think it must prove useless, as I could not identify him, if he were found," answered the Prince.

Clanranald turned quickly to Flora.

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"Nor you, my cousin?"

The young girl turned deathly pale.

"I was confused, frightened: it was no time for close observation."

There was something about Flora's manner that struck her cousin with momentary uneasiness; but as he was observing her the Prince spoke:

"Let the subject rest. The idea that a Stuart has been hunted for his life into the very sanctuary of Holyrood, is not a tale which we wish circulated among our soldiers, who hoped to find nothing but friends in Edinburgh. Let the adventures of this hour be a close secret among us. Even though a lady honors us by sharing it, I have no fear that it will not be faithfully kept."

Flora tried to smile, and bent her graceful head blushing through her paleness.

"It is easy to be silent, my Prince."

"*Ma foi!* but I do not find it so!" exclaimed Edward, regarding her blushes with evident admiration.

"Have I leave to retire?" she said. "My aunt will find no rest till I am by her side again."

"If we grant this gentle wish, fair one, it is because the people within yonder will be clamoring for our own presence; but, our lady favoring, we shall find an opportunity to render our thanks in some more fitting place, and that before long."

"No, no, my Prince, I ask, I desire no thanks. It was a wild impulse that sent me to the rescue. I seemed to be leaping out of a dream, and have no idea how I reached the altar."

"It was a fortunate dream and happy hour for Edward, for, from this moment, he dates a double life."

Again Flora's hand was lifted to the royal lips, and relinquished with a gentle sigh.

"Adieu, *ma belle;* the brightest room in this old palace will be dark after you have left it. Gentlemen, we release you both from attendance here. Escort this lady to her home and thus earn the envy of your Prince."

Thus gracefully ending the scene, Charles Edward moved toward the door, through which he had entered from the palace, and disappeared; while Flora and her protectors passed through another entrance into the open air.

CHAPTER X.

THE Lady Clanranald and Katharine Fraser entered Lord Lovat's carriage, and were driven slowly toward the mansion which that nobleman occupied while in town. It was an imposing structure, to which the old lord had transferred an almost regal retinue of servants, for when he came southward the proud chief always doubled his state. Thus his castle near Inverness was rude and barren of ornament, compared to the luxurious appointments of his city home. Lady Clanranald descended from the carriage, and, with Katharine leaning on her arm, mounted the steps which led to the front door, guarded by two crouching lions of ponderous granite, which, with their stony lips curved back from the rudely cut teeth, seemed to snarl them back from the ponderous door.

Lady Clanranald had been greatly agitated by the loss of her niece, and still bore traces of the anxiety that possessed her. She had promptly despatched the servants, in attendance, in search of the missing girl; and, in the midst of this oppressive trouble, stood before Lord Lovat's portal, trembling with terror, and panting to go herself in search of her favorite.

With her own hand she lifted the ponderous knocker, and claimed admission.

The lady might have fancied herself in some stately hotel of Paris, so foreign was the aspect of Lord Lovat's residence, so luxurious its appointments.

Through the broad entrance hall, and up a stair-case with banisters of massively carved oak, between which a half-dozen men in armor could have marched abreast without clashing swords, the two ladies followed the man in waiting. Katharine knew the way; but she hung back, timidly, and followed the Lady Clanranald, who threw off her anxiety with the vigorous effort of a strong will, and appeared before the old lord in queenly composure.

In every house which Lord Lovat occupied his own rooms were the center of luxury. Everything rare and costly which genius could invent, or money purchase, was gathered about him, not with the grace which refinement lends, but profusely, till the beholder turned away—satiated before he could begin to admire. Very different from the drawing-room of Lady Clanranald was the chamber in which Lord Lovat met his guest. In place of dark oaken panels prevalent at the time, the walls were hung with paintings, florid and suggestive of forbidden thoughts rather than objectionable in themselves. Silken and velvet cushions not only occupied the divans and massive easy-chairs, but were heaped upon the mosaic wood-work of the floor—convenient for the old Sybarite to cast himself down, should he weary of the

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velvety softness of his easy-chair. In all that room, and in the stately chambers to which it opened, there was not a single object which pointed to a lofty aspiration or a refined idea. Beauty there was in profusion, but of a kind which ministered to the sense alone; and the owner of all this seemed a part of his belongings. You looked around and knew that the man was lavish without generosity, selfish in the midst of satiety, unjust because of the ever craving pride of authority, and so greedy of sensual enjoyment, that he could not endure the sight of another's happiness, though it in no way interfered with his own.

This was the man before whom the high-souled Lady Clanranald presented herself in all her pride and beauty of character. They had met before, these two persons, when the lady was younger, but scarcely more lovely, and the gentleman had not lost all the finely-toned chivalry of a Highland chief.

While we are unconscious of a loss, it cannot be regretted. So it was with Lord Lovat. The native grace had departed so imperceptibly from his character, that he considered the foreign manner which it had left behind as a refining of every virtue that he had known in life. The man had no idea how coarse and hollow he really was, and expected to astonish Lady Clanranald by the elaborate gallantry into which his youth had merged. Louis the Fourteenth never accepted a conquest with more benign suavity than took possession of Lord Lovat when Lady Clanranald's name was announced. The cushion was thrust from beneath his aching foot, he filliped away some grains of snuff that had settled on his laced neck-tie, and smoothed the ruffles over his plump hands with a well-satisfied smile. A black frown had knitted his brows a moment before, but now all was bland sunshine. Vanity held a tenacious grasp on Lord Lovat and filled his old age with self-complacency.

"Let her come in," he said, addressing the servant who announced Lady Clanranald; "but first lay that book of pastorals on the table beside me. Then lift the curtain somewhat, and throw light on that Venus. It has drapery enough to make her blush without kindling anger," he chuckled to himself.

The servant went out, glad to see the storm lifted from his master's face, and, in a moment, Lady Clanranald entered, leading Katharine Fraser by the hand.

Lovat arose, and moved forward without limping, despite the pains that shot through his foot.

"Fair lady," he said, with elaborate grace learned at the French court, "fortune has been kind to send me the honor of your visit on the first day of my sojourn in Edinburgh."

"My fair friend, your grand-daughter, will rest more content when she sees so little cause for alarm in your face, my lord. The truth is, your peremptory summons startled her not a little; so I came to share her disgrace, crave pardon, or explain, as the case might demand," said Lady Clanranald, seating herself in the great ebony chair to which Lord Lovat led her, while Katharine stood trembling by.

"Ah! lady, if time had been more cruel in his visits to that beautiful face, Lovat would still have a remembrance of the past which must ensure favor to a person he can never cease to adore! But when to the bloom of youth he gives this noble stateliness of carriage, I must regret that it is only a rude Highland chief—not a king—who waits humbly for your behest."

Lady Clanranald had seen something of the French court as well as Lord Lovat, and the style of speech did not astonish her, as it might a less experienced person. She smiled pleasantly, and gave the old man her hand to kiss, with just the slightest tinge of coquetry in the action. Truly, Lady Clanranald had something deeper at heart than the pardon of that lovely girl, who watched the scene in silent astonishment.

"First, my lord, let me take all blame on myself with regard to this young lady. It was no fault of hers that she chanced to stand in the balcony of my dwelling when our Prince rode beneath it. I was, myself, there, and, as my guest, for the moment, she stood near me——"

"And gave her scarf to a Jacobite leader, who carries it now in his bosom," answered the old man, lowering his stormy brows on Katharine for one instant, and smiling blandly on his visitor the next. "Can you guess, madam, how many of King George's partisans were in that crowd watching the action?"

"So much the better, my lord! If there is a Scotchman recreant enough to side with the Hanoverian, the sight would be a fitting rebuke; if Englishmen were present, let it be a warning. When the women of a country side with the right, that nation is twice armed."

"Fair enthusiast!" exclaimed Lovat, regarding the lady with one of those glances that make a good woman shrink. "With such a guide even Lovat might be led anywhere! Treason itself seems sweet on those red lips!"

"Oh! if they had but the holy eloquence of

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patriotism, a Highland chief would not sit here chiding his child for loving her country!"

Lovat bent his head and whispered,

"The eloquence of love, sweet lady, is always most effective with the Lovat."

Lady Clanranald blushed crimson, not as a young girl blushes, with a soft, evanescent flutter of color, but with the vivid shame of concentrated pride. Still, so deep and true was her patriotism, that she was ready to smother the womanly feeling in behalf of the cause which seemed to her the most important on earth.

"Ah! my lord, that was a forbidden subject between us long ago! We have both seen too many years for a thought of its renewal now!"

"That is a slander against the mature beauty, which, in your case, fair dame, is like the fruit which rare dews and sunshine have ripened out of spring blossoms. While looking at you now, so grand, so rich in beauty, I wonder at the madness that chained me to your feet then. While time works such magic we must not quarrel with it."

This flattery sickened Lady Clanranald. The faintness of disgust crept whitely over her cheeks; but she conquered the sensation, and, remembering her great object, temporized.

"At the time you mention, the cause of the Stuarts was dear to you, as it always has been to me."

A look of fox-like cunning came into the old man's face. "Yes; but then the queen was alive, and not without beauty or discrimination."

Lady Clanranald almost uttered an outburst of disgust; but she bit her lips and forced back the unwelcome sound, muttering,

"She was indeed a good and most gentle lady!"

"And appreciative, as I had the honor to observe," persisted the old courtier.

"Yes, my lord, nothing honorable or noble ever escaped her. But this Prince, Charles Edward, how he reminds you of her!"

"I have not seen the Prince, nor do I much desire it just now. An unsafe acquaintance, dear lady, is our friend of Holyrood; but for some feelings of the past, which a Lovat never forgets, I had dealt hardly with Mistress Katharine, for the suspicion her acts of this day has cast on my loyalty."

"Loyalty! My lord, to whom? You are a Highland chief, head of the Frasers, a power in the land. To whom, but our own king, can that power be given without treason to Scotland?"

"You are ardent, fair dame."

"I am the widow and mother of a lord of the Isles—that fact would answer for any amount of enthusiasm in behalf of the Stuarts. I only wonder that the Fraser can remain so indifferent."

"I am only prudent, madam."

"But what has prudence to do with loyalty when a true king claims his own?"

"More than the young man down yonder ever dreamed of. Let him earn a right to demand help of the Fraser, and claim it on some victorious battle-field."

"And you will join him then?" exclaimed the lady, joyfully.

"Aye; I would promise more than that for another such smile."

The old man spoke in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard; though Katharine had withdrawn to a distant part of the room, and sat apart watching the scene with vague wonder.

"But you will join our Prince? I have no smiles till you answer me."

"Nay, I will not be cheated of my guerdon, the Fraser fights best under fair woman's smiles. If Lovat ever joins this rash-brained Stuart, it must be under Lady Clanranald's colors!"

"You shall have them—you shall have them. See, I give you my breast knot as pledge of as brave a scarf as lady's fingers ever wrought."

"And of this also?" whispered the old lord, seizing the fair hand that Lady Clanranald had extended in her eager patriotism. "Oh! lovely dame, it is long since there has been a mistress at Dounie Castle—deign but to brighten its gloom and you shall command both Lovat and his clan, if it were to brave George in his own palace."

Lady Clanranald turned deadly pale. This was an unexpected shock, and she felt it through all her being. Could she make this terrible sacrifice? Why had she put herself in a position so humiliating? She was ready to die for the Stuart cause—but marry Lord Lovat, the old man who even now bent over her like a fox ready to seize his prey—that she could not do. Patriotism had its limits even in her generous nature.

"You are silent, dame; your lips turn white with fear when I seek only smiles. Is it so terrible a thing that I propose to make you the first lady in Scotland?"

"No, no; I am surprised, distressed—not that. Indeed, my lord, I blush to have put myself in the way of a proposal that—that should seek its object. This is no place. Indeed, Lord Lovat, this is an unfair surprise!"

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The lady arose trembling like a girl—nay, that is as a flower trembles—but her nerves quivered as harp-strings resist a rude hand that sweeps them. She fairly sickened beneath his glance, and turned away bereft of all self-possession.

"Remember, lady, it is not only that I propose to make you Lady Lovat; but if I join this Prince, to whom success will then be sure, my wife will be presented at the first drawing-room as Duchess of Fraser. Your son can vouch for me that an offer to this effect was made through him at Dounie."

"Still, my lord, let me beg your forbearance on the subject just now. While the son of our king is in peril, and the fate of so many brave men hangs in the balance, personal wishes should be put aside. I confess it was not altogether the wish to save yonder fair girl from your displeasure that brought me here; I did hope, perhaps, to incite your patriotism, to persuade where my son had failed to convince. It was presumption, and you have made me feel it."

"You are beautiful, and have made me feel that!"

"These compliments disarm, humiliate me," cried the lady, subduing the impatience which threatened to break through all control. "I came to claim help for our king."

"And you have succeeded. Wait a little till I disarm the suspicion that lurks all around me, and which will grow more vigilant after the appearance of my son's daughter in your balcony; and I will so dispose of my people that they shall reinforce the Prince when he needs them most. But this is not the time—believe me, fair dame, it is not yet time for the great Fraser clan to move. Let the Prince test his metal by a victory!"

"He will—he will!"

"Then, after Lovat has swept in his forces and carried all before him, this suit, which I will not think rejected, shall be laid at your feet again; and the man you refused as a humble baron, may hope for more favor enforced by a duke's coronet."

The reprieve implied by these words brought back Lady Clanranald's self-possession. She saw a thousand avenues of escape in delay—the hopes of winning this important ally to the royal cause lighted her eyes with triumph. She allowed the old Lovat to kiss her hand, without symptoms of revolt, and beckoned Katharine toward her with beaming smiles.

"Come hither, maiden," she said, "and hear how kindly your grandfather forgives me for leading you into that pretty escapade in the balcony. Oh! my lord, I wish you could have seen her when the Frasers came up. She stood before them so beautiful, so inspired, like a sibyl of the olden times."

"But such pictures have cost heads before this, Lady Clanranald," said Lovat, looking stormily at his grandchild.

"I know; and won kingdoms also," answered the lady. "But tell me, Katharine, who was the youth who rode behind your father? I think, my lord, his was the handsomest face I ever saw. Surely I have seen it in other times, but that must have been before this youth was born."

"Who was the youth, Katharine?" inquired Lovat, in a tone that made Lady Clanranald turn quickly, it was so changed.

"I think Lady Clanranald means Dougal, my lord."

"Dougal! and with the Master of Lovat! How is this?"

"I do not know, grandfather."

"Grandfather! How often have I forbade you addressing me after that fashion? Do I look like the grandfather of a lassie like that, fair dame? Tell me truly if you think so!"

"I can never believe the relationship when I look in her face," answered the lady, bringing her worldly tact in play, but speaking the truth; for it really did seem impossible that a creature so pure, so more than beautiful, could be claimed as a descendant of that sensual old man.

Vanity, like avarice, grows coarse and blind in the aged. Lord Lovat received this speech as a compliment, and softly rubbed his palms together as it was uttered. Katharine, perhaps, understood it better, for her cheek glowed, and she turned her eyes away from Lady Clanranald in timid displeasure. Her gentle heart had woven many a soft fibre around that old man, false and barren of good qualities as he was, and this vague insincerity in Clanranald's mother pained her.

Lady Clanranald saw the look and blushed crimson.

"But how came that boy in the Prince's army, let me know that?" persisted Lovat, who was too deeply engaged with the subject to notice this little by-play.

"Indeed I cannot tell you, my lord," cried Katharine, with tears in her eyes. "I saw him on the very night we left Dounie, and he said nothing about leaving home."

"And with the Master of Lovat? You are sure of this?"

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"He rode behind my father and carried his shield."

"Indeed! their position may be reversed before we die!" sneered the old man. "So you liked the laddie?—thought his face a fine one?" he added, turning to Lady Clanranald.

"It was a beautiful face, but very young for the battle-field!" she answered.

"True enough; and how came he there? Luke, Luke!"

The old man rang a hand-bell violently—a servant came in.

"Send Luke to me!"

"He is not in the house, my lord."

Lord Lovat made an impatient movement, and sent the servant away, muttering,

"I must inquire into this. Send him to me when he comes in."

Lady Clanranald was near the window, speaking in a low voice with Katharine.

"Let me go home with you again," she said, "I can see that he has not forgiven me. Is there no way by which I can escape his anger?"

"Trust me, I will try," whispered the lady; and with a gentle step she approached Lovat. "You spoke of gaining time, my lord, and of the harm done you by the imprudence of your daughter's appearance when we welcomed the Prince. Would it not be better that she should be removed from your house and placed entirely under my protection?"

The old man's eye brightened.

"As if I had cast her forth for appearing before the Prince, thus condemning her father's treason! A bright thought, lady—an idea full of sound policy."

"And I have leave to take her hence?"

"With all my heart."

"Till you claim her for presentation at Edward's court at Holyrood?"

"Holyrood! No; at St. James. When the whole Fraser clan swells his ranks, their first halting-place will be London; tell the Prince so, but cautiously and in confidence. Meantime I remain here, in my own house, a good friend to the Southerners till the time comes. As for this fair rebel and her father——"

"Leave them to me," said Lady Clanranald, hastily, "till the time comes."

"Yes, till the time comes, noble dame," repeated the old man, with repulsive significance. "Meantime I must inquire into the secret of this laddie Dougal's appearance in the rebel ranks. At any rate, it is no place for him."

"And now farewell," said the lady, gathering the mantle over her person and preparing to go. "I came doubtful, but I leave a friend to the Prince! Have no fear regarding this maiden, she shall remain as my own till you claim her."

Lovat took her hand and bent over it.

"Lady, I would allow no servant the honor of showing you the way out, but that I am very angry, you know, and am turning a couple of beautiful rebels ignominiously from my door."

The ladies departed after this dismissal; and the moment he was left alone, Lord Lovat allowed the storm of passion that had been held in abeyance to roll back upon him unchecked.

"Luke! Send that imp Luke to me at once," he stormed, as the servant answered his fierce summons. "Not in the house, ha! Then search the streets till you find him. Go, and be prompt, I must see the hound at once. How dare he be out of the way?"

The servant went out, white in the face, for the old lord's anger was no light thing, even when excited by trifles; and directly the whole household was in commotion because Luke could not be found.

Anger always aggravated Lord Lovat's malady; for, when it was fierce upon him, he gave no heed to his infirmities, but took a fiendish pleasure in the pain they gave, resenting it as a wrong, for which every menial in his house was responsible. Thus unmindful of his lame foot, he strode across the floor, stamping his feet, and angry that the velvet slippers would make no more noise.

"Dougal, the bairn! have they hooked him in their net? How did they reach him?—by what craft was he lured from his mother's roof? Has my master done this to cast him into peril and so get rid of him? The hunchback must know. Where is he? Luke, Luke! I say, has the fox-cub come back yet?"

"No, my lord; we have searched for him everywhere," answered the servant, who, summoned for the sixth time, was holding the door half-open between him and his master's wrath. "Nay, thank heaven! here he comes, looking wild as a hawk! I say, sirrah, my lord has been asking after you this half-hour."

"Well, asking does no harm, I take it," said Luke, with careless insolence. "So get you gone to the scullery, Andrew, and do not trouble that thick head about me or my lord!"

"'Me or my lord!' himself first! The creature will get his crown broke, that is one comfort," muttered the man, descending into his stratum of the household; while Luke went boldly into the room where Lord Lovat was prowling like a wild beast.

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"Well, manikin, you have come at last. Did you know that I have inquired for you five times?"

"It is not every one that could have got me with so little asking, chief," answered the dwarf, indifferently; "dogs come readily to the whistle, but I am no dog."

"You are an impudent varlet, and many a fine hound would scorn to kennel with you," cried the old man, stamping his velvet-clad foot on the polished floor.

"In that he would prove more dainty than his master, who is chafed like a lion when I am but absent from his sight a minnte."

"I could find it in my heart to lash you as I would the hound, you are not worthy to speak of."

"Lash me!" snarled the lad, showing his white teeth fiercely, while the eyes burned like live coals under his heavy brows. "Lash me!"

"Yes, sirrah! had I but a dog whip."

"You forget, old man, that even a dog has teeth."

The dwarf gnashed his strong teeth, as he spoke; his forehead grew livid with rage, and drops of perspiration stood upon it.

The sight of this rage turned the old man's anger into something like admiration; fierce passions he could hold in respect—nothing else. After a long glance at the dwarf, who defied him with every feature of his face and motion of his body, he burst into a laugh, in which scorn and jocularity were hideously blended.

"Why how the wolf-cub shows his breeding! Come hither, I say, and do not snap at my hand while it pats you on the head; when I do not lash a snarling cur, I pet him."

"Be careful, my lord," said the dwarf, in a low, hard voice. "At certain seasons of the year poison lurks behind the meanest cur's tooth; a mad dog is worthy twenty lions in a fight then!"

The old man threw himself into a chair, and motioned the dwarf to bring a cushion for his feet; but Luke stood aloof and shook his head till the hair fell over his gleaming eyes.

"So, so! the churl takes the liberty of anger, but it is very comical. Why, manikin, don't make me laugh, it brings on the stitch in my side, which strikes through me like a bodkin. So, so, bring me that cushion, like a good bairn, and answer some questions I would fain ask."

Luke looked sullenly around for the cushion, and, seizing upon it between his hands and teeth, worried it fiercely as a dog tears at a root which will cling to the soil, while the old lord laughed till tears ran down his cheek. A moment or two of this fierce exercise seemed to quell the lad's wrath; for, after a little, he brought the cushion and placed it before Lovat's chair, thrusting it into place with his foot.

Again the lord laughed, and, reaching forth his hand, patted the boy's shaggy head.

"Now stand beside my chair and tell me of this morning's work. Where have you been since I sent you, with a message, to my grandchild?"

"In the streets of Edinburgh, searching after a lost maiden, who was not to be found; and after that I followed with the rabble after my brother's troop of horse, till the chase landed me in Holyrood palace."

"Holyrood palace! and you have been there?"

"Aye, by creeping under the troopers' horses and using my wits sharply I got into the old rat-trap; heaven grant the Prince may get safe out of it, for it is a gloomy place."

"That will be changed when a Stuart is on the throne. Who knows that the man who helps him there may not occupy the palace as lord lieutenant? Ha! Luke."

"That man should be a Lochiel or a Macdonald then," muttered the dwarf.

"How?—how?"

"They struck the first blow!"

Lovat again burst into a laugh that shook him from head to foot. When it was over, he leaned forward and patted the dwarf on the head.

"Poor fool! poor fool! know you not that it is the man who strikes the last blow who reaps the reward? Kings are always grateful for what they expect; doubly grateful for what they fear to lose. The wise men of this world know how to wait and when to act. Your master is a wise man, so perchance he may yet bustle in Holyrood with thee for his dwarf. It is the fashion."

The dwarf shook Lovat's hand from his head and drew partly behind the great chair.

"What, sullen yet? that may tax my patience too far in the end. But tell me, how came Dougal in the army down yonder?"

"My brother Dougal?"

"Brother! Well, yes, I mean the laddie, your mother's son!"

"Who sometimes gets above the salt at Dounie, while I am even left among the horn cups."

"Tut! tut! I am getting weary of this. How came the bairn down yonder?"

"How should I know? Dougal does not counsel with me when he runs away."

"Runs away! Then he came of his own will?"

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"What other power could bring Dougal from the hills?"

"But his mother!"

"Oh! she is bent on making handsome Dougal a gentleman."

"Indeed!"

"And knows well that the shortest road is through the camp."

"Did you ever hear her say so?"

"Aye, many a time and oft."

"She is ambitious then?"

"She is a woman who loves her handsome, brave son!"

"But yourself? She has two sons!"

The dwarf looked upon his person with a glance of profound self-commiseration. The passion had abated in his eyes, and they had filled with gloomy tears.

"I am Luke, the dwarf—creatures like me have no mothers!"

"Poor bairn! poor bairn! But it is to such as you that mothers give their most sacred tenderness."

The hot tears fell from Luke's eyes and stood trembling on his face.

"Not for me, chief—not for me is this love. I would sell my soul, and throw the crooked body in," he added, with a hoarse laugh, "for one glance such as she bestows on Dougal; but he loves my—my brother Dougal loves me, and it is that which gives me the power to shed the tears at which you are laughing."

"Nay, I did but laugh that one man should glory in the love of another."

"Glory! aye, that is the word, chief; I do glory in the love of my brother. If I work, and study, and busy myself in books, it is that I may, sometime, think for him, while he cuts his way upward to high honors. Oh! I would work, starve, die for my brother—my grand, beautiful brother. His enemies are mine; his friends I would serve faithfully as a dog serves its master. If he loves, I worship the woman he adores; if he hates, it were unsafe for his enemies to come within reach of my hand."

The old lord looked on the dwarf, as he spoke, with amazement. There was dignity in his words—his distorted figure expanded with the glow of a noble enthusiasm. Lovat felt that a creature of power stood before him; and he remembered the rude coarseness of his recent language with regret, not because it was cruel—but impolitic.

"Luke, tell me, how came your brother to be in the train of my son, the Master of Lovat—his natural enemy?"

"His enemy, my lord! What, the Master of Lovat?"

"Nay, I spoke too strongly. It is only that I have shown the brave laddie some favor that the master would have cause to hate him."

"But he does nothing of the kind; on the contrary, he has received Dougal with kindness, placed him close to his own person."

The old man sneered.

"Dougal reveres him. He told me, to-day, that there was not a man on earth he so loved!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Lovat, sharply.

"The Prince has seen Dougal—spoken with him—will buckle the first spurs of knighthood on his heel, when he has earned them, with his own royal hands. He will earn them—Dougal will earn them!"

The old lord did not seem to heed this speech; for he had fallen into thought—sullen and heavy thought—which the acute wit of Luke failed to fathom.

"Luke," he said, at last, "what shall I do? How can I win this subtle brain of yours wholly to my service?"

"It belongs to my brother. This brain is his slave; every thought in it works for him. I am his dog because his hand is kind and never threatens blows."

"I was but angry that the laddie was put in danger," said the old man, catching eagerly at this opening for an apology. "If my words sounded rough, the thought beneath them was kind. The news that young Dougal was with my son angered me. I had better prospects for him, and for you also, Luke. Men of action are never wise to neglect men of thought. There is no reason why you may not rise with your brother."

"For my brother, not with him!" answered Luke.

"Bethink yourself, and you will see that what I predict is reasonable. The time when single prowess or brute force could alone cut its way to fortune is passing from the world. Since the time when Mary Tudor, the first Queen Regnant of England, wrote a book, and Elizabeth smiled upon Shakspeare, a new power has been slowly but surely growing up in the land—the power of thought. Even now it is the chief that plans a battle, and brings intellect to the aid of force, who finds renown first. The time is shortly coming when both prowess and beauty must bend before the majesty of intellect. Thoughts that grow strong in peace, become all-powerful in war. Luke, Luke, I would rather go the field armed with

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your brain than the best sword unsheathed in behalf of the Prince!"

"And that is my own!" thought the dwarf, and his eyes kindled till the drops that lingered in them shone like diamonds.

The old man waited for some response to his rather long speech; but none came. Luke was thinking of his brother.

"Are we friends now, Luke? Shall the power that you have wrung from books be joined with such knowledge as I have gathered from the world?"

"I belong to Dougal," was the reply.

"And he belongs to Lord Lovat! Have I not been his benefactor from his childhood up?"

"But to be petted like a favorite hawk does not suit Dougal; he wants action, and has found it——"

"As my son's page. But what if I do better by him?"

"How, my lord, how?"

"What if I give him an equal command with the Master of Lovat?"

"But he is not yet knighted."

"The Frasers can knight their own leaders without aid from prince or king."

"And you will do this, my lord?"

"And more! If knightly fame will suffice, I can give him that and aid myself at the same time."

"But his birth, his unknightly parentage?"

"Tush! What but brave deeds ever earned nobility? There is a time when every name must find a beginning. To the brave all things are possible."

"And Dougal is brave as a lion!"

"Yes, Dougal is brave! else I could do nothing in his behalf. He is young, comely, chivalric, and, above all, wins love as children gather flowers. The Frasers love this boy, obscure as he is."

"He shall not remain obscure!"

"To this end, Luke, remember and do my bidding in all things. It is only thus that you can advance Dougal."

"I shall not forget. But, my lord——"

"Well, Luke?"

"If my brother should win a name, and earn honors, would—would——"

"Well, what is it?"

"What if he should lift his eyes to some lady now so much above him that——"

"Tush! laddie; we are not talking of ladies, but war."

"But Dougal is young, and love is not forbidden to him. What if he should lift his eyes to—to—well, let us say the fair young maiden that I saw this morning in Lady Clanranald's balcony?"

"What, my grand-daughter, Kate?"

The old man started up, and all the ruddy color fled from his face.

"Nay, I did not mean Mistress Katharine; but the bright maiden with sunshine in her hair, who calls Lady Clanranald aunt," said the dwarf, retreating from what had been almost a betrayal of his brother's secret.

"It is well no lady of the Fraser blood was in your mind," was the stern reply. "That is a height to which—but it is useless dwelling on the subject; Dougal never can have the presumption——"

"My lord, pray remember it was yourself named Mistress Katharine, not me; my words turned on the young lady from Skye, and there only to suggest a possibility."

"Well, well; let us have done with talk of maidens. You are informed of my wishes; go now, and, in some private way, bring Dougal here. Let it be after dark, and remember to keep his visit a secret from every one, especially the Master of Lovat."

"I will go at once; for it is drawing toward nightfall," answered the dwarf; and he left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWENTY.

BY GRETA MAITLAND.

TWENTY, to-day! and my life hath passed
Like a flower on the waves of a streamlet cast—
Floating along in the sunshine and foam;
Then, 'neath the willow bough's shade quickly gone,
Playing with bubbles, and stirred by a breath,
Gliding along to its sure waiting death.

Twenty, to-day! and the sunshiny gleam
Is resting on flowret, and life, and stream;
And the spray-beads dance in the glittering rays,
And a mist-woven rainbow around them plays.

Oh! that the roses of youth might be
Ever thus fresh to eternity's sea!

Twenty years more—and the sod may rest,
With a heavy weight, on my pulseless breast;
The melting sunlight all liquidly fall,
Shrouding my grave in its quivering pall;
And the streamlet rush on its forest way lone,
And the flowret that smiled on its waves be gone!
Twenty, to-day! Oh! would I might be
Twenty for aye—to eternity!

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MARRYING HIS FIRST PATIENT.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

"THEY are coming!"

I heard Bel's ringing voice twice repeat it before I was dreamily conscious of what was said. The sun was dropping a handful of light into the stupid room, and I was tracing all sorts of fantastic figures in it. There, in a little scintillant ray, stood tiny Mary Sears, with glittering diamonds nestling among her curls, and little sprinklings of gold showered all over her; here, at one side, where the sunshine took a peculiarly benevolent hue, leaned sweet Cora Linn against a golden column; there an indefinite number of brownies would spring up, doff their green caps, and perpetrate all the antics ever taught in a gymnasium.

I threw up my hands, rubbed my eyes, pinched my arm, and exclaimed, "What are you dreaming about, Dorcas?" I was no visionary, not at all; I was matter-of-fact little Dorcas Dean; and, most unromantic of all, I was the second of three daughters. Therefore the prestige of first born, and the blessing of youngest pet was lost to me. Besides, who says there is nothing in a name? I know that I was quite as pretty as Bel or Ella, but no one ever regarded me with any interest, after hearing my unmusical cognomen. It has been the bugbear of my existence. I should actually have been elected May Queen, while at the seminary, but for this horrid name! Cora Linn maintained that I was better fitted, in face and figure, to officiate as Queen, than any other girl in the school. Clara Hillery laughed outright at the idea of a May Queen named Dorcas Dean. She rhymed it—she punned it—she distorted it every way, until I declared I would not serve. Well, I did not premeditate writing a dissertation on names, but I do love an appellation that sounds either gentle and musical, or tenderly affectionate. Now father has divers ways of ejaculating and emphasizing it. There is his cheerful, "Good morning, Dorcas," and his grave remonstrative Dorcas, and his sharp authoritative Dorcas; but it is ever that same unmusical Dorcas. I am sorry it was ever interpreted, I could have endured Tabitha better.

I heard an unusual bustle below. I supposed they had come. I could easily have peered out of the window through the drapery of vines and formed my opinions, as Ella says I always do at first sight; but it was too late now. What did cousin James wish to bring a trio of collegians here for, to turn everything topsy-turvy in the house, worry every creature to death in the park, and poke fun at us poor girls for ignorance of Greek and Euclid? I wished father had had boys of his own, and left his nephews to take care of themselves. I fairly trembled, as I contemplated facing the crowd, and hearing James exclaim, "Ah! cousin Dorcas, is that you? Haven't applied to the legislature for a change of name yet, eh?" They say I am self-possessed; if I am, it is the result of a strong will, and a stronger effort. I stood in the middle of the room a moment listening to the confused mingling of voices below; then I went out into the hall, down the broad stair-case, through the hall below into the front parlor, walked directly up to my cousin, laid my hand on his arm, and said, "How do you do, cousin James?" He whirled around, gave me a cousinly kiss, and then went through the ceremony of introductions with the utmost decorum.

"Miss Dean, Mr. Cummins!" and I bowed to a pale-faced, black-eyed member of the junior class. "Mr. Daniels!" and a fresh, sprightly senior, puffed, to the full extent of his clothing, with a self importance, gave me a patronizing nod. "Mr. Southerland!" and a tall M. D., with a face so buried in hirsute ornamentals that I could discover nothing but a high, wide forehead, and a very dark pair of eyes, arose like a gentleman and bowed like one. Now I abominate hirsute faces; still I could see, at a glance, that this modern Esculapius minus his first patient, were he smooth shaven, would have been a remarkably handsome man. But Bel affirms that is precisely what makes him more noticeable than the others. Collegians are not so horrid, after all. Dr. Southerland was something of an original, and a little impudent withal; but we got along very comfortably until the third day after their advent. We had been playing Graces, and I had just succeeded in crowning the irresistible Mr. Daniels, when Mr. Southerland came up and abruptly took my hand, exclaiming, "Dorcas! you are ill—you are feverish. Your eye looks strangely

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wild and dilated. I noticed it the first day we came; you should avoid excitement as much as possible." I was indignant. An acquaintance of three days having the temerity to address me by that odious name! With a flushed face I replied,

"Allow me to assure you that you are mistaken, Mr. Southerland. I am positive I never was in better health in my life. Besides, should I find it necessary to ask medical advice, I should be obliged to forego the honor of being your first patient, since our family physician is considered very skillful."

Mr. Southerland took himself away quite as abruptly as he came, after quietly saying, "I cautioned Miss Dean as a friend, with no eye to the reputation or the fee."

I felt rather uncomfortable. I was sorry I had spoken quite so pointedly. The heat of the room oppressed me; so I stole out and wandered off to a little shaded spot by the river. How cosy and cool it was! Here was room enough to breathe and inhale the pure oxygen too. How the water prattled and shimmered along! how lucid it was! I could see all the little shells and pebbles at the bottom. I wondered if all those glittering things away down, down, were diamonds; and if they were, would they bring peace and companionship to a lone heart? I marveled if Undine were secreted beneath these waves! Were these Lethean waters?—would I taste them? How the lily bells sighed and sang—sang and sighed; the violets winked their blue eyes and smiled at me; the honeysuckle shook its truncated petals, frightening away the bee who sought to penetrate its globose reservoirs! What queer shapes the trees assumed—truculent-looking giants, with helmeted heads, nodding plumes, and unsheathed swords! Then the leaves were all spangled butterflies, dipping their emerald wings into the scintillant waters—how the waves lifted and reached up to embrace them! Erewhile they were buried in silvery folds, again they were gracefully floating on the starry surface. If I could only have reached down and filled my hand, and then allowed it to drop on my aching forehead; but then I should have frightened away all those quaint little dancers.

It had been twelve long days, they told me, since they had found me down by the river, and I had been delirious ever since. I thought I had been dreaming a long, strange dream. When I awoke I was lying in bed, the room darkened to the faintest possible twilight. A stand was near my pillow, covered with vials and glasses. I wondered if any one was ill. After a few moments spent in collecting my thoughts I endeavored to raise myself up, but sank back, oppressed with a sense of extreme weakness. I lifted up my hand to my head, and my pride—my long, beautiful hair—was cut off. An impatient ejaculation escaped me. The door was softly opened, and Mr. Southerland entered.

"You are better, to-day, Miss Dean!" he asserted rather than asked, as he stood by my bedside.

"Better!" I repeated. "I am well! Why am I here? Who has cut off my hair?" But the asperity I felt was lost in a moaning sort of breezeless whisper, as I settled still farther back in my pillows in sheer weariness.

"Do not try to talk!" he urged, in a gentle, assuring voice. "You will be stronger by-and-by, and then you shall know all about it."

I looked at him, and then at sister Bel, who had just come in, inquiringly.

"You have been very ill!" she replied to my mute appeal. "But, thanks to Mr. Southerland's skill, a kind Providence, and a good constitution! you are, we trust, out of danger."

I threw a comical look at the doctor.

"Yes, Dorcas," said he, with the serious air of a comedian. "In spite of your boast, in the regretted absence of the family physician, you are my 'first patient.'"

I cannot tell how tranquilly reconciled I was to being petted, and temperately scolded, being the center of all care, anxiety, and attention. To see even Deacon Dean, with his two hundred pounds avoirdupois, tip-toeing in and out. But the novelty of a sick-room will wear off in time, and I found myself yearning for the clear sunshine and the open air once more. After many petitions and pleadings I was granted a short ride, provided the venerable Mr. Southerland should accompany me to keep advised of my powers of endurance. We drove down by the river. I leaned forward, with a startled look, thinking of the strange phenomena I had witnessed when last there. On being urged, I related to Mr. Southerland all I had seen. He did not laugh, but seriously mused a few moments, and then asked if, at any other time, such strange imaginings had peopled my fancy. Then I remembered what I had seen in the handful of sunshine up in my room, the day they came.

"Little Dorcas," said he, after a short pause, "you have had a very narrow escape. I am going away to-morrow, to establish myself——"

"To-morrow!" I interrupted. "When shall

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you come again?" For he really seemed quite like a friend to me since I had grown convalescent.

"When I can claim my first patient as my wife," he replied, and there the conversation ended; for we were just at the gate, and Ella declared that the airing had done me good, for I had nearly as much color as before that dreadful brain-fever came on.

I was sitting down by the river again, about a year after my illness; but everything seemed natural enough now. The violets looked quite as modest as violets usually do; the lily bells just trembled a little in the breeze; now and then a leaf, shaken from the trees, floated tranquilly on the water. Involuntarily the visit of our college friends came to my mind—and, no doubt, Dr. Southerland claimed some share in my reflections, since mother affirms that to his skill (under Providence) I owe my life—when I heard an approaching footstep, and, looking up, my eyes encountered the object of my thoughts.

"Well," said he, with a quiet smile, "I am established, have a good practice, but am very lonely. Will you come?"

I really felt anxious to refuse him, this wooing was so matter-of-fact, and so matter-of-course—no vows, no kisses, in fact, none of the thousand little charming things incident to courtship—and I hinted as much, when he, deprecatingly, offered to write an acrostic on my name. I bounded off the knoll where I was sitting, and assured him, with emphasis, that I would go, and that it should be my chief aim to make him as miserable as possible! And he frequently affirms that I have kept my word.

THE TIDE IS GOING OUT TO SEA.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

The tide is going out to sea—
  Look! how it spurns the dirty shore,
And moves away mysteriously,
And, oh! so very silently,
  Like some sad thing that goes to come no more!

Upon the bosom of the tide—
  As fickle as it seems to be—
The thunder-bearing navies ride,
In terrible, defiant pride,
  As they go, frowning grimly, out to sea.

Arouse! arouse! No idling now!
  Make haste! make haste to take the tide!
Ere long 'twill be too late to plow
The waters with a seaward prow
  That casts the feathery foam-flakes far aside.

Now is the golden time to go—
  A moment lost, 'twill be too late;
So, while the outward currents flow,
And fav'ring breezes kindly blow,
  Go with the tide, to bravely meet your fate!

Improve the tide, and speed along—
  Borne out to sea, by wave and wind,
Your course will be both swift and strong—
The waves will murmur like a song
  Sung soft by loving lips left far behind.

Oh! ye, who stand beside the sea
  Of life, to watch the rising tide,
Oh! wait there, patiently, beside
  The main, mysterious and wide,
(Though long your waiting prove to be)
  Until the tide begins to flow
  Onward, with silent pace, and slow;
Then launch your bark upon its breast,
Bound for the haven of the blest—
  And, borne along by wind and tide,
  At last it will securely ride
In God's eternal bay of rest!

FAITHFUL.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The moon launched forth her bright canoe,
And drifted o'er a sea of blue,
While from its sides the lustrous spray
Came glancing down in many a ray;
The stars, like beacons, came in sight,
To guide the fairy boat aright.

'Twas such a night when thou and I
Plighted our troth beneath the sky;
Thy hand within my own was pressed,
Thy head reclined upon my breast:
And there we vowed, with trem'lous breath,
We would be "faithful unto death!"

The moon was young, and so were we;
Thine eyes were bright as stars to me—
And love's fair banners were unfurled
When we went out to fight the world:
And we are happy, love, to-night—
Our hearts have known no waning light.

The moon will fade, and so must we;
But love our firmament shall be—
Within our hearts, his faithful ray
Will drive all gloomy doubts away—
Augment our joys, assuage our woes,
And shine unfailing till life's close.

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THE AWAKENING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THEREMIN.

Wife.—Thou hast slept well?

Husband.—As never before. Not even in childhood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father—thou remeberest him well—when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were waiting for him, used to say, in answer to our inquiry how he had slept, "Like the blessed." Like the blessed, I might say, have I slept; or, rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself new quickened, as if all weariness, and all need of sleep were gone forever. Such vigor is in my limbs, such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly, if I would.

W.—And you are pleased with this place?

H.—Indeed, I must say, we have been in many a beautiful place together; but this is wonderful and beautiful beyond description. What trees! actually heaven high! They bear blossoms and fruit together. Their branches, swaying to the morning wind, cause the tree tops all to give forth melody, as if a host of feathered singers dwelt in them. Behind the trees the mountains tower up. Their majestic forms rigidly defined in the pure air, and here and there clouds, glowing with all the hues of sunrise and sunset, stretch along their sides, or float over their summits. Upon the highest peak, out of a milk white, translucent, shimmering mist, there spring, as it were, the gates, and towers, and palaces of a splendid city. From this peak, nearest us, there seems to gush a mighty water, which I may call a sea rather than a stream, and which, nevertheless, leaps down the numerous terraces of the mountain, not with fearful roaring, but with a melodious sound. Wide about us are sprinkled the drops, which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstasy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriant and how thickly strown with wonderful flowers! We wonder over it, and yet the spires of grass are not broken; nor are the flowers crushed by our footsteps. It is a solitary place; yet on all sides vistas open to us, and the horizon tempts us ever further and further on.

W.—Hast thou seen all this often before, or dost thou see it to-day for the first time?

H.—Notwithstanding all is so home-like to me here, and though everything greets me as something long beloved, yet, when I think of it, I must say, No, I have never been here before.

W.—And dost thou not wonder to see me again at thy side?

H.—Indeed! And hast thou not, somehow, always been near me?

W.—In a certain sense, I have; but in another, not so. It is long since thine eyes have seen me. I disappeared from them once.

H.—Ah! now there sweeps over my memory, as it were a dark cloud—days of anxiety, and nights spent in weeping—only the painful thoughts and emotions which so recently absorbed me. Now they elude my grasp—I cannot distinctly comprehend them—they appear to me something mysterious.

W.—Think on the fourteenth of February!

H.—How, now, it is all clear to me! It was near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. We had feared much for thee; but still had hope. Suddenly a faintness came over thee: thou didst lean thy head upon my breast; didst sink back, with a deep sigh; thou diedst—yes, it is all over: thou art dead!

W.—I am dead; yet see—I live!

H.—If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream?

W.—Thou dreamest not; for thou art awake!

H.—Or art thou sent down from heaven to earth, that I should see thee again, for a short time, and then anew, through long years, lament thy disappearance?

W.—No; henceforth we shall never separate. I am, indeed, sent to thee; but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here! Where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, such waters? Look at thyself! Thou didst go about yonder, beneath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk—thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself! Has it always been with thy heart as now?

H.—Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever-swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I

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feel thy hand in mine, then I must say I am blessed—I am in heaven.

W.—Thou art.

H.—And, then, must I be actually dead?

W.—Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought? Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not, by day and night, found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forthwelling tears? Was there not a deep mist, and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over everything around thee?

H.—I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank Thee that Thou hast fulfilled this so great thing in me—that Thou hast led me to such high happiness, to such great honor—*dead, and happy to be dead!* Thou knowest, oh! Lord! how often that moment stood before me! how often I have prayed that Thou Thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare for that hour! that Thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death! Now, oh! Lord! that Thou hast heard this, as all my other prayers, Thou hast in this, as in all things, eternally shown Thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is; but this much I know: death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright garden, so hast Thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.

W.—Whither wouldst thou go?

H.—Canst thou ask? To whom else but to Him? All is beautiful and lovely here: these trees, these flowers, this down-streaming water, this coolness which breathes over flowers, and trees, and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which, after so long a separation, after so many tears, I enjoy again. But not even all this satisfies me. HIMSELF I must see! Let Him adorn His heaven as beautifully as He may—that cannot compensate for the loss of His presence.

What was impossible, He has made possible! So long, so unweariedly, so faithfully has He worked in me, that I might be capable of bliss! Even before I was born He chose me. Where is the little earth? Yonder it spins. How far from here! In what darkness it is veiled! I would not again return to it. He has condescended to go down thither—has trod its dust with His sacred feet—has endured hunger and thirst—has died. Ah! He will quicken my vision that I may pierce deeper than heretofore the abyss of His death pains. There He won me for His own; and that I, His dearly purchased one, should not again be lost to Him, He has, from my earliest years, given me His ceaseless care. Much that he has done for me have I already learned upon the earth—now I know more; and I shall know still more in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong; my heart will burst; I must away to Him, thank Him—if I am capable of thanking Him—if in this overpowering bliss thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W.—Thou wilt see Him, but not until He comes to thee. Until then be patient. I am sent to thee to tell thee that such is His will.

H.—Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to His without a struggle. I had thought it wholly insupportable not to see Him here. Yet I not only bear it, but bear it cheerfully. He wills this—I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from Him, then must He have spoken with thee. He has already spoken many words with thee?

W.—Already many.

H.—Oh, thou truly blessed one! canst thou tell how it was with thee, when He, for the first time, spake with thee?

W.—As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.

H.—As thou sawest Him for the first time, didst thou instantly recognize Him?

W.—Instantly.

H.—How? By that particular glory in which He outshines all angels?

W.—He has no need to clothe himself in splendor; we know Him without that.

H.—Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognize Him, without any one saying to me, That is He?

W.—Thine own heart will tell thee.

H.—How will He really seem to me—severe or gentle? Below, when I cried to Him out of the darkness of my earth life, He often answered me with sternness.

W.—There below He is constrained to do this with His best beloved. Here it is no longer necessary; here there is no need that He should do violence to His own heart; He can give free expression to His love. This love is infinite; on earth we could not fathom it, as little can we do so here.

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H.—Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness?

W.—In endless degrees; but then the highest are even as the most lowly; so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does He require of them; for He who ranks above the highest is Himself the humblest of all. So, then, these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all one in Him.

H.—Lo, I have often thought me, if I only reach heaven, only dwell not with the enemies of the Lord, I shall be content to be the very least of all there. Thou, methought, wouldst soar in a much higher circle, and our children also when they left the earth. But then if only once in a thousand years I might be counted worthy to see the Lord—still methought it would be enough for me.

W.—Be trustful. Whom He receives, He receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way He has called us in His word?

H.—Well do I know all that, and I see with what glory and honor He has crowned thee. Between thine image in thy last sickness, and that which now stands revealed to me; between that perishable flower and the heavenly blossom—what a difference! No, this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade; this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here, thou wilt show me the glory of these heavenly mansions, and also wilt lead me to those other blessed ones who are dear to me.

W.—Thou wilt see them as soon as thou hast seen the Lord.

H.—How delightful was it of old when we sought our aged father in his cot! Our carriage rolled up; all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear, honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver, who could find beauty in a single spire of grass, who smiled at a brighter sunbeam, who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens, and adored the Creator of these worlds—what must he experience here, where the wonders of Omnipotence lie all open and unveiled before him! He who in the silent joy of his heart thanked the Lord for His beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary earthway—what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer! "We shall meet again," he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand, "We shall meet again, and together thank God for His grace."

W.—Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother also.

H.—My mother, who loved me with such unspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never known! I was but three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death-bed, and I was playing in the garden before the house, "What will become of my poor child?" she cried. Good mother! all that a man can be, thy son has become—an inhabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?

W.—It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

H.—Is X—— here?

W.—Yes.

H.—I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong: why am I here? But the dear souls whom I left behind me on earth, I would have some tidings of them; or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of reunion?

W.—This question thou mayest speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

H.—I do so; but I see nothing.

W.—Look longer in this direction—and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

H.—Perfectly. The place is familiar to me. It is the church-yard, where I placed thy mortal part, which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me. I often sought it, and, kneeling upon the grave, raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both are now. Among the beautiful trees and flowers, I thought, may she be wandering there, among trees and flowers, shall her body rest here. So a flower-garden, and a wilderness of blossoms sprung up, and every beautiful thing which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

W.—I knew it well. Look thitherward now. What seest thou?

H.—Near thy grave another is open. The church-yard gate stands open, a corpse is borne forward; our children follow. Do ye weep, loved hearts, weep so bitterly? Could ye see us as we see you, ye would not weep, or, at the most, only for longing. The body—*my* body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed, now rests my dust by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that heavenly peace which we enjoy glide to your souls. But return hitherward often and seek the grave of your old parents. When ye meet and pray there, we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth take His hand as ye go. He will guide you safely:

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your old parents have proved this! And one day will He bring us all together again.

W.—Amen. Thus it will surely be.

H.—Hearest thou those sounds? What may it be? Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea, and sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter, and float through the wide heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and enrapturing! What may it be?

W.—They are angel choirs, which, from immeasurable distance, answer one another.

H.—What do they sing?

W.—Ever of One, who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

H.—For some time already a form moves about there.

W.—Observe it more closely; and then tell me, why it attracts thee so.

H.—Pardon me, who am so lately called from the earth, an earthly, childish comparison. At the home where I was born—thou knowest it well, though, at the time, thou wast no longer upon earth—I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to its cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery, and many flowers; yet I knew every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it; each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it put on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully and grew thriftily, then found I a heart-friend in it. Thus seems to me that man is to be the gardener in this heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly, and in mildest radiance; but one can see that everything here is familiar to him. He casts around on all, besides, a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here. My heart! till this moment I have felt within me only soft, soothing emotions; but now a tempest is rising in my breast. I am dizzy; heaven with its glory vanishes from my sight: I see Him alone! Now pain returns again to this heart; yet in this pain there lives a higher blessedness. My soul burns with a longing to approach Him. Yes, He is indeed One known to me, though never before seen face to face. Now He turns hitherward, and looks upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself, I must away to Him! I must say to Him that I love Him as I never loved aught before! He raises His hands—how? In those hands a mark, and from the mark rays darting forth? Yes, those are the pierced, the bleeding hands! He blesses us! Deep in my heart I feel his blessing! Now know I that I am in heaven! Now know I that this is He!

W.—Away, then, to Him!

COTTAGE AND HALL.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

'Twas a fairy-like home that he made for me,
In a vale, where the roar of the dashing sea
Made music forever and ever for me;
A wee fairy home, one room and a hall,
Where woodbine and ivy crept over the wall,
And love dwelt within—oh! sweetest of all!

He whom I loved was a nobleman's son,
Disowned and disgraced for the deed he had done
In that he wed me, who was destined a nun.
His father used curses—my guardian swore,
And uttered anathemas over and o'er,
Until, to the joy of us both, we were turned out of door.

The Church, in its greed, kept firmest hold
Of all of my wealth, my lands, and my gold—
So I had but ten ducats when all was told.
My Carl had his cottage, his boat, and his gun,
His health and his hope, and the heart he had won—
The heart of his bride, christened Agnes the nun.

When Day from the bosom of Night was unrolled,
And the skies wore their daintiest azure and gold,
Then for birds, and berries, and flowers we strolled;
Or, when shadows had veiled the face of the sun,
When the morn was dark, or the day was dun,
We sought the sea-depths—and fair victories won.

Thus I was with him, and he was with me,
Neither alone, upon land or on sea—
And never were lovers so happy as we!
But death, sudden, stole the old lord away.
They sent for us both, to weep o'er his clay;
Then 'twas, "Lord, and my Lady!" from that very day.

Now I am the Lady of Ingleby Hall,
No woodbine creeps over the marbled wall,
No love dwells within—oh! saddest of all!
My lord is engrossed with his worldly cares,
And I am perplexed, till I wish, unawares,
That I was a nun, and saying my prayers.

But I am the Lady of Ingleby Hall,
Fashion and splendor wait on my call,
My princely grandeur is envied by all.
But I sigh for the songs that I used to sing,
I pine for the love that hath taken wing,
And pray for the peace that time cannot bring.

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THE MURRAYS OF MURRAY HOUSE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "KATE AYLESFORD," "THE OLD STONE MANSION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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XVI. THE PROVOST-MARSHAL.

THE provost-marshal's prison stood in Sixth street below Walnut, and to that place we must now conduct the reader, for it was here that Hector was confined.

Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, has said that "the annals of civilized nations furnish nothing more inhuman toward the captives of war than the prison-ships of England;" and the jail in question was quite as worthy of this anathema as the worst of the prison-ships. As we have already hinted, Sir William Howe loved his own comfort too much to disturb himself about his minor duties; and hence his provost-marshal exercised almost unchecked control over prisoners. This officer was the notorious Major Cunningham, whose cruelties in New York and Philadelphia have made his name infamous. He was one of those moral monsters, who enjoyed inflicting pain merely for the sake of witnessing the agonies of his victims. In earlier times he would have made a fitting tool to superintend the rack, or light the fires of a Spanish Inquisition.

On the afternoon of the day, on which Helen and Mrs. Martin had visited head-quarters, this functionary was passing through the court-yard of the jail, which, at this hour, was crowded with such prisoners as were allowed to take a few minutes' recreation, at sunset, in the open air. His person was burly and coarse; his dress negligent; and he walked with a low swagger. In years he seemed about sixty. Excesses of various kinds, however, might have increased his apparent age. It would have been difficult to imagine a face more repulsive. Big, bushy eye-brows; inflamed cheeks; sensual lips; and a low forehead, made up a countenance that was rendered even more brutal-looking by the cold sneer, and relentless eyes. As he walked, he carried in his hand a small switch, with which he struck such prisoners as happened to be in his way, laughing, with savage glee, if they started with surprise and pain, or swearing at them, in a strong Irish accent, if they did not move quick enough for his wishes.

At last he reached the lower end of the court-yard, the prisoners scowling after him as he passed, and was about entering a door, which conducted to some of the cells, when his attention was attracted toward a group of men crouching in a corner. This group was composed of soldiers of the continental army, poor, ragged creatures, in whose gaunt and sickly faces hunger, if not positive famine, was written. On seeing the approach of their tormentor, they huddled close together, and appeared to have some object which they were endeavoring to hide from his inspection. His quick eye caught this suspicious movement, and, though his hand was already on the handle of the door, he turned short around and strode toward the group.

"What have we here?" he cried, striking a smart blow on the nearest prisoner, an action which compelled the man to start aside, giving the provost-marshal a view of the object the soldiers had been trying to conceal. "A pail of broth, I declare! Why, you cursed rebels, how dare you be eating in this way, when, if you had your deserts, you'd be kicking from a gallows' beam? Broth, indeed!"

The captives, cowed by long imprisonment, by harsh usage, but most of all by starvation, shrank before him, only one of the number venturing even to reply. This man, throwing one arm around the pail, as a father would protect his child, looked up and answered,

"We are half-dead with hunger, sir, and this broth has been kindly sent us from the town. We didn't know it was against the regulations."

"Sent you from the town!" he cried, in a rage, kicking the vessel over. "I'll have no such rebel sympathizing. There, eat now, if you can."

The poor prisoners saw, with dismay, their coveted meal pouring over the pavement. Their gaunt, wolfish eyes grew larger as they looked. For a moment they hesitated. But the pangs of hunger were too much for them. They gazed irresolutely at one another, then suddenly threw themselves on their knees and strove to lap up the broth with their tongues.

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"Ha! ha!" laughed their persecutor, keenly relishing the sight, "how the rebel dogs fight for it! But look ye," he added, kicking one of them forward on his face, "none of this again." And, so speaking, he continued his progress.

A turnkey was waiting in the corridor. This man he directed to unlock a door before him. The next moment he stood in our hero's cell.

It was a small, damp apartment, with a brick floor, a grated window, and a low bedstead in one corner: altogether as cheerless a room as could be imagined. Hector had been sitting on the bed, his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands; but when he heard the key turn in the lock, he rose, shook off all appearance of depression, and confronted his jailor.

Cunningham looked around the room, and then on the prisoner.

"A lucky fellow you are," he said, "my young game-cock. I'd like to know how it is you've managed to interest them so at headquarters. Here am I told to put you in this, one of the best rooms we have, when it's usual to give a spy a cell underground, such as you enjoyed at first, and good enough it was too. But Major Andre must have his way. It's well all are not so chicken-hearted as he is, or the service would go to the dogs."

Hector listened to this tirade in calm dignity. He had been informed of his sentence several hours before, and had been endeavoring to prepare himself since, as he best might, for the approaching change. We will not disguise, that, in those lonely hours, his fortitude, more than once, had nearly forsaken him. Death in battle he could have faced without a pang. Nor would death, even on the scaffold, have been so repulsive, if there had been sympathizing friends there to see how a soldier could suffer for his country. But to die unseen, or with no spectators but jeering turnkeys and a brutal provost-marshal, this was indeed terrible! He had tried to bribe his jailor to send a message to Mrs. Martin, for if he could see her, he thought, if he could give her a message for Helen, he should meet his fate with some resignation; but the petition had been denied. He had then asked for pen and paper; but this poor request also was refused. To his surprise, however, an hour or so subsequently, he had been removed from the underground cell in which he had been thrust at first, and which was green and slimy with damp, and had been conducted to the one which he now occupied, though no explanation had been vouchsafed of the cause of the removal. Left to himself a second time, he had tried to look the future in the face. But he found no consolation anywhere except in his religion. This, fortunately, did not desert him. A firm believer in an over-ruling Providence, and in the great fact that this earthly life is but the prelude, and, so to speak, the preparation for a more blissful one hereafter, he had gradually become composed, if not resigned.

It was from this mood that he was roused by the entrance of Cunningham.

"It is, then, to Major Andre, that I am indebted for this improvement in my accommodations," he said, his cheek warming with a color at the insolence of his jailor, though, in his present frame of mind, he had no feeling of resentment—"I have heard of the major's kind-heartedness before; but know not what claim I have on him: it is his generous character alone, I suppose. God reward him, with similar tenderness of conduct, if ever the chance of war brings him to my unhappy condition."

The provost-marshal laughed a coarse laugh.

"You may spare your prayers on that point, youngster," said Cunningham. "The major is not likely ever to fall into the hands of your friends, the whole spawn of whom we shall crush out before the winter is over. Better keep your prayers till morning."

"It is about that I would speak to you," said Hector. "Cannot I have a clergyman? I asked, awhile ago, for pen and paper, which was denied me. As you would have comfort, yourself, in your last hours, do not refuse the request of a dying man. There are those to whom I would send a parting farewell."

"As for the parson," replied Cunningham, "we have an excellent one here, one of our chaplains, a good, jolly soul, with whom I often take a bottle, and who will help you drink one, to-night, or to-morrow, if you need it to keep your spirits up; and, if you ask my advice, I'll recommend it by all means. And as for pen and paper, maybe, after you've seen the people waiting outside to visit you, you'll not care for it."

"Somebody waiting to see me?" cried Hector, in surprise.

"Yes! two women. One of them a regular-built grenadier, and the other, I suspect, a young and pretty one, but she kept her face so muffled I couldn't tell. Ah! you lucky dog, to have the girls following you up, in this way," and he poked his finger, with a coarse leer, in the side of Hector.

A flush rose to our hero's forehead. His heart was in his throat. For in the elder female he recognized Mrs. Martin, and the

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second, could it be? yes! it must be Helen, for who else was there to care for him?

The provost-marshal observed the agitation of his prisoner, and added, with what he thought wit, "Not that I will let them in if you don't wish it. I'm a man of feeling and allow none of my prisoners to be disturbed, that is, if it's against their wishes."

"Pray, admit them," answered Hector, eagerly, "and don't disturb us till necessary. It's the last favor I will ask."

"That's well said," brutally replied Cunningham, with a chuckle, "for you haven't many hours to live. But never mind, my young cock; I will make it as short, at the last, as I can; I always do for gentlemen. And now, while these women are with you, I'll go and drink a bottle with the parson, as I promised; and if he isn't too cursedly dry, and don't drink too fast, you'll have half an hour at least."

XVII. THE INTERVIEW.

We must now return to Helen. When she had taken the pass from Sir William Howe, it was with no other thought than of seeing Hector once more. She hurried home, utter despair at her heart. But gradually, out of the chaos of her mind, the idea rose up that he must be saved by some means. He should not die, she said breathlessly to herself. She knew it was only by stratagem, however, that his release could be effected. No prayers, no entreaties could induce her father to take a single step in behalf of Hector; and without the intercession of her father, Sir William Howe would remain inflexible. What, then, could be done?

She walked on nervously, sometimes by the side of Mrs. Martin, sometimes far before, turning a dozen projects over in her mind, pushing against persons who passed her, till the good housekeeper, utterly out of breath with the speed at which they had been going, clutched her by the cloak, saying, in a whisper,

"Miss Helen dear, the people look at you as if you were crazy. And maybe, if we walk slower, we can hit upon some plan to get Master Hector off. At any rate, we can see him, poor boy! and that'll be some comfort. He won't mind it half so much if you say a kind word or two to him."

Helen fell back to the slower step of her companion immediately.

"Oh! Mrs. Martin, if we only could get him off! We must, we must! At least, we must try!" And the despondent tone, in which the latter part of the sentence was uttered, told Mrs. Martin how little hope Helen really had.

"I wonder where he is confined!" she said, presently. "Could he get out of a window, if we took him a rope? You could conceal a rope under your dress?"

"Yes! But the windows are all ironed; for he's in the prison, you know, in Sixth, below Walnut."

Helen clasped her hands.

"There must be some way, there must be some way!" she cried, unconsciously accelerating her pace again.

"The Lord direct us!" said the housekeeper, striding along by her side.

The foot of Mrs. Martin was planted so firmly, as she trod, that Helen, in the high-strung state of her nerves, felt almost angry at such unavailing strength.

Suddenly Helen stopped. The tall figure, the masculine stride of the housekeeper had suggested an idea to her active brain.

"Mrs. Martin," she said, grasping her companion's arm, till she almost screamed with pain, "are you willing to run a great risk for Mr. Murray? I shall share it; but my scheme cannot be accomplished without you."

"I'd give my old, worthless life for the boy—God bless him!" cried the good woman, her eyes filling with tears. "But what's the plan, dear? I'm ready for anything. You see, I've not much head to think of a matter; but I'm not afeard to carry it out, whatever it is."

Mrs. Martin had grown loquacious with her new hope. But Helen scarcely heard her, so busy was she calculating the chances of success. At length she said,

"Have you another change of clothes here, Mrs. Martin?"

"Oh! I see, I see!" replied the housekeeper, a glimmering of the scheme breaking on her. "I can easily manage that. I've an old friend, in town here, where I'm going for my dinner, whose dresses I often used to wear, as she wore mine." She spoke in an ecstasy of joy; for she now considered Hector's liberation certain.

"Then be at our house an hour before sunset, and bring the dresses with you. Good-by, now; for we mustn't be seen together any longer than we can help. But, remember, if you're afraid of the risk, don't undertake it."

At the appointed hour Mrs. Martin made her appearance in Helen's room, where she found our heroine was waiting nervously for her coming.

"Now, my plan is this," said Helen. "You are about the height of Mr. Murray. You will put on your friend's gown over your own, and, when we are alone with Hector, we will dress

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him up in it. Your cloak, hat, and spectacles, added to this, will, in the dusk of the evening, make a complete disguise. If we can escape the notice of the turnkey, when we leave the cell, there won't be much risk till we reach the gates. Nobody'll care much to stare at two women——"

"If they do, it'll not be at me—at Hector, I should say—it'll be at your pretty face, my dear!"

"I only hope, for once, they will. That's a bright thought of yours, and, if it proves true, will take away half the danger."

"Never fear!" said Mrs. Martin. "It's not often they get such a sight in a dismal prison."

"I have engaged, in our interest, our old coachman; the one we had so long, you know," resumed Helen, "and who has been keeping a small livery-stable since he left us. I could not trust our present one, lest my father should find us out. Pompey has a big, strong horse—he says—a fast trotter; that is just the thing for our purpose. He is waiting now, in the back street, with a covered wagon, so as to take us to the jail without our being observed. If our plan succeeds, he will drive Hector at once out to Murray House, from which he can easily escape. I must have your pass to get by the lines, however; when we release you from the jail, you can get another. I've been thinking it all over, and I have no doubt, when everything is done and past, there'll be no difficulty in getting you out, especially with Major Andre for our friend. You won't mind, I hope, spending a night in the cell; for that's the most that can happen to you."

"I'd spend every night in it, for a year, if that would do any good," was the answer. "But here's the pass," and she fumbled in her pockets. "No, that's the one to let me into the jail. Ah! here it is!"

Their preparations were now complete. They hurried stealthily down stairs, and were soon in Pompey's carriage.

As they approached the prison, Helen's heart failed. All day she had been nerved up by the hope of Hector's escape; but now, after so many hours of excitement, she suddenly flagged, and was almost inclined to give up the attempt. She was sure that the plan would be unsuccessful, and that her fair fame would be in everybody's mouth, without any corresponding result. When their vehicle stopped, she trembled so that she could scarcely walk. Nor did the brutal looks and manners of the provost-marshal, who was summoned to examine their papers, reassure her. Ignorant of Helen's influential position, he indulged in a coarse jest at her expense. For a moment, with shrinking delicacy, she was again on the point of abandoning the expedition. But it was now that the presence of Mrs. Martin was invaluable. As the good woman had said, hers was no head to plan, but she was not deficient in capacity to carry out a scheme. In reply to the jest of the provost-marshal, the housekeeper had a ready reproof, which abashed and silenced even that functionary; and, while Cunningham was absent, she engaged the turnkeys in conversation, in order to divert attention, as much as possible, from her companion.

"This way now," said a turnkey, at last, entering the room where the two women had been waiting. "Major Cunningham told me to watch outside the cell, and not to let you stay over half an hour. So be quick in saying what you've got to say."

"Take heart, Helen dear!" whispered Mrs. Martin, as they followed their guide through the gloomy corridor. "We are sure to succeed!"

As the turnkey unlocked the iron-studded door, and stood aside for the two women to enter, Mrs. Martin drew back to let Helen pass in first. But the young girl pushed her forward, and followed timidly, while the great door banged to behind them, and was locked and double-locked.

Hector hardly saw the housekeeper; his eyes were seeking, in the shadows behind her, the shrinking form of Helen. He darted forward and took both of her hands.

"God bless you for this! God bless you!" he cried, looking into her face with his whole soul.

Helen's heart, which had throbbed so foolishly as she threaded her way along the passage, grew calm, now that the final step had been taken and that she saw Hector did not misapprehend her.

"I did not know of this till this morning," she said. "Mrs. Martin told me you were in prison here, and that——"

She could not, brave as she was, bring herself to speak the terrible words. Hector, seeing she hesitated, finished the sentence, calmly,

"And that the fate of a spy awaited me."

Her composure almost forsook her now. This uncomplaining resignation was more than she could bear. But, crowding back the tears, she said,

"Sir William Howe has refused to pardon you, though every effort has been made. But you shall not die!" she added, almost fiercely. And she threw herself on his shoulder. His

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arms were around her in a moment. He strained her wildly to his bosom. Then and there, he felt, they were betrothed, and that, come what might, she would be true to his memory.

"And you do care for me, Helen?" he whispered. "Then I can die happy!"

"You shall not die!" answered Helen, suddenly withdrawing herself from his embrace. "But no time is to be lost. You must dress yourself, as quickly as you can, in one of Mrs. Martin's frocks, and go out with me. There, you see, she has already slipped it off for you."

"Two came in, three cannot go out," he replied, looking from one to the other, and not yet comprehending the entire plot. "It is out of the question."

"But Mrs. Martin is to stay here," eagerly cried Helen.

"Oh! yes, I'm not afraid," said Mrs. Martin, "not in the least, not even if I stay all night. It can't be half as lonely as Murray House is, these winter evenings, with you all gone. Quick, Master Hector, quick—why do you shake your head?"

A faint smile stole to his face. The generous devotion of the housekeeper, the heroic courage of Helen, affected him indescribably.

"No," he said, "sweet as life is now, honor and duty are sweeter. I cannot accept liberty at your risk, my dear Mrs. Martin."

"Then they'll hang me with you," cried the housekeeper, doggedly.

"Mrs. Martin will be perfectly safe," said Helen, breathlessly. "I am sure I can get her released to-morrow. Do not let any false notions of honor keep you here. Time is precious."

"They'll be glad to let such an old cat as me go, I guess," continued the housekeeper.

"Do you know why I came to the city, Helen?" asked Hector, at last.

"Yes! Mrs. Martin has told me all," she said, blushing. "But you know now," she added, glancing up into his eyes for a moment, "that the report is not true."

"And the dear girl went, herself, to Sir William Howe, and told him you wasn't a spy, and why you came."

"Did you do all this?" cried Hector.

Helen answered by a look.

"Then do with me as you please," he replied, "my life is yours." And yielding to the housekeeper, who stood, holding up a stuff gown, ready to be his tire-woman, he continued, addressing the latter, "but I shall never forgive myself if I bring you into trouble, Mrs. Martin."

"For heaven's sake, make haste!" cried Helen, in nervous agitation, as she heard the turnkey pacing without. "They will come for us before you are ready."

It was not long now before Mrs. Martin had completed his disguise. As she put her spectacles, which she always wore, on him, she could not resist, even in those perilous circumstances, a triumphant exclamation.

"Well, I declare," she cried, "though I say it, that shouldn't say, I wouldn't have known you, myself, if I had met you on the street. There now, walk a step or two. Not such long steps," she continued, with a low laugh, "goodness me! they'd know you was a man at once. There, that will do better."

Helen was in a torture of suspense all this time. She feared the turnkey would overhear the good lady, who, in her excitement, was forgetting to speak in whispers.

"But now I must disguise myself," said the housekeeper. "I have it. I will throw myself on the bed, and draw the quilt over me, head and all, as if my grief, at parting, was more than I could bear. I think I'll even make the bedstead shake a little, with my sobs, eh! Helen, dear?" she added, with a touch of humor.

A knock was now heard at the door. "Time's up," cried the surly voice of the turnkey. The next moment the keys were turning in the rusty lock.

Helen's heart stopped beating. Mrs. Martin flung herself on the bed. Hector whispered a word of encouragement to his companion, and motioned for her to precede him, as their respective characters demanded. His perfect self-possession restored Helen's.

"Thank you for letting us stay so long," said Helen, engaging the attention of the turnkey, and slipping a guinea into his hand. "Go on, Mrs. Martin."

The turnkey, surprised by such an unusual gratuity, and suspecting that she who gave it must be of high position, bowed clumsily, somewhat abashed by her presence, and Hector took this occasion to slip ahead into the gloom of the corridor unobserved.

Immediately after, the door was heard to shut, and then the key to turn in the lock.

"Courage," whispered Hector, to his companion, "half the danger is over."

They soon reached the audience room, which, once passed, Hector would be free. The provost-marshal, evidently feeling the influence of the bottle he had been drinking with the chaplain, stood at the door, waiting to inspect them. But, fortunately for the success of the fugitives,

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his eyes, as well as those of his satellites, were monopolized by Helen, whose beauty was a rare spectacle in such a place, and exercised its softening influence even on those coarse natures. Fortunately, too, Cunningham, when half-inebriated, was disposed to be sentimental.

"This way, my young lady, this way," he said, under the influence of these feelings; and he bowed with something of the grace and courtesy of the real gentleman, as he tendered her his hand.

Helen shrank from the touch, as if it had been that of a snake. But, happily, she controlled herself before the provost marshal observed her disgust. Hector, on his part, would have given much to have knocked the brute down.

The result of all this, however, was that nobody regarded Hector, who was suffered to pass unmolested. Soon the great, outer gates swung open, and Helen and he stood in the open air. A minute after, and they were safe in the carriage.

"Thank God!" cried Helen, as she sank back, almost fainting, in the seat.

She soon rallied however, and, while the quick trot of the powerful horse came to her ear as the sweetest music, hastened to tell Hector of the arrangement she had made for his further escape.

The wagon now stopped. Helen looked out.

"We must part," she said. "This is our garden-wall. Pompey has the pass, and will tell the sentinels that his mistress is in a great hurry, fearing to be benighted, so, if you'll keep back in the carriage out of sight, there'll not be any more risk."

Hector drew her toward him. She did not resist.

"Till better times," he said, as he pressed a kiss upon her lips, "and till I can claim you as my own."

She leaped lightly from the carriage, and the moment after disappeared within the garden-gate, of which she carried a key. But, before she turned to close the door behind her, she paused for a look and smile at Hector, the memory of which cheered him through many a weary bivouac subsequently.

The foresight of Helen proved correct. Pompey told his tale well, and prevented Hector being disturbed, by averring that his mistress was tired and sleepy. So the sentry, merely glancing into the carriage, suffered it to proceed.

The next morning, soon after daybreak, Hector reached the camp at Valley Forge, just in time to contradict the report of his own execution, which a spy had brought out.

XVIII. CONCLUSION.

The good housekeeper did not long remain undiscovered. About an hour after sundown, the provost-marshal made his appearance at Hector's cell, accompanied by the chaplain, both feeling the influence of the potations in which they had been engaged. Discovering that his prisoner was flown, Cunningham broke into a violent rage, and, for a moment, Mrs. Martin feared some personal indignity. She stood up, courageously, however, telling the provost-marshal "to touch a hair of her head if he dared," for that she had influential friends, boldly naming Major Andre himself as one of them. But who she was, or whence she came, she stoutly refused to say, and hence Cunningham knew not where to send in pursuit of the fugitive. The housekeeper bore herself, indeed, with such confidence, that the parson whispered to the provost-marshal that the escape had evidently been winked at, in high quarters, and "that, for his part, if he was in the major's place, he'd be very careful how he meddled with the old woman." Cunningham, on consideration, thought it best to take this advice, and retired grumbling, but he sent off a messenger to Major Andre, immediately, to show that he, at least, had executed his duty.

We may be sure that the major took no hasty steps to pursue Hector. His duty compelled him, however, to acquaint Sir William Howe with the escape, which he did as soon as the general rose from dinner, for that high functionary never allowed himself to be disturbed, at this meal, by anything short of a great battle. Sir William was in a placable humor, for the port he had been discussing had been excellent; and besides, in his secret heart, he was not sorry at the turn which affairs had taken. "Well, well," he said, "it can't be helped, I suppose; we did our duty; and it would have been a pity, too, to have put to death the son of so good a subject as Major Murray. God help me! I wish this civil war was over, and that his most gracious majesty, or somebody else, would replenish my fortunes, which, for one so nearly connected with the crown, are poor enough. That last election contest nearly ruined me. Never stand, major, never stand for a disputed seat in parliament." So the matter dropped. The authorities kept their own counsel, for very excellent reasons, and Helen and Mrs. Martin kept theirs; and hence not even the judge heard, till long years after-

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ward, of the narrow escape Hector had made, or of his daughter's part in the escape.

Judge Erskine, true to his selfish instinct to be always on the winning side, commenced to cool toward the royal cause as soon as he found that the British would be forced to evacuate Philadelphia; and when that event occurred, he was prepared, among the first, to deplore the blindness of the king, the incapacity of Howe, and the folly of those who opposed the people. But though he was tolerated in consequence of these expressions, he was not trusted. His conversion was too late, and smacked too strongly of interested motives, to inspire confidence. There was even talk, in one or two quarters, of bringing him to account for his past delinquencies. It was said that he ought to pay, out of his fine estate, for his toryism. But some unseen influence interposed to save him. The judge never knew to whom he was thus indebted; but Helen did.

Major Murray remained abroad till after the surrender of Cornwallis. But his opinions regarding the war, and consequently his feelings toward Hector, had gradually been undergoing a change. He began to ask himself if the colonists might not, after all, be right in their sentiments, disloyal as they had appeared to him. Once having got so far, it was easy to see where it would end, especially when his sister was continually longing for a reconciliation with Hector. Accordingly, when Yorktown fell, he took passage for Philadelphia. Miss Gloriana had already written, by a preceding ship, to her nephew, who hastened to meet his father at the wharf, as if he alone had been to blame for the separation. Major Murray was surprised into a full forgiveness, in consequence, and wept on his son's shoulder, as Jacob wept on that of Joseph.

There was nothing now to delay the marriage of Hector and Helen. The ceremony, accordingly, took place in St. Peter's church, in the presence of all the fashion and notabilities of the city. The bride was dressed, so the ladies said, with great taste; but we will not venture to describe how, lest our fair readers should regard it as "perfectly hideous," a phrase which our great-grandchildren will doubtless apply, quite as dogmatically, to the style of this present June, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-two. We have seen a picture of the bride, however, painted about this time, which represents a face of the rarest loveliness.

The young couple lived at Murray House, which the major insisted on giving up to them; he and his sister remaining, however, as guests. After the peace, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Murray went abroad for a couple of years, and would have remained longer, but for the major's declining health. They were among the first Americans presented at the court of St. James, where the beauty of Helen attracted almost as much attention as that of the fair Gunnings had, a generation before. In London, they met Sir William Howe, who recognized Helen immediately. "Ah!" he said, "I knew how it would end, when I heard, madam, that you had outwitted me, which, to tell the truth, I was not sorry for, even then."

But Sir William and Hector had a graver subject to talk about, when they were alone together, an opportunity which Sir William soon sought. It was in reference to Andre, whose last moments chance had enabled Hector to alleviate, and whose fate he had tried, in vain, to avert. "*Non ignara malis*, my dear Sir William," he said, "you know the hackneyed quotation—I do not question the justice of his fate, nor see how, under the peculiar circumstances, even policy could have pardoned him—but I was once in a somewhat similar condition, though, in my case, there was no intention of playing the spy, and I could feel for him as others could not. I have no doubt that Washington, in his secret heart, would have been glad if Andre could have escaped. Ah! war is a stern necessity," he concluded, "and if it was not for the common sentiment of brotherhood, which mitigates its ferocities, it would be more frightful still." To which Sir William, more from organization, however, than philosophy, assented: and so they parted.

Mrs. Martin continued to officiate as housekeeper, at Murray House, to the day of her death, which was delayed till the beginning of the present century. She lived to see, in extreme old age, a daughter of Helen rivaling the early beauty of the mother, though that mother had continued, till the capital was moved from Philadelphia, to be the most lovely matron at the Presidential receptions. While Mrs. Bingham lived, she and that lady were the reigning toasts: when Mrs. Bingham died, Mrs. Hector Murray reigned unrivaled.

Judge Erskine survived to a great age, dying about the time of our second war with Great Britain; for these men without hearts, these mere intellectual machines, "burn to the socket." The latter part of his life was spent chiefly in his library. He could be seen, every day but Sunday, sitting at the window of his dusty office, a thin, bent figure, with the book held

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within an inch of his eyes. From early morning till late in the afternoon he remained at that post, acquiring information which he rarely imparted, for after seventy he never visited, and never wrote for publication. At last, one day, his seat was empty, and the heavy wooden shutters bowed. "Golly!" said irreverent street urchins, "the old judge has dried up and blown away."

His wife had preceded him many years. As she grew older, her naturally sweet character became even lovelier. In her advanced life her face was a type of the highest moral beauty, when everything is eliminated that is of "the earth earthy," and when the countenance shines with a spirituality that seems descended on it from a better world.

Mountfort, after his rejection by Helen, became conspicuous in what would now be called the "fast set" of the British officers in Philadelphia. He was hand in glove with Lieut-Col. Birch, and the cause of great scandal to the staid citizens. Indeed, his conduct became such that even the tory public, at last, cast him off, and Sir William Howe had to intimate to him that it would be better for him to resign. A year or two after he fell in a disreputable brawl.

Major O'Byrne, whom we had nearly forgotten, made his last campaign at Brandywine and Germantown, falling in a duel, the following winter. One of the cabal, that was seeking to disgrace Washington, happened to express his sentiments in presence of the major, who challenged him on the moment. The parties fought, and both fell, the major mortally wounded. His last words were to inquire if his adversary was much hurt. "He is dead," answered the second. "Then I die happy," said the major, the blood pouring from his wound, at the effort to speak, "I have rid the world of one scoundrel, at least."

Prissy married, after the war, one who was in many respects worthy of her. But even when she had become a matron, her heart would sometimes turn back, though for a moment only, to the romance of her girlhood, as we often, on waking, think, with a sigh, over a beautiful dream gone forever.

THE END.

THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

To-night the bleak wind sweeps the wold,
The cold, calm stars are bright,
And quietly they shed around
Their messages of light;
Not lovingly, but like the glance
Of some indifferent eye
That meets, yet scarcely seems to see
The stranger passing by.

To-morrow, on the battle-field,
Where war's rude weapons chase
The warm blood from the beating heart,
The life-blood from the face;
Will I be where the stripes and stars
Wave victory on high?
Or will I, mangled, bleeding, lone,
Lie on this field to die?

Must I look up in agony
Upon the dark-blue sky,
And count the smiling, glittering stars
With closing, death-dimmed eye?
And ask in vain for some kind hand
To quench my parching thirst?
Or staunch the opening tide that through
My ghastly wounds have burst?

Meanwhile the happy group at home
Sit laughing round the hearth,
And talk of joyous hours to come
When I shall share their mirth;
How well my fancy now recalls,
'Mid this cold Wintry gloom,
The light, the perfume, and the warmth
That fill that pleasant room!

The songs my sisters loved to sing
Are ringing through my brain,
And silvery laugh and careless jest
Are blending in the strain;
And other friends, my boyhood friends,
So faithful and so dear;
I'd like to know, if I should fall,
If you would shed a tear!

For I am young; my mother's love
Floats round me as a child;
When first I named my country's wrongs
My father only smiled;
My sisters teazed me coaxingly;
My little brothers sought
To imitate my martial dress
As if it were but sport.

Ah! well, this life is passing sweet,
So many cherished ties,
And all things seem so bright and fair
To young unclouded eyes;
But gladly will I yield it up,
My country in thy cause,
To place beyond the blush of shame
Thy honor and thy laws.

Yes, calmly on the coming day
My breast shall face the foe,
And where the fight is fierce and wild—
My trusty gun—we go!
Not to be hailed with hero's meed,
Where Freedom's trophies wave;
But bravely by my comrades stand,
Or find a soldier's grave!

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AN AFTER-DINNER STORY.

BY J. SERGEANT MEADE.

"You must know," said my friend Jack, "that in the course of my many wanderings about the world, I chanced once to meet an Englishman of the name of Brompton. He was a doctor by profession, but, like myself, being quite well off, did not have as much practice as he might otherwise have commanded, for he was a talented fellow, and one who had studied medicine with much zeal. Now Dr. Brompton, some two years since, arrived here in this city, and I straightway, as a matter of course, called upon him and offered him our hospitalities. He was staying at one of our principal hotels. To this place I bent my steps, and whilst awaiting in the office the doctor's appearance, in answer to my card, which I had sent up by one of the waiters, I amused myself, as I frequently do under such circumstances, by looking about and scanning the features of those around me. There were only a few persons present, such individuals as are always to be met with loafing in the halls of our hotels; and I did not find anything particularly interesting to engage my attention, until my eyes chanced to alight upon a man whom I had not at first perceived. I was immediately struck by his peculiar appearance. He was a tall, thin Frenchman, dressed in a rather shabby cloak, and wearing upon his head one of those impudent-looking military fatigue caps, which have lately become so common in this country. But it was not his costume that attracted my notice so much as his face, which was particularly repulsive, and not in the least degree heightened in beauty by a pair of coal-black eyes ever restlessly turning from one object to another, as if suspecting every one they saw of being secret enemies. Under his chin I observed a dark-red scar, which he had evidently attempted to hide by allowing all his beard to grow out. Unfortunately his stock of that article was very poor, being thin, straggling, and of a light color, so that a keen eye like mine readily detected the curious mark he bore. I was thus observing this man and cogitating who he might be, when a hand was placed upon my shoulder, and, turning around, I beheld my friend Dr. Brompton. After the usual salutations, the conversation turned upon old scenes and old friends, and, as is generally the case, we had much to say that interested both; so that I forgot, for the time, the presence of the man who had attracted so much of my notice, until, turning to leave, I perceived the mysterious stranger still present. He had drawn a chair close to a stove and was now fast asleep. I was about to call my friend's attention to him, when I heard the doctor suddenly give a slight exclamation as of one in pain, and, looking toward him, I became conscious that he was deadly pale and was staring fixedly upon the Frenchman. Before I could speak he whispered hastily, as he clutched my arm and motioned me to follow, 'Come, for heaven's sake, let us out of this place!'

"He was so earnest in what he said that I made no remark, but followed him mechanically up the stairs to his room, having entered which, he threw himself into a chair, and, drawing a long breath, exclaimed, 'Lock the door!' I did as he requested, and then took a seat opposite to him.

"'What, in the name of all that is sensible, does this mean?' I asked.

"'My conduct must appear very strange to you,' answered Brompton, smiling, 'and as I have acted thus it is due to you, my friend, that I should give an explanation.'

"He ceased speaking for a moment to collect his senses, and then continued, 'You noticed that man in the office—that Frenchman with the light beard?' 'Yes, I did, doctor. In fact, I thought his appearance was very singular, and was devoting my attention to him when you came down stairs.' 'I had a strange adventure once with that man. I saved his life—whether I did so rightly or not I have never since made up my mind.' 'I should like to hear an account of the adventure, doctor, for I must confess that my curiosity, this evening, has been excited to a high pitch.'

"'You shall hear all about it, and you will be the first man that I have confided it to. So to begin. You are aware that, like yourself, I studied for my profession in Paris. For two years I had lodgings in the Rue ——, not far from the Academy of Medicine. One very stormy night I took it into my head, at rather a late hour, that I would visit the dissecting

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rooms and pursue my studies quietly there by myself, as I knew no one would be about, except the old janitor, who was well disposed toward me, and would easily give me admittance at hours when it was not customary for students to disturb him. So I pulled on my overcoat, and taking an umbrella under my arm started out. A few steps brought me to my destination, and a knock at his door summoned the janitor to admit me. 'Monsieur comes late to-night.' 'Yes, Martin, I must trouble you to let me in. I have some very important work to do in the college.' 'Certainly, monsieur. Only too happy to do you a favor,' answered Martin, with the usual politeness of a Frenchman. 'But,' he continued, 'monsieur will wait a moment until I get a light.' With this he bustled away, and soon reappeared carrying a lantern. Martin's house was only a few steps from the college, so we soon arrived there. 'Is there any one else up stairs in the dissecting rooms?' I asked. 'No, monsieur; you will be entirely alone, and I wish you joy with all my heart, for a more disagreeable place I do not know of. Ugh! It makes me shudder to think of it.' Having uttered these words, Martin ushered me into a small apartment directly underneath the principal dissecting room, where he lit the lamp and then left me. As the sound of the retreating footsteps of the janitor died away in the distance, I settled myself into an easy-chair by the table on which the lamp stood, and, opening a large volume that I desired to look over before commencing my work, I was soon lost to everything but the subject to which my attention was devoted. About half an hour passed in this way, naught interrupting my studies save the wind whistling outside, and the rain-drops pattering on the window-panes. Suddenly, and from no cause that I could imagine, an inexpressible sense of fear came over me. I was unable to fix my attention upon the book, although I tried my best to do so. My thoughts would wander, and my imagination caused hideous spectral objects to flit through my mind. I could not divine what this sudden dread meant. I was never superstitious—never had allowed my better reason to be overcome by any marvelous tales that I had heard in the course of my life. Still, try to throw it off as I would, at this moment I was completely in the power of some unknown, invisible terror. Thus I sat benumbed, feeling at short intervals a chill run through my frame, when I distinctly heard a moan in the room above. As you may suppose this startled me, for I remembered well that old Martin had said that there was no living being there—nothing but the mortal shapes of those whose souls had passed away from this earth. Again I heard the moan, and then a rustling noise, then a step. Martin must have been mistaken. Some fellow student had preceded me and gained entrance into the building without the janitor's help. But how could this be? Martin kept the keys—that step again! My thoughts were interrupted by the mysterious sound, and I arose from the chair and took up the lamp intending to search out the meaning of this perplexing incident, when the steps were repeated—at first slowly, like one feeling his way, and then rapidly as they descended the stairs and approached the room in which I was. My blood curdled as I saw with horror the door swing on its hinges, and an unearthly object, clothed in the cerements of the grave, appear on the threshold. Upon discovering me the figure uttered a sharp cry, and, advancing a few steps, threw itself before me on the floor, shrieking, 'Save me! save me!' The tones of the human voice, which thus struck on my ear, reassured and gave me the welcome conviction that it was a living being who had thus unexpectedly disturbed my nocturnal studies. Still the emaciated form, clothed in its winding-sheet, the pallid face and blood-shot eyes gazing upon me, caused me yet to feel a great dread of my visitor. At length I mustered up courage sufficient to ask, 'Who are you?' As I spoke, the man lifted himself from the floor and answered in a whisper, 'Do you not know me? I am one whose crimes have astounded all Paris. You now see the murderer D——!' 'What, D——, who was hung this afternoon?' 'The same. But you seem to doubt me,' continued the man, as he perceived an incredulous smile pass over my face; 'perhaps this will satisfy you!' With these words, he unwrapped part of the shroud which covered his neck and disclosed a fearful gash. I started in amazement. 'Gracious heaven!' I exclaimed, 'how has this happened? The hangman has failed to perform his task!' 'Do not ask me how it occurred,' said D——, 'I had made up my mind to die; but here I awake from my fearful dream to find myself in a charnel house.—I, a living, breathing man, the companion of corpses—but we must not waste further time. Save me, for God's sake, I implore you! Give me clothes and show me the way out of this place, and, though I am weak and faint, I can yet escape!' You may imagine what a position I was in. The piteous accents of the man, notwithstanding his former crimes, struck a chord of sympathy in my heart. My feelings prompted

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me to assist him to escape. But again, would I be acting rightly in so doing? My mind was thus perplexed with conflicting reasons, when I suddenly remembered to have read in the paper, that the friends of this unhappy man had received a promise from the judge who had sentenced him, that his remains should lie undisturbed in their grave, and not be subjected to the doctor's dissecting-knife, as the corpses of many criminals are. And yet some of my fellow students had been bold enough to steal this body. Here was a loop-hole for my conscientious scruples to escape through. 'I will see what I can do for you,' I said. Never shall I forget the grateful expression of that man's countenance. 'God bless you, monsieur. Let me but leave this building, and France shall never hear of D——'s crimes being repeated by him.' 'Do you think you can escape the police, if they should know of this?' 'I am sure I can.' 'Will you promise me that you will leave the country?' 'Before heaven I swear to do so!' answered the man, in a solemn tone, at the same moment raising his arm on high. There was something in the criminal's voice that led me to believe he was sincere. 'I will trust you,' I answered. 'Here, take some of this—it will strengthen you.' As I spoke, I handed him my brandy flask. He took a good pull at its contents. But, my friend, it is needless for me to continue my narrative further. It is sufficient to state that I gave him some clothes, led him to the door of the building, and saw his figure disappear into the darkness of the night. I never heard of D—— from that time until this evening, when, to my horror, I perceived him sitting in that office down stairs. The sight has conjured up all my old feelings, and the scene, that I have just attempted to give you an adequate description of, is as vividly portrayed in my mind's eye as if it had only occurred yesterday. I must leave this hotel. For me to stay here would only keep me in a constant state of uneasiness.'

"'And you shall not stay here, doctor,' I said; 'my house is at your service, and I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not accept my invitation. But tell me this—did you never perceive any signs among your fellow students at the Academy, as if they were rather cast in a fog as to the disappearance of D——'s body?'

"'Oh, yes!' answered the doctor, smiling, 'two or three of them appeared to be very much perplexed, but they never confided the matter to me; and, as to the authorities, I suppose to this day they are not aware of the occurrence.'

"'Well, a still further question. How is it that your friend D—— escaped with his life from the gallows?'

"'His body, I believe, for some reason or other was cut down too soon; and, although the surgeon present thought him dead, D—— still had life enough left in him to frighten me out of my wits.'"

"And so ends the doctor's story," said Jack.

"For my part," observed one of the gentlemen at the table, Mr. Stubborn Fox by name, "I don't believe a word of it. Dr. Brompton sold you most egregiously, Grimsley. They don't hang men in Paris, they always guillotine them."

WHEN I AM OLD.

BY MARIA M. JONES.

When I am old—and oh! how soon
Will life's fair morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad fevered, earnest light
Be shaded in the darkened night;
Till, like a story well nigh told,
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will seem to me no more,
As they have seemed in days of yore;
Spring will her robe in vain unfold
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair,
'Neath jewels rich, or wealth to shine,
Is not my wish when fleeting Time
Shall place her hand, so strange and cold,
Upon my brow—when I am old.

When I am old—oh! how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams!
To think that time will surely change
This well-wrought clay 'neath Nature's range,
And think that Time will be so bold
To mark my steps—when I am old.

When I am old—all there will be
Left of this life to gladden me,
Is for to think my inward eye
Rests on a home beyond the sky.
Then life's last days will not seem cold
In years long hence—when I am old.

When I am old, and death is nigh
To still my form, to close my eye,
And I am slumbering 'neath the sod,
My spirit free returns to God,
I shall not weep to leave this shore,
Though I shall then return no more.

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TAKING THE CONCEIT OUT OF HIM.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"DON'T you think him handsome?"

The speaker was lazily lounging in a deep arm-chair, curling her hair round her fingers, and warming her feet at the furnace register. Apart from her, nearer the window, sat a young girl, whose whole attention was absorbed in the contemplation of a small miniature painting.

"Handsome, certainly!" she said, in answer to her companion's questions. "The features are faultless, the carriage of the head manly and independent, and the dark complexion and eyes suit the strong, well-defined features. He is certainly very handsome!"

"And yet, Caro, your tone implies something lacking in my Adonis," said Grace Lee, nestling down more comfortably in her chair, and evidently preparing for a chat. "Come, out with the objections."

"You forget, Grace, that I do not know your cousin. I can only judge of his features by this picture, and I have already passed judgment upon them."

"But?"

"Frankly, then, the face, to me, lacks earnestness and depth of expression; it is not intellect that is wanting, but soul."

"Caro, you are a witch!" cried Grace. "You have painted Warren to the life! My irresistible cousin has found his prophet! Now, as he has come home, probably fifty times as fascinating as he was when he left, I shall tell you his life and his history, lest he lay siege to your unprepared heart, and carry you off in his train of adorers."

A haughty smile was the only answer to this speech.

"Warren Lee was born in the good city of New York, as biographers say, twenty-seven years ago, one week after the death of his father. Left heir to large fortune, the only child of a mother who lived but to love him, it is wonderful that he escaped, so well as he did, the consequence of over-indulgence—ahem! Being weary of the biographical style, allow me to adopt the conversational. Cousin Warren was admitted to be as talented as he was handsome, and aunt Louise spared no trouble or expense in his education. He speaks several languages, plays on two or three instruments, has a good classical education, graduated with honor at college, and, for nearly five years, has been completing his course of accomplishments in Europe. It is now three years since aunt Louise died in Florence; and Warren, being completely *blase*, decided lately upon returning to New York, and will probably grace our parlors this evening. Now, Caro, don't suppose he is a shallow-pated dandy; because he is *not*. But all his talents were so praised and lauded that he has grown into the belief that he has no peer. A little humility would make a splendid fellow of Warren. But he has never had any will to oppose his own—any word but of praise or love—any call for self-denial; and what he wants now is something to take the conceit out of him."

There was a long silence. Grace fell fast asleep in her warm nest, and Caro looked with a new interest at the miniature. The heavy masses of brown hair waved over a noble forehead, broad and high, and the large dark eyes seemed, in the manly haughtiness, to scorn the vanity of waiting to be painted; but in the mouth and carriage of the head Caro read the effect of the life Grace had described. The smile was not scornful, but rather inclining to be supercilious; and there was too much independence in the attitude, when closely criticised.

And what of the fair critic, who studied so closely this "counterfeit presentment?" Caroline Farmleigh was not to be charged with lacking what Warren Lee wanted—earnestness. It was written on her broad white forehead, in the depths of her dark blue eyes, and the curve of her beautiful mouth. In every motion of her tall, graceful figure you could read that her life was one of devotion to some object: change it might, but she would find, you felt assured, something upon which to pour out the wealth of her love and activity. Every action, however trivial, was, for the time, her fixed idea. If she read, it was not to skim lightly through the book, and throw it aside, but to weigh each sentence, to ponder over style, character, or subject, until, without so intending, she could criticise or praise, with a judicious, careful discrimination rarely seen in so young a person.

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And now, in regarding this picture, she could not glance at it, pronounce it perfect, and throw it aside; but she studied every feature, till it became as a living face to her, instinct with the cultivated intellectual and dormant powers which she felt sure it covered.

The dinner bell roused her from her reverie, and Grace from her nap.

"Why, Caro! Still studying that picture! Have you lost your heart already?"

There was no tell-tale blush on Caro's cheek, as she closed the case and replaced the picture in Grace's drawer; but she answered, quietly,

"I was putting your account of him and his picture together."

"And they fit?"

"Exactly!"

The large parlors of Mrs. Lee's house were filled with company, when Warren came to pay his respects to his uncle and aunt, and receive his welcome to America. Caroline was standing near the fire-place, chatting with some of the guests, when the name fell upon her ear. Without seeming to take her attention from others, she looked at the original of the beautiful miniature. Travel and the gentle courtesies of polished society had destroyed the supercilious smile; and, as the graceful figure bent before Mrs. Lee, and the eye kindled with pleasure at his hearty welcome, Caro echoed Grace's word, *irresistible!*

"Warren is coming to stay with us," said Grace, as, a few minutes later, she came to her friend's side. "I am so glad! While you are here, I had determined upon a round of gayety. And he is a splendid escort! All the freedom of a brother, with the courteous bearing of a stranger! I think cousins are an institution. It is my beauty, of course, which attracts him to this part of the room. I heard him ask mother who that Juno-like girl in white was."

"Half the ladies in the room are in white."

"But not Juno-like. Toss up your head, Caro, and do the queenly and disdainful."

But Caro's queenly carriage was too unaffected and simple a thing to be in danger of becoming absurd by head-tossing or disdainful airs; and the easy grace with which she acknowledged Mr. Lee's bow was quietly dignified and becoming. Her simple dress suited her face and figure, and the rich coils of her splendid hair, unbroken by any ornament, made their own becoming coronet for her fine face.

All Warren's admiration for beauty was roused by the superb figure and face before him, while his vanity was piqued by the ease and dignity of her manner. He had been courted, had had little coquettish airs played off upon him, and seen an affected coldness assumed to lead him on. All the little feminine acts were perfectly familiar to him; but there was something new in this girl's manner. It was not indifference; for she spoke of the family's desire for his return, and her own pleasure in meeting Grace's cousin; questioned him about his travels, and listened with evident interest to his vivid descriptions of scenes and pleasures in the old world; spoke freely of her own desire to travel, and showed, unconsciously, in many allusions to works of travelers, how much the subject interested her. Yet he felt, as keenly as a sensitive nature will feel, that the calm, dark eye read him through and through; and he longed, with a new interest, to show the best of his nature only to her, to let her see that his intellect and education were peers to his face and figure. It had been the one aim of his life to please—and do not judge him too hardly if it was still his first thought to make a favorable impression.

"Gracie!" he said, the next morning, drawing his cousin into the library, "who is your visitor?"

"One of my school-mates, Warren, in the days of auld lang syne. One, who out of sore trouble, is at last resting, for awhile, from her sorrows and burdens. She is noble and good, as she is beautiful, cousin. A woman to respect and love. When she was but sixteen, her father married, for the second time, and his choice fell upon a girl but little older than his eldest daughter: a giddy, pleasure-seeking woman, who was jealous of Caroline's beauty, and ignorant of her duties to the young children. For three years Caro filled the most trying of all situations, the real head of the family, without any authority. Her father's comfort, the children's happiness and education, and the direction of the house, all were dependent upon her care; while her step-mother resented every semblance of usurpation of her right as mistress, contradicting all orders, and fretfully complaining to her husband at all times. For the children's sake Caroline endured all this. Her two little sisters were the argument which kept her at home, through this daily torturing life, until she was nineteen. Then scarlet fever removed both Ella and Clara to a better world, and brought Caro herself to the verge of the grave. She nursed them faithfully, and, when they died, hid her own sore grief under a cheerful face for her father's sake. As she slowly recovered from the illness which sorrow, overfatigue and contagion had brought upon her,

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another blow came; her father failed, and, unable to endure the trial of insolvency, committed suicide. Now came the most severe test of Caroline's Christian love and forgiveness, and nobly she bore it. She opened a school, and took the step-mother who had tortured her with every petty tyranny into her home, supported her, and tried, in every way, to show how entirely she forgave the past, and let common sorrow make them one. The poor vain, weak woman lived for two years with her noble step-daughter, and then married again. When Caro stood alone in the world, an uncle of her mother's died, leaving her his fortune. It is very little, just enough to support one person in comfort; yet she contrives to do more good, with her little income, than most persons could do with double the money. She has accepted my invitation to spend this winter in New York, and I shall strive most earnestly to make it a pleasant resting-place in her sorrowful life."

"'Tis singular how with such trials, wearing, daily vexations, she has preserved her quiet, placid beauty. Great sorrows sometimes leave that seal; but constant irritating trials rarely!"

"Because they did not irritate her. Looking above and beyond them to the object of her patient endurance, she did not feel the irritations of daily life. It was like a man walking to his goal over nettles, who could not feel their sting on his feet, because his whole soul was absorbed in gaining the end of his journey. As a child this was Caro's temperament. Once seeing the goal, all other objects were pressed down and made secondary till that was gained."

Warren shrugged his shoulders, as if he thought such earnestness must be rather a bore, and sauntered over to the window to watch for Caroline's return from her walk.

This station soon became a favorite one with him if Caroline was out. He soon found that it would require all his powers to win the favor he coveted of this queenly beauty, and piqued, interested, warmly respecting and admiring her, he exerted them all. Hours would fly by, unheeded, as they chatted, sang, or read together, and walks, drives, and out-door amusement were enjoyed more keenly when they were together. Two of the long winter months were passed thus, and the spring would send Caro to her New England home again, to loneliness and seeking for well-doing. Sadly, with a weary heart-sinking, she owned to herself that the prospect seemed drearier than ever after the winter in this pleasant home. She had become attached to Mr. and Mrs. Lee; she loved Gracie, and, ah! she whispered it softly to her own heart, she loved Warren!

Something of this he must have guessed, for, one morning, he opened the library door, as she passed, and softly invited her in for one minute. Her face lighted as she saw his, then saddened and paled slowly, as he told his love-tale, and begged her to be his wife.

"No!" she said, in a low tone. "No, Warren, I cannot, I dare not marry you."

He stood thunder-struck. He loved her so fully, so deeply, and he so believed in her love that he almost doubted his hearing.

"Cannot! *dare* not! that is a strange term, Caro."

"Forgive me if I have pained you by the word, but it is the only one which marks my meaning. I know you love me, I feel your truth in my heart, and it makes me at once glad and sorrowful. Glad, for I love you."

So simply truthful, so noble in her freedom from all coquetry and trifling, that his heart ached to fold her in his arms and lavish caresses upon her; yet withal so gently dignified, that he stood before her, waiting for her verdict, patient and sad, not angry, not offended.

"It is because I do love you that I dare not add one more happiness to a life whose whole tenor has had but one thought—self. Look round you! think. Is there one human being who can say they are better or happier because you have lived?"

"You are severe," he said, flushing deeply.

"Your daily life is one of idleness! Did God give you a heart, intellect, health, and riches, all to be wasted?"

"Wasted! Pardon me. I cannot think I have wasted either intellect or advantages."

"What do you do for others? What aim in life have you? All work for some purpose. Even the meanest day-laborer has some object in view as he goes to his daily toil."

"But I am rich! I have no need to work."

"No need to work! While there is poverty, crime, sickness, want, or misery on earth, all human beings have need to work. And you, with time unoccupied, high intellect, money, all that can be given to one man to make him useful, are content to fold your hands and say, '*I*—I alone, of all God's creatures, am exempt from the call to be useful, to do good, to live, that others may bless my name.'"

He could not be angry, though he made one effort to put on an air of offended dignity. He stood silent, conscience-stricken, for an instant, and then he took her hand, raised it silently to his lips, and left her. She did not rise, nor

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move until Gracie came in, asking, wonderingly,

"What have you been saying to Warren? He has gone out, pale as death."

"I have been taking the conceit out of him," said Caro, bitterly. "Oh, Gracie! Gracie! pity me and keep my secret! He has gone! and, I love him! I love him!"

"You have not refused him! Oh, Caro! I depended upon you to make a man of him! There are mines of good in his nature, crusted over with selfishness; and you have taken from him the only hope I ever saw rouse him fully!"

"Don't, don't, Gracie! I acted for his good only, I did indeed."

"Well, he'll be in to dinner!" said Grace, hoping that, by that time, Caroline would be willing to change her fiat. But dinner time did not bring him. Night brought a letter to his aunt. He was going South for a few months, sent his love to all, and requested her to forward his trunk to Philadelphia.

Three years, three long, weary years Caro spent in her quiet village home, striving, by every unselfish deed of well-doing, to stifle the longing in her heart, and in making the happiness of others to find her own. Winter had returned, and she accepted the urgent invitation of Gracie to visit her again, in her own house, and see the husband of her friend, who added his earnest invitation to Gracie's.

"I want Caro to-morrow, all day," said Grace, as they sat down to tea, on the evening of her arrival; "and, in spite of the cold, she must consent to drive over to B—— with me."

"The new hobby!" said her husband, smiling.

"Yes; and you must not spoil her pleasure by telling her anything about it."

"A little—just a little hint?"

"Not a word, sir!"

Caro wondered, but kept silent. The next day was her reward. Over the broad country road they drove for some miles, leaving the city behind them, until they came to a large, substantial brick-house, within whose pleasant grounds children were playing—little children, who looked with wistful eyes at the carriage, until they saw Grace, when they came forward to meet her, not with the bounding step of healthy childhood, but slowly, painfully—some moving on crutches, some stooping with hunchback, some limping along, yet all smiling a glad welcome.

"This, Caro, is what my husband calls my new hobby. There are here twenty-five children, taken from the lowest homes—I had almost said holes—of our city, who are lame or deformed, some born so, others made cripples from carelessness, or worse—ill-treatment. Here they have nurses, good medical advice and pure air, and, if cured, are started as apprentices in a trade. Even the incurables are taught basket-making, or whatever other trade for fingers alone they can learn. Come over the house."

From room to room they walked, admiring everywhere the neatness and order, the contented look of matron, nurses, and children, till Gracie stopped before a closed door.

"I am going to take you into the sanctum, the room where the head of the establishment transacts the business devolving upon him, and show you the picture of the founder, who, with a few others, supports the expense of the establishment, without aid from the public."

It was a head in oils, and Caro found there the soul expression, the earnest depth wanting in the miniature. Her eyes filled as she gazed on the noble face before her, and she trembled with emotion.

"Caro!" The deep, full voice was music in her ear. "Not because I am more worthy, but because I crave your help, your encouragement, and because I love you with an added reverence and tenderness, I dare again to ask you to be my partner, helper, and comfort through life."

"Warren!"

Only one word, and her voice failed her. She could only let him draw her into his strong embrace, and feel that the dormant good was awakened, the soul roused, the man developed.

SONNET.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

Oh! that I could achieve me such a name
As would exalt me where earth's worthies shine,
And fill the brazen mouth of bruiting fame,
That I might be more worthy to be thine!
Thou art to me a being most divine,
Who dwelleth, like a goddess far away,
Within the precincts of a holy shrine
Resplendent with immeasurable day,
Around which angels stand in bright array—
To guard thee from all sacrilegeous wrong—
And shining multitudes their homage pay,
And send up thunders of adoring song—
While I, too lowly to approach thee, stand apart,
Communing with thine image in my heart.

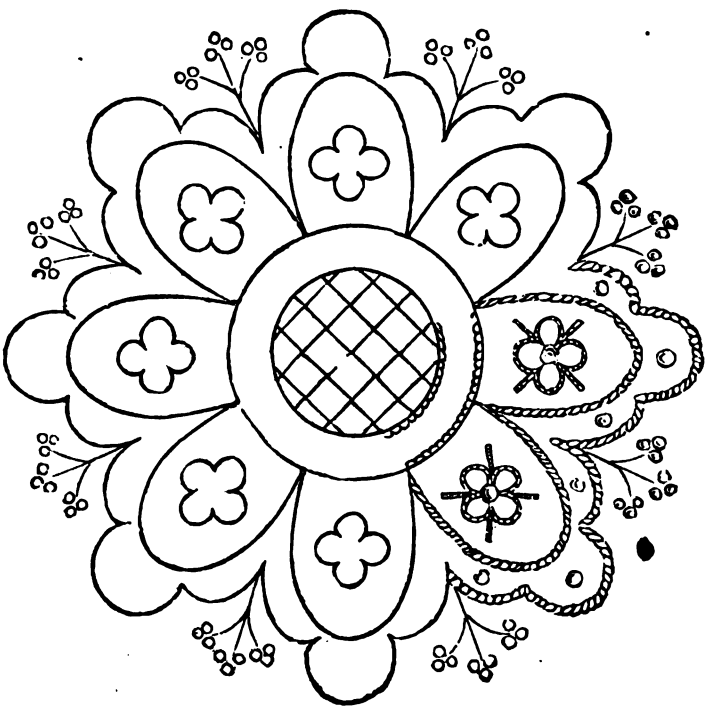
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PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS pretty Pen-Wiper is made of gray or drab cloth, the scollops are of violet velvet, applique, also the ring in the center, the edges of which are finished with a fine gold cord. The squares in the center, the edges of the stars, the crosses at the stars, and the stems of flowers are made of gold thread. In the center of the stars, in every scollop, and at the end of the stems are sewn black beads. Line the Pen-Wiper with pieces of cloth, a trifle smaller than the outside: pink the edges. Place a button in the center. The outside cloth should be lined with a piece of heavy cloth, and the edge finished with gold cord. We give, below, a full-sized pattern for this Pen-Wiper.





CHEMISE BAND.



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BOY'S JACKET AND PANTALOONS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

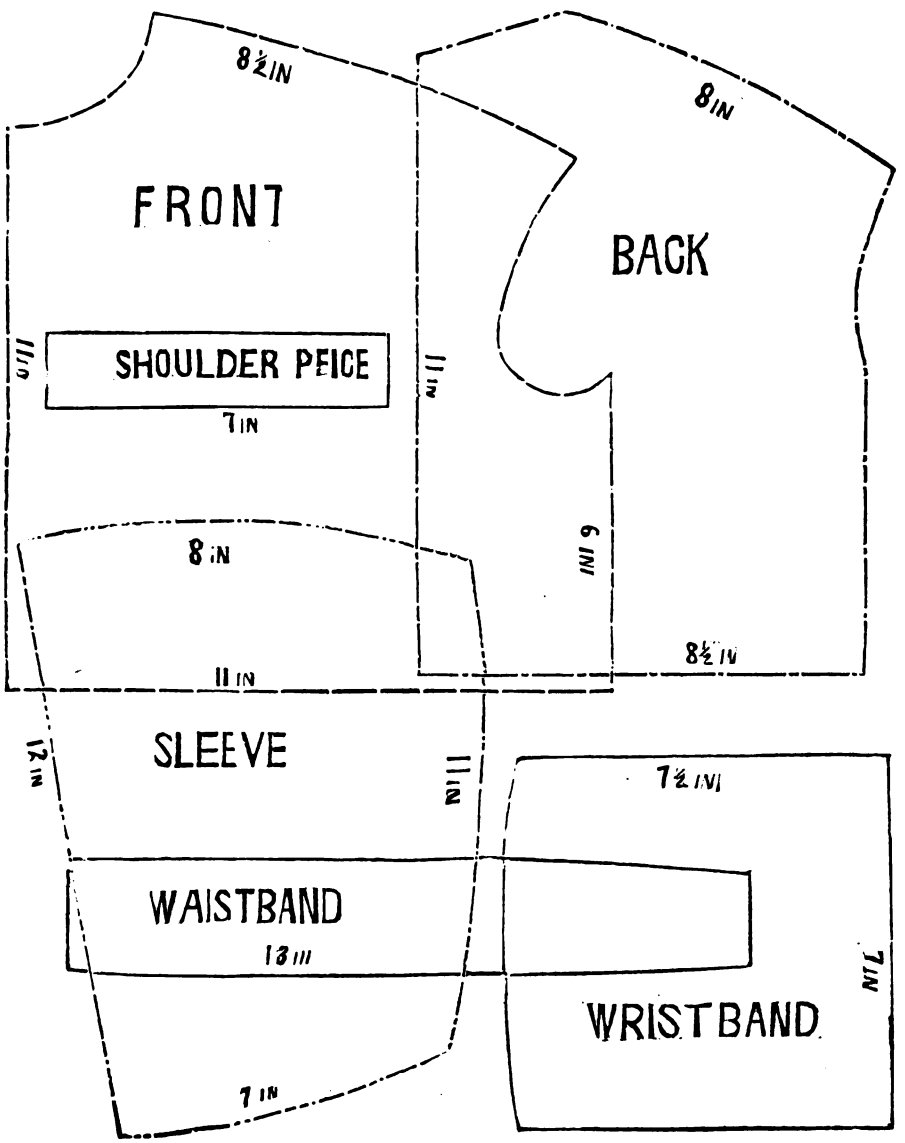


DIAGRAM FOR BOY'S JACKET.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a suit of clothes (jacket and pantaloons) for a little boy. This is one of the most fashionable styles this season. In order that mothers may be able to make the suit themselves, or have it made under their directions, we give, here, two diagrams, by aid of one of which the jacket can be cut out, and the

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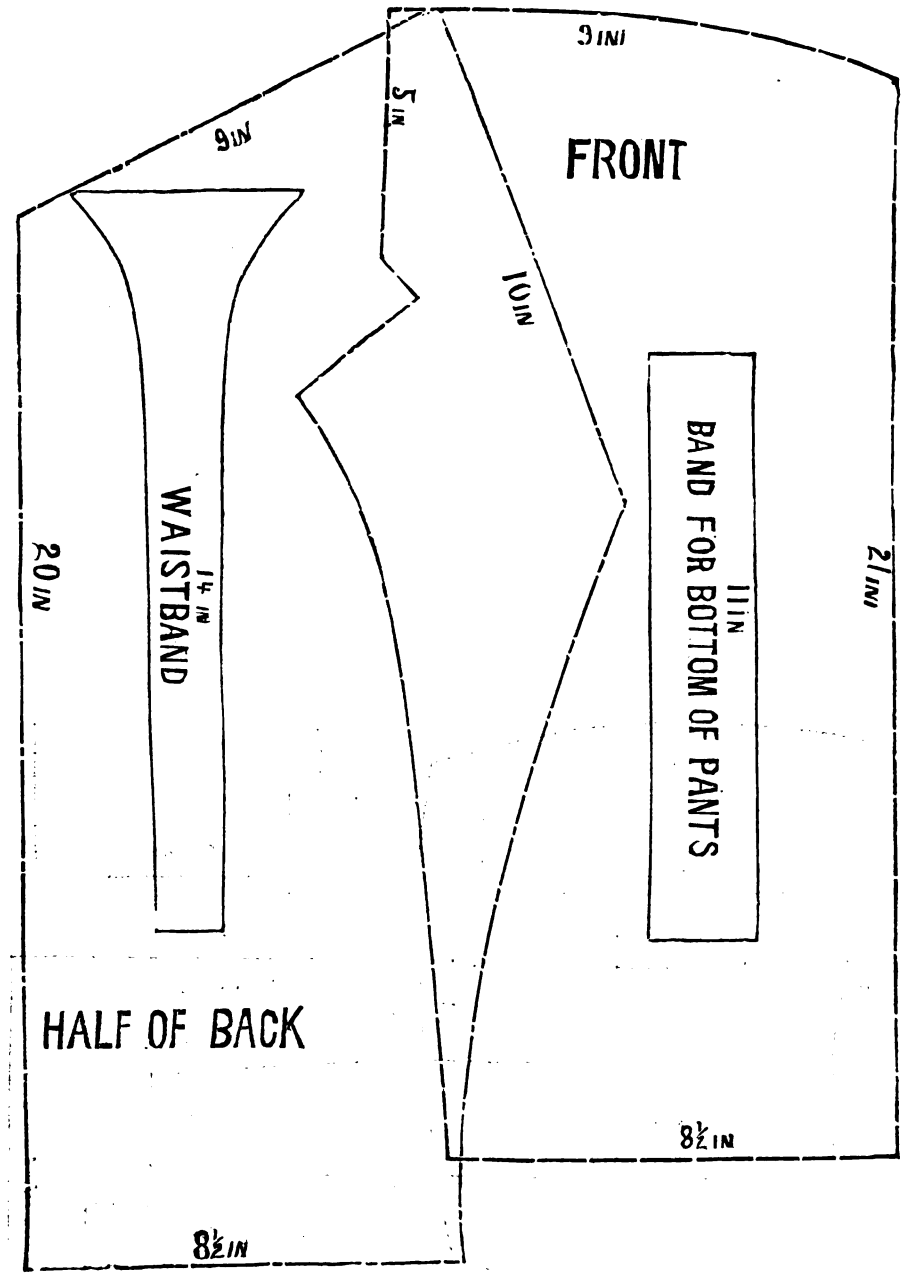


DIAGRAM FOR BOY'S PANTALOONS.

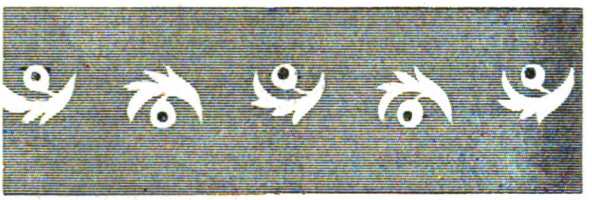
pantaloons by aid of the other. Directions for enlarging diagrams were given, it will be remembered, in a former number. The material for the suit must be determined by the taste of the parent and the season in which the clothes are to be worn. The engraving in the front of the number shows a pretty style for braiding these suits. The first diagram, it will be observed, is that for the jacket; the second is for the pantaloons. As this is the month for making children's clothes, we have selected quite a number of patterns, this month, for children's fashions, all new, pretty, and very fashionable.

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DESIGN FOR SHIRT FRONT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

EMBROIDERED shirt fronts are now very fashionable. We give, accordingly, a new design for one, and shall continue to give others, from month to month, in order that our fair readers may supply their brothers, husbands, or others with the latest styles of shirt fronts.



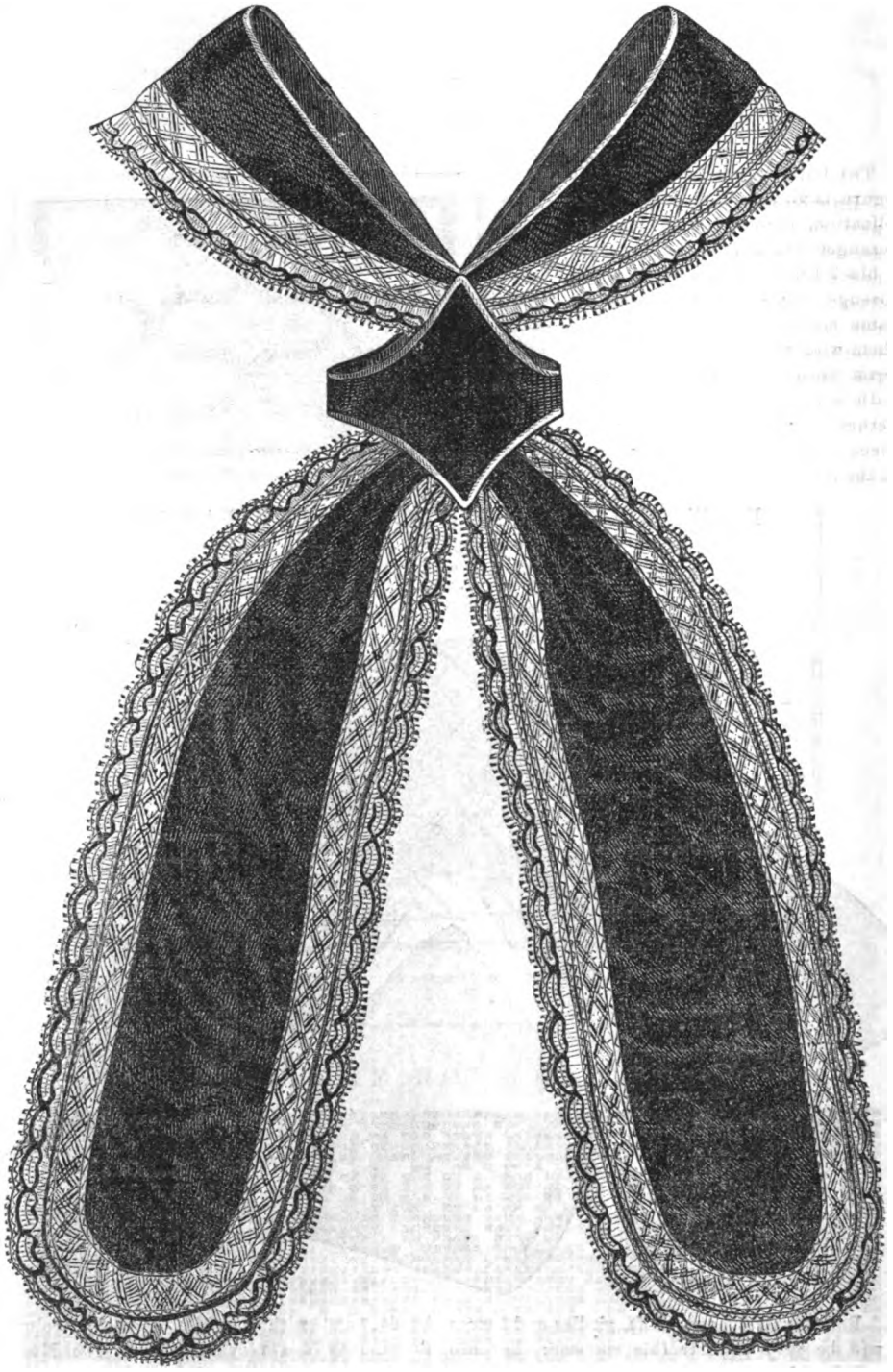
BOW, CUFF, GIRDLE AND BRACES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



BLACK velvet bows, cuffs, girdles and braces will be very popular this summer; they are articles of dress which every lady can make for herself. We give engravings of each. The bow and cuff are edged with white opaque beads; and with a white, or bright-colored dress, they are very beautiful. The Medici girdle and braces, given on the next page, are of black velvet and lace. The girdle, or waist-band, can be either laced up behind, or hooked

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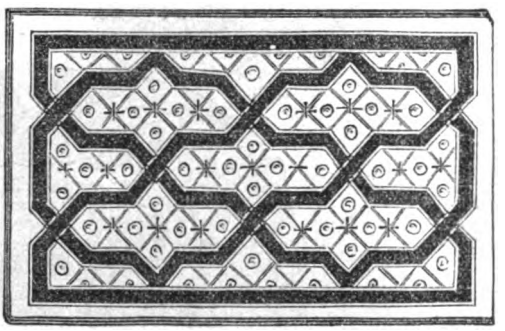
at the side under the arm. A narrow quilling of ribbon can be used in place of lace, if preferred. These are all very beautiful additions to dress, especially in summer.

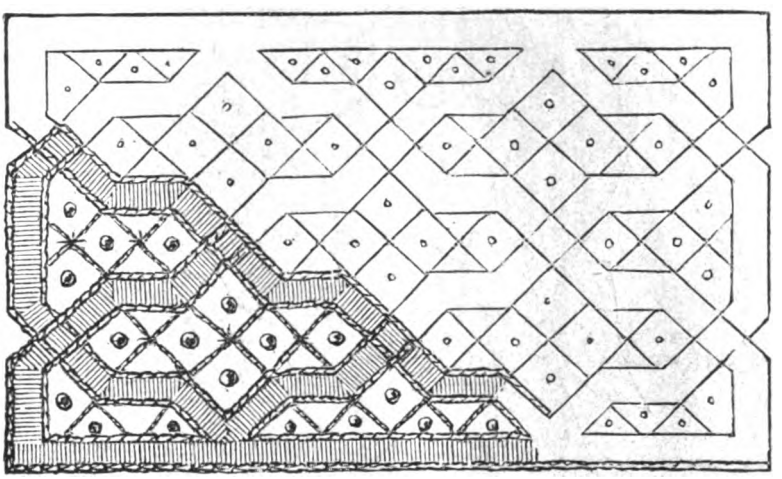
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CARD-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

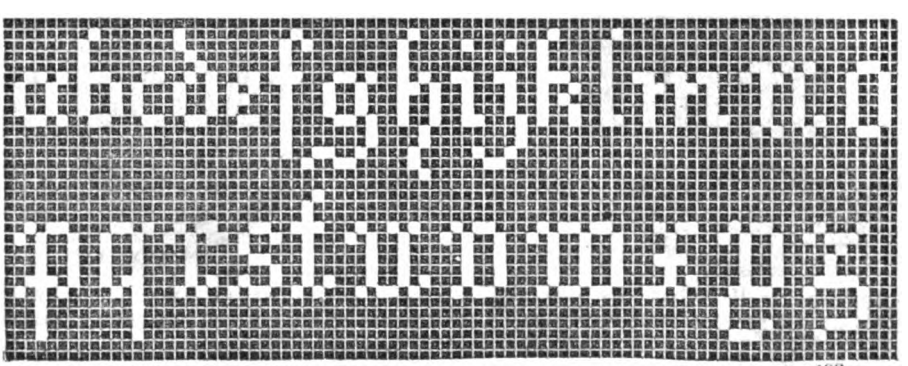
THE Card-Case is made of gray kid. The figure is formed of Solferino-velvet, in application, bordered with gold braid; the lozenges and crosses are in gold bullion; a black bead is placed in the center of each lozenge. Take two pieces of cardboard the same size as those of the outside; cover them with Solferino-colored silk, and overseam them to the outside; cover the seams with a gold cord. Join the two sides together with a piece of velvet. Attach a piece of ribbon to the top and bottom, just in the center. This keeps the cards in place.





PATTERN FOR SIDE OF CARD-CASE: FULL SIZE.

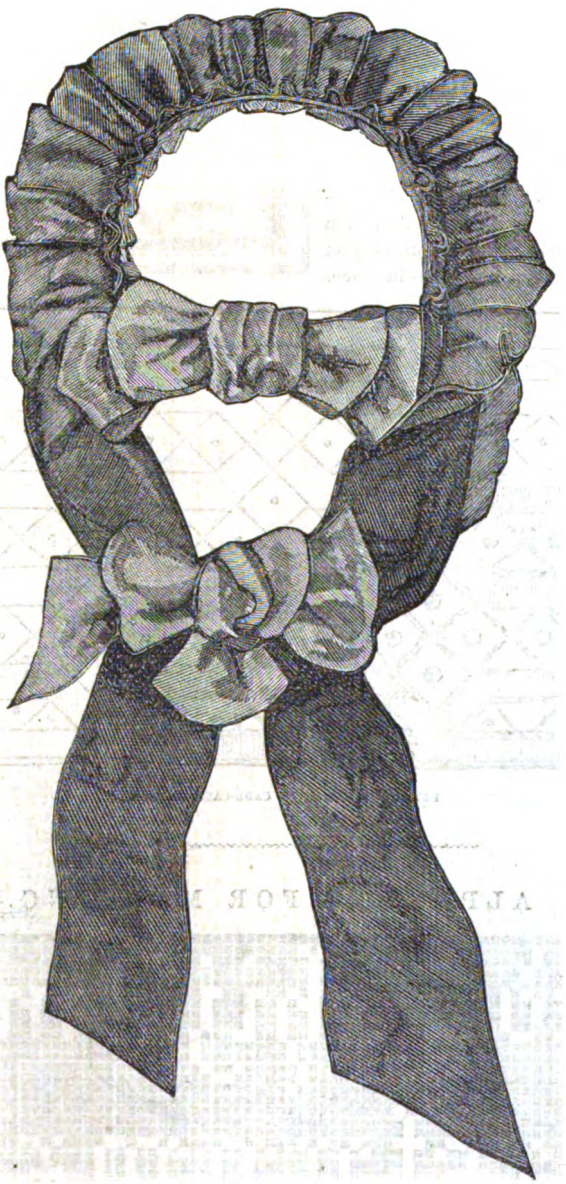
ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



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NERISSA HEAD-DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The Nerissa Head-dress, an engraving of which we give above, is composed of black and pink ribbon. This head-dress is made on a band of milinette cut to fit the head, and which is stiffened with cap wire. The upper row of ribbon is black and the

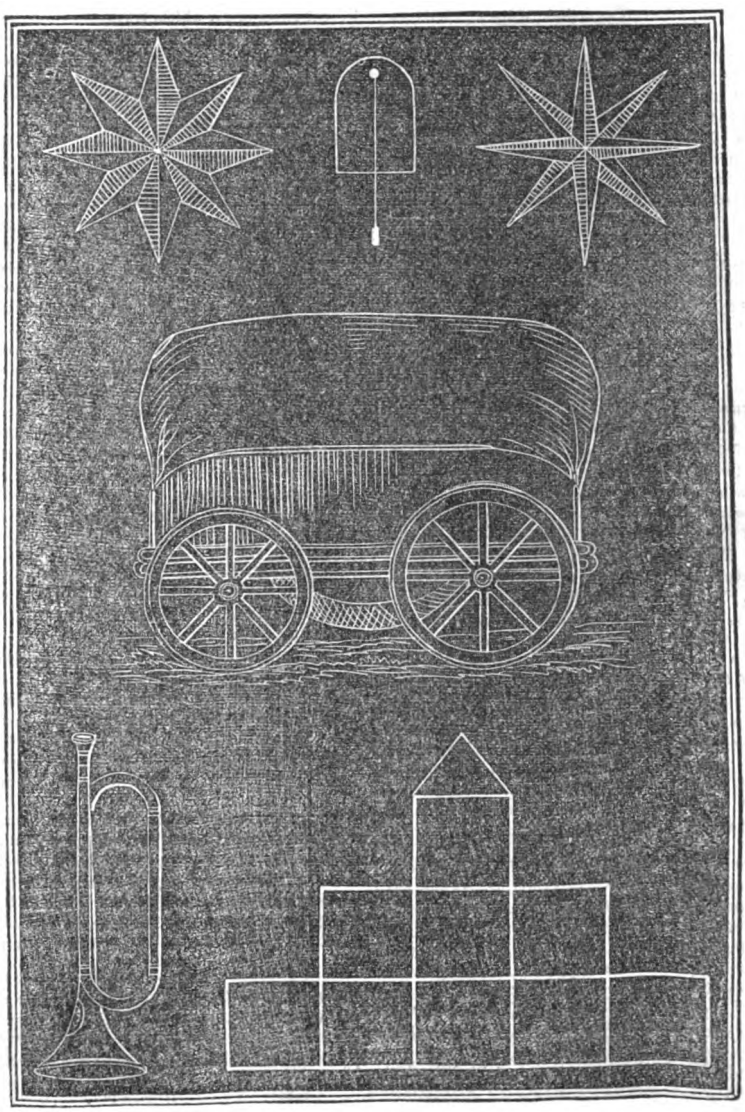
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under row pink, and both colors are put on in full box-plaits. The strings at the back of the head are of black and the bows of pink ribbon. The knot of hair is to pass between the upper and lower bow, and must, consequently, be dressed quite low on the neck. Head-dresses of this description will be exceedingly fashionable this summer; their comparative cheapness, yet beauty, recommending them as especially suitable.

We shall give another pattern, in a different style, in our next number; for different descriptions of head-dresses are required for different persons.

SLATE EXERCISES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY OUR JUVENILE EDITOR.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

GARIBALDI DRESSES. CHILDREN'S GARIBALDIS.—Garibaldi dresses still continue fashionable. They are particularly suitable for the warm weather, which is now approaching. For children they are even prettier than for adults. In the front of the number we give two engravings of new Garibaldi dresses for children. One is high in the neck. It is suitable for a child from four to six years old. To enable mothers to make it themselves we give the dimensions: length of skirt thirteen inches, without turnings or hem; length of shoulder, six inches; length of sleeve-band, ten inches; length of wristband, six inches; length of neck, thirteen inches. This costume may be made in almost any kind of material, such as mohair, mousseline-de-laine, French merino, tweed, etc., etc., but is prettier, and more stylish, made with a body of bright blue or scarlet, worn with any kind of skirt. The body has a pleat down the front, should hang over in a loose manner, and may be fastened up the front with hooks and eyes, or buttons and button-holes. It is gathered together on the shoulders to the length mentioned above, and gathered into the band at the waist, according to the size of the child. The sleeve consists of nearly a straight piece, gathered together at the join to the size of the band, and the band placed over it. This band may be trimmed with buttons or velvet, or both. The sleeve is gathered at the top and bottom, and is put into a band at the wrist. In sewing in the sleeve, let the band come rather forward. A sash is usually worn with this costume, placed on the right side. Now the warmer weather is approaching, our little dress will be found extremely pretty, and suitable for out-door costume, letting the child wear a silk handkerchief, or something equally warm, underneath the body.

The other Garibaldi is low in the neck. Its dimensions are: length of skirt, twelve inches; length of body, fourteen inches down the front, one and a half inch on the shoulder, and eleven inches under the arms; length of body behind, twelve inches; length of puff for sleeve, fourteen inches; depth of puff for sleeve, five inches; length of sleeve-band, nine inches. Take the pattern, in lining, of one of the child's low frocks, see that it fits nicely, and is sufficiently long waisted. Then cut out a high body, arrange it over the low lining, and cut it off round the neck to the shape of the lining, allowing it to hang, both back and front, nicely over the skirt. After gathering the top of the neck to the size of the lining, it should be corded, and finished off with a little worked tucker tacked down. The dress is made to fasten behind—the lining, by means of hooks and eyes, and the loose body by buttons and button-holes. The sleeve consists of a full puff put into a band, and trimmed with work. A small pointed epaulet ornaments the top of the sleeve. A sash is also worn with this little costume, which gives it a dressy and pretty finish.

THE SECRET OF A CHARMING MANNER.—Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine chats thus upon this subject:—"There are two sorts of fine manners—the one, which expresses an easy sense of fitness for every company, lofty, a shade supercilious, but really good; the other, which confers benefit on others, and which must proceed from deeper and kindlier sources than self-appreciation, self-respect, and the habit of good company. One which, if it does not imply a more excellent nature than common, shows a nature whose best qualities are now within our reach—a gift to society—the manner which conveys to us the idea that we are worth pleasing, that we have inspired an interest, and waked sympathy. We rise in our own opinion in such a presence; we feel ourselves appreciated, our powers are quickened, we are at ease, and show ourselves at our best. What is it that makes some women so charming—some men so pleasant? What quality that diffuses an aroma, an influence as of rose-leaves about them? that manifests itself in hands that receive us with graceful warmth, in eyes that beam with kindly pleasure, in smiles so genuine, so tender—in the general radiance of reception? What a benignant sunshine of welcome! how soothing to be cared for! how easily the time passes! And what constitutes this charm? for we are not supposing it to arise from any deep moral or intellectual superiority, which, truth to say, does not often exhibit itself in this way. Surely it is a natural sweetness, an inherent tenderness of sympathy—pervading rather than deep—acting upon a desire to please. There are some persons on whom society acts almost chemically, compelling them to be charming. It is part of themselves to meet advances, to labor in their graceful way, to create a favorable impression and to give pleasure; and yet, perhaps, our arrival was, after all, ill-timed—our approach at least was not welcome—we interrupted, we necessitated an effort. If at night we could overhear our friend's summary of the day, we might find ourselves classed as one of its troubles and hindrances: and, as we have said, we might unjustly feel a twinge of ill-usage. But is it not something not to have been made uncomfortable at the time—to have spent a happy hour instead of sitting on thorns, as with certain of our acquaintances we should certainly have been made to do? They are not necessarily more sincere because they take no pains to conceal that we are in their way. The kindly welcomer has been as true to his character all the while as our surly friend has been to his. It would have cost too much; it would have been impossible for him to be ungracious. Thus he is neither insincere, for he has sincerely wished to please, nor, what might seem the other alternative, affected, for he has been acting according to nature."

FLANNEL.—Flannel should be worn, in summer and winter, during the day, but should be taken off at night. In summer it allows the perspiration to pass off without condensing upon the skin, and prevents the evil effects of the rapid changes of temperature, to which we are liable in our changeable climate, when out of doors. In winter, as a non-conductor of heat, it is a protection against cold. At night the flannel jacket or jersey should be exposed to a free current of air and allowed thoroughly to dry; it should never be put in a heap of clothes by the bedside. Flannel is usually only worn over the chest and abdomen.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.—The best security against the depredation of moths is to place the muff, boa, cuffs, etc., in a glazed-holland bag, and tie them closely up. Supposing them to be entirely free from the moth when thus enclosed, no harm can happen to them, as these winged destroyers cannot enter to lay their eggs. The moths that fly about in the dark do not destroy cloth of any kind.

WARM AND COLD COLORS.—A subscriber asks the meaning of *warm* and *cold* colors. Warm colors are those which partake more or less of red; cold colors are those from which red is entirely absent. Blue is decidedly cold; so is green, in a rather less degree. The warmest colors are red and orange.

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"APART."—Under this title we find the following poem going the round of the newspaper press anonymously. Who is its author?

The homeless wind sweeps up the rack
From the waste of turbid sea—
I shudder to think that dismal waste
Lieth 'tween thee and me—
Lieth 'tween thee and me,
And the dun earth shrouds thy breast;
But I knew the verdant grass and flowers
Are tender of thy rest.

Heavily down on the eerie wind
Beats the frozen Winter rain—
It throbs, in the deep, dark forest depths,
Like a human heart in pain—
Like a human heart in pain;
As my own throbs on to-night,
Thinking of thee in the cold and dark,
And I in the warmth and light.

Never a message cometh to me—
Oh! how cruel it seems!
Never a word from the lost, lost one,
Not even in midnight dreams—
Not even in midnight dreams!
Oh! could it only be!
Send me a token! waken a thrill
Of the old time ecstasy!

Vain it is! wild it is! I will be still!
Dead feet never come back!
Why should they haste to the world again,
Out of the Heavenly track—
Out of the Heavenly track?
Ah! sinks my heart like a stone—
Thou art resting in Paradise,
I am wandering alone!

A HINT TO THE SOLDIERS.—The captain of the barge on an Oxford boat race, just as they are starting, gives each rower a little slice of lemon to hold in his mouth. He knows the philosophy: Anything in the mouth that promotes the flow of saliva, and keeps the throat moist, answers as well, or better, than drink, which often, in quantities, weakens the stomach. A physician, who understood these things, used, in his long drives, to take a clove in his mouth, instead of drinking frequently, as his inclination would have led him to do. The advantage of cloves is that they contain much in little space, and do not lose their strength. For the soldier they would be peculiarly useful, since they are aromatic, stimulating, and astringent, which last quality would tend to counteract that tendency to irritation of the bowels, which is the bane of the soldier's life. Half a dozen a day are enough; one clove may remain in the mouth for hours.

SKELETONS OF LEAVES may be obtained by the following process: Macerate the leaves in water, until they are in a state of putrescence or complete decay. The pulpy part of the leaves being thus destroyed, pour some boiling water over them, which will detach the soft parts from the fibres. If carefully done, the fibres will remain unbroken, however delicate they may be. To insure success, it may be well to do only one leaf at a time. The skeletons being obtained, they should be dried by placing them in the sun rather than at the fire, which would have the effect of wrinkling them and putting them out of shape.

A NEW VOLUME.—With the July number begins a new volume. For those persons who do not desire back numbers, it will be a good opportunity to subscribe. We are still able, however, to furnish back numbers from January, if desired, with the earlier chapters of "The Jacobite's Daughter," and "The Murrays of Murray House," complete.

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.—We have rarely published a more graphic engraving than this.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION.—The Dundee (N. Y.) Recorder says:—"Peterson's is welcomed to more homes than any similar magazine published in this country." That is true. We have now a larger circulation than any other lady's magazine.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Aids to Faith. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A collection of essays in defence of Christianity, written by eminent divines of the English church. There is nothing sectional in the volume. The matter is weighty, but the style popular. Such a book was greatly needed, for the assaults of skepticism shift their character continually, and Butler's "Analogy," as well as Paley's "Evidences," though they refuted the infidels of the last century, did not entirely meet the objections of disbelievers in this. It has been the fashion, within the last generation, for second-rate men of science to affect incredulity as to revealed religion, on account of presumed inconsistencies between the Mosaic record of the Creation and what they fancied to be the teachings of geology. These pretenders, with their "little learning," which Pope pronounced so "dangerous a thing," are utterly demolished by more than one of the essays before us. No true believer, indeed, requires the aid of such arguments to strengthen his or her faith; but it is wise to have a book of this kind at hand in order to silence skeptics.

A Book About Doctors. By J. Cordy Jeaffreson. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—A pleasant, chatty book, full of anecdotes about doctors, principally English ones, from the time of William Bulleyn and Sir Thomas Browne down. Here you may learn how physicians formerly went about on horseback with a foot-cloth, a servant-man following on foot; how, later, they wore huge wigs and carried portentous canes, as we see them in Hogarth's pictures; how they administered roasted mice to cure nervous maladies; and to what a large extent quackery, as it would be called now, was practised even by the most eminent members of the profession. The volume is exceedingly entertaining as well as instructive.

Ballads of the War. By George Whitfield Hewes. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton, successor to Rudd & Carleton.*—This is a collection of poems, called forth, as the title indicates, by the existing war. The most pretentious of the poems are, "The Ballad of Everard Gray," "The Lady of the Lieutenant-Colonel," and "A Picture of War." If we had room we should like to copy a few of the best verses; but our limited space is even more crowded than usual, this month. The volume is very beautifully printed.

The Channings. By the author of "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heir," etc., etc. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Everybody is reading the novels of this new writer, of whose "Earl's Heirs" we spoke at length last month. "The Channings" is not inferior to its predecessor. Many persons will like it even better. The publishers issue it in a large, double column octavo of three hundred pages; price fifty cents in paper covers, or seventy-five cents bound in cloth. No novel of the month is half as interesting. It ought to have a sale of tens of thousands.

A Popular Treatise on Deafness; Its Causes and Prevention. By Drs. Lighthill. Edited by E. Bemford Lighthill, M. D. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton, successor to Rudd & Carleton.*—We are not competent to speak of this treatise from our own knowledge. But we hear it described, by professional men who understand the subject, as an exceedingly valuable work, which ought to be in the hands of every person threatened with deafness.

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RECEIPTS FOR MEATS.

Veal Cutlets.—Cutlets are cut either from the fillet or the neck, but chops are taken from the loin. Some persons have deprecated the practice of beating meat, but it is essentially necessary in veal cutlets, which otherwise, especially if merely fried, are very indigestible. They should be cut about a quarter, or, at the most, half an inch in thickness, and well beaten; they will then, when fried, taste like sweetbread, be quite as tender, and nearly as rich. Egg them over, dip in bread-crumbs and savory herbs, fry, and serve with mushroom sauce and fried bacon. *Or:*—Prepare as above and fry them; lay them in a dish, and keep them hot: dredge a little flour, and put a bit of butter into the pan; brown it, then pour a little boiling water into it, and boil quickly; season with pepper, salt, and ketchup, and pour it over them.

Sheep's Head.—A great variety of excellent dishes may be made from a sheep's head, which in India, where veal is not easily procurable, answers all the purposes for mock turtle, rolled head, rich hash, or ragout: the bones make excellent jelly, either savory or sweet. Parboil the head; cut the meat from the bone; stew the former in a little of the liquor until quite tender; send it to table with a glass of wine in the gravy, forcemeat-balls and brain-cakes for garnish; or roll up the pieces seasoned in the inside with a thick covering of chopped herbs well seasoned; brush the outside with yolk of egg; dredge it with bread-crumbs; fry it; and send to table with a rich gravy made of the bones, and pickles warmed up in it.

To Collar Ribs of Beef.—Take two or three ribs of beef; cut the meat from the bones; rub it well with salt, brown sugar, and saltpetre; let it remain a fortnight, turning it every day; then season it with pepper, mace, cloves, allspice, and a clove of garlic chopped very fine; cover it well with parsley, thyme, and sweet marjoram; roll it up very tight, and bind it round with tape; put it into a pot with some water, cover it close up, and send it to the oven to be baked very slowly three or four hours: then take it out, and press it between two boards with weights.

Veal Cake.—Bone a breast of veal, and cut it in slices; cut also slices of ham or lean bacon, and boil six eggs hard; butter a deep pan, and place the whole in layers one over the other, cutting the eggs in slices, and seasoning with chopped herbs and cayenne pepper, and wetting the herbs with anchovy or other highly-flavored sauce. Cover up the whole, let it bake for four hours, and, when taken from the oven, lay a weight upon it to press it well together. When cold, turn it out.

To Preserve Meat in Summer.—Coating meat with dry wheaten flour will retain it sweet for a threefold lengthened period, even in tropical climates, the flour acting as an isolater against air and moisture. Decomposition will not occur at the temperature of freezing: this proves the great advantage of ice-chests for the preservation of food.

DESSERTS.

American Blancmange.—Mix two ounces of arrowroot in half a pint of cold water; let it settle for a quarter of an hour; pour off the water and add a tablespoonful of orange or rose-water; sweeten one quart of new milk; boil it with a bit of cinnamon, half the peel of a lemon, and four peach; pour the boiling milk upon the arrowroot, stirring it all the time; put it into a mould and turn it out the following day.

Almond Cheese Cakes.—Blanch and pound four ounces of almonds, and a few bitter, with a spoonful of water; then add four ounces of sugar pounded, a spoonful of cream, and the whites of two eggs well beaten: mix all as quick as possible; put into very small pattypans, and bake, in a rather warm oven, under twenty minutes.

Devonshire Junket.—Put warm milk into a bowl; turn it with rennet; then put some scalded cream, sugar, and cinnamon on the top, without breaking the curd. *Or:*—Put some new milk into a china or other basin, or else warm some cold milk to the same heat as new; add to it a little calf's rennet, and, if approved, a little brandy or rum may also be added; stir it with a spoon so as to mix the whole perfectly. Place it near the fire, or on a warm stove or hearth, until turned; but it must not be kept too hot, or it will not turn properly. When turned, put sugar, grated nutmeg, or nutmeg and ground cinnamon, on the top, and scalded or clouted cream, without breaking the curd, and serve.

Floating Island.—Mix one pint and a half of thin cream with a quarter-pint of raisin wine, a little lemon-juice, orange-flower water, and sugar; put into a dish for the middle of the table, and put on the cream a froth, which may be made of raspberry or currant jelly. *Or:*—Scald a codling before it be ripe, or any sharp apple; pulp it through a sieve; beat the whites of two eggs with sugar and a spoonful of orange-flower water; mix in, by degrees, the pulp, and beat together until you have a large quantity of froth; serve it on raspberry cream, or put it on a custard.

Apple Puncakes.—Mix two large spoonfuls of flour in a cup of milk or wine; when smooth, add eight eggs, some pounded cinnamon, grated lemon-peel, a handful of currants, and six or eight apples peeled and chopped; mix it all well together; melt some butter in a fryingpan; when hot, pour the whole mass in, and fry it on both sides; serve it, strewed with pounded cinnamon and sugar, very hot.

Orange Tartlets.—Squeeze, pulp, and boil tender two Seville oranges; weigh twice their weight of sugar; beat both together to a paste; then add the juice and pulp of the fruit, and the size of a walnut of fresh butter, and beat all together. Choose a very shallow dish or small pattypan, line it with a light puff crust, and lay the paste of orange in it. You may ice it.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

The Best Food for Fattening Young Fowls.—The best food for this purpose is potatoes and grains, with rice boiled dry, as for curry; or you can give them bread and milk, barley-meal, or oatmeal and milk, and boiled potatoes mixed with barley-meal. They should be fed three times a day. Small gravel, and a few grains of cayenne pepper or of dried nettle-seed, should be mixed with the food. Chickens may be thus fattoned in from eight days to a fortnight, when they will be ready for the table.

To Clean Turkey Carpets.—To revive the color of a Turkey carpet, beat it well with a stick till the dust is all got out; then, with a lemon or sorrel juice, take out the spots of ink, if the carpet be stained with any; wash it in cold water, and afterward shake out all the water from the threads of the carpet. When it is thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf; and if the weather is very fine, hang it out in the open air a night or two.

To Clean the Back of the Grate, the Inner Hearth, and the Fronts of Cast-iron Stoves.—Boil about a quarter pound of the best black lead with a pint of small-beer and a bit of soap the size of a walnut. When that is melted, dip a painter's brush, and wet the grate, having first brushed off all the soot and dust; then take a hard brush and rub it till of a beautiful brightness.

Permanent Ink for Marking Linen.—Take of lunar caustic (now called nitrate of silver), one drachm; weak solution of tincture of galls, two drachms. The cloth must be wetted first with the following liquid, viz: salt of tartar, one ounce; water, one ounce and a half; and it must be made perfectly dry before it is written upon.

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To Blacken the Fronts of Stone Chimney-Pieces.—Mix oil-varnish with lamp-black, and a little spirit of turpentine to thin it to the consistency of paint. Wash the stone with soap and water very clean; then sponge it with clear water; and when perfectly dry brush it over twice with this color, letting it dry between the times. The lamp-black must be sifted first.

Delicious Saline Draughts.—Take twenty grains of carbonate of soda, and an equal quantity of white sugar. twenty-five grains of either lemon or tartaric acid; mix this in two glasses of water as usual. If you substitute half a lemon for the acid, it will be a still more delicious draught, and very refreshing in hot weather, or when feverish.

Dandelion Beer.—Take of dandelion roots, well washed, two ounces; boil them in six quarts of water for thirty minutes; strain, and add one pound of molasses, and half an ounce of yeast: to be put in a bottle and left to ferment for twelve hours. To be drank night and morning.

RECEIPTS FOR FISH.

Fish-Cutlets.—Chop a considerable quantity of herbs with a small piece of onion, season it with pepper and salt, and put it into a stewpan with two ounces of butter; as the butter is melting add a teaspoonful of essence of anchovies. Do not allow the butter to more than melt, and mix the whole well together; then cut any kind of white fish, dressed or raw, into handsome cutlets, and, when the herb seasoning is nearly cold, spread it on the fish thickly with a knife; dredge the fish with bread-crumbs, and cook them on butter-pans in an oven, or before the fire. Stew a few silver button-onions, or a chopped onion, with any green vegetables in season, cut it into dice in a little broth, add nasturtiums and a little of the pickle; keep them in the middle of a dish, and lay the cutlets round. *Or:*—Take any fish previously dressed, pull it in pieces, and mix it with a little good stock, and any fish sauce which may have been left from table; spread it on a flat dish, brush it with egg and sprinkle thick with bread-crumbs, cut it out in cutlets, and fry brown.

Fish Cake.—Cut the meat from the bones, put them, the head and the fins, over the fire to stew for gravy, with a pint of water, an onion, herbs, pepper, and salt. Mince the meat, put to it one-third part of crumbs of bread, a little minced onion, parsley, pepper, salt, and a very small bit of mace: mix well, and make it into a cake with white of egg and a little melted butter; cover it with raspings, and fry it a pale brown, keeping a plate on the top while doing. Then lay it in a stewpan, with the fish gravy, and stew it gently quarter of an hour; turn it twice, but with great care not to break it: cover it closely while stewing. Cake of dressed meat, done in the same way, is remarkably good.

Curried Cod.—Take two slices of large cod, or the remains of any cold fish; three ounces of butter, one onion, sliced, a teacupful of white stock, thickening of butter and flour, one tablespoonful of curry-powder, quarter of a pint of cream, salt and cayenne to taste. Flake the fish, and fry it of a nice brown color with the butter and onions; put this in a stewpan, add the stock and thickening, and simmer for ten minutes. Stir the curry-powder into the cream; put it, with the seasoning, to the other ingredients; give one boil, and serve.

Potted Salmon.—Skin the salmon, and clean it thoroughly by wiping with a cloth (water would spoil it), cut it into square pieces, which rub with salt. Let them remain till thoroughly drained, and lay them in a dish with the other ingredients, and bake. When quite done, drain them from the gravy, press into pots for use, let the salmon remain till cold, then pour over it clarified butter. Cook rather more than half an hour.

RECEIPTS FOR VEGETABLES.

To Boil, or rather Simmer, as gently as possible, the seed of the Dwarf Scarlet Runner.—Boil in soft water, for, should the water be hard, they will take four hours; and, unless they are stewed gently, they will break and be spoiled. Put an onion shred fine into a stewpan, with a piece of butter rolled in flour; let it stew until tender, then add the beans to it, with a little hot water; stir it until it simmers together for a few minutes; then add a little salt, a tea or dessertspoonful of vinegar, a few chives or a chalot minced fine, and a sufficient quantity of parsley to give it a green color. Serve up the beans very hot, either in a covered dish or under roast mutton.

Scarlet Runners, though less delicate, are by many preferred to French beans. They are boiled in the same manner for quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; and when tender, a good homely way of preparing them for the table is to place them for some short time in the dripping-pan under any meat that is roasting; add pepper and salt; or, when boiled, mince and stew them in beef gravy.

French Beans.—Cut off the ends and stalks; divide in half, or shred them, according to fancy; lay them in salt and water, and, when the saucepan boils, put them in with some salt. As soon as they are done, serve them immediately, to preserve the green color. *Or:*—When half-done, drain the water off, put them into two spoonfuls of broth strained, and add a little cream, butter, and flour; stew gently till tender.

Cabbages are of various sorts and differently dressed, but the most common mode is plainly boiled. If the cabbage be large and old, or strongly-flavored, it will take an hour to boil. It should be boiled in two waters, removing the first when the cabbage is half-done, and replacing it with an equal quantity boiling hot. The water should also be frequently skimmed. All green vegetables should be boiled uncovered.

Brussels Sprouts are a small species of cabbage, not larger than a walnut, and growing upon a tall single stalk. They are boiled in a few minutes, and may be served up either plain or covered with white sauce.

To Mash Parsnips.—Boil them tender; rub the skin off; then mash them into a stewpan with a little cream, a good piece of butter, pepper and salt.

Sprouts, or Greens, will be done in fifteen to twenty minutes, but do not require skimming.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—OUT-DOOR DRESS OF BUFF PIQUE, OR MARSEILLES, for the country. It is trimmed with five rows of black velvet ribbons, and with black velvet buttons. The straw hat is trimmed with latticed work of black velvet around the brim, and with buff and black feathers.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED GRENADINE.—The skirt is trimmed with flounces. Above the lower four is a quilling of mauve ribbon; then there are three more flounces with another quilling of ribbon above them. The body is low in the neck, with short sleeves, and over it is worn a white body, embroidered and trimmed with quillings of mauve ribbon. The sash is also trimmed to correspond with the body.

FIG. III.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The skirt is braided around the bottom and up the front in a Greek border put on in white braid; on each side of this braiding there is a black lace insertion over white silk. The ornaments down the front of the dress are of black lace, edged with white lace. A pointed *Marie de Medici* waist, which, as well as the small Zouave jacket, is also braided in white. An under-body of white plaited muslin has a small ruffle around the neck. A dress of this kind braided in purple, or green, is very beautiful.

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FIG. IV.—HOME DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with rows of narrow black lace. A *Medici ceinture* has long ends, edged with black lace, and is embroidered in pearl-colored silk. In the upper parts of the ends are small pockets, also embroidered.

FIG. V.—BLACK SILK SONTAG.—This useful article is made of black silk, edged with black guipure or Honiton lace. It is intended to wear under a shawl or sacque, when it may be necessary to throw either of them off the shoulders, and presents a much more dressy and elegant appearance than a knit Sontag. For cold weather it may be slightly wadded.

FIG. VI.—BLACK NET, trimmed with loops and rosettes made of very narrow pink ribbon.

FIG. VII.—HEAD-DRESS OF BLACK AND PURPLE RIBBON.

FIG. VIII.—MISSES' HAT, from Genin's, 513 Broadway, New York, composed of fine white English straw, bell-crown. The front is of black velvet, and bound all round with velvet; trimmings composed of loops of black and white velvet fastened with straw buttons. The right side is ornamented with a white ostrich plume. Strings of broad white ribbon, with bows at the ears looped with black velvet.

FIG. IX.—BOY'S HAT, also from Genin's. It is of white English straw, bell-crown, with a slightly rolled brim piped with blue velvet. A band of blue velvet encircles the crown, and on the left side are two pearl and straw ornaments.

FIG. X.—TRAVELING BONNET, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, of gray Neapolitan straw. Cape of green silk, with a small plaiting of black lace in the center. The brim has a full bow of green ribbon intermingled with black lace. Cap of black and white blonde with a bouquet of violets, cherry blossoms and roses. Broad green strings.

FIG. XI.—BRIDAL BONNET, from Mrs. Cripps, of plain white chip; transparent cape edged with chip, and ornamented by a fall of rich white blonde, which extends over the front, terminating on the left side with a puffing of tulle, and is finished by a bouquet of fox-gloves, snow-drops, and fern leaves. Cap of full puffings of tulle, finished at the top with a bouquet of moss rose-buds, cherry blossoms, white violets and leaves. Broad white strings.

FIG. XII.—GRAY SACQUE, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York, bound with black silk; the front is double-breasted and faced with black silk. The collar is also bound with black silk. Two pockets ornament the left side, and one on the right. The sleeves are long and slightly flowing, the fronts trimmed with two pointed lappets bound with black, and each lappet fastened down at the back with three buttons. This is a very cool and useful sacque for summer.

FIG. XIII.—A SACQUE MANTLE, also from Benson. It is open at the neck, and trimmed round with a very full double box-plaiting of black silk stitched on either edge. The plaiting extending up the fronts and round the neck, is fastened down at both sides.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses still continue to have the skirts gored, thus diminishing the fullness around the waist, though they are not made quite as narrow at the top as heretofore. Trimmings of various descriptions are again coming into favor: one favorite style being very narrow fluted flounces of the same silk as the dress, placed two and two together: another style is a fluted flounce about six or seven inches deep, set on with narrow heading. A very striking trimming for a dress of light gray silk is formed by rows of ribbon, the four colors of the rainbow; they should be either eight or twelve in number, and the widths should graduate. Narrow *ruches*, waved or formed into Greek borders, is a favorite trimming, these should be the color of the dress. Ribbon or velvet, contrasting in color to the dress, and arranged in the Greek or Ionic border, will be likewise worn.

BODIES OF DRESSES, when high, are closed with small buttons. Many of the new dresses are opened part of the way down the front of the body in a heart-shape, or square, *a la Raphael;* whilst others, of very thin material, are made low in the neck, and can either be worn with a cape, or a white over-body. Over some of the high bodies are worn what is called the Spanish jacket, which somewhat resembles the Zouave jacket, but fits the figure more closely, and is much shorter.

ANOTHER STYLE OF HIGH BODY will have a small jacket at the back only, similar to a habit. A favorite style of trimming high bodies will be *Arabesque* designs in braid, very narrow velvet, or silk gimp: with this style a kind of fringe should ornament the sleeves and round the waist.

SLEEVES are large, even when shaped at the elbow: puffed sleeves will be worn, but very few tight to the arm.

THE MEDICI CEINTURES appear to be now, with many persons, an indispensable article of dress. They are made in a variety of ways, and are trimmed in so many different styles that it would be impossible to describe all we have seen. The ceintures are all made with pointed bands round the waist, and have two ends falling down the skirt on each side of the point. Small trimmed pockets are generally inserted in the ends, or a trimming to imitate them is substituted.

We have noticed these sashes in plain silk, with cross-bars of velvet, fastened by beads, as an ornament for the bottom. Others have an end of embroidered net, and others are merely trimmed with ruches; but the pointed band is invariably ornamented to correspond with the two ends.

Of FICHUS, and black and white net ZOUAVE JACKETS, for evening wear, we can only say that they are as much worn as ever; as are also velvet jackets, embroidered in steel or black.

SHORT SACQUES, made of silk, cloth, or sacque flannel, are universally worn. These sacques are loose, have moderately wide coat-sleeves, and are trimmed with designs in braiding, gimp binding, etc.

BONNETS continue to be worn projecting in the front, and cut away at the side. They are covered tight to the shape, with a cord piping round the edge, and the curtain neither so wide nor so deep as formerly. The trimming is sometimes laid on the crown, and sometimes on the front of the bonnet, being usually of flowers, berries, and green leaves, with tufts of the same as under-trimming. A very simple but lady-like style is to place a bow of broad ribbon on the front of the bonnet, passing a long piece of the same over it, in the center, and giving it one twist, on each side, in bringing it down to the points where it forms the strings.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF THREE OR FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—This dress is composed of white pique or Marseilles, and trimmed with black silk braid put in a Greek border. Sash of black silk. Black straw cap, with a white plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The skirt, as well as the Garibaldi shirt, is made of white jaconet embroidered in coral-colored braid. Wide silk sash of the same color of the braid. Brown straw hat.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF PINK BAREGE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The flounces, belt, and ruffles, on the sleeves and body, are all trimmed with a narrow black velvet ribbon.

The other engravings of children's dresses, in this number, have been described elsewhere. In former numbers we gave at large, descriptions of the material most fashionable for children this year, so that there is nothing to add, this month. By request, we give, in another place, diagrams for a boy's jacket and pantaloons.

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Letting in the New Year.
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"Icicles."
Fashions for February, colored.
"Two Little Monkies."
Fashions for March, colored.
"Ruinous Prices."
Fashions for April, colored.
Spring Flowers.
Fashions for May, colored.
The Pinch of Snuff.
Fashions for June, colored.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Pattern for Ornamental Bracket: Chair-Back, etc.
Pattern for Chair, Foot-Stool, Cushion, etc.
Garibaldi Dresses.
Baby's Shoe: Braided on Merino.
Knitted Shawl.
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FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

"Bless its Little Heart."
The Harvest Moon.
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Feeding the Rabbits.

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February Number, Sixty-Eight.
March Number, Sixty.
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May Number, Sixty-Five.
June Number, Sixty-Five.

MUSIC.

"God and Liberty."
"Kinikinick Polka."
The Reveille.
The Banner March.
Inveraray Waltz.
Jura Polka.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

JUIL

1862

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JULY

1862

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ETRUSCAN HAND-SCREEN.

THE WOODLAND PATH.

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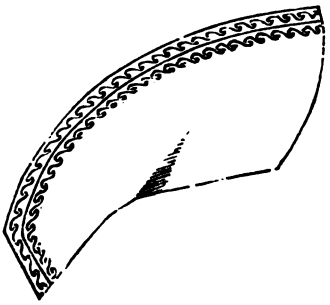
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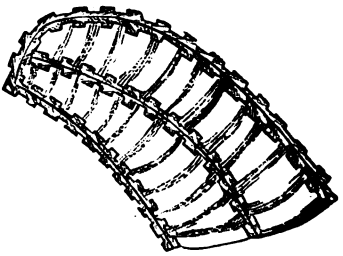


LOUIS XV. ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

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THE GRECIAN SLEEVE.

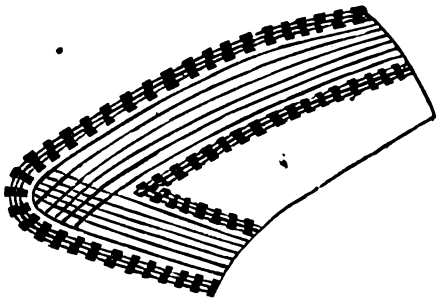


PUFFED SLEEVE.



THE LUCRETIA.

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MATILDA SLEEVE.

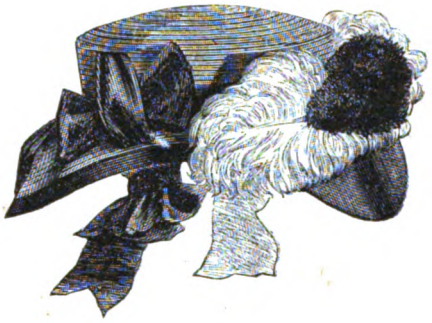


CRESCENT SLEEVE.

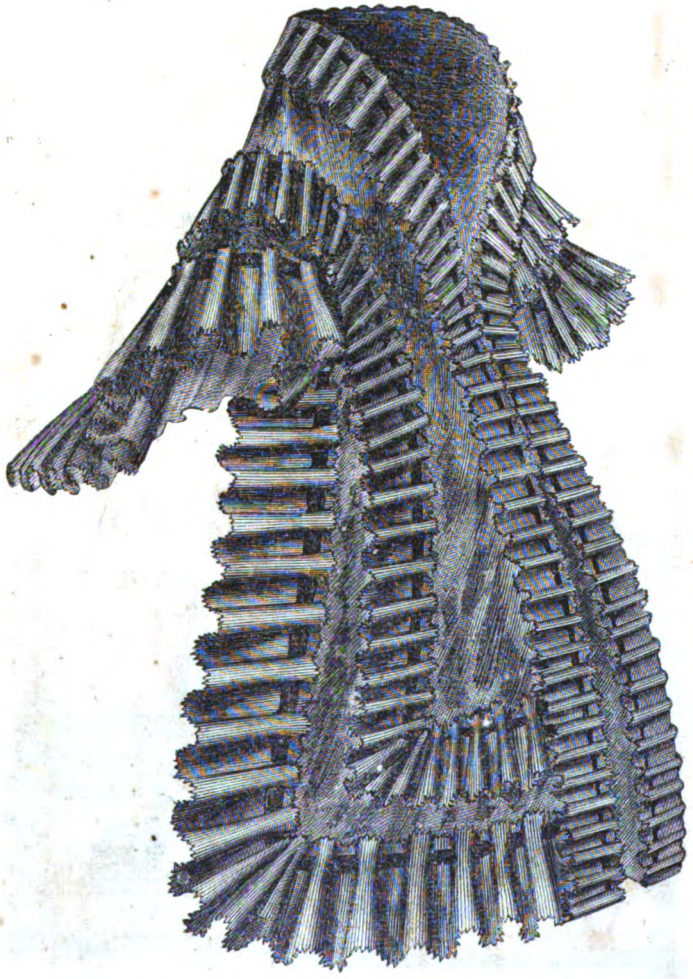


THE CLEOPATRA.

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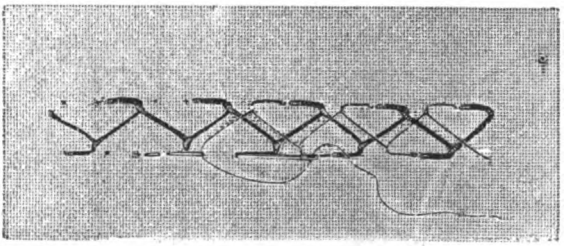


RIDING HAT.

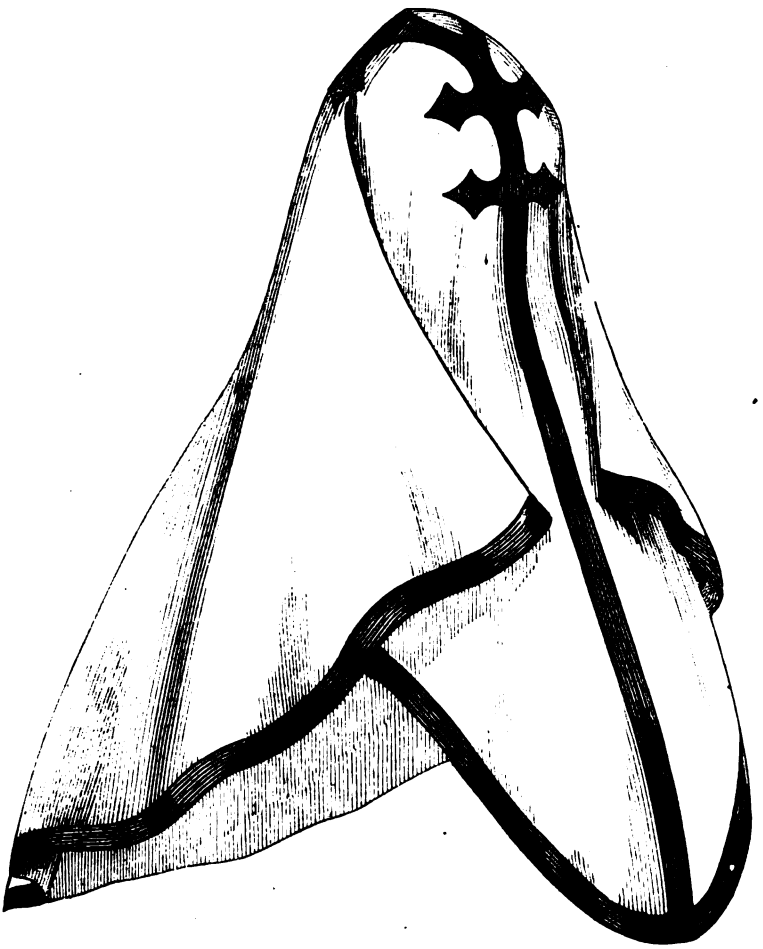


FLUTED MANTILLA.

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NEW DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH.

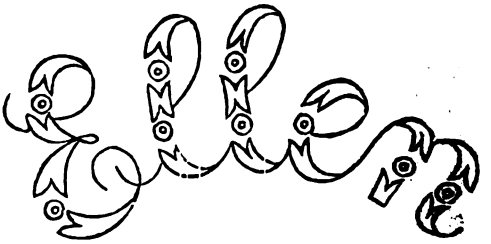


SUMMER CLOAK.

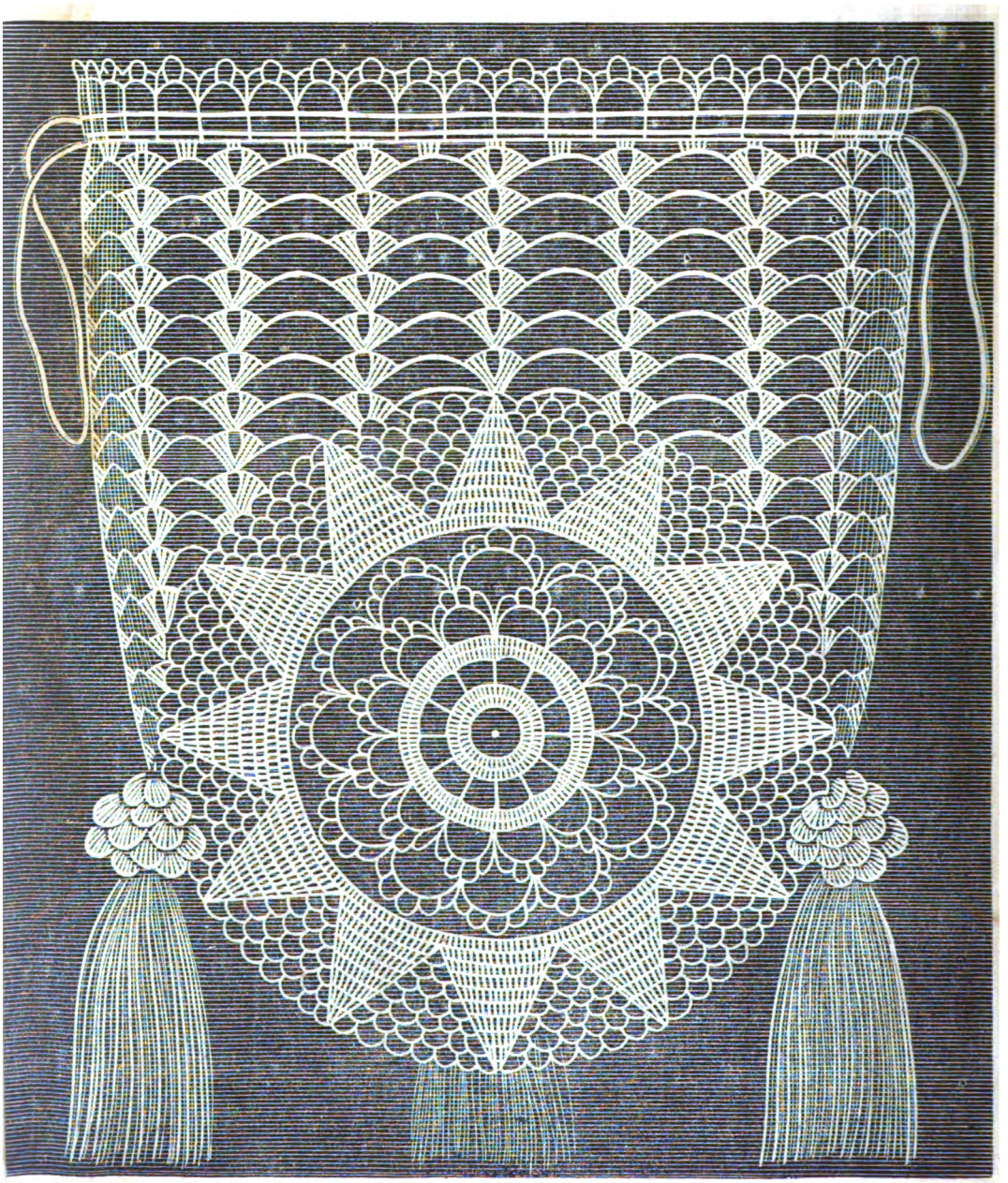
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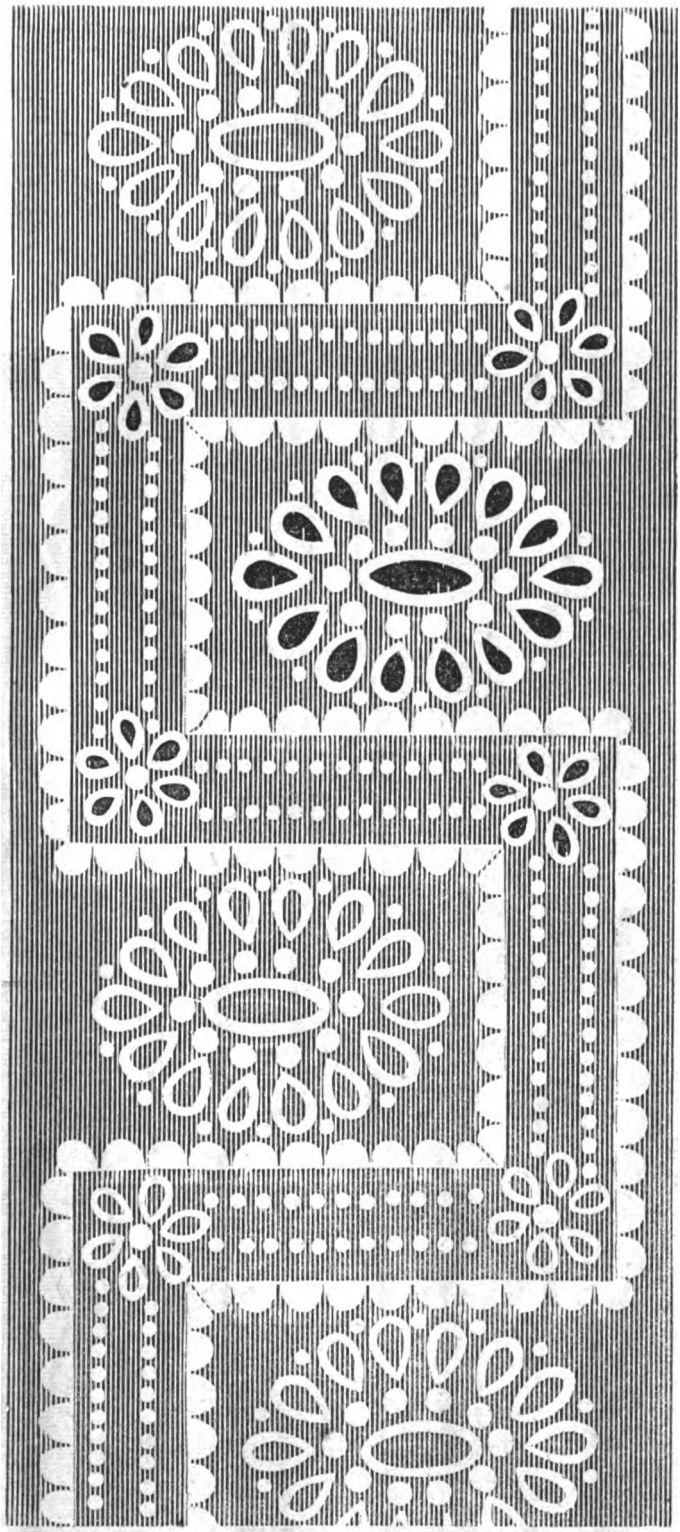


NAME FOR MARKING.

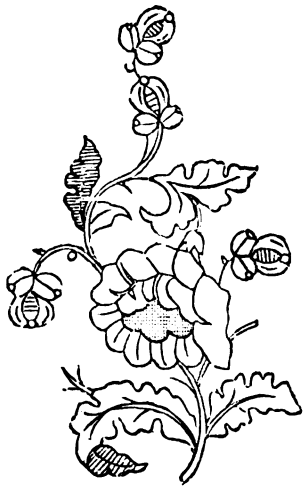


CROCHET BAG.

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IONIC PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



SPRIG FOR LADY'S CRAVAT.



INSERTION.

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SUMMER BONNET.

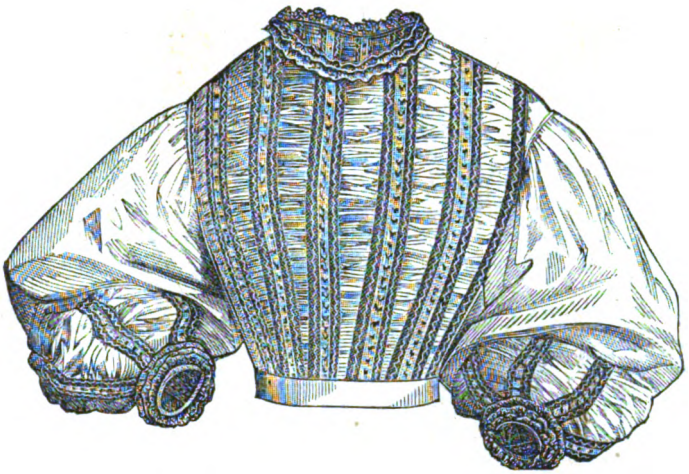


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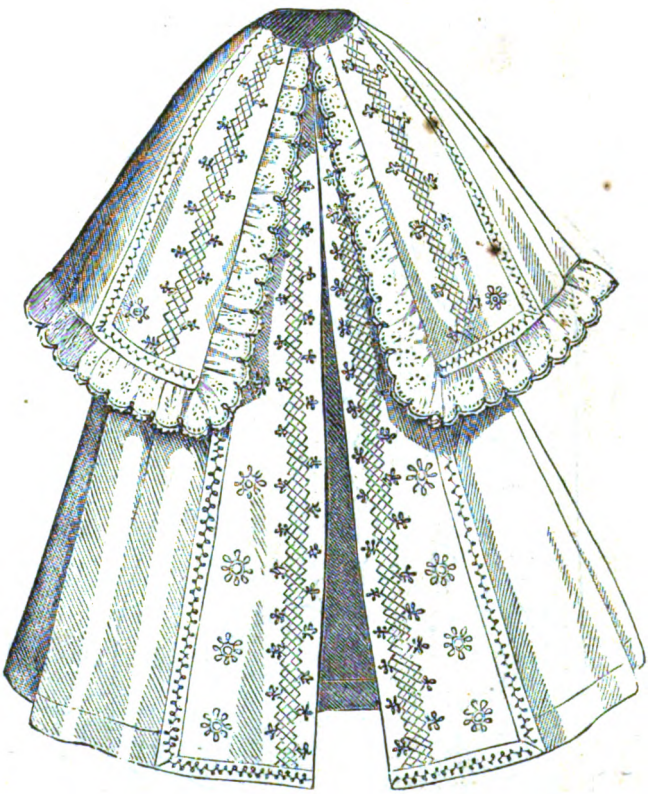


CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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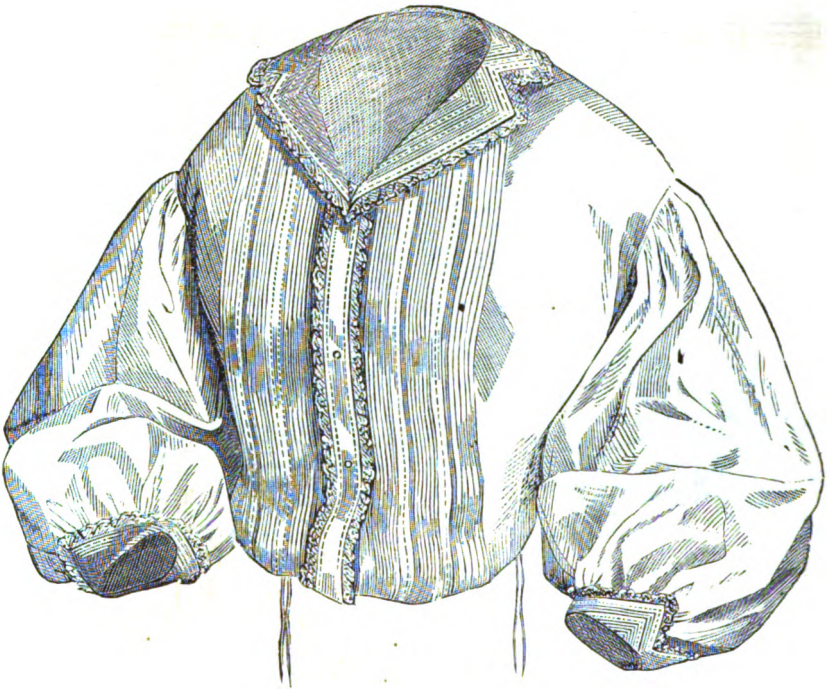


SUMMER BODY.

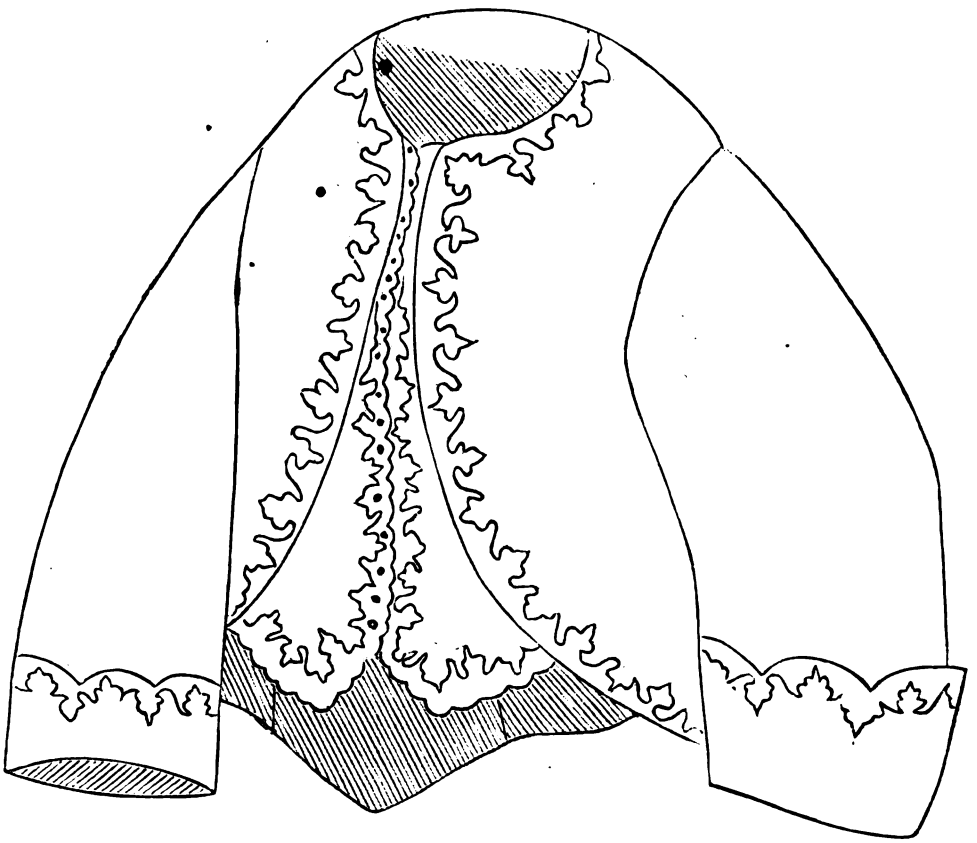


BABY'S CLOAK.

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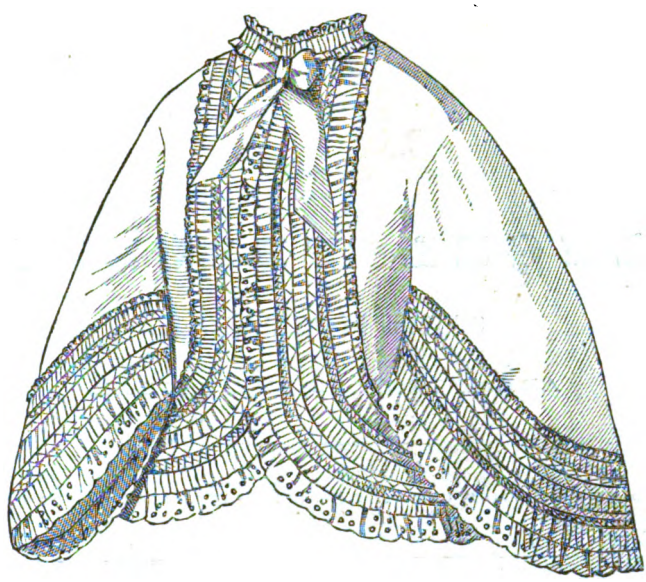
PATTERN FOR CHEMISETTE ZOUAVE.



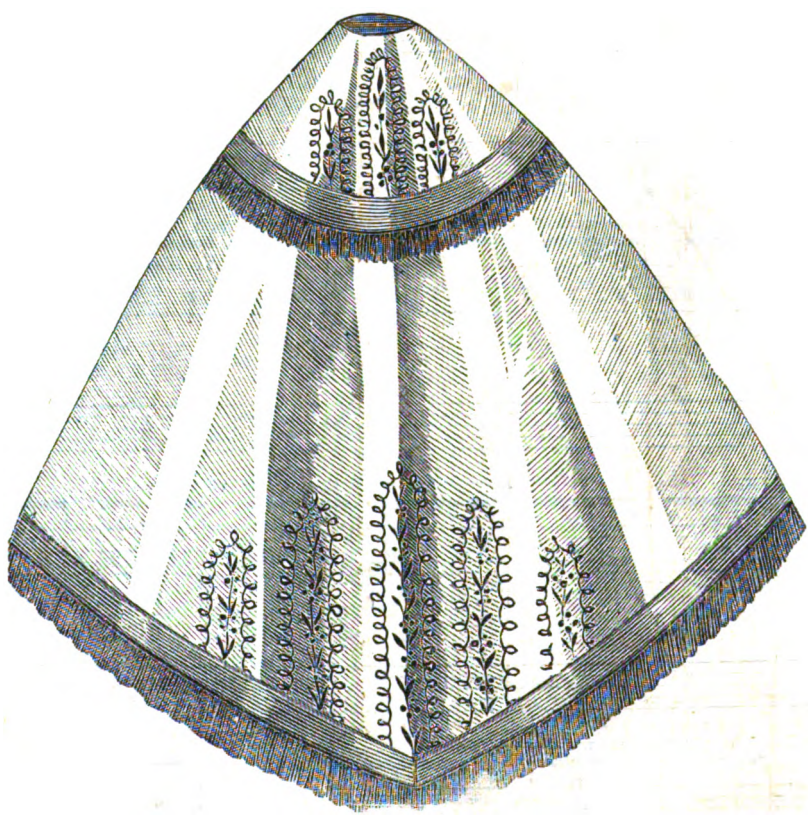
ZOUAVE JACKET AND VEST,

(From J. Obersteller & Co., No. 123 New Street, Philadelphia: where all orders, by mail or otherwise, for Embroidery Patterns are promptly attended to.)

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NANSOOK SACQUE.



MANTILLA.
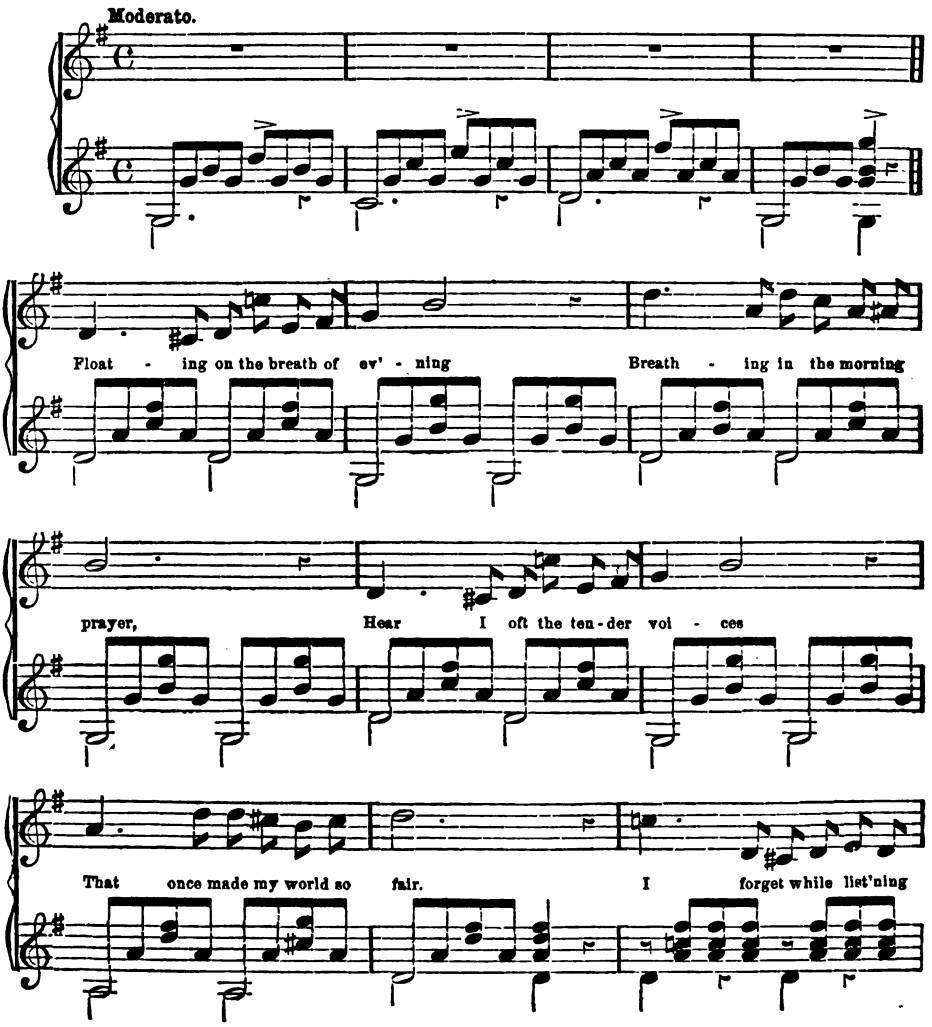
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ANGEL FRIENDS.
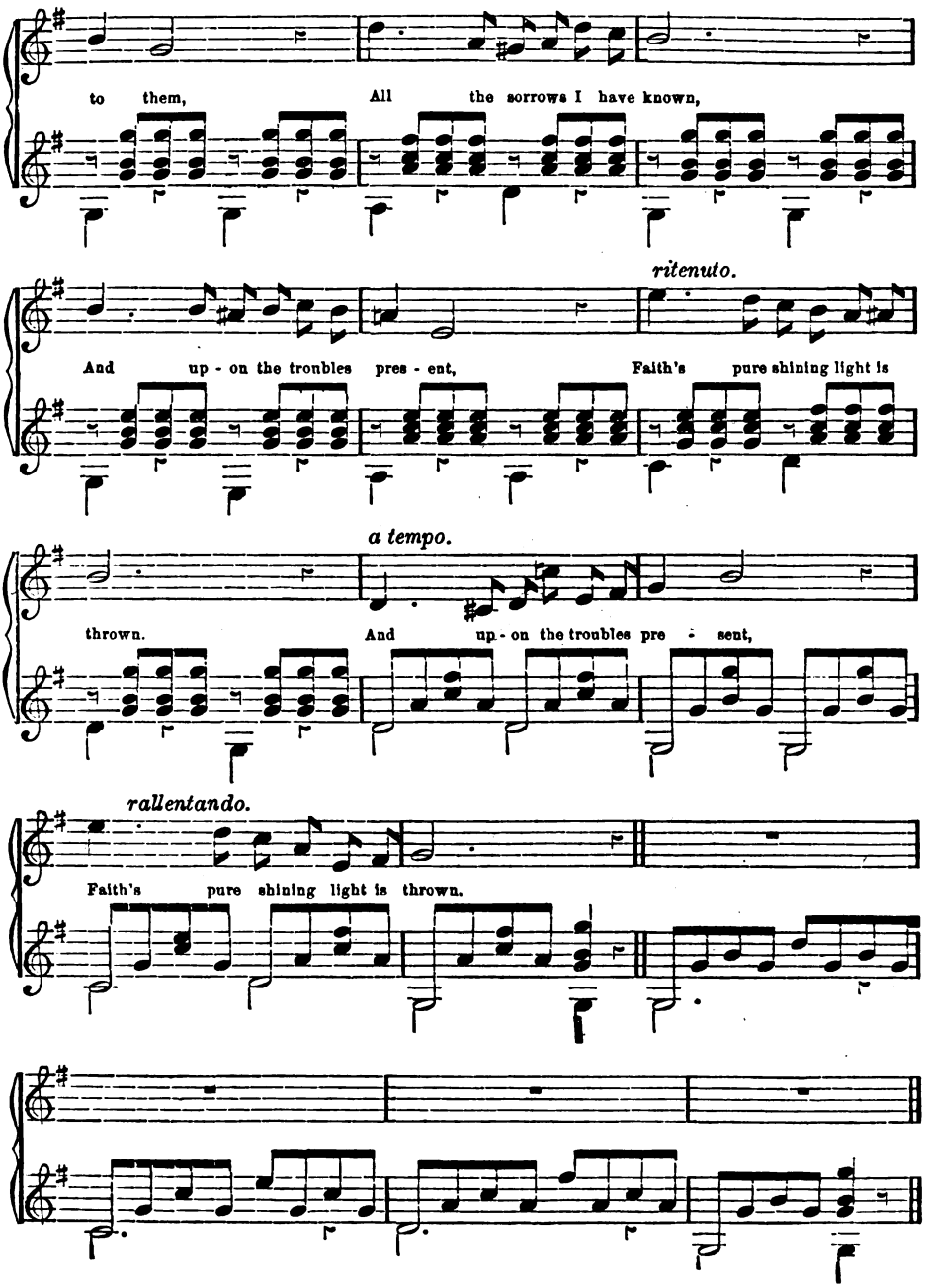
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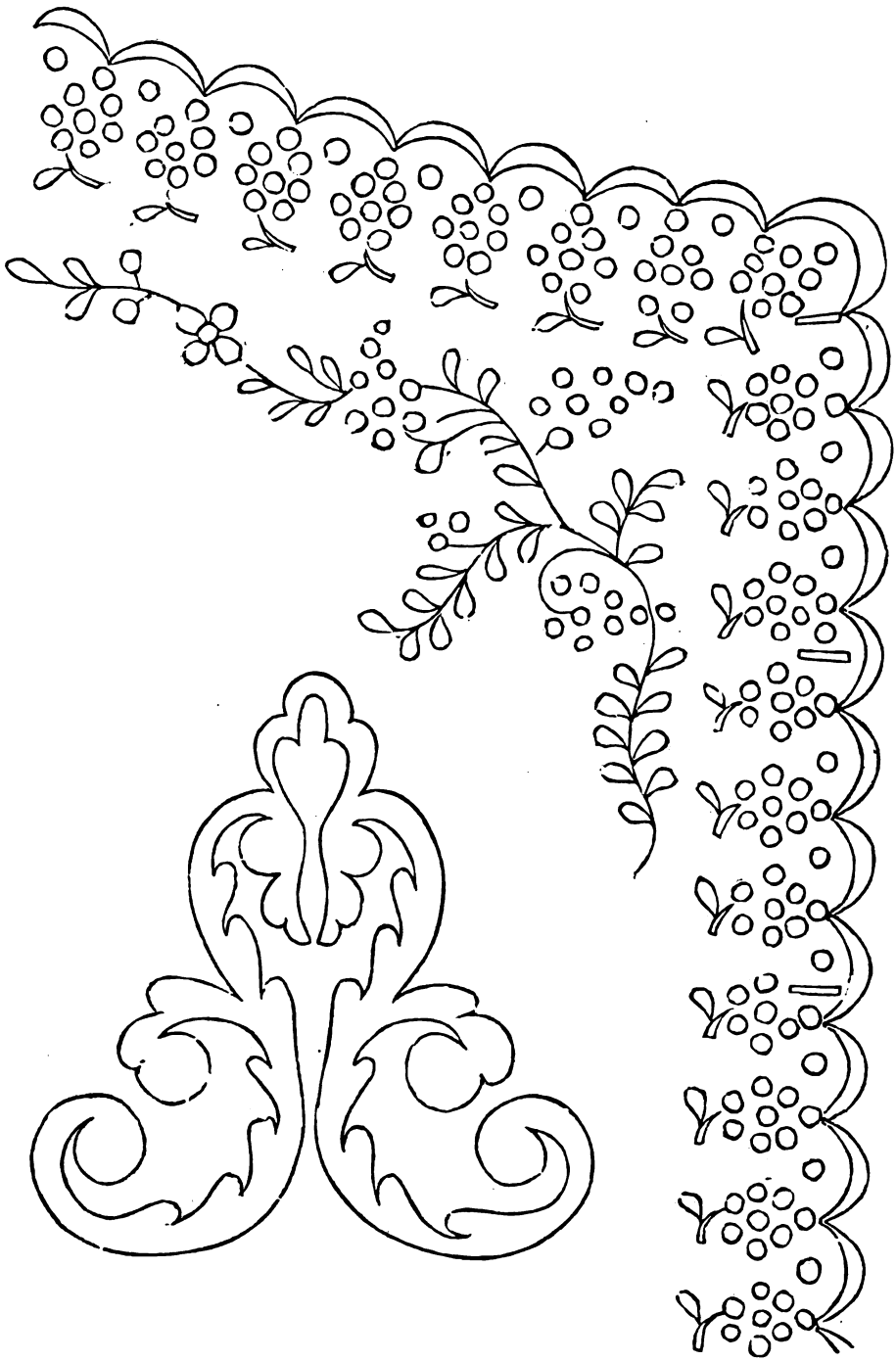
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2.

Soothing with their magic whispers,
Calming all my wildest fears—
Thus they bring me sweet submission
Peace for sorrow, smiles for tears.
Bless you, angel friends—oh, never
Leave me lonely on the way,
For your gentle teachings ever
Meekly may I watch and pray.

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FRONT OF CHEMISE YOKE: AND FRONT OF LADY'S SLIPPER,

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1862. No. 1.

THE SISTERS.

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

IN a little village, within some ten miles of Paris, there lived in the last years of the eighteenth century an honest peasant, by name Pierre Sautorie. Pierre had an only son, Louis, whom the village priest declared to be the best scholar of his class. The boy studied, and dreamed, and hoped until his fifteenth year, praying daily for the one longing desire of his heart, which was to be an artist. All his leisure time was spent in sketching, untaught as he was. Old Pierre would stand silent, his head bowed, before some of the charcoal drawings upon his own walls. Copies of the heads in the chapel, or ideal sketches of scenes in saintly lives, related by the good Father Paul, seemed to the wondering old man, as he saw them grow under his son's fingers, as almost superhuman productions. And the beauty of the lad was as marvelous as his genius.

It was early in June, and Pierre Sautorie, assisted by Louis, was hard at work in his little territory, when a piercing cry made both rush toward the gate. In the road, at some little distance, they saw a carriage, drawn by two horses, dashing furiously toward them. The coachman and footmen had been thrown off. There appeared to be women in the carriage, who were trying vainly to force the door open. One impulse seized both father and son. Together they sprang at the heads of the terrified horses to catch the reins. It was a frightful struggle. Pierre and Louis were tossed from side to side; it seemed, for a few moments, as if they would be killed: but finally the horses were quieted.

"Open the door, Maurice!" cried one of the ladies, as the footmen now came running up.

The servants obeyed, and the lady alighted, followed by two little girls, crying with terror. In closing the door again, the man let it shut with a sharp, sudden sound, and the horses, terrified again, made another dash forward. There was a cry, a crash, and Pierre lay dead in the road, while his son, kneeling beside him, implored him in vain to speak.

The Marchioness de Latourne, for such was the name of the eldest of the ladies, bidding the children go inside the gate, went to the boy's side, while the pampered lackeys' lips curled at madame's condescension, and such a fuss over a mere peasant.

"My child!" said she, kindly; but poor Louis only shook his head and wailed forth his grief. "Maurice, assist the lad to carry the old man into the cottage, and then go to the chateau and send Father Garonne here. He is a good surgeon!"

It was with some difficulty that Louis was made to understand Maurice's offer of help; but at last he bent over to raise the prostrate form and assist in carrying it into the cottage. Maurice then left to obey his orders, and the marchioness tried in vain to restore animation. Once roused, Louis too brought water and aided her efforts; but as the truth became more evident, his grief broke forth again in bitter cries and prayers.

The two children had been standing, hand in hand, watching, with terror, this dreadful scene; but as the boy sank on his knees, beside his father's bed, crushed by the weight of sorrow, Audree whispered in a broken voice,

"Oh! Marie, the poor boy! I will speak to him, for he don't seem to hear mamma," and she crossed the room, still leading her sister by the hand.

With the graceful freedom of childhood she put her arm round Louis' neck, and, bending till her own cheek touched his, she said, with a sob,

"Oh, don't cry! We are so sorry, Marie and I," and her own voice became choked. But that voice and sympathy roused the lad. He raised his head, and the two little girls caressed him, themselves crying bitterly.

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All unheeding his coarse dress, or their own rich attire, they stroked his hair, wound their little arms around him, Audree drawing his head down on her own breast, and tried by their endearments to soothe and comfort him; while their mother, touched to her heart's core, wept herself, and longed for Maurice and Father Garonne. A carriage came at last with the priest, and, leaving Louis in the care of some neighbors, the marchioness and her children drove off to the chateau.

It was the turning point of Louis Sautorie's life. Touched by the frightful danger of his wife and children, grateful for their safety, and horror-struck by the tragic fate of their preserver, the marquis sent for the lad, with the expressed wish to reward him, and, as far as lay in his power, to compensate him for his loss.

The boy's beauty had already struck the marchioness, and his intelligence, his earnest, sad expression doubled her interest. It took but little kind questioning to gain the confidence of Louis; and when the marquis saw the impromptu sketches which were the answer to his "What can you do?" his own interest was strongly excited. The preliminaries were settled, and Louis Sautorie, a *protege* of the Marquis de Latourne, was sent to Paris to become the pupil of a famous artist.

Five long years rolled by, and Louis was acknowledged, by Parisian critics, to be a genius of promise. The marquis had some valuable paintings which needed retouching, and he wrote to Louis to go to the chateau and do this work for him.

Again it was a June day, when, for the first time in five years, Louis Sautorie came upon the road which led to the chateau of the Marquis de Latourne. He had passed the cottage where he was born, and from whose gate he had followed his father to the grave; and, with a saddened heart, he moved slowly toward the woods, meaning to take the narrow, shaded path through them, instead of the broad, sunny road to the chateau.

He had already entered the wood, when, looking up, his artist eye rested upon a picture so fair that he stood hidden behind a tree, motionless, gazing with his soul in his eyes.

With the rich foliage, and the blue sky shaded by fleecy clouds for a background, two young girls stood motionless, looking forward, yet not toward Louis, and evidently waiting for some one who was expected to take the path opposite to the one followed by the young artist. They were evidently in morning dresses, for the snowy kerchief was folded over their breasts, and they wore no ornaments. Another fact bespoke this; their hair, though rising from their foreheads in the fashion of the times, had no powder to sully its lustrous beauty, and the dainty little hats were dressed with natural flowers.

The elder of the two was very fair, with large blue eyes, and rich chestnut hair; while the other, whose large black eyes looked out from the shelter of her sister's shoulder, was a brunette of the laughing, merry type. Neither had seen more than eighteen summers, though there was a sweet seriousness upon the face of the elder one wanting in her sister's merry eyes.

"The Desmoiselles Latourne," thought Louis, as he crept closer to his sheltering tree, "and how beautiful they are! Audree is lovely as a poet's dream. What are they waiting for?"

A cry of joy broke from Marie's lips at that moment, and the next the young girls bounded like fawns over the sward to the road, to meet the carriage which was bringing their mother home from a long visit to Versailles. Louis saw the door close after them, the carriage roll away, and, with a new smile on his lip, he trudged forward again.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Marie, as the carriage moved on, "we are so glad to see you again! Are we not, Audree?"

Audree was nestled close to her mother's side, and her fond smile was answer enough to her sister's question.

"But what are you doing out here, in the woods, and without mantles too?—you will be burnt brown by the sun."

"Never mind, mamma, it is only for once! We were so impatient to see you, that we actually ran away from aunt Louise, and came out to meet you."

The marchioness shook her head gravely.

"You must be more dignified now, Audree, for——"

"Well——" cried both, after a long pause.

"Well," said their mother, smiling, "your father will tell you when he comes, next month."

Marie shrugged her shoulders pettishly; but after a moment poured forth a hundred questions about the queen, the beautiful queen, as she was fondly called, before the foul-tongued Revolution showered its abusive epithets of Austrian, Madame Deficit, and other terms as insulting upon her. And the fond mother told them of fetes, of balls, and concerts, promising that soon they should share these pleasures, for Marie Antoinette had herself expressed a

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desire to see the daughters of her courteous subject, the Marquis de Latourne, at court.

The easy rolling carriage reached the chateau long before the weary footsteps of Louis gained its portal, and he was shown to his room, with the message that Madame la Marquise would receive him in the evening, to explain to him Monsieur le Marquis' will about the pictures.

That evening was one marked with a white stone in the life of Louis Sautorie. For the first time he was allowed social conversation with high-born ladies, whose gentle birth and high accomplishments were accompanied by a quiet simplicity of manner, and a frank, cordial demeanor toward one to whom they knew they had once probably owed their lives. Neither mother nor children could ever forget that the young man was fatherless from devotion to them, and by every graceful art they endeavored to place him at his ease.

It was the first of many such evenings. Alone in the old chateau, the ladies found pleasure in the society of a modest, well-informed man, whose manners proved him a gentleman in heart and feeling, in spite of his peasant origin. And after a few evenings of such intercourse, they would often stroll into his studio and watch his skillful, busy pencil. Audree was the most interested. Marie, a being all animation and gayety, wearied of the monotony of watching the artist, and would leave him for her music, her work, or her ride. But Audree would linger for hours, watching, with a never-tiring interest, the motions of the pencil. And in those hours she would talk easily and gracefully, displaying, unconsciously, her gentle, pure mind, her varied information, and correct taste. She liked Louis in her gentle way, as her preserver, her father's *protege*, and a pleasing person in himself. That was all.

And he, alas for him!—he worshiped her with a mad, blind idolatry. At first, knowing the utter hopelessness of his passion, he tried to steel his heart against the winning beauty, the gentle graces of this young girl who had crept into the innermost recesses of his heart. He told himself, angrily, that he was a peasant, a thing to be scorned and despised, and he laughed bitterly as he fancied the supreme contempt that would curl the lips of Audree did she suspect his love. Yet, one tone of her voice, one kind look from those large melting eyes, would make his heart burn with ecstasy, and his whole frame quiver with the desire to fling himself at her feet and pour out his love, even at the risk of being forever deprived of the companionship so dear to him. Yet this thought, this fear kept him silent. He could not risk the loss of this one happiness of his existence; and so, day after day, the passion grew in his heart, filling his life with alternate happiness and despair, till the pictures were completed, and the marquis expected home from Versailles. He returned at night, and the unusual bustle in the court-yard announced to Louis the event. Little did he then know the misery this return was to bring to him.

The next morning he presented himself before the marquis, and announced the completion of the pictures upon which he had been employed.

"I have another task for you, Sautorie," said the marquis, "I wish a portrait of my daughter. You shall paint it!"

"Mademoiselle Audree?" faltered Louis.

"Yes; she leaves us in a month, and I wish her portrait to remain in the chateau."

"Leaves you?" said Louis, forgetting all etiquette in such dread tidings.

"To become the bride of Monsieur, the Count of Fairvolle, who accompanied me to the chateau last night."

The whole room seemed full of stunning noise and dizzy heights to Louis, as the marquis spoke. He retained sufficient presence of mind to bow and retire; but once in his own room that bitter agony must have its way. All day he struggled with his grief; and in the evening his pallid face and trembling fingers drew forth kind inquiries that were a new torture.

The Count de Fairvolle was an elegant gentleman of twenty-three years of age. He was very handsome, with an animated face, good stature, well-formed, and with that peculiar grace which distinguishes those who have had all the advantages of an aristocratic education from their infancy. It is impossible to describe the sensations of Louis, as he saw this graceful, handsome cavalier leaning with the ease of an accepted suitor upon Audree's chair. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and his eyes grew dim; it required all his strength of will to keep him from falling.

To add to his despair, the party were all in full dress; and when he contrasted the richly embroidered coat of green velvet, the white waistcoat, the tight-fitting pantaloons of soft gray, which set off the count's fine figure, the beautifully powdered wig which made his black eyes of a double brilliancy, with his own modest black dress and carelessly waving locks, he felt sick with an envious hatred for this formidable rival. Audree, too, with her rich white silk, and jewels, her hair rolled back and powdered, was bewilderingly lovely.

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Guests soon arrived, and the betrothal was duly completed; and Louis crept away from the gayety there to weep out his loneliness and sorrow in his own room.

Every sitting was a new torture. The count was a guest at the chateau, and it was his right to remain by Audree's side. Keen to read another heart by his own, Louis soon saw that where he had failed to touch this coveted heart, his rival was winning it swiftly and surely. The smile, which for him had been gentle and kind, became for the count radiant and blushing; the low voice was attuned to new harmony; and the large eyes acquired a new lustre for the count. Soon the low "thou," the change from titles to "Audree" and "Victor," told a new phase of love, and all this Louis bore, the sweet face mocking him as his nervous fingers transferred it to the canvas. Never had he painted anything like that picture. It was a full length portrait in an evening dress, and it seemed instinct with life, as if one word would make it step from the frame a breathing woman. It was the dying agony of his hopes that Louis painted into that picture, every beauty, every grace being a new torture added to his misery. At last it was completed; and, unable to bear longer his jealous pangs, Louis dashed back to Paris, to plunge into the busy whirl there and try to forget.

Amongst his associates there were young men, whose intellect and education were like his own, far above his station. The iron heel of aristocratic despotism had long trodden these men down, and the low grumblings had risen higher and higher, till secret societies of two or three swelled into hundreds, and whispers of discontent were growing into loud threatenings. Louis, his whole nature embittered by the galling proof of inequality from which he was suffering, plunged into this dizzy political vortex, and soon made his name of note amongst them. Every one knows what followed the long course of tyranny, oppression, and wrong in France. The people rose; the Bastille fell; four years later the king was guillotined, and the reign of terror rose in France.

It was late in the year 1793, when citizen Sautorie, member of the National Assembly, and the friend of the people, was seated before a mass of papers in his private apartments, that my story recommences. The citizen's face was pale, and his brow contracted; before him, signed with the powerful name of Robespierre, lay an order for the arrest of citizen ——, before called Marquis de Latourne, his daughters, the Countess de Fairvolle and the Countess de Mairpais, with their husbands, all suspected of being concealed in the neighborhood of their old chateau. He had thought them safe. Upon the first arrest of the nobles, he had warned the marquis at the risk, then terrific, of suspicion attaching to himself, and the family had left the chateau. Later he had heard of the death of the marchioness; and still later that the family had crossed the frontier and gone to England. Yet here, before him, lay his dread orders which proved that information of their presence in France had been conveyed to Robespierre. From the windows of his room he could look down on the noisy streets, and as the wind brought to him the frantic tones of the "*ca ira*," or the shouts of "*a bas les aristocrats*," his heart shuddered at the idea of Audree in the power of this maddened populace. To refuse to fulfill the order would be only to have it given to some one whose pitiless hatred to the aristocrats, as a class, would hasten the fate of this devoted family. No, he must himself obey the order, trusting to have the opportunity to warn his old patron of his danger. It was useless to delay, and, ordering a horse to be in readiness, he made his preparations for a journey. Nightfall found him in his native village, and before the door of his father's old cottage. With a quick tap he cried, in a loud tone,

"Admit me, citizens, in the name of the Republic." The door was opened by an old woman, who trembled with age or emotion, as she inquired his errand.

"I want a night's shelter. I am on business for the Republic, and as good citizens you cannot refuse me."

The old woman sighed deeply as she held the door open.

"You command, citizen! Enter!"

He stepped over the door-sill and looked around the small room. Some recollection of the past thrilled him, for he grew deathly pale, and muttered,

"Ah! we were children then!"

The old woman caught the words, for she drew nearer to him, and by the dim light tried to scan his features.

"Who is that in the corner?" he said, abruptly, seeing her eyes fixed on him.

"Only my nephew, sir! He's deaf and dumb, poor lad! and sickly too! Heigho!"

The sigh was very deep, and Louis turned to see the child. In so doing he turned his face full to the light. Another moment, and the boy was at his side.

"Monsieur Sautorie! Louis Sautorie! Audree, we are saved!"

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He saw the upturned face quivering with emotion, the great black eyes filled with tears, and then he turned to Audree. Her disguise was perfect. No one, not in the secret, would have ever suspected the white eyebrows, wrinkled forehead, and deeply-marked cheeks to be the result of paint and powder; but as she drew her stooping figure erect and sprang to Marie's side, the eye lighted, and the lip quivered.

"You will not betray us? You warned us once!" she said, softly.

"I betray you! Heaven forbid," he said, earnestly. "I am here now to save you, if possible. Where is your father?"

"Safe! In England. He made his escape, three years ago, intending to return, but he has never been able to do so. A friend gave him a passport for himself and for us——"

"Then why are you here?" cried Louis.

"I could not leave Victor, nor Marie, nor George. We waited for them to escape, or to die with them, and they are yet in Paris. Oh, we have suffered!"

The tone of misery in these few words went to the listener's heart.

"Tell me," he said, gently, "how it was."

"We could scarcely persuade father to go without us; but Victor and George were certain they could obtain passports soon, and with what he could secure of his property father made his escape. We promised to follow, if possible, and we know we shall find him at our aunt's in London. Aunt Louise, you know, married an English milord. Well, after he left us, we went direct to Paris, and were concealed there for a long time; then we had warning that we were watched, and decided to separate, for a time, as our husbands thought they could act more safely alone. We procured disguises and came here. The house was vacant, and we knew you owned it, so we felt safe in staying here, trusting to be able to see you. Now, now surely you will aid us."

"With my life!" cried Louis. "Where are de Fairvolle and de Mairpais?"

"In Paris, still concealed, still hoping for the chance to escape."

"But where?"

"At the house of a baker there, who will guard them with his life. They are disguised as apprentices."

"But his name?"

"Pierre Gilau!"

The house, the suspected house, which he had that day sent to search. Louis felt as if the grip of a thousand demons were on his heart and throat.

"Pierre Gilau!" he whispered.

"What do you know?" cried Marie. "They are taken! I see it in your face! Audree, they have been arrested!"

"No, no. I hope not!" he said, desperately. "I must return to Paris. Trust me, if it is in the power of man, I will save them yet!"

Who can tell the agony with which these young wives saw him depart? Search the chronicles of the times for a thousand such scenes, and then picture it, for no pen can describe it.

He rode at headlong speed, his tired horse spurred up, stumbling at times, but keeping forward nobly. It was no time for pause. The condemnation followed too closely upon the heels of the arrest, in those bloody days, and his only hope lay in the faint chance that they had escaped recognition.

"What arrests, Gaspard?" he cried, as the servant opened the door, and stood amazed at his sudden appearance at that late hour.

"Four, citizen; the Abbe Grainvelliers, the Count de Fairvolle, the Marquis de Bouville, and the Count de Mairpais, as they were once called."

Both! He dared not think. He must wait till morning, then act.

It was with a feverish impatience he took his place amongst the judges, who made the mockery of trying the poor suspected victims. Many cases were called before the two he looked for appeared. They still wore the gray suits of baker's apprentices; but now, no longer fearing detection, they walked erect, with that conscious dignity that their misfortunes called for.

"Your name?" said the president, harshly.

"George, Count de Mairpais."

"Citizen Mairpais, you are accused of treason, of aristocratic tendencies, of conspiring against the Republic. What have you to say?"

The prisoner threw back his head, like a lion at bay, and his voice rang out free and clear:

"If to love my country, to hate the tyranny that usurps the name of liberty, to execrate the murderers of my king, be treason, I am guilty of all these."

The shouts that greeted this bold speech were deafening. The famous cries, "*a bas l'aristocrat*," "*a la guillotine*," rang out again and again, till the president succeeded in obtaining the silence of a moment.

"You hear, citizen, the people condemn you. Who is that boy?"

He had crept through the crowd, he had passed the guards, he was close to the prisoner's

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side, and, as the question met his ear, he said, firmly,

"When you condemn him, condemn me. Murder us, if you will, together, for we are equally guilty. I am his wife!"

Audree! Audree! was she there too? Louis thought his heart would burst as he sat there, so outwardly calm and still, inwardly so confused with agonizing doubts and fears.

They were all three condemned and taken away; but Audree was not there. Even at the risk of losing all, by periling his own liberty, he must learn where she was. He stationed himself in the crowd, and watched to see the prisoners pass out, and as Marie came forward, he whispered one word,

"Audree!"

"We found the house, your house," she whispered, "and she fainted on the step. They took her in!"

"Forward! Who detains the prisoners?" cried a gruff voice; and Louis shrank back to make his escape and hasten home.

"A lady, citizen, is in the office; she fainted here, and afterward tried to go out. I thought it best to detain her!" said Gaspard, who, in spite of being a warm republican, was a tender-hearted man. "She's an old body, sir, meanly dressed; but there's something in her voice and manner that——I may be wrong!" he said, hastily, checking himself.

"You were right to detain her. Some petitioner, no doubt," said Louis, speaking as calmly as he could, and passing into his private room.

"My husband?"

She was at his feet with only those words on her lips.

"Rise, madame! I will conceal nothing from you," he said, assisting her to the sofa; "it was madness to come here!"

"Oh! I was weak. I reached your door and fainted. We walked all night, Marie and I. Where is she? Oh! tell me all, this suspense is horrible!"

He concealed nothing from her, and then from his frightful narrative he passed to petitions. He told her Marie had made it doubly difficult for him to aid her; he implored her to trust him, to wait patiently the event; and then, kneeling at her feet, he took a solemn oath to release her husband, or failing in that, to let her know his fate in time to die with him. Gaspard was informed that the old lady was Louis' aunt from the country, and Gaspard professed to believe it.

The next step was to get the passports, and after every difficulty had been thrown in his way, he succeeded in procuring a blank signature from Robespierre. It was filled for Victor Saintain, peasant, and his mother. A disguise was then procured and hidden in the house. Louis knew there was no hope of escape, save one, no chance for Marie or her husband. His daring declaration had made him peculiarly obnoxious, and his guard was strict, his sentence unalterable.

It was the week after their arrest, that Louis heard the three names read aloud by the crier, as marked for execution the next day. He shuddered as he thought of Marie's young life, and her brave husband; then the thought of Audree nerved him, and he smiled a sad, sweet smile.

"Audree, listen to me calmly," he said, as he left her the next day. "In about two hours your husband will be here. You must instantly go with him to the corner of the next street, where Gaspard will be waiting for you with a covered cart. You will be driven to the barriers. You have your passport, fear nothing; but let nothing stop you once you are past the barriers. You know the vessel in which you must leave Calais."

"But Marie?"

"I cannot free both at once. Remember your husband's life depends upon your speed."

"But you *will* save my sister?"

"If it is possible. Audree, I have a last wish before we part. Let me kiss you once, and say once to *me*, God bless *thee*."

It was tearfully granted; and then, with renewed cautions, Louis left her.

The gloomy walls of the Conciergerie were his goal, and he passed in without difficulty.

"The citizen Fairvolle."

"This way, citizen," said the jailer, after scrutinizing the pass.

He was alone, and strange thoughts crossed Louis' mind, as he stood, in that awful hour, facing his rival. Not one thought untrue to Audree, only the longing wish to have been loved as he was loved.

"Citizen," he said, in as firm a tone as he could command, "I have come to offer you liberty and life." He was tearing off his clothes, as he spoke, and the astonished prisoner saw that, under his own dress, he wore a peasant's costume, from the pocket of which he drew a pair of sabots and a cap. "You will wear these things," he said, as he resumed his own clothes again, "leaving your own behind." And then he proceeded to sketch the plan of his escape: where to find Audree, and where the covered cart.

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"But yourself, Mons. Sautorie?"

"I am one of the National Assembly; they cannot harm me!" he said, proudly; and the prisoner believed him.

"Take this pass, go through the gates, slowly, and do not hasten until you are in the cart; then speed for your life. Avoid exciting suspicion here, and all will be well."

"And you are safe?"

"Perfectly safe as soon as I am recognized, which must be delayed, if possible, until you are beyond the barriers."

"But I am condemned to die to-day."

"Fear not! You will live many years. And now, before we part—your sister-in-law *will* die to-day—and her husband. It is utterly impossible for me to save them; but, I charge you, do not tell your wife till you are in safety."

"I understand. Poor Marie!"

"Go, go! Every moment is precious."

"You assure me I do not endanger you?'

"I tell you I am safe!"

He knew it was false; he knew that were the president himself accused of aiding the escape of a prisoner, his doom was sure. But his face was serene, his smile sweet, though sad, as he spoke.

Having seen the prisoner once beyond the door, he hastily assumed his dress, hiding his own under the miserable pallet bed. An hour, two hours passed—and there was no alarm. Surely, they were safe! Then a hollow, rumbling sound struck on his ear, and he knew the tumbrils waited for their living freight. His summons came soon, and he was led to the hall where the prisoners were assembled. Marie came to his side.

"Victor! Ah!" she cried, as she saw his face; "where is Victor?"

"Safe, I trust, by this time. Oh! forgive me that I could not save you! I could only rescue him thus!"

"How?" she whispered, awe-struck.

"By dying in his stead."

I draw a veil over the next scenes. All know what such horrors were—and Marie and George were not the only noble hearts who perished on that fatal day.

Victor and Audree escaped, and not for many years did Audree know how Louis Sautorie saved her husband. Then Gaspard took to her his last letter written the night before his death, and she learned how she had been loved by the gifted artist.

WITHIN A YEAR.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

Tread softly! True, she cannot hear your step,
Yet death's mute presence sanctifies the place.
Lift up the curtain, let the sunlight in,
Draw the sheet gently from her pallid face.

Would you have known her? She has changed so much
Since last you saw her, scarce one year agone:
You would have wept to see how soon with grief
The face we thought so fair grew pale and wan!

How still she lies! As if asleep? Not so—
Slumber was never perfect rest like this!
And rest was what she longed for. Once she said,
That Heaven, for her, could have no higher bliss!

She was so fragile from a very child;
Not strong, as some are, little used to care;
For life had been all sunshine. When, at last,
The dark clouds gathered, it was hard to bear.

Only last March she came to me, one day,
A tender shyness crowning every grace;
It was the "old, old story," which I read,
Once and forever, in her changing face.

"Philip!" I said—and, answering the name,
Fair, rival roses bloomed on either cheek;
And so, with fond caress, and loving word,
I won my darling of this joy to speak.

It was the Spring-tide of life, love, and hope;
A little while, and then the shadow gray
Of death's grim presence settled in her eyes,
Whence the light faded surely day by day.

For to our country (which may God preserve!)
This agony of peril came apace;
And in the ranks of freedom's loyal sons
The earnest heart of Philip found his place.

When, with grave words, befitting such a theme,
And a good man's stern sorrow for the need,
He spoke of duty, of our nation's claims,
Her whitening lips found strength to say, "God-speed!"

She had a brave, true heart, the tender girl,
And hid all pain beneath a cheerful guise;
But I could read the tokens, which would mean
Nothing to other and more careless eyes.

One Sabbath, in midsummer, we, who knelt,
In mercy, recked not how our dear one lay,
With quiet face turned homeward, on the sward,
Stained with his life-blood as it ebbed away.

Too soon, alas! the fatal tidings came.
She heard it, mutely, and fell forward prone
Upon the floor—so white and deathly still,
With features rigid as the sculptured stone.

This is the end. Her New-Year dawned in Heaven;
Earth's weakness and its pain she left below;
The peace He giveth unto His beloved,
Now and henceforward, it is hers to know.

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A STRANGE DAYBREAK.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

STRANGE indeed was the scene that took place at daybreak, on the ninth of March last, in Brandon, a town in New Hampshire. The inhabitants have pondered it long and earnestly. The minister of the parish lay dying. For forty years he had exercised his ministry there. In the New England of the Puritans great was the importance attached, the deference shown, to a clergyman. It could not be otherwise where the church governed the state through the disfranchisement of all who were not church members. The sentiment is still extant in some places. The minister is the leading man of the town. Around him circle its intelligence, its public spirit, as well as its piety—none the less because his fairly-earned stipend slips slowly through the fingers of the deacons, and their keen eyes twinkle if they can pay him "in kind"—white beans, perhaps.

Brandon slept among the quiet green hills, there was no railroad to it; its people were tenacious of ancient feelings and customs, and so the position of "Priest Thayer" might have contented a divine of the days of Cotton Mather or Dr. Bellamy. True, his congregation did not remain standing till he had entered the meeting-house and ascended to his lofty pulpit; nor did they respectfully wait in their "slips," after the benediction, for him to descend and pace slow and stately down the broad aisle, as had been the observance with his predecessors. The reverence and esteem of the grave, divinity-respecting community found expression in other ways, constant and varied.

That night, when it was known that the pastor had come to the term of his earthly labors, there was deep sadness, deep solemnity. A hush, a great waiting seemed extended over the village—to be changed with the morning light to a great wonder and questioning.

There was no acute sorrow, no passionate yearning, for he for whom the ghostly messenger was come had been a reserved, unbending, formal man. He had needed no confidant, no bosom friend. If any groping for closer, warmer sympathy, for fuller employment, for the life of his heart, than was afforded by the methodical society amid which he walked, had agitated his bosom, no one knew it. He was going to his long home rigid as he had lived.

Had it always been so? Let us look back a little. When that wiry, gray hair was brown and silky, young Elias Thayer's emotional nature had asserted itself. Dreams, hopes had been his—hopes which were not dreams. Soft fingers wove the spell!

A great wrong was done.

A girl, tender and lovely, gazed a few intense moments on the wreck of her life, and turned away, silent. Mr. Thayer also turned away—to his ordination vows, to the flock over which he had been made shepherd.

Pure spirit, absolute immateriality, some say, is only an inert power, able to effect nothing. It needs compactness, corporeal limitations. And sometimes, while in the body, the more unswerving the limits, the straiter the barriers between which it acts, the more its power in any one direction. Mr. Thayer's mind had been trained to move along one groove, that of the strictest sect of Calvinism, and great was the force with which it now urged its way. It grasped the most appalling conclusions with a passionless zeal for truth. This gave him great momentum in the pulpit. Strangers sometimes wondered at the quietness with which he turned over nine tenths of his fellow-creatures to hopeless misery; but their souls kindled as he seized the fortunes and destiny of the remaining tenth, and pushed with them on and up, still up, till the planet on which they stood dwindled into a petty, petty fragment of God's universe, and the years they were to walk its surface appeared but a point of time. His parishioners looked at him as, prematurely grave and formal, he wended his way back to his study, thinking how colorless, feeble must be the seen and perishable for one who lived under the sway of such truths. And so thinking, some reverenced him, and some only entertained a grave respect, a feeling that it was eminently fitting that so a clergyman should live, a gratulation that their parish possessed such a clergyman. But there was one eye that eagerly sought upon his face a betrayal of passion, an uneasy yearning, a backward earthly look. Poor Anne Newton! the unguessed secret lived in her consciousness rather than memory, but it seemed fading out of his.

At the western extremity of the village lived

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the woman, Anne Newton, to whose life his had once been grappled so tightly, and the parsonage was at the eastern extremity. Anne's windows overlooked a wide, desolate waste, where grew stunted grass, scrawny bushes, and a few dwarf evergreens. It possessed not even the weird attraction of a naked moor. The parsonage looked out upon the grave-yard. And thus these two lived, one at one end of the village and one at the other, while forty years rolled over their heads.

In that time changes many took place, of course. The minister married a wife, and children three were born unto him. When Anne Newton had reached the sober age of thirty-six she lost almost all her property. As a New England woman the first refuge of her thought was teaching. But her lonely life, her worn nerves had ill-fitted her to cope with other candidates in the race, girls of eighteen, with terse, fresh vitality, primed with the latest discoveries in science and art. What is the other female resource? The needle, of course. And so Miss Newton, proud and sensitive, born, if not to affluence, to comfort and many lady-like refinements, elegancies, delicacies, with family memories stretching back to days of colonial pomp, with fastidiousness and shrinkings not to be understood by those to whom the possibility, the danger of having to earn their bread has ever been suggested—Miss Newton ventured forth on the world as a needle-woman—determined to go out dress-making.

She soon obtained all the custom of the place. One day she went to work for Mrs. Thayer, the minister's wife. The parson found her seated at the breakfast-table when he descended with his measured movement and stiff, spotless neck-cloth. Returning his bow, she waited, angry with herself for her palpitating heart, for his first words. They were, "Shall I give you some codfish, Miss Newton?"

The meal was despatched, and Parson Thayer returned to his study-table and the synthesis of his train of reasoning for the next Sunday morning. But his ideas were confused. He could not command his mind. He rose, shook himself in his dressing-gown, stroked his brow, walked to the window, murmuring, "I was up too late last night;" but even as he said it, he extended his hand with the palm outward as if warding off something, and crossed the room in that attitude. Suddenly he stopped, his eyes fixed apparently on the corner of the nearest bookcase. What thought springs to life in his brain?—what image grasps his thought? He looks only a moment, and then glances around over his shoulder. Is he the man to harbor an image—he, sober, practical, stiff, even prim?

Miss Newton went no more to work there.

But they met once a year. In his annual parochial visitation the pastor never omitted Miss Newton. His eye would rest on her face curiously, as if to note what progress time had made since the last year, and she would color and look away. That was all. Their intercourse was commonplace and distant, without any effort needed to make it so.

As Dr. Thayer advanced in life his reputation as a preacher increased. But there was one strange thing noticeable in his ministry. Year after year he preached, bringing his lofty thoughts and abstractions close to the consciences and lives of his listeners by frequent and striking applications, yet there was not one addition to the membership of his church. The only tears his flock had ever seen him shed, ran down his cheeks when he announced and commented upon this fact from the pulpit. What secret warping from the right lay at the foundation? The minister's life was irreproachable, his labors unwearied, his parish had perfect confidence in him. Where was the malign element twisted in?

Dr. Thayer's step grew feeble, his hand trembling. At sixty he was bent and abstracted as an old man of seventy. At twilight he would sit in his study window and gaze out over the dusky grave yard. His wife had been laid there ten years before, but his eyes were not fixed on her head-stone. He lived alone now. One by one his three daughters had left him to gladden homes of their own, and a hired housekeeper managed his domestic affairs, so there was no one to interrupt him, as he lingered long by the darkening casement, and looked afar. This was also the time when Anne Newton, folding away her tedious work, would draw toward her solitary window and muse, as she too looked out into the gathering darkness. At the same hour, as each evening closed in, they were similarly engaged. Did their spirits never meet? Space is a limitation of matter only. Was it no unperceived influence that kept that old man silent and motionless there, and that gray-haired woman, with the hard, soured face, at the other window, two miles distant?

The night came of which I spoke at the commencement of my story, when the minister lay dying. A wild, gusty night. The house had been thronged during the day; but now only one deacon watched in the parlor, while a hired nurse sat by the bed. The house-door opened, an unequal step ascended the stairs, and a

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woman, tall and gaunt, wrapped in a cloak, the hood drawn far over her features, entered the sick-room, and advanced to the pillow whereon lay the cold, rigid face. The nurse started up in affright, changed to amazement, as the cloak fell back and revealed—the village dress-maker! Anne Newton knelt down by the bed and stroked the brow, damp with the dew of death. The eyes, which had been fixed on vacancy, turned toward her—they lit up—a smile, yes, a positive smile of pleasure, came upon the sunk and rayless features. The old minister turned upon his side and gazed full in the countenance bending near his own. He tried to speak; but he was too far gone for that. Miss Newton, in a tone of quiet authority, dismissed the nurse, and those two were left alone together—together once more!

As the light broke in the east, the watcher below stole up to the dim chamber, and then went in haste to summon his brother deacons; for the last moments were evidently near.

What a sight was that which met their astonished eyes! Seated on the side of the minister's bed, one arm around him, supporting him, was Miss Newton; his right hand clasped hers tightly, while his face wore a soft, bright, sweet, happy smile that took twenty years from his apparent age. Never, in all their knowledge of him, had his good deacons seen there an expression like that! They would scarce have known him. His glazing eyes sought the light of the large, speaking ones that bent over him. They seemed to lean upon them.

And his companion—was she also transfigured? Her whole countenance was aglow, alight. She, too, appeared to *ask no more.*

"Our worthy pastor wanders. He thinks he holds the hand of his deceased wife," whispered one of the brethren. But when they asked him if he knew who sat by his side, he faintly replied, "Surely—Anne Newton."

The little he said was perfectly rational, expressing his hope of approaching happiness. As he spoke his eyes dwelt on that face, near his own at last, and his tones, his mien, his features were suffused, permeated, transformed with beaming content. Was this the unsympathetic, formal, unbending, self-poised man they had known? And this—this certainly was the village dress-maker! What did it mean? The group of severe, matter-of-fact men scanned each other's visages, as if to assure themselves they were not in a dream. No, nothing bares the edge of reality, wakes the practical sense, like the clear light of morning—and that was flooding the scene.

So lay the minister, while the sun came up out of the east and touched his brow with splendor. Then, quietly, life went out, and the beams of glory lit the worn face, bearing the same sweet smile.

The funeral was over. A committee of the church called on Miss Anne Newton, to inquire the meaning of the strange scene witnessed at the death-bed of Dr. Thayer. It had spread abroad among the church, they told her, and much scandalized many godly members.

"Did you ever hear whisper against him while living?" asked Miss Newton.

"Never! And for that very reason——"

"Then go your way," interrupted she. "Rest assured that what you saw implied nothing you need regret. Look at his life. Remember and imitate that. With the secrets of his dying hour you have no business. You cannot question him, and me you shall not!"

Were you to go to Brandon now, you would hear, ere long, the particulars of this story, with conjectures differing according to the age, position, sex, and character of your interlocutor. The most trifling, every-day act of the minister's life is supposed to have had relation to the closing scene. The good people forget that that would imply a unity of motive and action, an artistic proportion and correspondence of the different parts, impossible to any mundane career. However, among so many various explanations, they can settle upon none. The mystery is yet unsolved.

LINES.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER.

Oh! try to be the rainbow,
To all the storms of life,
That gleams, in sweetest beauty,
Amid the wildest strife!
The sun is ever shining—
The day-spring from above—
To turn thy tears of anguish
To signs of hope and love.

Remember, though the tempest
May wildly rage awhile,
The calm must shortly follow—
The frown precedes a smile.
With hope of coming glory
This earthly gloom is rife;
Then try to be the rainbow
To all the storms of life!

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"WEDDED TO A NEWSPAPER."

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

"GOOD-BY, pet."

"Be sure and come home early, Preston."

And the last speaker—a dimpled, rosy little creature, blithe and blooming as a poet's spring—for, alas! we have no other now-a-days!—stood in the doorway waving her handkerchief, until the gentleman thus entreated had disappeared from view.

Mrs. Preston Greene, as it was easy to see, was a bride whose honeymoon had not yet begun to wane, and thought she had as good a right, perhaps a better, to be happy, than any other woman in the world.

Let me recount her good fortune. Out of all her admirers—and her bloom and sprightliness had attracted many about her—Mr. Preston Greene had alone possessed the power to touch her heart. To be sure she had demurred a little, when it came to the point, about changing the expressive maiden name of Bessie Warbler, for the more commonplace patronymic of Greene; but then, upon reflection, was it not spelled with the aristocratic *e*?—and was not Preston both pretty and unusual? Then enumerating to herself the many virtues belonging to the possessor thereof, she settled down with a blissful content that could not have been increased if the conjunctive cognomens of the man she was to marry had been culled from the most resplendent romance. Moreover, "papa" and "mamma" had both been willing, and altogether nothing occurred to disturb the even tenor of a courtship, which culminated in a wedding day so sunny and clear as to be absolutely faultless. This was followed by a bridal tour equally satisfactory, and then Preston Greene, with some pride and more affection, brought back his bride to the home he had prepared for her.

It was the prettiest of cottages; just far enough out of town to catch a glimpse of fields, and a breath of unpolluted country air, and yet not entirely lose sight of the bustle and zest pervading the atmosphere of a great city. Besides this, the house itself was just the place for a bride to nestle in. They were not rich, these two, and made no effort to appear so. The bedrooms were furnished inexpensively, but most attractively, with unpretending cottage furniture, and brightness and prettiness reigned everywhere. In fine, Mrs. Greene expressed the perfections of her new abode by designating it, to her lady friends, as the "dearest little bandbox of a place ever was." And as every one is aware how dainty is the feminine taste respecting the receptacle intended to contain that choicest adornment of the sex—a bonnet, you will perceive how much this phrase implied.

You will have become conscious by this time, however, that so much good fortune could, by no possibility, fall to the lot of one mortal woman without some drawback to mar it. Mrs. Greene, *nee* Bessie Warbler, had not been married three months before she discovered that she possessed a rival—a rival which American wives, no matter how invincible in their charms, may not hope to drive entirely from the field. You will not permit yourself to be startled then, when I mention that the name of this powerful rival was the—NEWSPAPER.

When Mr. Greene came home, after an interval consumed in relating to one another the personal events of the day, interesting to each as a fairy-tale, the gentleman would produce this ubiquitous apparition from his pocket, and remark, in a tone of humble apology, "I think I'll just look over the news a little, my dear." And Mr. Greene would fall to perusing the columns before him, reading aloud any item he thought might be of interest to Bessie.

This was all well enough at first, Bessie would sit fabricating some pretty trifle, glancing about her every now and then, thinking how pleasant were her surroundings. But as the weeks passed on, Mr. Greene would forget to lay down his paper, until a little pink hand would come stealing in between him and the print, and its owner exclaim with the least bit of a pout, "It is so tiresome of you, Preston, to sit reading that stupid newspaper, when I haven't seen you all day!"

Then Mr. Greene, laying aside the peace-breaker, would devote himself to his wife for the rest of the evening, saying, "I can't let you call my pet journal stupid, love. For, you see, my father before me took the New York Extirpator, and thought nothing could compare with it, and I've inherited his belief."

But the time came when this cherished sheet

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was relinquished with a sigh, and the conviction forced itself upon Bessie's mind that her husband found greater pleasure in perusing its columns than her society could afford. She, therefore, no longer sought to wile it from him; and, after some tears shed in secret, came to the conclusion, that, as this was the only fault Preston possessed as a husband, it was her duty to bear it as patiently as she might. But as time passed on, Bessie found that this fault, trifling as it might appear, was yet productive of more serious consequences than at first glance would have seemed possible.

She had always possessed a great taste for gardening, and as there were grounds of considerable extent about their dwelling, looked forward to the pleasant times she and her husband could not fail to have in cultivating them. But she found that his all-engrossing newspaper gave him no time to spare for "such things," and was fain to see what results she could produce unaided. In this, as in most undertakings, her diligence won success, and her flowers were the earliest, and her vine produced the finest grapes of any in the neighborhood.

Bessie had been married several years, however, before her husband's foible subjected her to any *contretemps* of a really mortifying nature.

She said to him one morning, "I see the Spriggs, old friends of my family, are in town. They've sent me cards from the Astor, and I must go in and call on them this very day. We must ask them out here, of course."

"Certainly, anything you like, little wife," was the response.

"Well," said Mrs. Greene, that morning, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I've performed my duty. Called on the Spriggs, and was fortunate enough to find them in. They expect to leave the city shortly, so I've invited them to come to-morrow, and asked Polly Frothingham and a few of the neighbors to meet them. I suppose the properest thing would have been to dine them. But they're accustomed to such a deal of style, and though I'm not a bit ashamed of our way of living, I thought the best I could do would be to invite them to tea, which I could hand round, you know—Polly Frothingham tells me it's the fashion now—and then in the evening I intend having a pretty little table set out in the dining-room, and have our confectioner furnish whatever may be needed, with a colored man to serve."

"A very good arrangement," rejoined Mr. Greene, approvingly. "I know the Spriggs' well, they're rather parvenu-ish—as even your mother always acknowledged—and I'd like everything to appear to advantage, as that sort of people attach so much importance to outside show."

That evening, after Bessie had put the little ones to bed—for a sturdy little urchin called Johnny, and a tiny Lulu had made their appearance upon the stage—she sat down, and, after a little cogitation with her husband, wrote out, in her clear, precise hand, a list of the articles that would be required from the confectioner's, and laid it upon her dressing-table that it might be at hand in the morning.

I am not sure but that the little woman laid awake a good share of the night, planning just how the children should be dressed, and how mothers in general should be arranged in order that her reputation, as mother and housekeeper, should not suffer at the hands of the Spriggs, who, as she confessed to her husband, were the least little bit in the world inclined to be censorious.

Mrs. Greene had alluded to Polly Frothingham as being one of her invited guests. This lady was the wife of her husband's partner, and constantly harassed both herself and Mr. Frothingham, because the firm did business under the name of Greene & Co., instead of Frothingham & Co.

"Now that sounds something like," she was wont to say to her spouse, "Greene has such a commonplace sound, though Bess does lay such stress upon its being spelled with an *e*. I don't see that that makes any difference."

Now Polly Frothingham was determined that if Bess Greene, through her husband, took lead in matters of business, that she would show herself superior in matters of style and taste, and took delight in continually parading the sayings and doings of her fashionable acquaintances.

It was therefore that Bessie looked forward, with a little innocent pride, to introducing to this lady her friends, the Spriggs, who, she felt sure, were quite as "stylish" as any of those whom Mrs. Frothingham was in the habit of quoting to her.

All these considerations tended to make Bessie repose rather uneasy; she therefore woke later than usual, and was just setting a jaunty breakfast-cap upon her pretty head, when her husband entered the room and exclaimed, in a tone of dismay, "I can't find it anywhere! Some rascally villain must have stolen it!"

The instantaneous conviction of Mrs. Greene was, that one of the children was missing, and she rushed into the little room opening out of

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theirs in order to verify her fears. But no, both Johnny and Lulu were sound asleep in their respective cribs.

She kissed them each, then came back to her husband, who was pacing uneasily up and down. "Why, what do you mean, Preston?" asked she. "Both of the children are there. What is gone or stolen? Not the spoons, I hope?"

"Children! spoons! What can you be thinking of, Bessie? I am speaking of the New York Extirpator. Either it hasn't come, or somebody has stolen it."

Mrs. Greene's gentle features came as near to an expression of scorn as was possible for them, as she rejoined in a tone of much sympathy, "Dear me, what a misfortune! Do exert yourself, Preston, and see if it isn't possible for you to exist without that precious sheet one morning, at all events."

Mr. Greene did exert himself, but not quite successfully. In fact, during all their married life, his wife had never seen his equanimity so disturbed.

Before he started for down town, Mrs. Greene gave him the list she had prepared with so much care, with the injunction that the moment he arrived in town, he was to take it to Knicknack's, adding, "You know he has always been our confectioner, and he is sure to be perfectly reliable."

Mr. Greene dutifully promised; but all the way down town the thought of that missing morning paper haunted him; and when the city was reached, the temptation of stopping at its office and inquiring why it had not been sent was too great to be resisted; so he saw the proprietor, pocketed the New York Extirpator, received an apology for its non-appearance, and then hurried to his place of business, determining to attend to his wife's request in the course of the morning.

In the meantime, Bessie was as busy as a bee preparing for her visitors. She went into the garden and plucked her brightest flowers for bouquets, and denuded her grape-vine of its choicest clusters to do honor to the occasion. Bringing these last in, she arranged them on certain salvers that had been among her bridal gifts—not silver, to be sure, but so excellently plated that the sharpest eye would be unable to detect the difference—then placing them on the dining-room table, tried to imagine how it would look in the evening. The effect couldn't fail to be pretty, with large rosy peaches peeping out amid the grapes, a pyramid of pink and white cream in the center, and the whole flanked at each end by a golden quiver of jellies and dainty forms of Charlotte Russe. In the pride of her heart and the want of other confidants, she called in the children and described the tempting set-out mamma was going to have for her visitors: they listened with delighted eyes, for in their simple little lives this was quite an event.

The afternoon came, and the first arrival was Mrs. Greene's dread and admiration—Polly Frothingham, who remarked that she thought she'd come early and help her receive her friends, knowing that since her marriage she had been so retired, that it might come a "little awkward at first."

Bessie Warbler, who had never done an awkward thing in her life! But as Mrs. Frothingham, by dint of much assurance, and an emphatic belief that she was a person of great importance, succeeded generally in inveigling others into a similar delusion, Bessie felt herself obliged to be grateful for the above condescension.

By-and-by, after one or two unimportant arrivals, the Spriggs came; Mrs. Spriggs, who was portly, consequential, and patronizing; Miss Amanda Spriggs, who was also in good condition, and resplendent with jewels; and Mr. Hyacinth Spriggs, who was nothing in particular, and confined himself strictly to monosyllables. Indeed, had he possessed any conversational talent, he would have fared badly enough, as his mother and sister were opposed, upon principle, to anybody's talking but themselves. At all events, the Spriggs were stylish in appearance; and somehow, as Polly Frothingham's sharp eyes scanned them from head to foot, Mrs. Greene was pleased to know that the shawls mother and daughter wore were of real Chantilly lace.

Though the tea passed off nicely, yet Mrs. Greene could not help thinking that a shade crossed the faces of the Spriggs at its simplicity, they being famous for their devotion to good cheer; nor could she avoid seeing that Polly Frothingham looked supercilious, as if thinking how much better she could have managed everything, and for this reason she looked forward to the evening with added zest.

Little Lulu had remained close by her mother's side, a miracle of goodness and quietness; but Johnny, boy-like, toddled in and out among the company, and finally taking his station beside Mrs. Spriggs, pounded vigorously on her knee to attract attention, and began,

"See here, big lady, do 'ou 'ike goodies?" So, this "big lady" returning a smiling assent, Johnny continued, "'Cause, if 'ou do, mamy tole

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sis and me zat at nine o'tock wese doin' to have 'ots of good tings. Jelly, and gapes, and peaches, and ice-tream. And oh, Johnny can't 'member all wese doin' to have!"

At this unexpected information a bland expression stole into Mrs. Spriggs' face, and, taking the little chatter-box on her knee, she began to ride him to "Banbury Cross."

Mrs. Greene, not displeased at the compliments showered upon Johnny for his cunning speech, luckily did not hear Mrs. Frothingham whisper to Amanda Spriggs,

"Poor little dear! This sort of thing is quite a novelty to him. Bessie lives rather plainly, as a general thing, you see."

Presently Mrs. Greene heard the hall door open and her husband pass up stairs to arrange his dress before meeting their guests. A sudden terror beset her. What if Preston should have forgotten to stop at the confectioner's? She immediately rejected the idea as absurd, but would have no peace until she had seen him. So, whispering Polly Frothingham to entertain the company during her absence, which, with an air of ludicrous importance, this lady proceeded to do, Bessie stole quietly up stairs.

She had not forgotten him, at all events; for, upon entering the room, he found his best suit lying in state upon the bed, in company with a shirt of snowy linen. Well pleased, the gentleman proceeded to make his toilet, when Bessie, gliding in, said,

"I was so anxious, Preston, that I couldn't rest until I came up to make sure that you had stopped at the confectioner's."

"Confectioner's?" stammered Mr. Greene. "Upon my word, Bessie, I beg pardon! But, hang it all! not getting my paper in the morning threw me off the track entirely! I meant to have stopped at Knicknack's the first thing; but I had any quantity of business on hand, and, in fact, it slipped my mind we were to have company at all, until I heard strange voices through the open window."

And, with a very rueful face, the gentleman handed back the neatly-folded paper intended for the eye of the Knicknacks, adding, "I'm so sorry, wifie! But then, there is plenty in the house that will do upon a pinch." Tears stood in Bessie's eyes; and you will think her a model wife when I say she refrained from a single reproach, though she could not help saying to herself, with some little bitterness, "How stupid men are! They always think anything will do!"

The "plenty" Mr. Greene represented as being in the house consisted of hams, vegetables, etc., which, of course, would never do to set before company; and there was but one person Mrs. Greene could consult in her difficulty. Among the neighbors she had invited was a kind, cheery matron, called Mrs. Homeyard. During a diversion, made by the entrance of Mr. Greene, Bessie beckoned her from the room and explained her perplexities. Mrs. Homeyard was inclined to take a cheerful view of the matter.

"I made some cake to-day. To be sure, it's only cookies; but then, they're nice and light, and you're welcome to them. And you have jams in the house, likely?"

"Yes, to be sure!" replied Bessie, brightening up. "I have plenty of strawberry-jam, if that will do."

So good Mrs. Homeyard trudged off and presently returned with a basketful of cakes; and the two proceeded to set forth the table. Really, it didn't look so badly, in the end: with a rich bouquet in the center, purple grapes heaped up at each end, and glass conserve-dishes showing off the ruby-colored jam to perfection. Still it was so different from what Bessie had expected, and, worse still, so different from what Johnny had led the company to expect, that, with a little flutter of dismay, and a wish that it was all over, Bessie ushered her guests into the pleasant dining-room opening out of the parlor.

Bessie's manner, however, was quite free from confusion, as she made a graceful and laughing apology for the absence of the choicer confectionery she had expected to set before them. Everybody protested, of course, that they couldn't possibly have wished for anything nicer; but, for all that, it was a little tantalizing to Bessie to see Polly Frothingham exchange glances with the Spriggs, and then say, in that bland, patronizing voice which was so tormenting to hear, that Bessie must be sure to give her the "receipt for those cookies"—they were so much healthier than "richer cakes," she thought.

The Spriggs did not leave New York immediately, and Mrs. Greene had the dubious pleasure of being present at an entertainment given them by Mrs. Frothingham, gotten up in a scale quite too gorgeous to suit her husband's pocket—the result, as Bessie very well knew, of an amiable intention, on the part of the first, to mortify her, and establish her own superiority. Bessie could have forgiven this, however, if Polly had not informed her, at the close of the evening, with a most sympathizing face, "I must say I'm disappointed in your friends, the Spriggs. They inquired if your husband wasn't

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very mean? Do you know they thought your apology was all a make-up to save expense? Did you ever? Of course, I told them what a generous man Mr. Greene is. I'm sure nobody would have thought of such a thing but them!"

But this last did not console poor Bessie in the least—it was not intended that it should.

I have related the more amusing side of Mr. Greene's devotion to newspaperdom; but there were graver consequences in store for his family. As time progressed, his devotion to this species of literature amounted to a monomania, sanctioned, in his eyes, by the plea, that his line of business rendered such devotion imperative. This, however, could not blind Mrs. Greene to the fact, that, even if the material interests of her children were advanced by this absorption, mentally and morally they must be the sufferers.

Johnny, who was a lively, impatient boy, needed strict and careful training; but, whenever Bessie spoke of his faults to her husband, the reply was, "Of course, Bessie, I can't be at home all day to look after the children!" or else Johnny received a sharp short rebuke that did more harm than good. "If his father would only take two or three evenings in the week," Bessie would think, "and interest the boy in some pursuit that would occupy his thoughts and keep him out of mischief!" But the wish was in vain. Give Mr. Greene his slippers and paper, when the day was ended, and he was oblivious of all else until bed time.

Lulu, fortunately, had too watchful care from her mother to suffer as yet from this want of paternal solicitude, and was already beginning to mature into a lovely woman, whose brilliant spirits created a glow of life wherever she came.

There were other eyes than her mother's that became conscious of this, and among them a fine pair belonging to a certain Gilbert Livingstone, who proceeded to evince his admiration of Lulu in numerous ways.

As far as appearances went, there was nothing objectionable about the young man. He was scrupulous in the regard of all external observances, and peculiarly well-bred and attractive in manner.

Mrs. Greene, noting his demonstrative admiration of Lulu, said to her husband, "It is plain that Gilbert Livingstone thinks a deal of our Loo. He comes from B——, he tells me, and I wish you would inquire about him among your friends."

Mr. Greene opened his eyes in astonishment at the idea of Lulu's having a suitor—it had never occurred to him that she was anything but a very child—then replied, "Certainly, I will find out about the young man; but it would be rather absurd to take anything for granted at this early stage."

A little while after Lulu glided into the room upon some noiseless errand, and Mr. Greene, regarding her attentively, saw how sweet and womanly she had grown. She reminded him of Bessie, and how she had looked when he first discovered that he loved her—and the remembrance moved him. "Come here, Lulu, and give me a kiss," he said at length.

Lulu, with wonder in her eyes, complied with the request, and Mr. Greene, smoothing her hair, added, in a tone of unwonted affection, "Papa may not say a great deal; but he loves his little Lulu very much!"

The girl, with tears in her eyes, went to her mother, and said, "What do you think, mother? Father actually asked me to kiss him, just now!" And Bessie sighed to think such a request should seem unusual.

"I must certainly inquire about that young man," thought Mr. Greene, as Lulu left the room. But the elections were coming on, and Mr. Greene was no half-way politician. He believed that his favorite candidate, Magog, was the man to "save the country," while Gog was a consummate villain; and, consequently, devoted himself more than ever to the columns of the "Extirpator," which exerted itself to prove these two facts. So the days slipped by, and, in his absorbing anxiety to see Magog elected, and Gog defeated, Mr. Greene forgot Lulu and her admirer entirely.

One morning Lulu came to her mother, and, with blushing timidity, confided to her that she and Gilbert Livingstone were engaged. "That is, I told him, if—if you and father are willing."

This was unexpected even to Mrs. Greene, and, determining to depend no longer upon her husband, she ascertained the name of one of the principal citizens of B——, and wrote accordingly. She received a reply that stunned her. Gilbert Livingstone, though belonging to one of the first families in B——, had covered himself with dishonor. Occupying a position of trust, he had proved himself a defaulter, and had been obliged to leave the place in consequence. "He has the bearing of a gentleman, and the heart of a villain!" ended the letter. With it open in her hand Mrs. Greene came to her husband and gave it him to read. When he had finished, looking up at his wife, it was to meet an expression of reproach stern and unusual.

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He answered it by saying, in a deprecatory tone, "Well, well, if there is anything between Lulu and this precious rascal, it must be broken off at once."

"If her heart be broken too, I suppose it will not matter. You will find consolation in the columns of your newspaper."

Mr. Greene felt he had deserved the reproach, and was silent.

Poor Lulu! The blow fell heaviest upon her! She had always been so happy, and believed so thoroughly in every one's goodness, and now, chilled and shivering at the shadow of sin that had fallen upon her brightest hopes, she went about pallid and drooping.

Mr. Greene, in a fit of remorseful penitence at his neglect, devoted himself to his child for —a fortnight, and invented schemes to wile away her sadness. Lulu was very patient and grateful; but her mother felt, in her inmost heart, that her child's bloom and freshness would never come back. Time might palliate, but would never wholly remedy the shock she had received. And this thought was embittered still more by the reflection, that all this might have been avoided if the young man's character had been ascertained before Lulu had given her heart in such unworthy keeping.

Nor was this Bessie's only trouble. Johnny, lacking a firm hand to control him, had grown up wild and reckless, when care and attention at the outset would have made him a useful, prosperous man.

Mr. Greene, aroused at length, declared that John, if he were allowed to go on, would bring disgrace upon them all, and, procuring him the position of supercargo, sent him to China without delay, with the stern warning, that he was not to return until he could bestow "credit, instead of disgrace, upon his family."

Bessie, well aware what this energy, exerted earlier, might have accomplished for her son, wondered how her husband could expect "figs of thorns," or a plentiful harvest where he had never taken time to strew one seed of goodness.

I wish I could say that Mr. Greene, awakening at last to the long error of years, did whatever lay in his power to atone for it. But the old habit is too strong for him. So he is still absorbed by the columns of his favorite journal; and when he alludes to the matter at all, it is to consider himself a very ill-used man. If he had been "a drunkard, or a gambler," it would have been different. But as it was, he could never understand "why John should grow up into such an extravagant, reckless fellow."

So Bessie Greene descends the shady side of life with her only son in a distant and heathen land, and her only daughter defrauded of her bloom, and quiet with a sadness which illy accords with her years.

You may consider my sketch overdrawn. I'll not quarrel with you for that. But I think there are not too many households and hearths in America over which the demon of the eternal newspaper does not cast, from its omnipresent wings, a shadow of discontent. At all events, I am very certain that a man ought to decide at the outset, whether it is better to be wedded to a wife, or a newspaper, and abide by the choice.

LOST.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

Away in a fathomless ocean,
Away in its deepest caves,
Where only the stars of Heaven look down,
And nod to the scintillant waves;
Where the crystalline strands
Of the coral lands
Reach up to the scintillant waves—

There Psyche moaningly wanders,
Unmindfully of the pearls,
Striving to catch one passing glimpse
Of those radiant, shining curls
Which a glory shed
Round a beautiful head,
With its clustering, golden curls.

Among the treacherous billows
She peers with a burdened sigh
For a glimpse of a tiny hand or foot,
Or a gleam from that sunny eye;
Some little sign
From the world divine,
One smile from that sunny eye.

Sad Psyche waits for the voices
That fell on her listening ear,
When the violets meek, and the lily bells,
Drooped low in this sorrowful year;
But the ocean's moan
Gives back no tone
From this dreary and sorrowful year.

Then my soul groweth sad and aweary,
Alone in this desolate clime—
Striving to gather the dead past up
From this fathomless sea, called Time—
While the waves dash by,
With an echoless sigh,
And are lost in this ocean—Time.

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MY MATTER-OF-FACT COUSIN.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

I HAD just been admitted to the bar. Before me lay my aunt Fannie's letter, urging me to pay a visit to her, uncle James, and the girls.

At dinner time I told my father of my plans.

"Very good," he said, approvingly. "You will have the free air that the doctor recommends; and if you choose to fall in love with your cousin Molly, I shall give my consent to the match."

"She's a dear, good girl!" said my mother.

I instantly resolved to hate Molly. Fall in love with "a dear, good girl!" I—a poet—a genius—seeking, on this desert earth, for a kindred soul—a heart to beat in unison with mine—a bright, etherial being formed to be worshiped, but, of course, willing to bow before my superior mind! "Dear, good girl!" brought up a vision of a little bread-and-butter Miss, always ready to wait on mamma and courtesy to a strange gentleman. I fall in love with her! Nothing could relieve my disgusted feelings but a canto to "My ideal love," which I finished before bed time.

The next evening found me in the quiet home circle at Lee, already more than half in love with—not the recommended Molly, but her sister, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Leonie. I had found a kindred soul, I was sure, in Leonie. Together we soared to the realms of thought; we quoted Byron—we compared favorite passages, and, ecstasy! she, too, confided her inmost thoughts to paper—she, in short, wrote poetry! She was unhappy, too, in want of sympathy. None of the family believed in her inspiration or genius. Her father said "Trash!" to her finest effusions; and her mother advised her to spend her time in making cake, if bread was too commonplace.

Molly had a small but neat figure, and her dainty slipper and dress both fitted exquisitely; her hair was dark-brown, and braided in heavy loops; she had soft-brown eyes, fair complexion, and a bright, cheerful face.

Leonie, tall, slender, and graceful, wore a white dress which might have paid a visit to the wash-tub with advantage; but my eyes and admiration rested on her face. The features were Grecian, and the large, languid blue eyes, and long, loose curls, made a fair picture, which, to my blinded eyes, was improved by a half-reclining position and pensive expression.

"Leonie," said her father, "what are you looking so dolorous about? Toothache?"

A look of scornful impatience excited at once my sympathy, and the laughter of the rest.

"Oh! I see," said uncle James; "you are composing an ode to a summer's night. Eh, Molly?"

"Including musquitoes," said Molly, quietly.

"Of course! Come, let's have the first verse," said the poor girl's tormentor.

"Papa, spare me! Torture not my calm repose by dragging forth my sorrows to the world."

"Come, Lenny, sing for us," said her mother; "and no nonsense!"

So "Love not," and "The Broken-Hearted" were sung, in an agonizing manner; and then, at her father's request, Molly sang, in a blithe, sweet voice, some Scottish ballads, after which Leonie and I wandered out on the piazza—to gaze at the moon.

The first evening will stand for a picture of many more. The sentimental poetess was right when she told me no one sympathized with her; for all tried, by ridicule, or more gentle warning, to bring her from her fancied heaven to the neglected duties blocking up her path. I labored in vain to win her a sister's gentle sympathy—Molly was impenetrable. It was,

"Molly, walk with us, on this lovely morning, to woo the gentle summer's air, and seek, in the mazes of the wood, the murmuring brook and whispering foliage."

"Can't, indeed, cousin Ned; I must help mamma with the preserves."

She was always busy. Leonie, who never rose till ten o'clock, was ready for my proposed stroll or reading at any later hour, and I forgot her untidy dress, tumbled hair, and slip-shod feet in the melodious voice, the questioning sympathy, and soft flatteries of my blue-eyed cousin. Yet, though I fancied I looked down upon the commonplace Molly, it was a pleasant sight to meet her little graceful figure always neat, whether in the tidy morning chintz or the lighter evening dress—a pleasant sound to hear her cheerful voice—a pleasant thing to note her

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ever busy fingers always employed to lighten her mother's cares, to give her father a pleasure, or repair some negligence of her sister's. She spent part of her time in her own room; but the breakfast-table never waited for her, and hers was the first kiss to welcome her father's return at night.

I had been at my uncle's two weeks, and had already decided that Leonie was my second self, and my life a Paradise or a desert, according as she willed to accept or reject my hand, when, one day, waiting for Leonie to walk with me, Molly's voice called,

"Edwin! Edwin, come here! Hurry! Leonie has fallen!"

I rushed into the entry. My idol had caught her foot in a rent of her dress, and taken a flying leap down stairs; she lay insensible at the foot. I knelt down and called upon her by every endearing name.

"Don't be silly!" said Molly, in a quick, anxious tone. "You are the only one here who can lift her. Take her to her own room, and then send John for Dr. Wallace."

I obeyed. Lifting the inanimate figure, I followed Molly's light footsteps up the stairs to Leonie's room. Even in my terror I could not escape the impression of disgust that room gave me. My aunt made it a rule that the girls should take care of their own rooms, and I had fondly imagined Leonie's to be a bower of beauty—a resting-place haunted by the works, the pictures of great minds—a home where genius could rest secure of no jar from outer life. I saw, at midday, an unmade bed—a dusty, greased, dirty carpet—open, disorderly drawers from which straggled ends of dresses—brushes, soiled collars, and manuscripts in direful confusion—a crushed bonnet on the table, with a volume of Shelley in the crown—and a writing-desk open on a window-sill.

My aunt came up in a moment.

"Some water, Molly dear!" she said, taking her post at once by Leonie. "And cologne! Where is the cologne?"

"Don't stop to look here, Ned. Go to my room; there is a bottle on the mantle-piece," said Molly.

I went hastily, found the bottle, and was then unceremoniously requested to retire, and send the doctor up as soon as he came. Where did I go? Straight, on my word, straight back to the room of my matter-of-fact cousin. I was fascinated by the glimpse I had of it, and I actually had the impudence to go for another.

I knew that my cousins were allowed to furnish and decorate their rooms as they pleased, and it was a revelation to look at Molly's. All the furniture was of a cool gray (cottage), with pretty flowers scattered over it. The dainty white bed, neatly made, stood under curtains of a soft rose-color gauze; the pretty carpet, gray and flower-strewn like the furniture, looked as if dust had never touched it. Every article stood in its place, and there was a bewitching air of finished neatness about the whole that repudiated the idea of a servant's fingers. The book-shelf held a choice selection of standard works, protected from dust by a curtain of the rose-colored gauze, and a few landscape pictures hung on the walls. The work-basket and writing-desk were in loving companionship on a table near the window, whose white curtains gave a shade to the whole room. A small vase on the bureau held one rose, half-blown, with a cluster of its own green leaves.

Leonie's injuries proved slight; but she kept her room for a week, and Molly and I were thrown much together. I cannot tell you how she roused in me an ambition to be a nobler, better man; how her earnest, useful life, her gentle intelligence, and the glimpses I caught of her well-cultivated and well-trained mind, shamed me from my dreams to manly aspirations and resolutions. I left Lee determined to deserve my cousin Molly's regard.

One year later I renewed my visit. We had corresponded during my absence, and when I left the second time, I brought home, for my bride, my MATTER-OF-FACT COUSIN.

SET FREE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

SHE lay, with her white arms folded
Across in a meek embrace;
And a beauty and light immortal
Spread over her palo, young face.

And yet we prayed she might linger,
And hoped for a respite brief;
Could she but stay till Autumn,
And fade with the falling leaf!

But our love was only cheating
Conviction that gave us pain;
For a beautiful form, white shrouded,
Soon lay where she once had lain.

And we moved, with a muffled footfall,
Through the gloomy and silent room;
Though we knew that her gentle spirit
Had gone from its dusky gloom.

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WIDOWED, AND POOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"If you must have it, Jane."

"There's no *must* in the case, Harry.. Why will you talk so to me, as if I were unreasonable and extravagant?"

Mrs. Drayton looked hurt, and offended.

"I didn't say you were unreasonable and extravagant, Jane."

"You might as well have said it," was retorted, in a tone of voice far from amiable.

"I think not." Mr. Drayton spoke in a depressed way, and rather to himself than to his wife.

"Why, then, did you say if *I* must have it?" asked Mrs. Drayton, in an imperative manner.

Now, of all things in the world, Mr. Drayton most dreaded what are known as family jars; and he was always ready to make concessions for peace. He could meet outside trouble, and stand up, bravely, even with odds against him, in the life-battle; but, at home, he wanted rest and peace. And to secure these, he too often yielded things that should have been held firmly. Thence, it came to be understood, with Mrs. Drayton and her elder daughters, that whatever they desired would be yielded, if the right degree of pressure were brought to bear on husband and father. The case now at partial issue involved a new parlor carpet; the English Brussels, which had been on the floor for nearly five years, not being considered by many degrees elegant enough for exhibition on the occasion of a fashionable party to be given in two weeks.

Mr. Drayton did not respond to his wife's sharp interrogation. He never entered into word-encounters on the field of home.

"It is as much for your credit as mine," added the lady, seeing that her husband did not answer. "Brussels went out of date years ago; and, besides, ours is faded and shabby. Mrs. Langdon, whose carpet looked new alongside of ours, has put down tapestry velvet; and so have Mrs. George and Mrs. Toner. Nobody that pretends to any sort of style has Brussels now."

"What will you have to pay for new carpets?" asked Mr. Drayton, consent in his voice.

"Two dollars a yard."

"How many yards will be required?"

"About fifty."

"One hundred dollars," said Mr. Drayton.

"That's all. Only a hundred dollars."

"Very well. You'd better see about it at once. Go to Orne's."

"And there's another thing we should have," said Mrs. Drayton.

"What?"

A kind of patient acquiescence was in the speaker's voice; as of one who suffered, yet veiled the signs.

"Curtains."

Mr. Drayton evinced no surprise.

"I've always set my heart on curtains, as you know. It is one of my weaknesses."

Mr. Drayton sighed faintly—so faintly that it was not perceived.

"I guess the carpet will do now," he made answer, forcing a lightness of manner which he did not feel. And, taking up his hat, he hurried off to his store.

"We'll have the curtains," said Effie, the oldest daughter, in a gleeful tone, as her father shut the street door.

"Of course we will," replied the vain, extravagant mother. "Silk damask, and lace."

Effie struck her hands together, exclaiming, "Splendid! Oh, I do so admire curtains! They give to a room such an elegant appearance. We must get them before the party."

"Yes. I mean that."

"And, ma," said Effie, her manner changing, "don't you think we ought to have a new sofa, and a set of chairs? Hair-cloth has such a poor look."

Mrs. Drayton shook her head. "Your father will say No, to that."

"Just look at them, ma!" And Effie caught hold of a chair and turned it to the light. "All the freshness has gone. They are dull and mean. After the new carpet is down, and the curtains at the windows, we'll be ashamed of the sofa and chairs. For my part, I'd rather not have elegant curtains, unless other things are to accord. This 'would-if-you-could' way of doing things I despise."

"Just my feeling," answered the weak, foolish mother. "But, Effie, you know how hard it is to do anything with your father. We must manage the best we can, and get things by

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degrees. The curtains and carpet will do for this time. There will be a crowd in the room, and no one will observe the furniture."

But Effie was not satisfied. She argued for the new chairs and sofa, and argued so conclusively, that her mother came over to her side. Soon after breakfast, they started out to select the carpet. Between one at two dollars a yard, and one at three dollars, the contrast of quality and appearance was so great that the costliest was chosen.

From Orne's they went to Carryl's, and, after an hour's examination of curtains, selected a set for three windows at one hundred dollars a set, to be put up on the morning of the day on which the party was to be given.

"Shall we call at White's?" said Effie, as mother and daughter emerged upon the street.

"We can't go any farther in this direction," was the answer, in a tone from which all life had departed.

"Why not?"

Mrs. Drayton shook her head, and closed her lips tightly.

"Why not?" repeated Effie.

"Because we have gone far enough. Your father didn't say we might get the curtains, and I don't know what he'll think of it. I'm almost sorry, now, that I ordered them. He'll be angry when the bill comes in."

"It will soon be over," returned Effie, lightly. "Father's anger isn't very terrible at any time. I'm not afraid of it."

"The curtains and the carpet must suffice," said Mrs. Drayton, firmly.

"Anyhow," persevered Effie, "we can drop in at White's, as we go up street, and look at his furniture. We needn't buy, you know."

So they dropped in; and it turned out as Effie had anticipated. A set of half a dozen brocatelle chairs at ten dollars each, a sofa to match at seventy-five, three reception chairs at five dollars each, and a small sofa at forty dollars, were ordered to be sent on the day the curtains were to go up.

Mrs. Drayton returned home in a soberer mood than when she went out. Her husband had not consented, with anything like pleasure, to the expenditure of a hundred dollars for carpets; and now, as she mentally added up the price of carpet, curtains, and furniture, the startling aggregate of six hundred and forty dollars looked her rebukingly in the face! Mrs. Drayton was unusually quiet for all the rest of that day; for she could not help thinking forward, with a vague feeling of anxiety, to the time when her husband would know what had been done. Purposely she had directed that the curtains be put up, and the furniture sent home on the day of the party; and her hope was, that in the exhilaration and social delight of the occasion, her husband's displeasure, if any were felt, would be absorbed.

But something more than parlor adornments were to grace the occasion. These made only a part of the expense. There must be new dresses, and some costly, if not showy, ornaments, befitting the hostess and her daughters, who were considerably vexed and annoyed at the perversity of Mr. Drayton in refusing to order a suit of clothes from his tailor.

Let us sum up, briefly, the cost of this party, to the giving of which Mr. Drayton had opposed many arguments, not the least earnest of them being, "We can't afford it." Add to the six hundred and forty dollars already noted, two hundred for new dresses, laces, jewelry, etc., for Mrs. Drayton and her two oldest daughters, and the cost of wines, confectionery, and more solid refreshments for a party of over seventy, and we have a sum in excess of one thousand dollars, every cent of which was in the line of waste and extravagance, as will appear.

"Don't ask me to get anything," was the almost impatient answer of Mr. Drayton to his wife, on the morning that preceded the grand party. She had asked him to stop at the florist's and order some bouquets.

"Father is as crusty and ill-natured as he can be," said Effie, after he had gone out.

"He don't like this party," answered Mrs. Drayton; "and I'm almost sorry, now, that I ever attempted to give it."

"It's just like him. I never saw such a man."

Mrs. Drayton did not rebuke her daughter for this remark.

In the meantime, staggering, mentally, under a burden that he felt was crushing him down, Mr. Drayton repaired to his store, to meet, and, if possible, overcome, in the day's strife, with advancing misfortune; for, after fifteen years of an active and intelligent business life, he found himself on the verge of ruin, and the cause was, excessive expenditure in living, by which a constant drain had been made on his profits, thus depriving him of needed capital, and the advantages it always gives a merchant. During the whole of these fifteen years, one thousand dollars a year may fairly be set down to the charge of extravagant living; that amount having been expended to gratify the pride and vanity of his wife, in dress, style, entertainments, and the hundreds of unconsidered things that waste a man's substance for naught. We

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do not wholly exonerate Mr. Drayton. He knew, better than his wife, that he was living too expensively all this time, and it was, therefore, his duty to order his household differently. But he was a weak man on this side, and yielded for the sake of giving pleasure. He saw that his wife's heart was set on living like her neighbors, most of whom were better off than they were; and so he complied, consented, or acquiesced in silence, when he knew that things were going all wrong. And now an inevitable crisis was advancing upon him.

One thousand dollars, of the fifteen thousand wasted in fifteen years, would have saved Mr. Drayton on that day; for lack of it, his paper went to protest, and, at four o'clock, he took his way homeward, stricken down in the prime of his manhood, and conscious that the blow, falling as it had done on a spirit exhausted by long endurance, had hurt him beyond the leech's skill.

The elegant carpet had been laid, the curtains hung, and the new brocatelle furniture arranged in the parlor. Mrs. Drayton had closed all the shutters, and lighted the gas in order to see and admire the effect.

"Splendid!"—had just fallen from her lips, when the rattle of her husband's key was heard in the latch, and, a moment afterward, Mr. Drayton stood, pale and bewildered, in the parlor door. Though confounded by what he saw, he comprehended the scene.

"Now don't be angry!" said Mrs. Drayton, crossing the room quickly. "But, what's the matter, Henry? Are you sick?" Her voice changed from a tone of deprecation to one of anxiety.

"Yes," was the low, faintly uttered response, and Mr. Drayton sat down like one whose strength had suddenly departed.

"What ails you, Harry?"

"Oh, father!" The children drew, frightened, around him.

For a little while he sat shrinking in the chair; then rising, he looked steadily, but not angrily, at his wife, and said,

"Jane—this is all wrong; and it is hard for me to believe it of you. But I will not hurt any one, now, by reproaches. You will have enough of them born in your own thoughts. There can be no party here to-night. I am a ruined merchant, fallen under a weight too heavy to be borne. Send a notification to all that were invited; the reason will, in most cases, be understood."

Saying this, Mr. Drayton went with uncertain steps from the room, and, ascending to one of the chambers, threw himself on a bed, from which he never arose. Soon afterward a servant started in haste for the family physician, who, when he came, found a white-faced man rapidly sinking under an exhausting flow of blood from the lungs. Tears were vain; care was vain; love was vain. The overtasked and overburdened man had fallen, half-way, on his fruitless journey toward worldly competence—fallen to rise no more; and when he left his family, nurtured, until then, by pride, on the lap of luxury, he left them poor and helpless, in a world that remembered all their social ambition, vain love of show, and extravagance, as so much against them, instead of so much in their favor.

"Widowed, and poor!" was the pitying answer made to an inquiry about Mrs. Drayton, a year after her husband died.

"And she lived so handsomely during Mr. Drayton's life-time. What a sad change!"

"Yes, it is sad. Ah! if she and her children had, now, the hundreds and hundreds of dollars that were wasted in entertainments, expensive dressing, and social display, Effie and Ellen would not be far from home, trying to earn, as teachers, something with which to help their mother support and educate their younger sisters and brothers; and Mrs. Drayton would not be that toiling slave, the poorly paid keeper of a second-rate boarding-house. Willful waste makes woeful want, says the proverb; and every day we find its truth exemplified; yet who takes warning? This year, we see a wife tricked out in jewels, silks, and laces, like a queen, flinging to the public gaze, as the humming-bird or butterfly, all her wealth and beauty. Next year, missing her from the street and opera, we ask, 'What of Mrs. ——?' and the low-voiced, pitying answer comes, 'Widowed, and poor!' And still there is a better promise for the poor widow, struggling for existence, than for the vain, extravagant wife, smothering her true womanhood in a false ambition to seem weaker, prouder, and more extravagant than her neighbors. The trial may be severe, the journey hard; but, at the end, is a truer peace. But why make misfortune a necessity? Why not, wisely and temperately, use the good gifts of God, building, therewith, temples for the indwelling of immortal virtues, instead of piling up vain-glorious towers, on sandy foundations, that are sure to fall?"

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AMY WINTHROP'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

June 24th.—It is just one year to-day, and just such a day as this, that I first saw Hugh Brantly. But yet it hardly seems just such a day, though, then as now, down in the meadow this side of the wood, the mowers, some in their red shirts, were swinging their scythes in long, rhythmetical cadence. And the hay-wagon stood, just as it stands now, with the great, lazy, patient oxen waiting for the word to move; and farmer Knight was tossing in the hay, sometimes covering up his little daughter with the fragrant heaps. And the bars that separate the meadow from the woods were down, and seemed to make a path for one's truant thoughts to wander under the stately oaks, and by the ferny stream; and through the glistening green of the trees came the bright sunshine to the meadow's edge; and over the mountains hung the same misty blue that there is to-day; and down the valley, on either side of the river, were fields of green oats and yellow grain, such as I now look upon. Why, it seems to me that the very sounds are the same, so vivid is my recollection of that twenty-fourth of June. Little Bessie Knight's ringing laugh, and the clear, steely sound of the sharpening scythe, and the droning hum of the bees, came floating up to my ear just as they do now.

I wonder what took me down to the river-bank on that twenty-fourth of June. No premonition of my future fate, I am sure; for I never seated myself more composedly in my favorite lounging-chair than I did on that old gray stone in the shade of the beech-tree, to arrange my flowers. And, presently, over the flowing of the river, and the twittering of birds, and waving of branches, came the thud, thud of horses' feet, and the gay chatter of a girlish voice. I looked up, and, turning around a curve in the road, I saw a gentleman and lady on horseback—she, riding timidly with loose reins, holding on, with her right hand, to the pommel of her saddle—he, with an easy, erect figure, preoccupied air, and stern face. Well, Carlo, if you had not been the water-dog that you are, Hugh Brantly would not have known, to this day, whether he was passing by the tolerably well-looking Amy Winthrop, arranging a bouquet of ferns and wild flowers, or blowzy Kitty Hopkins of the mill, with her face and hands stained with the juice of cherries. But Carlo came springing up the steep bank, dripping with his morning's swim in the river, and, with the high spirits of a dog that knows nothing of indigestion, he made a friendly gambol about the horses' feet. My cry of "Quiet, sir!" came too late: the lady's horse gave a spring; in her fright she dropped her reins, and, to my terror, I saw her clinging helpless to the pommel, as the green skirt and white plume disappeared under the trees. None knew better than myself the danger the poor girl was in. If the horse shyed, I knew she must be killed. On one side of the narrow road rose the wooded hill, steep and rocky; on the other lay the blue river, fifty feet below. I ran down the road as fast as my fright would let me, almost instinctively stopping my ears, lest I should hear the crash of bushes, and limbs of trees, as horse and rider rolled down the bank. The gentleman had followed at only a moderate pace, evidently fearing to frighten the horse more by the sound of the pursuit; but even he was soon out of sight. I believed that if the girl was not thrown before she reached the foot of the little hill, she would be safe, as the long run and rapid pace would tell on the horse too much to admit of his going up hill at such a gait; and on the other side stood Hopkins' mill.

I hurried on, my anxiety considerably lessened by the time I got to the foot of the hill; and when I reached the top, I looked down and saw two of the miller's boys holding the horses, the little one with heaving sides, and flecked with foam.

"Was she thrown? Is she hurt?" were my hurried questions, as I passed them.

"No, Miss; but she kind o' died away just as the horse stopped," was the answer.

I saw that the front door of Mr. Hopkins' house was thrown open, and, going in, I made my way to the "best room"—and on the comfortless settee lay the poor girl, her eyes closed, and her face looking deathly white.

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The gentleman was fanning her with her riding-hat, and bewildered, slatternly Mrs. Hopkins was running about, with a baby at her breast, looking for what she called cam-fire. The room had the musty, pluffy atmosphere that all unused, unventilated rooms have. I opened a window to admit fresh air; then went to the pump and filled an uninviting-looking tin wash-basin with cold water.

"I think she has only fainted?" said the gentleman, in an inquiring, anxious voice, as I bathed the pale face.

"That's all, thank God! I was afraid she would be killed. It was all the fault of my dog. I should never have forgiven myself if anything serious had happened," I said, rapidly, as I chafed face and hands.

"The fault was *mine*," replied the gentleman, "for taking her on a road which I knew to be so dangerous; and that, too, for a first ride."

Gradually the blue eyes opened, and a faint color and a fainter smile hovered about the lips; but the little lady was admonished not to speak, and the gentleman rode off to bring the carriage to take her home. Her weak "Won't you come too?" as she was lifted in, decided me to accompany her; for I feared another fainting spell, and knew perfectly well that the awkward, anxious six feet of humanity, who lifted her as if she had been a bit of dainty porcelain, would do some ridiculous thing if she should swoon again.

And so I made the acquaintance of Hugh and Hattie Brantly, a year ago to-day.

But there goes Nanny, in from the garden, with her basket of peas; and I must stop to shell them. Somehow such things, which used sometimes to seem irksome, are performed in a kind of golden dream now, and common household duties have been glorified by the magic of a few words. How ridiculous that looks as written here! but how true I feel it to be!

June 26th.—A week, to-day, since I promised to be Hugh Brantly's wife. I am as one walking in a dream all the time—a vague consciousness of happiness which seems almost intangible. I try to grasp it, but cannot. I only feel bathed in a golden atmosphere. And yet it is laughable how self-conscious I am if I meet the veriest stranger. It seems as if every one must know that my heart is running over with happiness—that people must see that I walk with a more elastic step; and it is wonderfully strange how the most commonplace faces have grown beautiful when seen through my golden light.

How kind Hugh's family have been to me! They might certainly have expected a better match for their wealthy, handsome son than a poor clergyman's daughter. Mrs. Brantly says she is glad that Hugh will marry at all, and that I am a dear girl; and Hattie, the witch, vows that she has loved me ever since I saved her from the tender mercies of her brother and Mrs. Hopkins' "cam-fire." As for Hugh himself—well, that is neither here nor there. Only it is strange how I, who used to put down every thought in my diary, all I said and did, should only generalize now, and think it is not even to be confided to my most faithful of friends what Hugh said and what I said, much less what Hugh—did.

30th, Evening.—Heigho! am I jealous? What was it that gave me such a start when Hattie suddenly exclaimed, this morning, as she sat looking at me?

"Amy, do you know that you are *really* more beautiful than Laura Whitney? Hugh told me that you knew all about that affair; he would never have married you without making a clean breast of it, or if he had the *shadow* of tenderness for that girl."

I went on with my sewing composedly enough to all appearances, I suppose; but suddenly I felt sick and numb.

Shall I ever love the scent of new mown hay, or the melodious song of the wood robin again, I wonder? I did not note them at the time; but now both come distinctly before me with the words, "He would never have married you without making a clean breast of it." I thought the name of Laura Whitney could never pain me again, after Hugh told me that he loved *me;* but I felt an irresistible desire, to-day, to torture myself by hearing every particular of his acquaintance with his cousin, and yet was as dumb as if speech had always been denied me when I went to ask a question. Is it pride, or what, that ties my tongue in spite of myself, sometimes?

Hugh himself had told me of his love for his beautiful cousin; of her sudden marriage to another, and how he had then thought that he should never trust woman again; of the stern, gloomy man it had made him for years; told me all this before he asked me if I was willing to be the second love of a disappointed man. And I *was* willing. I gave him my heart unconditionally, determined to make him forget the coquetry of Laura Whitney in the earnest, strong love of Amy Winthrop. I said, I thought then it was in my trust, I fear now it was in my pride, "I care nothing about a love which you say is dead. I had rather be the choice of

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Hugh Brantly at twenty-seven than of Hugh Brantly at twenty-two." And I know that he loves me more than he ever did another, he is too true and noble to have told me so otherwise; so it must be only the hereditary curiosity of the sex, which made me want to torture myself, to-day, with asking Hattie for all the minute particulars of that ill-starred engagement. I would not let *him* go into details, I could not bear that he should feel degraded before me, and yet I now feel that a thorough understanding of his position with Laura would have been better for me. Is this little "cloud, no bigger than a man's hand," to darken my horizon?

I tried to answer Hattie calmly to-day, to lead her to speak of the affair, but my mouth was parched, and my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of it. At last I was able to say, "Yes, of course, Hugh told me all about it;" but my manner was constrained, and my voice sounded to me like the voice of another person. I wonder if Hattie noticed it, or if it was only my consciousness that made it seem so?

July 2nd.—I feel degraded. I felt so, to-day, when I sat listening to the gossip of Miss Wallace; and yet I listened on, I, the proud Amy Winthrop, who have always thought I cared so much more for my own self-respect, than I did for the opinions of other people. The woman must have scented her prey, for when I entered the parlor, this morning, with a basket of flowers which I had been cutting for my vases, I was greeted with,

"Well, Amy, you will soon have the pick and choice of something handsomer than a few common garden flowers if rumor tells true. Not but what your flowers are uncommon pretty, my dear; but they are not to be compared to the green-house plants up at Tylney." I answered very unconcernedly,

"Oh! yes, I have a bouquet from there every day or so. Here are some exquisite Cape jasmines and fuchsias which Hattie brought me last evening. What a pity they are so frail!"

"Very hard to take a hint, eh! Mrs. Winthrop?" with a wink at mamma. Poor mamma! if there is anything she thinks odiously vulgar, it is a wink. "But I hear, my dear, that there is a chance of your being Mrs. Hugh Brantly—at least people say that the wind lies in this quarter."

"I hope it does," I replied, snipping off the thorns from a rose and settling it in the vase, "for I am twenty now, and it is time I was settling in life; I shall marry the first man who offers himself."

Miss Wallace untied her bonnet strings and fanned herself vigorously. She was tender upon the point of age, and I felt, in an instant, that I had been ungenerous to make use of it as a weapon of defence. I thought the subject would rest, but I was mistaken. I had touched a wasp's nest, and hundreds of little stinging things came out to torture me.

"Then I hope the first man won't be Hugh Brantly, my dear, for your sake," was the answer snapped out. "He has no heart, I am sure. You did not come here till after that affair of his with his cousin, that was five years ago this fall, and you moved here the next spring—by that time he was in Europe and Tylney closed up."

Mamma went on placidly with the shell she was knitting for her quilt, little knowing the agony I was beginning to endure. I had told her what Hugh had said about his cousin, but in such a way that she had placed no importance upon the information. In fact, neither did I at the time.

"What a waste of weeds Tylney has been till within the last year!" I said, for the sake of saying something.

"No greater waste than Hugh Brantly's heart," was the answer, as Miss Wallace opened and closed her fan in a way worthy of a Spanish senorita. "But they do say that that girl behaved shamefully. She was a second cousin, and they had been engaged a year. Hugh was very anxious to be married, but his mother thought him too young. But she was here with her mother that summer on a visit, and such a life as she led him. I do really believe that he fairly worshiped the ground she stood on. If they were at a pic-nic, or a party, or even in church, he never took his eyes off of her. I suppose it was all a judgment upon him for making an idol of her," added Miss Wallace, piously.

Had one of the glistening bright needles, which mamma was handling, gone to my heart, the pain could not have been sharper. I had sufficient self-command to think once of getting up and leaving the room, but I determined now to hear the worst; in fact, I felt as if I could hug the torture closer still.

"Three and bind off. Was she very beautiful, Miss Wallace?" came in mamma's quiet tones, that almost maddened me.

"The most beautiful creature I ever saw. No wonder he couldn't keep his eyes off of her—I never saw a man so proud of a woman before—I think he would have liked to have made her a queen!"

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It was well that the room was darkened, or the woman would have seen my hand shake as if with an ague-fit, as I twined a wreath of clematis around the handle of the vase. She now seemed warmed up with her theme.

"And she did queen it over him, I can tell you, he was just her slave. She went from here to Saratoga with a party, and he soon followed. I never heard the particulars of the story, but they do say that at the Springs she met some one that she liked better, and that she treated her cousin shamefully. At any rate, there was a peace patched up in some way, and everything was going on swimmingly. The family were still at Tylney, although Hugh spent most of his time in the city dangling after his cousin. It seems that while he was here, on one of his occasional visits, he took up a newspaper one morning at the breakfast-table, then started up as if he had been stung. The waiter told the housekeeper—who told me—that he turned as white as if he had seen a ghost, that he passed his hands over his eyes once or twice, then looked again, then that he laid his head down on the table, with a groan, and did not speak for hours. The breakfast was carried out, and no one asked a question, only Mrs. Brantly took up the paper and saw what caused it all. They say that for three days he shut himself up in his room and admitted no one, not even his own mother; and that all the food they carried to him he took in, but they think he never tasted it. At the end of that time he opened the door, at Mrs. Brantly's entreaties and tears, said they should never mention Laura Whitney's name again, and in a little while sailed for Europe."

I felt like a hunted animal. I could not escape now. I had no power. I had never supposed that it was more than a boyish first love, which, though hard to bear, leaves but few scars; but I now felt that he had loved with all the passion of a strong man. I do not know, but I suppose that I must have been looking appealingly at mamma; for I remember that she glanced at me, carelessly, then looked frightened at what she saw in my face. I had forgotten to arrange my flowers as a cover to my torture. I remember even now mamma's fidgety, uncertain look, as she asked, as if scarcely knowing what she did,

"She is a widow now, is she not?"

"Yes, her husband died in a little more than a year after they were married. She pretty soon started off for Europe, people did say to bring back her former lover. You haven't made much progress with your flowers, Amy."

I am glad that she addressed me, it forced me to collect myself; but I felt as if I should burst into a hysterical shriek.

"You tell a story so well, Miss Wallace, that it makes one forget everything else;" and I tried to smile, but I felt as if the lips of a corpse were being drawn across my teeth.

Well, I have felt numbed ever since. I am glad that Hugh has gone to the city, for a day or so, for I could not see him now, I am certain.

July 3rd, Evening.—What ails me? I have been angry with myself all day because I am so exacting. I *know* that Hugh loves me, I believe that I am better fitted to be his wife than ever Laura Whitney was, and that he knows this; that I have a certain strength of character that makes me sympathize with him; and yet, and yet I am haunted by the fear that hereafter, when he looks in my face, he will think of another face, fairer; that the time may come when my caress will only suggest that *there might have been* redder lips pressed to his, other arms upon his neck. God forgive me! Can I be jealous when he so frankly told me all before he asked me to be his wife?—when he said that he would never have married if she had not been a widow, in order to be sure of himself, but that now her name or memory had no power over him? I *believe* all this in the bottom of my heart, and yet some devil tempts me all the time with those other questions.

For a few moments I forgot all about it, this evening, when Hugh came in. He looked so glad to see me, after a few days' absence, so bright and happy; said that our little parlor was just the dearest nook in all the world, that he felt such utter rest when with me! Ah, there it was! Immediately I asked myself, "Rest from what? I have given him the whole freshness of my life, and he can only give me wrecked hopes and wearied spirits."

I felt the light die out of my heart again. I did try to overcome it, but knew that the restraint of my manner was plainly visible. Hugh noticed it, for he asked anxiously, "Are you sick, darling?" in a tone that I *knew* was that of love. I felt the tears almost start to my eyes; but answered that, "perhaps the heat of the weather had affected me." Oh! if I had only had the power to hide my head on his shoulder and tell him how foolish I had been; if I could only bring myself to speak with him frankly about this thing. I believe that one frank conversation would quiet my doubts forever, and I tried to tell him all to-night, but my tongue seemed powerless. I felt as if no effort of will could loosen it. So I kept saying to myself,

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"Some other time;" and at last bid him good night.

July 10*th.*—Tylney has been full of company for many days, and I have seen comparatively little of Hugh. I cannot bear the idea of being teazed and winked at by vulgar people, who seem to think the best way to one's favor is to jostle against one's holiest feelings. I think, too, that Hugh feels as if old stories might be revived if it was known, so by mutual consent we have agreed to keep our engagement as private as possible.

I am to appear at Tylney to-night, for the first time since the invasion of the Goths and Vandals, and must go through the trying ordeal of an inspection from Mrs. Scott. Of course I shall fall far short of what her ladyship requires for her brother, of beauty, wealth, and fashion. Hugh says that "Bell is a snob," and Hattie avers that "she has no more heart than a fish." What countersign have *I* to give to a woman like that?

Well, I would much rather meet her in a large company, as I shall to-night, than more privately; but I do think she might have called upon me, knowing that I am going to marry her brother. She has been here for several days, and she could have quietly walked down to see the "parson's daughter," as I hear she calls me, and no one would have been the wiser.

I wonder if I shall look well! I hope so for Hugh's sake, I should like him to be proud of me. I have no fear for my self-possession, even under the raking fire of Bell Scott's eyes. I am too proud to be timid, and have too much moral courage to feel cowed at a "butterfly's ball." I think this is what Hugh likes in me, my cool self-reliance. Now to put some finishing touches to my dress; the orthodox white with natural flowers, as befits the "parson's daughter."

July 11*th.*—I suppose I ought to be satisfied with my *debut* last night. Hattie stood on tiptoe to whisper in my ear, "How well you look, as stately as a ship at sea! Those scarlet geraniums on your white dress and in your black hair are superb," and Hugh gave me a most approving glance and smile. I tried to think of that look when, in the course of the evening, in spite of myself, the vision of Laura Whitney floating through those rooms, the admired of all, the loved of one, haunted me.

Mrs. Scott was civil, that was all. She would have been patronizing if possible, I believe; but as she eyed me through her glass, I think she felt that I was not just the kind of person to be patronized.

It was really a charming summer party; I danced once with Hugh, and had a nice long promenade on the piazza with him afterward. I think he was proud of me, he called me "Queen Amy," and said that I had frightened his impertinent sister into at least civil behavior. I wonder who that Charley Home is, who was hovering about Hattie so much! I forgot to ask Hugh; it seemed as if I had so much to say and so little time to say it in. Miss Wallace passed us once or twice, and nodded and smiled in such a vulgar, knowing way, that I began to hate the woman.

15*th.*—Tylney is still full of visitors, people are coming and going all the time. "Just such doings as they had the last summer the family were there," Miss Wallace told mamma this morning. "They were people who lived in the world and for the world," she said; "and if she was Mr. Winthrop, she should think it a duty to preach a sermon fitted to their case." Mamma told her that papa did not think any kind of innocent enjoyment wrong, and that hospitality was a virtue enforced in the Bible.

Charley Home returned to the city the day after the party; but Hugh says he is coming back to-morrow, and Hattie fluttered and blushed when he was spoken of. She is not engaged, I know, or she would have told me; but I suppose that a rosy light is beginning to dawn over Miss Hattie's horizon, which is occasionally reflected on her cheeks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN AFFLICTION.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

Sad is the moaning of the wind to-night;
Darkly the shadows press around me now;
Vainly I look for one faint gleam of light,
Pressing weak hands upon my throbbing brow;
I would believe, but, ah! I know not how.

Tossed like a waif upon a stormy sea,
Stranded at length upon a desert shore,
I only wait for death to set me free,
That I may enter through the radiant door
Of Heaven, and wake to weep no more.

Father! the blow is heavy! Let Thy hand
Be ready to support my fainting heart,
And grant that in Thy strength I may withstand
The bitter pang of sorrow's keenest dart.
'Tis Thine to wound, and Thine to heal the smart.

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THE PASTOR'S CONFESSION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It is a gloomy old house, but I like it. My life began here, and some day friendly hands will carry me out of its chambers, to lay me down in that last and best sleep which all men find at length.

My father brought his young wife home to this quiet spot, and here they passed years of happiness and trouble. Children were born and died here; misfortune came in many forms, as it does to all human beings, but I do not know that either of them ever repined. Of that first marriage I was the only child that survived. I was fifteen years old when my mother died, and after that my father married again.

I think my step-mother made him happy; but I knew her very little, as most of those years I spent at a distant school and college. They had one daughter—my only sister—twenty years younger than I.

It seemed to me then that God sent that child as a blessing to me. I had gone home crushed, for the time, by a great trouble. I had been a retiring boy, devoted to study, shunning companions of my own age and their frivolous gayety, and when a new revelation of life did come to me it changed my whole nature.

Well, the dream was a short one; it faded as suddenly as it came, taking with it all my youth. For a season I sought forgetfulness in such excitements as I cannot think of without a shudder. A sudden and imperative summons home recalled me from that unworthy career. I came back here—the baby was born, and that same summer my father died.

I finished my college course; and the old desire of my heart, which, for a time, had been checked by youthful trouble, and the little season of reckless passion from which I had been mercifully removed, came back stronger than ever. I determined to become a clergyman. I need not linger over these details of my life, I do not suppose they would possess much interest for any one.

Ten years after, I was living again in this dear old house, and my little sister Miriam lived here with me. I had been chosen pastor of the church which I had attended as a boy, and it was very pleasant to find myself once more among the old familiar faces, and at peace in the home of my childhood.

I say at peace, for, after my return, more of serene content settled upon my soul than I had before been able to find.

My step-mother was dead, and I became the natural guardian of my little Miriam. I had believed that the besetting sin of my nature had become subdued, for I had wrestled long against it—I was so prone to make idols of those whom I loved, to forget the Creator in the creature in spite of the holy vows I had taken.

It might have been a year after my return that my eyes were opened. Miriam was taken very ill; for days there seemed no hope that she could recover. I could not be resigned—I could not submit to God's will. For a time I thought that I should go mad. I could neither sleep nor pray; could only sit by the bedside of my darling, murmuring and rebellious.

She lived, and when I saw her health restored my reason came back, and I felt the enormity of my sin in all its horror. At first I believed that I was no longer fit to occupy my sacred position; but the advice of good and wise friends made me put aside that thought, and I returned to my duties humbled and stricken to the heart.

From that time my whole life changed; I gave myself entirely up to my duties. Miriam was always my chief care and delight, but I never allowed my heart to center upon her as it had before done. I made every effort to quiet that overweening affection, and in appearance, at least, I succeeded.

When not occupied with my parochial duties, I shut myself up among my books and there I lived. During certain hours of the day I had the child with me, but the time was spent in some course of study suited to her tender years.

Often and often, when the allotted time was up, and the books put away, she would beg me to play with her as I had been used to do, to tell her stories such as she loved; but I could not trust myself—there would rise in my mind that solemn text, "Little," etc., and I would send her away with a few kind, grave words.

I feared that God would punish me if I did not control and subdue every human feeling and weakness. I tried with all my strength to root out every sentiment toward all human beings, except the interest which, as a clergyman, it was my duty to feel for them. I be-

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lieved that I was doing right; in my fanaticism I could not understand that I was committing a sin greater than many of the errors which men condemn so harshly.

So the years passed on. I was growing to be a middle-aged man, and Miriam had approached the threshold of womanhood. It was very difficult for me to realize that she was no longer a child; a feeling which, I suppose, every one has who has had the care of any child from its first years up.

It was a sort of shock to me when I really began to comprehend that she was almost a woman, that the little child I had so loved had passed away forever. She was a pretty creature, shy and retiring, but a great favorite with all who knew her.

I think she loved me very dearly; but the course of conduct which during so many years I had imposed upon myself had wrought its effect. She stood in awe of me, and with her peculiar character it was a very unfortunate feeling to have taken possession of her mind. I did not understand that then, it was only afterward, when events proved to me how wrong my course had been, that I fully realized the extent to which my reserve and quiet had influenced her.

Miriam was seventeen years old; her birthday came with the sweetest of the June roses. I remember every occurrence of that season so well; I could record the minutest detail connected with our every day life better than many of the most important events of my whole life.

She had a little gathering of her young friends that evening, and looked so blooming and happy. I went down among them for a time, but I saw that my presence cast a restraint upon them, so I went back to my room and my books, and left them to their own pleasure.

The next day but one was Sunday. When the services were over and the congregation had dispersed, I walked down the aisle to the old-fashioned pew where Miriam always waited for me—that after sermon walk was one of the pleasantest things of the whole week. I felt more quiet than at any other time; it seemed permitted to me to loosen the shackles wherewith I had fettered my heart, and give its pulses something of their natural play for a little time.

When we reached the porch, two or three of the neighbors were still lingering there, and we exchanged a few words.

As I turned to descend the steps, a young man whom I had never before seen came up to me, and, lifting his hat with peculiar grace, said,

"Mr. Hartly, I am afraid you do not remember me."

The smile, the gesture took me back half a life. I recognized him at once, although I had not seen him since he was a child.

"You are Howard Warner's son," I exclaimed; "you are little Philip."

He laughed outright, but very courteously, and I caught a smile on Miriam's lip. It was a somewhat ridiculous speech to make to an elegant young fellow full six feet, and an almost perfect model of youthful manhood. I attempted some apology in my stiff, awkward way, but he grasped my hand warmly, saying,

"I hope I shall always be little Philip to you, sir."

He walked on with us, and I had so many questions to ask, that we had almost reached our gate before I remembered to present him to my sister.

I invited him to go home with us and share our luncheon, and he did so. As soon as the meal was concluded, I retired to my own room; for it was always my habit to spend the time between the morning and afternoon service in solitude.

He walked back to church with us, and he promised me to spend the evening at my house, as I had found no opportunity to converse with him, and there was much I wished to ask concerning himself and his family.

That evening the long conversation I had with him was like going back almost a score of years.

Howard Warner, the father of the young man, had been one of my dearest friends, although some ten years older than myself. You will understand how dear he was to me when I tell you that it was his young sister whom I had loved. But enough of that; I only wanted you to comprehend the tie which bound me to him.

As a little child, Philip had been a great favorite with me; but I had lost sight of the whole family years before. Howard had been dead several years, and most of the time since the young man had spent in Europe.

He was wealthy, and without either business or profession. He had strayed into our pretty village, as strangers often did during the summer months; for it was surrounded by the wildest and most picturesque scenery imaginable.

Then, in his frank, easy way he added that he had been influenced by a desire to know his father's old friend; and, as he said it, there was a look in his eyes so like hers, who had been

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more to me than the whole world, that my heart warmed to him at once.

I do not know if my manner betrayed all that I felt. I had so long accustomed myself to restrain my feelings, that I had acquired a stiff, ungenial manner, although I was not then conscious of it.

"Come and see us every day," I said, when he was taking leave. "You must consider me always one of your nearest friends."

He grasped my hand warmly. There was a magnetism in the touch of those long, delicate fingers which very few people could have resisted. I did not make that reflection at the time. Long afterward, when I had thought and reflected more upon such subjects than I had then done, the thought occurred to me.

"If I may only look upon you as such!" he said. "If you will only permit me! You do not know how much I need a friend such as you!"

There was real feeling in his voice, and the undercurrent of sadness which I detected, unobservant as I was, touched me very much.

"You know I used to call you uncle Martin," he said, laughing.

The words struck a chill to my heart! That was the title which, by rights, should have been mine. I tried to make some answer; but, fortunately, he had turned toward Miriam.

"I hope you will adopt me as a cousin," he was saying.

"It should be as nephew, by rights," she replied. And then the two young things laughed with such real enjoyment! But their mirth only saddened me the more. In Philip's musical laugh I seemed to catch the echo of those sweet tones which had so stirred my heart in the bright long ago!

After he had gone, Miriam came up to me as I stood by the table, and said, suddenly,

"Brother, will it not disarrange your habits to have a stranger here so often?"

"Philip is no stranger to me," I replied; "nor must you look upon him as one. I shall expect you to do all you can to make his stay pleasant."

She made no answer, but summoned our little household in for evening prayers. While I read and while I prayed, there was a feeling of self-reproach at my heart. I had done wrong in allowing the young man to go away before those holy duties had been performed. It was only in keeping with my character. In spite of the years I had been a clergyman, I had about me a shrinking, nervous timidity—oh! there was where I lost so many opportunies of doing good!—and, more than that, I had a selfish, yes, sinful wish to confine those evening devotions to my own household; as if I had any right to seek to narrow down the blessings for which I asked to those sheltered under my own roof!

The next day Philip called at the house again; but I was called out almost immediately, and obliged to leave him to Miriam's good nature. Almost a week passed before I was able to pay him any attention whatever, and by that time he appeared to be upon the best possible footing with the few young people with whom Miriam was intimate.

After that I saw a great deal of the young man. It was an inexplicable thing; but I, who, for so many years, had kept my heart schooled and fettered, could not withstand the fascination of his manner. He was constantly at the house, and it never once occurred to me that Miriam could run the least danger from such close intimacy with one so near her own age. I had been so accustomed to consider her a child, that I forgot she could be regarded in another light by any one.

I do not say this from affectation, or to screen myself from what was culpable, wicked blindness; but so it was, nevertheless.

They walked and drove together; he taught her to sketch, and even so far conquered her former timidity as to induce her to learn to ride; and I, looking upon them as two children, allowed these things to go on, and there was no one to warn me that I was periling the poor girl's happiness forever.

Then, too, Philip managed to be a great deal with me. He was fond of books; and, under other circumstances, with the necessity of exertion to spur him on, would have made, I doubt not, a close, diligent student.

That was a very pleasant summer, fuller of quiet to me than any I had known for years—just as all nature lies in its deepest rest before the approach of the unseen thunder-tempest.

Three months of quiet and peace; then the summer began to fade, and the first premonition of danger came to trouble my blind repose.

Philip had often told me of his boyish follies; but I believed that he had entirely recovered from any dissipated habit whatever. He was very fond of argument, and sometimes, during our discussions, I was startled by an outburst of shallow immorality in sentiment; but it was always turned off in an easy way, as put on for the interest of the question.

I had seldom called upon him. The hotel

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where he boarded was out of the village, and thronged with a set of gay people, among whom I had no acquaintance. One evening he sent word that he could not see us, as he was confined to his room with a severe headache.

After tea Miriam went to sit with a sick neighbor, and the night was so lovely that I went out for a stroll. I walked a long way, and, on my return, struck into a cross-road which led past the hotel where Philip boarded, with the intention of calling upon him.

I went into the house and inquired for him; and a miserably hurried waiter told me to go directly up to his room, thus saving himself at least a little trouble.

I went up stairs and tapped at the door; heard some one say,

"That is Dick's knock; open the door!"

The bolt was pushed back, the door opened, and I stood in the room. Had an accusing spirit started up before the party assembled there, they could not have been more startled, nor I more shocked and horror-stricken if I had seen Philip Warner lying dead upon the floor.

There might have been five or six men collected about the table, at one end of which were heaped the remains of supper; empty wine-bottles were lying about, and the end of the table where the party were seated covered with cards and little heaps of gold and bank-notes.

The instant during which I stood there seemed interminable. I heard Philip exclaim,

"Mr. Hartly!" And that roused me.

I could not trust myself to speak then, and left the room without a word. Before I reached the stair-case Philip overtook me and caught my arm. He was pale even through the flush which the wine had left upon his cheeks; but in that moment I read the expression of his face as I had never done before.

"You are shocked, Mr. Hartly!" he began. "You must let me explain——"

"To-morrow," I said. "We will not talk about it to-night."

He stammered a few words; but I bade him good-night, quietly, and went away.

Miriam had retired to her room when I reached home, and I went to my chamber to reflect and endeavor to see clearly the course which I ought to pursue.

The next morning, after breakfast and prayers were over, I went out of the house, that I might be alone. After much thought I decided to go again to the hotel and talk freely with Philip. It was not for me to condemn too harshly what might be only follies and yielding to the temptations offered by dissolute companions.

When I reached the hotel I sat down and wrote a little note, kind and considerate—for I feared that the young man might shrink from meeting me—and sent it up to his room. While waiting for the answer I strolled into a room which had been turned into a sort of reading-room and library. The whole width of the room partitions were built out, to the extent of ten or fifteen feet, to accommodate books and papers, forming a series of little recesses prettily fitted up.

I went into one of these and sat down, and, as I did so, I heard Philip Warner's voice in the next recess. He was conversing with a friend—from their conversation evidently one of the men who had been in his room the night before. After the first words I sat perfectly paralyzed; I could no more have moved than if I had been a stone image.

I thought that, in my youthful days, I had seen somewhat of the world and of life; but never had I dreamed of enormities and sins such as I heard discussed, with the utmost flippancy, between those men.

There was no feeling too sacred for a jest—no wrong that was not regarded with complacency! I may safely assert that at least one-half of their conversation was incomprehensible to me; but I heard and understood more than enough.

Then my name was mentioned, my advice and friendship treated with levity and scorn; and, after that—even now I can hardly say it—her name, my little Miriam's, was polluted by their evil lips.

Ordained priest as I was then, I went almost mad! I know that I rose, strode into the recess, and confronted them. Even then that man's self-possession did not forsake him. He came forward with words of apology for the previous night, and a desire to explain.

"There is no need," I said; "I have heard the conversation of the last half-hour."

The stranger rose and passed out of the room, and I was alone with the man I had so loved—not only for himself, but for the sake of all that was beautiful and dear in my early life. What I said I cannot tell; but I knew that if he had possessed either heart or soul it must have touched him.

At last he rushed into one of those fearful passions in which I had so often seen his father indulge; only that was still, and cold, and pale.

"You shall live to repent this morning's

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work!" he said. "My father could have told you that no one with his blood in their veins ever forgives!"

He rushed out of the recess before I could have stopped him, even if I had desired, and I stood there alone. I tried to think—to pray. All good influences seemed to have deserted me; only moans would break from my lips, and bitter murmurs against God's providence.

I saw everything then—the fate which I had brought upon my darling child—and I cowered under the load of sin which I had so unconsciously heaped upon my own soul.

"At least I must save her from him!" That was the only thought which came up strong and distinct. I hurried from the house and walked rapidly toward my home.

I had traversed, perhaps, half the distance, when I met one of my parishioners driving rapidly toward me. He halted and told me his errand. A poor girl was dying, some ten miles back among the hills, and begged, if I had any mercy, to come to her at once.

What could I do? I went.

Oh! I was a wicked man that day! I talked with her—I tried to console her. My words were silly and heavy; it was as if my mental faculties had been smitten with palsy.

"This is not the way you speak in the pulpit!" she cried out, at last. "You bring me no hope—you offer me no consolation!"

I threw myself upon my knees and prayed, audibly, I think, but more for her than myself. How long I wrestled against the numbing horror that was upon my senses I cannot tell, but it passed away at length—passed away suddenly as it had come; and I knelt there crying like a child, but with a sense of peace such as even prayer had seldom given me.

I was with her until long after nightfall—thank God! that through His mercy I was enabled to bring her consolation and repose.

They drove me home. It must have been nine o'clock when I reached my house. I sought for Miriam, but could not find her; the housekeeper said she was walking in the grove back of the house, too anxious about me to stay within doors.

I went out to seek her; I could talk more freely to her in the shadow of those old pine woods than in her room. I believed that it was not too late to preserve her happiness—I felt that I could save her from that man.

I hurried on through the winding paths until I reached the summit of the hill. The moonlight struck full upon the blasted pines and the smooth greensward, and standing in the full breadth of its radiance I saw Miriam with Philip Warner by her side. His arms were about her waist, his cheek close to hers—I rushed forward, calling her name wildly, and strove to force her from him.

She uttered a cry of terror, and I heard a muttered malediction from between Warner's shut teeth. In a breath my passion calmed itself and I stood there perfectly quiet.

"Miriam," I said, gently, "it is too late for you to be out; come home with me."

Warner kept hold of her hand and whispered some words which I did not catch.

"How dare you touch her?" I exclaimed. "Miserable man, your power is over—leave us, I command you!"

"You shall not speak so to him!" Miriam cried out; "I will not hear it."

"Do you know what this man is?" I said; "do you know that even to be in his presence is degradation and infamy?"

"Miriam!" he whispered, and at the word a change passed over her such as I could not have believed possible. She drew herself up, her eyes flashed, and her whole face altered so that I could have thought a strange spirit had taken possession of her.

"I know everything," she said; "he has told me! Hear this: I love him—you cannot separate us—if you try you are no longer my brother! I am not a child—I am a woman, and I love!"

"By our father's memory," I pleaded, "by all that you hold most sacred, Miriam, come with me."

What more I said I cannot tell, but her courage gave way and she began to tremble.

I snatched her hand from his hand and hurried her on; he snatched her back, spoke a few whispered words, and then she followed me. I spoke once, but she checked me with stern passion. I had lost my little Miriam; this was a cold, determined woman who stood before me, and I had no power to control the insanity which was upon her.

We went home—she did not stay for prayers. I went to her room afterward, the door was locked, and there was no answer to my repeated summons.

Late into the night I sat in my chamber—how the hours were spent I need not tell you. Toward morning I lay down and from sheer exhaustion slept profoundly.

I had a strange dream. I thought Miriam came into the room, stooped over me, kissed my lips, weeping bitterly, and whispering words of affection. I tried to wake, but could not—

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started partially from my dream—no one was there—fell back upon my pillow, and everything was a blank.

When I awoke again, the sun was shining brightly in at the open window—it was long after my usual hour for rising. I sprang up, dressed myself and went out. In the hall I met my old servant, pale and terrified—she had been to Miriam's room—the girl was gone. Yes, so it was, Miriam had gone, and with that man!

You know what followed. How I sought her, but could gain no tidings; and there I sat in my lonely dwelling, bowed down by sorrow and the consciousness of my own sin, pitied by my fellow-men, heart-broken and lost.

I shall not pause here; I must tell you my story to the end, and I cannot dwell upon that season.

The autumn passed, the winter came on, spring followed, and again the summer started up gorgeous and beautiful as of old.

I had lived through a year of that horrible suffering, had performed my duties, and gone through this daily existence as other men do.

From the first I had no hope. In the neighborhood it was looked upon merely as an elopement—I never deluded myself. I remembered the father's spirit of vengeance—the fearful implacability of the woman I had loved—this man's threats, no, I never had any hope.

A year, just a year had gone by, when, for the first time, a warning came upon me—I knew that I should hear from my child. There came a letter—she was deserted, alone, perhaps dying—she had sent for me at last.

I found her at last in a great city, ill, and almost in want. That man had left her, her and the child.

I took Miriam home with me, and for weeks watched over her while she lay between life and death. The baby died, and we buried it in the garden where Miriam had played in her childhood.

My sister rose from her bed, was able to walk about, though feeble and heart-broken!

Then more trouble came. The deacons of the church assembled and I was called among them. They were good men, animated by a sense of duty; but what do you think was the alternative they gave me? I must either put that poor girl away or resign my charge.

I had no hesitation as to that which was right. The conference was not a long one. An hour after I returned to my home, no longer a clergyman, only the guardian of that girl.

We lived in that old home for more than a year, avoided by those who had once known us, utterly deserted and alone. I was content, and thanked God when at last the time came that Miriam was satisfied to accept her fate—I asked no more.

We seldom went outside the grounds; every pleasant day Miriam spent by her child's grave, and I sat there beside her. I knew that she would not be long with me; but when I saw her at peace I was content.

The next spring a fearful epidemic broke out in the village; the nearest relatives shrunk from one another; there was scarcely a person to care for the sick and dying.

I went forth and tried to do my duty. There was no shrinking from me then—no cold looks—no coarse sneers. I thought Miriam was safe at home; but one day, down in the closest part of the town, among the manufactories, where pestilence raged most fearfully, I met Miriam. She had been in the midst of those scenes of horror from the first.

No wonder the dying blessed her name! If ever an angel stood by the bed of death, it was that woman; and the words from her lips seemed fairly inspired.

The great danger passed, but men roused themselves from that, horror-stricken and changed. The very group who had so coldly banished me from their church and companionship called me back among them. I went. What had I to do with pride, or the thousand other feelings which move us so frequently?

For a month I had fulfilled my former duties, and on the last Sunday Miriam came into the church, and took her seat in the accustomed pew. There were no harsh looks for her there: nothing but tender pity and love.

At the close of the services the members of the congregation were requested to remain, and, before them, I offered Miriam's confession—and once more she was a member of that church in which her childhood had been spent.

She looked like a beautiful spirit. Oh! ever since, when I remember that smile, I know how her purified spirit appears as it looks down upon me through the golden portals of eternity.

I think the week that followed was a foretaste of the joys that await the blessed, sent to cheer me through the rest of my pilgrimage.

Then came new cares—new opportunities for serving my fellow-men, and making atonement for my sin.

That terrible fever broke out in a neighboring town; and thither I went, accompanied by Miriam. I could not induce her to remain at home. When she pleaded as for the safety of

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her soul, I could not refuse. We went together; and weak, dying as she was, her courage and strength never once faltered.

One night she came to me and said,

"Philip is here. I have been with him all day."

So it was. He had been stricken down in his sin, and there seemed little hope of his recovery. Miriam watched him constantly, and I spared for him all the time that I could command.

It was terrible when reason came back, and he first recognized us! But he lived. When he could ride, we took him home; and when I saw him borne into the dwelling which he had desecrated, I thank heaven there was no bitter feeling in my heart.

Before he could again rise and walk about, Miriam began to fail very rapidly. She was not confined to her room. Every day I carried her out into the sunshine to sit by her child's grave; and, worn as I was, I could carry her up and down the house with ease.

She told me herself the very day, almost the hour, when the end would come. She waited for it as a tired traveler pines for the sight of home.

For two days she had not been able to leave the house; but on the third I carried her out into the garden and seated her in the accustomed seat by the boy's grave. While I stood beside her, old Margaret came to me and said that Philip had pleaded so earnestly for the fresh air that they were going to bring him into the garden; and I returned to the house to assist them in their task.

He was taken there, placed beside her; and I left the two together. I cannot tell you what I felt—words could never describe to you my feelings! They must have sat beside each other for a long hour; then the two returned to the house, leaning upon one another, and supported by the faithful old woman who had clung to me through misfortune and shame.

In the old library, where he had spent the first evening he ever passed in the house, Philip Warner told me their wishes; while Miriam lay back upon the sofa, weak and faint, but regarding me always with the eager, imploring look which had grown natural to her.

You know what the request was; I need not dwell upon it. Philip Warner asked me to perform the ceremony which would make her his wife; and I consented, as I should have said prayers for the dying.

I know that our little household was collected, that the pair stood before me, and I went through the requisite forms.

The rite was over—the last prayer was said. I saw Miriam clutch his arm convulsively—a change passed over her features—my name died upon her lips. I started forward—caught her to my heart. There was a low murmur—a divided look of love between Philip and me—and, when thought came back to me, I stood there rigid and cold, and Miriam lay dead in my arms.

A WISE RESOLUTION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

She trembles when I meet her,
And drops her lids of snow—
And in her cheek the roses
Of crimson come and go;
I see her ripe lips quiver,
Her eye grow softly dim—
I wonder if she loves me?
Or—if she cares for him?

I've pressed her hand at parting—
Indignant then she seemed;
I told her that I loved her—
She laughed, and said I dreamed;
She smiled contempt upon me
From her red, haughty lips,
And yet the love-light in her eye
Put *hauteur* in eclipse.

She chats, coquets, and trifles
With him, and he with her;
And I—moth round a candle—
Dare utter no demur!

I wonder—how I wonder!—
If it's true that women's hearts
Are full of all deception,
And skilled in crafty arts?

What can I do to gain her?
Would honor and renown
Move her proud heart, if, at her feet,
I cast the baubles down?
I'd dare a thousand deaths for her,
All blessings sacrifice—
If I could hear her sweet voice say
What I've read in her eyes!

Alas! I'm in a quand'ry!
What shall I go and do?
Shall I commit fell suicide
To prove to her I'm true?
I guess I'll go and ask her,
Does she love me? And if "No!"
Falls from her lips in answer—
Why, then—I'll let her go!

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 465, VOLUME XLI.

CHAPTER XI.

It was seldom that Lady Clanranald felt a glow of shame; but when she entered her own home, after that visit to Lord Lovat, her cheeks were burning, and she went up stairs rubbing the hand he had kissed with its fellow palm, as if she could not endure the resolution without loathing.

"Mother," she said, after a hurried entrance into the room where the old lady was sitting; "mother, you have done much for our Prince and have your reward in his gratitude; but I—I—who can repay me for what I have undergone since I left this house?"

"You, my child—you?" murmured the little lady, lifting her brown eyes in affright.

"Yes. I—I—Lady Clanranald, the widow of a man whose glance was honor enough for any woman. I have been smiling on that bad, old man."

"You—you?"

"Yes—I, Clanranald's widow—have I not told you so? Look at my hand, it should be scarlet, for it quivers yet with disgust of the kiss he left upon it."

"Kiss! He! Lord Lovat! the man whom you refused long ago?"

"Yes, mother; the man I refused long ago, when there were really some traces of the genuine man in him. But now. Well, well, one absorbing object will conquer the best of us to its ends, so we think them great. See how it is: a love of the Stuarts made a miser of my sweet, generous mother; and now the same feeling makes a clumsy coquette of me."

"A clumsy coquette! You?"

"Yes; ask Catharine Fraser. She stood by all the while so full of maidenly wonder that she had no room for blushing."

The old lady shook her demure little head and smiled. The life passion was strong in her still.

"So you pleaded with Lord Lovat in behalf of our Prince?"

"Indeed I did, and with such earnestness that it almost left me pledged to become lady—now, heaven forfend! I forgot—Duchess of Fraser."

"Ha! does Lovat look so high as that?"

"Look! Why the Prince has promised so much already."

"Duchess of Fraser?"

"I do believe, mother, had I accepted outright, Lovat would have been on his way to Holyrood now."

"And that would have ensured the cause!" exclaimed the old woman, kindling into fresh enthusiasm.

"And me? What would it have ensured to me?"

"No, no. I did not think of that. They are welcome to own gold; but not my daughter."

Lady Clanranald smiled, and, bending down, kissed the old lady's forehead.

"Now what news of Flora?"

"She is at Holyrood. A man came here, but a little while back, to say that she was safe with Clanranald, and would soon be home. I do not understand it; but, of course, if she is with my grandson, there is no cause of fear."

That moment Kate, who had been up stairs putting aside her hood and mantle, entered the room, looking more than beautiful, for her spirits rose with a rebound from the dread with which she had left the house a little while before.

She paused near the entrance, and bent her head, listening, with a smile on her sweet mouth, for she heard a noise in the passage that sent the blood in a glow of roses to her face.

"It is *his* step," she whispered, turning shyly away from the two ladies, whose admiring eyes were upon her.

Before the sound could reach Lady Clanranald, the drawing-room door was flung open, and in came Clanranald with his cousin Flora, followed by another person, whom the lady remembered to have seen in the train of the Prince when he paused beneath her window. Clanranald went up to his mother, and, taking her hand, kissed it with gallant affection.

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"So we meet at last in Edinburgh, mother. I had not dared to hope so much good fortune; and my grandame too. Are you content with what we have done, dear madam?"

"More than content, Macdonald—so proud that I can hardly keep within reason," answered the little lady, attempting to lift her tiny hand to his head; but failing in that, she dropped it gently into his congratulating clasp; "but you have brought a guest."

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten. My young friend Dougal—Dougal Carr, a gentleman in high favor with the Master of Lovat. But for his prompt courage cousin Flora here might have fared badly after the crowd swept her from your side."

"But she is safe now! How did it happen?" questioned the old lady.

"Dear grandame, do not question me now," said Flora, panting for breath, and turning her eyes on Kate Fraser, toward whom Dougal had advanced the moment he could break away from the group around Lady Clanranald. "It was no misfortune that flung me under the feet of the crowd, but divine forethought."

Flora spoke solemnly, and gloom swept into her eyes. That young man bending with such tender reverence over Kate Fraser—had he already won a power in her young heart that his face should wear that look of wounded surprise, while he gave himself, for one moment, to her friend?

"Dougal, Dougal!" exclaimed Clanranald, missing the friend he wished to introduce; but he stopped suddenly and stepped back a pace, astonished to see the young man standing close to Katharine Fraser, with his eyes beaming with tender love-light, and his whole face aglow with the happiness of that unexpected meeting.

Dougal did not heed this repetition of his name; and, for a moment, Clanranald and Flora stood regarding the couple with an expression of painful dismay. Clanranald thought of the scene at Lord Lovat's table, and understood its meaning with a new and disturbing light. Flora was bewildered; the color which came and went in her face burned to an angry crimson.

Katharine, after the first warm greeting from her young friend, had listened to his broken expressions with downcast eyes. Now she looked suddenly up, struck by the silence which had fallen on the room. She saw Clanranald's surprised glance and crimsoned under it. Then she saw Flora regarding her with eyes full of smothered fire, and shrunk away, taking refuge once more in Dougal.

"Dougal Carr," said Clanranald, in a clear, low voice, "I would present you to Lady Clanranald."

Dougal stepped forward rather haughtily, for he did not like the tone of his host's address.

"I pray you hold me excused," he said. "The sight of Mistress Fraser here, when I had supposed her with Lord Lovat in his own house, drove me into forgetfulness of everything else."

Flora Macdonald drew close to her aunt. There was something very picturesque about this young girl; and the disarray into which her garments had fallen, gave piquancy to her fresh, young beauty. The silken hood was flung back from her face; masses of bright, warmly-tinted hair fell in heavy waves down to one shoulder. The graceful toilet in which she had appeared on the balcony was all rich confusion, but it held itself in keeping with her spiritual movements and restless face. She drew herself up with splendid pride when Dougal approached her aunt. Love and jealousy with her was almost of twin birth. She had never known into what anguish a quick thrill of joy could turn before.

Lady Clanranald stood in the center of this little group gentle and queenly. She thanked Dougal in her calm, gracious way, for bringing back the fair girl who was now half-retreating behind her. She gave a reassuring smile of Clanranald's anxious look, and in a moment was seated with the young people grouped around her, talking over the great events of the day.

But there arose thoughts among three of the party which rendered perfect cordiality impossible. Flora had a vivid memory of that scene in the palace chapel, which kept her in a state of unrest; Clanranald also was distracted by the vague doubts which had sprung up in his mind after entering that room; while Katharine was troubled strangely by those instinctive feelings, with which persons of imaginative characters are sure to detect any want of harmony that may exist in social life. Without knowing why, she was half-angry with her old play-fellow, Dougal Carr, for the joy which he had not able to restrain on seeing her. Thus, with been a thousand reasons for thanksgiving, the whole party was compelled to take refuge in a discussion of passing events, in order to conceal the underflow of restless feeling which influenced each member of the little group.

While they were thus occupied, the tramp of horses arose in front of the house, and directly

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the Master of Lovat was heard in the hall inquiring for his daughter.

Katharine started from her seat, her face all aglow, her sweet mouth warm with smiles.

"My father! it is my father!" And out she flew, rustling her garments in rich symphony with her joy.

A warm embrace—a hurried blessing—and the father came into the drawing-room, with one arm around his daughter's—and a more royal couple never darkened the threshold of that sumptuous room.

"I have come, my lady," said the master, lightly waving his plumed bonnet, in recognition of Lady Clanranald's welcome, "I have come from the Prince, with a thousand kindly greetings to yourself and this fair maiden, your niece. To-morrow, the saints favoring, he intends to hold such rude court, at his Palace of Holyrood, as the times will permit, and bids you come among the foremost of those he wishes to thank for good service."

"So soon?" exclaimed Clanranald.

"There is no time to lose—if the ceremony of a reception is considered state," answered the master. "The plan of this campaign must be one of quick surprises, something to dazzle and inspire confidence. A few hours given to the organization of a court, before proceeding to battle, will have its effect; and here, our fair countrywomen must do their part. Look your brightest and prettiest, Kate! If the Frasers are but slenderly represented in the field, they must not fall short where the wit and beauty of Scotland is assembled."

Kate blushed crimson, and looked imploringly at her father; for the eager eyes of Dougal Carr, and the smiling ones of Clanranald, were fixed upon her.

"And you, Lady Clanranald? The Prince insisted that I should myself bear his invitation, saying, that, without his first friend and her adorable—that was the word, Miss Flora—adorable niece, Holyrood would seem like a dungeon to him. So, ladies, all don your bravest, and look your loveliest, to-morrow, in behalf of Scotland and its true king!"

Lady Clanranald laughed and promised.

"Father," said Kate, "you forget my grandfather Lovat. He was greatly angered with me for standing on the balcony when the Prince rode by——"

"And consigned you to my care, as a punishment," said Lady Clanranald. "So, being exiled for one grave fault, another will be of less consequence. We shall certainly appear at the palace, good Master of Lovat, unless you place an interdict on this young lady. Say as much to the Prince, with such acknowledgments as beseems a subject when she is most honored by her sovereign."

"This is well. Never fear, Kate! My father is only making a show of opposition. So get up your brightest roses for to-morrow. It will be a rude scene, doubtless, for the palace has fallen into great disorder; but give us a good victory or two, and we will teach the people at St. James what real state it! Until then we must all do our best. So, now that my errand is done, I must say good-even to you. The Prince gives us little time for loitering anywhere. Dougal Carr! He was inquiring if you had returned to the palace as I came away."

"He shall not ask for me again," said the youth, promptly; "I am ready."

But, as he spoke, the boy cast an imploring glance at Katharine, which brought the color afresh to her face. She shrunk back, almost frowning on him.

"I am ready," he repeated, in a low voice, and he turned to follow the Master of Lovat; but, with the first movement, Flora Macdonald came forward, her hand extended, her eyes sparkling.

"Not till I have thanked you again for the noble service, the more than brave protection, which has left me safe in my aunt's house. If I were a queen, young sir, you should be knighted on the spot; but, being only poor Flora Macdonald, with nothing of her own but a grateful Scottish heart, you shall not go till that has spoken its gratitude."

The young man lifted his grateful look to that face so beautiful and bright from the exuberant feelings that flashed over it. The contrast between all that glow of enthusiasm, and the frowning beauty of Katharine Fraser's face, struck him upon the heart, filling it with pain.

"Oh! young lady, it would be my glory, could I ever do aught that would really entitle me to these thanks! As it is, I feel humbled that you can reward a commonplace attention with such royal gratitude."

With these words the youth followed his leader from the room. Katharine drew a deep breath, and, advancing toward Flora, laid a hand on her arm.

"What has he done, this young Dougal Carr, to earn such warm thanks?"

Flora shook the white hand from her arm.

"What has he done? Why, carried me through a peril so grave that I shudder now to think of it! I hate myself for having no better words in which to thank him, standing, as he did, a

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stranger beneath my aunt's roof, half endured, half frowned upon!"

"You mistake; I did not frown upon Dougal Carr. But I have not been in the habit of meeting him on such terms of equality. He was a favorite with my grandfather; but—but, indeed, I scarcely know why anything has disturbed me, or why you seem so angry, Flora."

"Angry—I? I am not angry. What should make me angry? Because you look down upon a young gentleman who has almost saved my life? If he is your grandfather's servitor, you have the right. I am only Flora Macdonald of the Isles, you know, and may be grateful without too much condescension!"

"You are not the Flora Macdonald whom I have loved so dearly!" said Katharine, with tears in her eyes. "Something has changed you since the morning."

"I know it," answered Flora, earnestly. "Something has changed me. I do not seem like the same creature."

The girls had walked across the room while speaking, and stepped into the stone balcony under which Charles Edward had halted on his way to Holyrood. It was now dark, and the balcony was so heavily draped with flowering plants that it lay in shadow. The two girls sat down upon the broad stone window-sill, and continued their conversation more quietly than they had yet spoken.

"Who is this Dougal Carr?" inquired Flora, abruptly. "Some distant cousin of the Frasers, I suppose?"

"No; his mother is a widow, and occupies a farm on the Dounie estates."

"And is that all? A tenant of Lord Lovat's?—only a tenant?"

"Dougal's mother is nothing more."

"But he has the bearing of a gentleman—the language of a gentleman."

"My grandfather had him educated at Dounie, with his brother, a hunchbacked dwarf—a singular creature, whose wit is sharp as his body is crooked."

"What, that little creature with long, thin limbs, and his body crowded up to his shoulders in a heap, that moves through the dusk like a spider, is Dougal's brother?"

"Yes; you have described poor Luke Carr, but not his face: that is clearly cut like the marble we see on royal tombs. His forehead is broad and white, and but for the heavy brows his eyes would be wonderfully beautiful. In repose, they almost break your heart with their deep mournfulness; but in action, they are smouldering fire which sends a shiver through you when it kindles up. The very sight of Luke would make me shudder, when I was a little child, and hide myself for days together!"

"Is this dwarf so vicious, then?"

"Vicious? No, I think not. Dougal says that a kinder or more faithful creature never lived. He has also great influence with my grandfather—more than Dougal—far more than my father."

"And Dougal loves this strange creature?"

"Loves him! You have no idea of the power of affection with which he regards Luke."

"And the mother?"

"I know little of the mother, except that she is foreign in her look and habits, and never seems to toil like our native women of the hills. She must have been beautiful once. Her eyes are like Dougal's now. One day, just before we left Dounie, she came to the castle and inquired for my grandfather. He never receives any of the people on the estate; but this woman went up to his room, and stayed an hour, to the surprise of every one. I remember it was the day before Dougal ran away. I was so astonished, this morning, to find him in my father's train; for he never liked Dougal."

"Why?" inquired Flora, tersely.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps my father did not like the footing upon which he found the brothers in our household at Dounie; for, except that they were always seated below the salt, no son of the house has ever been more kindly treated."

"What reason did Lord Lovat give for this?"

"Lord Lovat never condescends to give a reason for anything."

"But if this woman had been a common tenant on the lands, and her sons only sheep tenders, this position at Dounie could not have been given them."

"With another person than Lord Lovat this might be true, but with him you cannot calculate from ordinary rules, Flora. His own will is stronger than patents of nobility, and he regards that of no other person living. Holding a leading Highland chief as next to the king, he sometimes assumes prerogatives that a monarch would hesitate in claiming."

"Indeed," said Flora, "I should like to see this grand potentate. I too have an idea that a Scottish chief ranks next to the Stuarts, and above all other things; but then our lords of the Isles dispute rank with your chiefs of the mainland, and clash interests as ambitious men will."

"The lords of the Isles, do they claim so much? I thought the Frasers, the Chisholms, and the Macintoshs were——"

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"Kate, Kate, don't let us get on that track, or we shall go out from this balcony sworn foes. Old Sir Alexander of Skye would drive me out of the family for listening to such heresy. Tell me more about this young gentleman Dougal Carr, who seems to have won favor with your father as well as Lord Lovat. How came he in the train of our Prince, and on such terms with the master?"

"I do not know. It puzzles me even to guess. The last time I saw my father before to-day, he was terribly incensed against the laddie for daring to accept Lord Lovat's invitation above the salt when your cousin was our guest."

"And Lord Lovat did this?"

"I have seldom seen my father so angry as he was then. He looked upon the act as an insult to himself and your cousin—a double insult, inasmuch as I, his only daughter, was at the table."

"And you shared these feelings doubtless?"

"Not at first. I had known Dougal ever since I could remember, and this kindness on the part of my grandfather scarcely seemed strange; but afterward, when I had time to reflect how little claim widow Carr's son had to present himself among my grandfather's guests, I confess——"

"Yes, I dare say you were very angry, and gathered up that silken robe in sweeping disdain when he came near."

"No. I hardly saw him after that till he came hither in my father's train, and searched me with his audacious eyes every time I looked or spoke. Then, Flora, I did feel how great the distance was between us."

"Yes," said Flora, slowly, "I saw his eyes fixed upon you, and an honest, noble truth beaming through them. Are you sure, Kate, that the heart of this mountain laddie has not dared to follow his eyes?"

Katharine Fraser made a repulsive gesture, and half rose from her seat on the window-sill.

"Flora Macdonald!"

"Nay, nay; sit down. It was an idle question, and I am answered."

"It was an insulting question, and deserved no answer. I had not so coupled your name, Flora."

"Then you would reject this young, pure heart with indignation if it were offered?"

"I could not forget myself so far as to permit the offer," answered Katharine, with the proud Fraser blood burning in her cheek. "What, Dougal Carr, brother of that sharp-tongued hunchback? I scarce can realize audacity so great as you hint at, though he did come boldly up and would have touched my hand, I do believe, but that I drew it away. You are keen-sighted, Flora, I should never have dreamed it possible."

"Nay, love is a saucy leveler at all times," answered Flora, with a cheerful laugh, for her good humor had come suddenly back. "After all, it may only be a wild fancy; let it pass."

"I only wish it had not been mentioned," said Kate, "the very idea humbles me."

"What is it that can humble a being like Mistress Fraser may I ask?" questioned a voice behind them.

Kate started and made no answer; while Flora darted back into the room, exclaiming, "Oh! Clanranald, you have left my aunt all alone!" and away she flew into the depths of the drawing-room, where she found the little old lady nestled down among the crimson cushions of a sofa fast asleep, and Lady Clanranald shading the light from her mother's eyes while she read.

Katharine Fraser half rose as if to follow her friend; but young Clanranald stood in the way, and she sank back to her seat thankful for the gathering darkness that concealed her blushes.

"You seem in haste to escape me!" said Clanranald, seating himself by her side.

"No, no, I did but think—I was afraid your mother might want me."

"Flora will console her, rest certain, and do not grudge a few moments to one whose fate is so uncertain, that he may not live to ask so much again."

Katharine turned her face suddenly upon him, it was pale and startled.

"Are you going into danger so soon?" she inquired.

"Any hour may find us face to face with the enemy. I may never have another opportunity of seeing you alone."

"Ah, me! that is very terrible!"

"Anything is terrible that takes us from those we love!"

Katharine looked into the room and saw Lady Clanranald playing with her book, as she conversed with Flora; both were smiling pleasantly as if war could not exist.

"She does not know of this peril," whispered the young girl. "So much the better. Why should any one be made to suffer so much before the trouble comes? I—I wish you had not told me."

Katharine bent forward, and, leaning her head on one hand, smothered a moan that had forced itself to her lips.

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"You suffer—I have been too abrupt," said Clanranald, softly touching her disengaged hand. "Have no apprehension about your father. Those who love you will form a bulwark about him."

"Those who love me! Alas! I know of none, except my father!"

"Not Dougal Carr?"

"Dougal Carr! That is your cousin's wild talk."

In the twilight Clanranald saw that Kate's eyes flashed, and her cheeks burned hotly with insulted pride. This emboldened him. He drew a deep breath and took her hand firmly in his clasp.

"But there is one who loves you with his entire soul! Look up, sweet Kate, and say if he too is presuming."

Her hands began to tremble; her face fell forward, and she covered it with one hand.

"Do you speak of Dougal Carr now?" she faltered.

"No, sweet one. I speak of Macdonald of Clanranald, who would rather make Kate Fraser his bride than win a kingdom to himself."

Kate Fraser burst into tears; that full heart broke forth in a summer shower, half-tears, half-gasping sobs of joy.

"You surprise—you terrify me!"

"And you," cried the young man, throwing his arms around her, and kissing the tears from the burning roses of her cheek—"and you have made me mad with joy. I am beloved. Oh! tell me, Kate, that you love me as I adore you! My heart is hungry and will be satisfied with nothing less. These tears are something; the clasp of these trembling hands make me audacious with hope. Let me gather the words from your lips. I shall not believe them else."

She struggled a little, but only as a bird flutters in its nest. Then all her delicate pride broke down, and she surrendered her mouth to his kisses.

"I am answered—I am answered," he whispered, pressing his cheek to her hair, in which the perfume of roses still slept; "but give the joy to me in words, only say, "Clanranald, it is you I love!"

"I do—I do say it!" she whispered, amid the soft sighs that brightened her lips as winds flutter apple-blossoms in flower.

"You love me—and none other? Only say that, my Kate!"

"You—and none other!"

"Hush! Kate, hush! if you would not kill me with this sweet madness!"

She attempted to withdraw from his arm; but he would not give her up till she had repeated over and over again the words he could not yet fully believe.

At the other end of the room Lady Clanranald chatted with her niece, and the old lady slept. The flame in a silver sconce lighted up the group; but the lovers sat in shadow, and, with their faces out in the night, no one suspected the exchange of vows a few moments had witnessed. They were silent now, wrapped in that profound content which follows a free outgush of passionate confidence. At last Lady Clanranald's voice aroused them from the most heavenly dream that ever can dawn on two human hearts.

"Kate! Kate Fraser, you brave the night air imprudently! What will Lord Lovat say if we allow this?"

Katharine started up with a sudden cry. She had been away thousands and thousands of miles deep in paradise. This commonplace summons back to earth frightened her.

Clanranald rose, drawing a deep breath; for his heart had been soaring upward, and the voice disturbed its reveries.

"Come, let us go to our mother," he whispered, tenderly.

Katharine surrendered her hand to his clasp. It fluttered like a newly-caught bird; but he folded it close, and led her out of the balcony through the dim twilight and into the illuminated space occupied by the ladies.

"Mother," he said, in a voice so rich with happiness that Lady Clanranald began to smile at the first sound; "mother, this hour has given you another child. I have told this lady that I love her, and she is not angry."

"What—what is that?" cried the little old lady, starting up from her cushions. "Who presumes to talk of love before the Prince has won his own? Not you, my grandson!"

"Hush, mother!" said Lady Clanranald, rising to her full height, and pressing a right royal kiss on Katharine's forehead. "Love only makes a brave heart braver. My son has given his heart worthily. God prosper him forevermore!"

"Clanranald loves her, and she loves him! What a fool I was!" cried Flora, clasping her fair hands in an ecstasy of thankfulness. "That I should never have thought of this before! Kate! dear Kate, come and kiss me! Cousin Kate! The dearest, sweetest name I ever heard!"

"But what will Lord Lovat say?" murmured the old lady, still half-asleep.

"We will learn that, good grandam, at the

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proper time," answered Clanranald. "But what is that?"

The ladies all turned toward the window leading to the balcony, which still stood open; but they failed to see the pale, eager face and sharp eyes that peered through, searching everything in the room with keen interest. Clanranald saw the face, and stepped quickly to the balcony, but it was empty; and but for a rustling of the vines, and a dull sound of steps running away, he might have fancied that his eyes had deceived him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE kingly old Palace of Holyrood was suddenly aroused from its dingy stillness, and kindled up with the golden blazonry of a royal presence. Lights poured in sheeted brilliancy through the undraped windows, flooding the unpruned trees and neglected shrubbery in the grounds so bravely, that the shadows which had haunted the place for half a century were broken up and driven back into their native midnight. Within and without the palace walls there was gayety and the enthusiasm of sudden success. Highland officers in full military costume thronged the palace. Highland soldiers guarded the portal, their arms gleaming, and their swords clashing out a sort of rude music, as they closed in after each party that presented itself for admission.

But the illumination which broke through the windows was nothing to the blaze of light that flooded the vast rooms, from which the accumulated dust had but just been swept, and penetrated to the passages where the filmy cobwebs still hung, swaying to the gushes of fresh air like wreaths of smoke that threatened to float away every instant. Everything bespoke haste and the wildest enthusiasm. Strains of martial music rioted down the dim passages; bagpipes clamored in the entrance hall; the ring of swords and the gingle of spurs sounded up from the oaken floors that had not known a martial tread, or vibrated to the spring of a dainty female foot, for many a long year.

But the old palace was not altogether devoid of splendor. Many a Jacobite household had given forth its treasures of tapestry and rich hangings to conceal the grim walls of that long-neglected state-chamber. At the upper end of this room a rude throne had been improvised, and rendered imposing by a canopy gorgeous with cloth of gold, and draperies of crimson velvet that swept the floor. The grim pictures on the walls, too hideous for so much light, were half-submerged with waves of gleaming silk; while the dilapidation of benches and antique chairs was concealed beneath tapestry that brightened their decay into sumptuousness worthy of the proudest court in Europe.

In scarcely more than a day all this splendor had sprung out of the heart of a loyal people ready to cast their very lives under the feet of the Stuart, who had come to this old Scottish palace there to claim a crown rightfully the inheritance of his father.

The state-chamber was full; for the first bold dash of Charles Edward had dazzled the people far more than a permanent success could have done. There was a romance and chivalry in it that, for the moment, swept cool reason quite aside.

Well did the Prince meet the poetic idea of his people, as he stood, with one foot rising on the step of the throne, holding an animated conversation with the group of noblemen that surrounded him. In the noble presence of Lochiel—one of the handsomest men of the age—and many a noble compatriot, the Prince looked most kingly of them all. The fresh, pure complexion, which came of his Gaulish blood, gave singular beauty to features bright with life and intelligence. His tall figure, full of elastic and subtle grace, gave a royal effect to the simple Stuart tartan, whose prevailing tint of scarlet was lighted on the breast by the star of St. Andrew, the only ornament he wore. Thus, young, stately, and flushed with triumph, the Prince stood receiving the first homage of his subjects. No wonder that his blue eyes flashed, and his lips reddened with smiles; no wonder that he forgot the battles that must be fought, and the sufferings that must be endured, before he could, in reality, win the throne on which his foot rested! It was an intoxicating cup that one success had placed to his lips that night. No wonder he quaffed it with such zest!

The rooms filled and the scene became more and more imposing. Now some Jacobite lady would bend before the Prince, sunning her beauty in his admiring glances. While she retreated into the crowd, betraying her progress by rustle of silk and a glow of jewels, some Lowland lord, whose loyal heart had broken through all prudence, would sweep toward the throne, followed by the cadets of his house, and, falling at the young man's feet, offer him a noble homage, which swelled his forces and gave strength to his cause.

Enthusiasm like this is always contagious. Many a powerful noble, who had entered the

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palace that night, unpledged and reluctant, went forth with his fate decided. That drawing-room won more partisans to the Stuart than any battle-field that followed it.

As the rooms filled, those who marked the Prince closely observed that he grew restless and looked anxiously toward the entrance whenever a new party presented itself. Was he getting weary of a ceremony which chained him to one spot, while the soft ring of female voices filled the crowd which was forever sweeping past him?

No, it was not that, for it depended on himself to break up the circle around the throne at any moment; but he did not move or attempt to escape the martial throng that would talk of war even there, when a hundred bright eyes were challenging them to the dance.

At last there was a slight tumult near the entrance, and the name of Lady Clanranald was announced. That moment the Prince broke off an animated conversation with the group of chieftains that surrounded him, and turned eagerly to receive the Lady Clanranald and the two fair girls who accompanied her.

The group came forward, moving slowly through the crowd, which separated right and left to give it a free passage. Of all the distinguished persons who presented themselves before the Prince, that night, none could boast of a presence so noble, or loveliness so perfect, as those who approached him now.

Lady Clanranald would have paved the very street with precious stones, could she thereby have given *eclat* to the first drawing-room in which her king was to be represented before the people of Scotland; but this being impossible, she took a noble pride in adorning herself bravely, in order to honor an occasion that had been the crowning hope of her life. Never did a magnificent toilet give greater effect to beauty. The velvet folds of her dress glowed with the purple bloom of an untouched plum; delicate lace shaded her neck, and was gathered at the bosom with a bouquet of jewels, clustering diamonds, and emerald pendants; the girdle which confined her robe at the waist also sparkled with gems; and the masses of her hair were looped back from the white forehead with a chain of diamonds that ran through them like ripples of flame.

In contrast with her mature beauty so splendidly arrayed, came those two high-born girls, graceful as water-lilies riding on the swell of a fountain. Katharine Fraser was swan-like in her dress of heavy white silk, over which a silver sheen rippled like traceries of frost. Pearls wandered in and out of her bright hair, holding it back from her forehead in waves, and tangling themselves with the ringlets that fell upon her neck; a crimson rose held back the too abundant waves from her left temple; and a cluster of the same rich blossoms shed their fragrant glow upon her bosom. I cannot describe the dress of Flora Macdonald. It was pure, bright, and sparkling like herself. A gleam of pearls here; the flash of a diamond there; and a glow of rose-colored silk, floating and rustling around her like a sunset cloud, that threatened to change to gold or lilac every moment.

No wonder the Prince allowed his glance to wander past Lady Clanranald and beautiful Kate Fraser, there was something in the radiant bloom of Flora Macdonald that might have charmed any heart that evening. The crowd drew back, and a cordon of the bravest nobles of Scotland stood around, while Lady Clanranald advanced to the Prince and bent her stately person before him. So deep was her homage that her knee almost touched the floor; but he would not permit her to kneel, and, yielding to his graceful gesture, she recovered herself and drew back, presenting the two fair girls who followed close upon her steps.

As they bent before him, a glow spread over Edward's handsome face, and he whispered something to Flora that sent a blush all over her face and neck. He did not relinquish the hand that he had taken in preventing the act of homage which she was about to render; but grasping it with gentle violence, addressed the gentlemen around him.

"Come now, my lords, let us see if this fair lady can show your Prince the way through your native dance. If I prove awkward, fair lady, blame the usurper at St. James, who has kept me so long in exile. That is well, gentlemen, choose your partners; Clanranald, come with us. After this we fling ceremony to the wind, nor stand for precedence; but let the music sound."

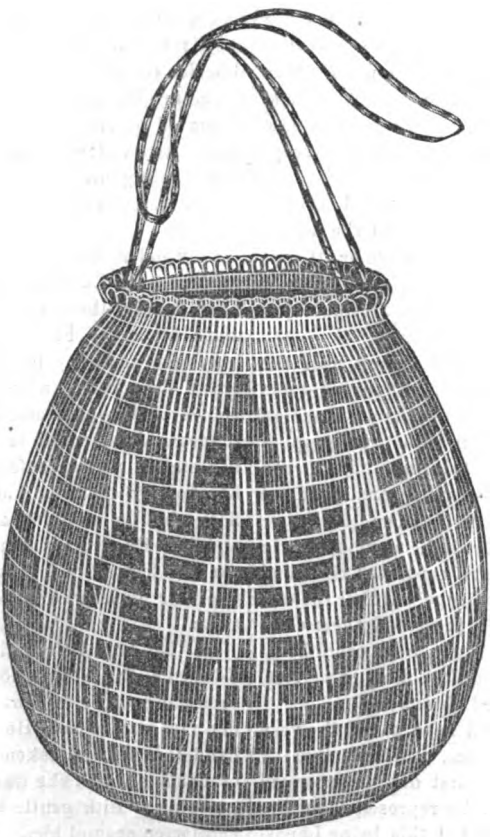
The music did sound one of the exhilarating Scotch airs that sent the blood sparkling like wine through those young veins. The Prince had scarcely begun to tread his first measure, when the whole room was a scene of joyous commotion. The spirit of a victorious battle-field was carried so completely into the dance, that the old timbers of Holyrood vibrated with a sort of joyous tremble beneath a hundred bounding feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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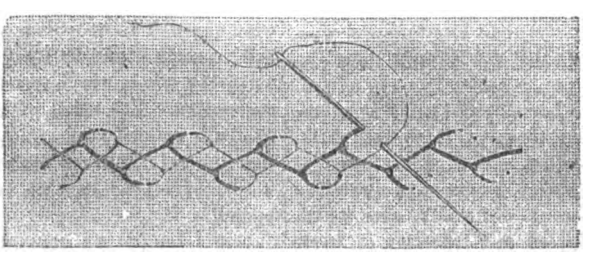
LADIES' PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Since the renewed introduction of Reticules, ladies' Purses have undergone many changes of size and shape. The one which this engraving illustrates is a new form, and very convenient for opening without much trouble. It is worked in crochet, which is the most durable style of work for purses. The color is a rich crimson. It is completed by being drawn in with a gold cord. It may, if preferred, be made up with those pretty little gold slides and a ring, now much used, which give it a more ornamental appearance.

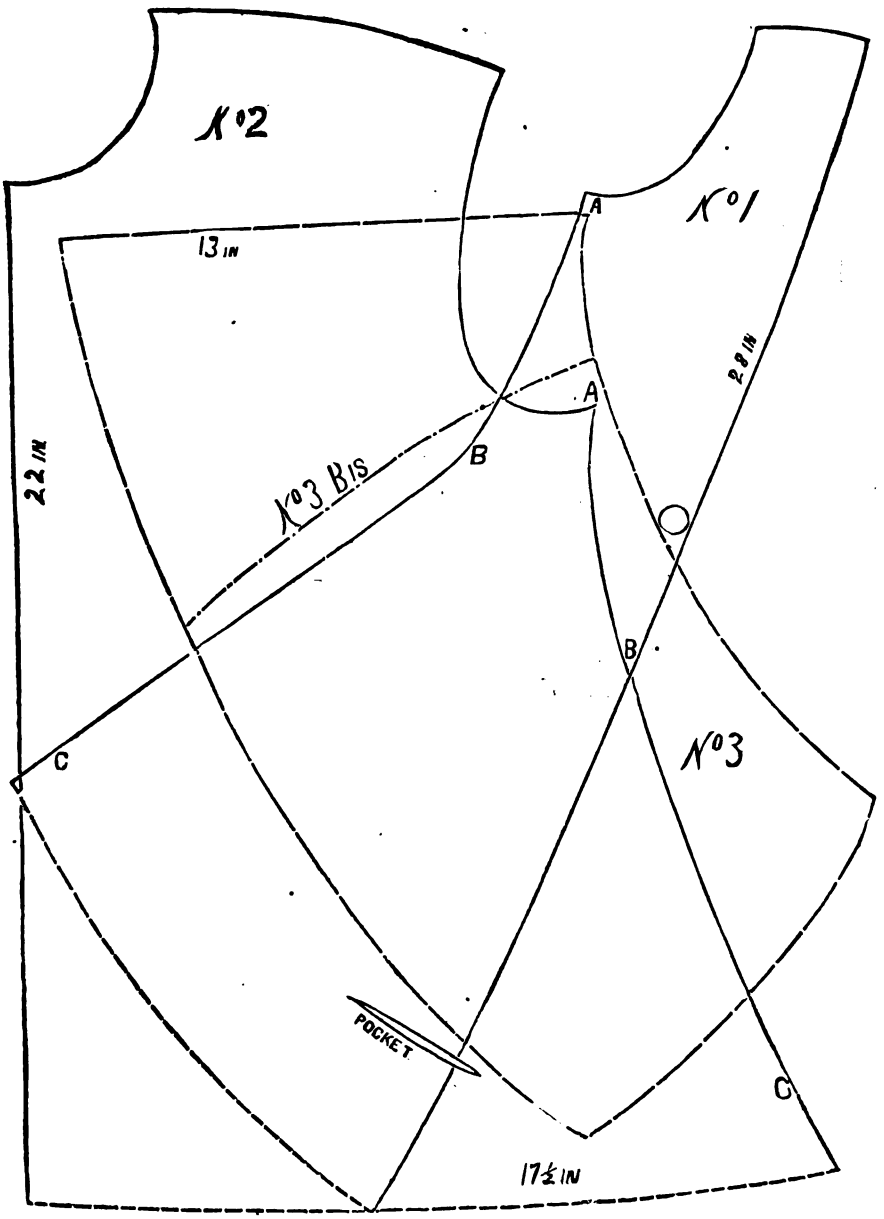
NEW DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH.



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LOUIS XV. ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

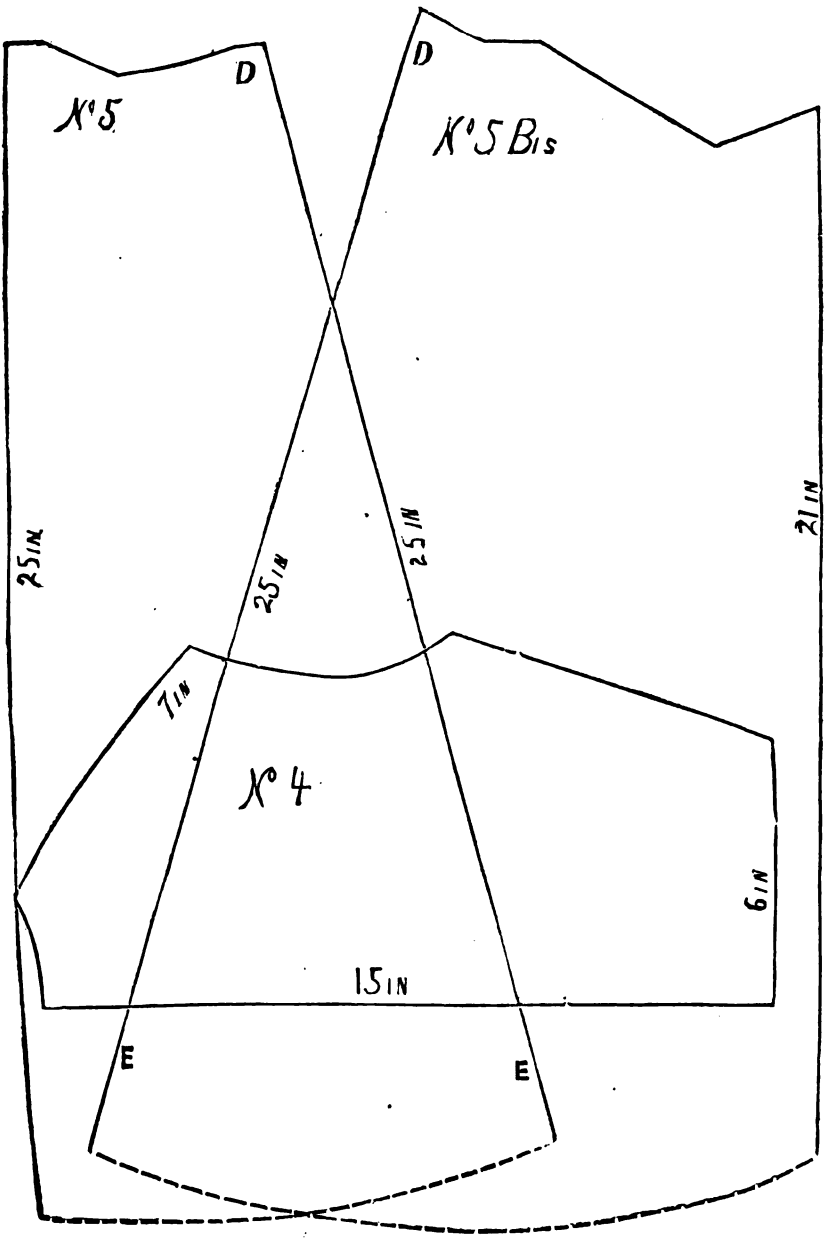


We give, in the front of this number, an engraving of a new style of *robe de chambre*, called the Louis Fifteenth. We also give here diagrams by which to cut it out.

No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Side-Piece.
No. 3. Sleeve.
No. 3 *bis*. Cuff.
No. 4. Back.
No. 5. Half the Plait in middle of Back.
No. 5 *bis*. Plait at the side of Back.

We have given the upper part of the garment

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only, no paper being long and wide enough to give so ample garment quite complete. But it will be easy, on examining the pattern, to understand that, with the exception of the middle of front, all the seams are very divergent in order to obtain the fullness and train behind. In making up this *robe de chambre*, be careful to observe that the pattern No. 4 serves as lining to the back, that the waist cord or girdle is fastened at the place marked with a circle on the side-piece, which is afterward covered by the plaits falling over it, and produced by the patterns Nos. 5 and 5 *bis*. These plaits, three in number, begin at the neck, are folded under and fastened on the back, which forms a lining, and from the waist they are confounded with the skirt. Nothing can be more stylish than this *robe de chambre*.

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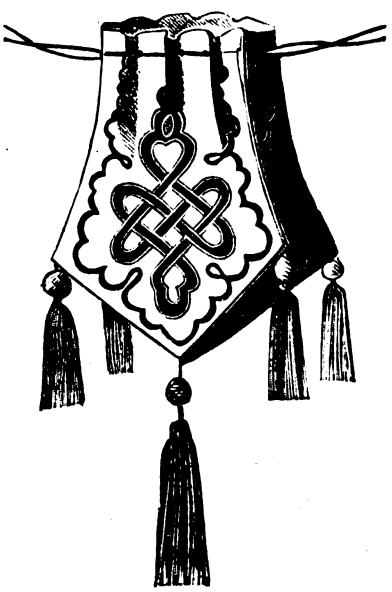
CROCHET BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

An engraving of this bag is in the front of the number. It is formed of three rounds of crochet, each worked separately, and afterward joined together so as to form the lower part of the bag. This being done, it will be found that there is an opening at the bottom narrowing to three points, and this opening must be filled up with a small piece of crochet corresponding in shape and size, which may be composed of chain loops. The upper part of the bag is now to be worked in the simple pattern given in our illustration; the openings between each round being filled up with short lengths of the crochet until the edge is even, when it may be worked round and round until the proper depth is completed. The string may be either a ribbon or cord passed between the loops; and at each of the three points where the rounds of crochet meet, a pretty tassel is attached. It can also be made in netting silk, the rounds being crimson, and the top and bottom of a rich dark blue. To make it still more handsome, a gold thread may be introduced into the centers of the three stars. In working these stars, after the chained loops are worked which surround the centers, a row of short crochet should be added all round; this contributes both to strength and richness, the little loops giving it a light appearance. A very elegant purse may be made in the same form, only the stars must be much smaller, and finer silk used for this purpose.

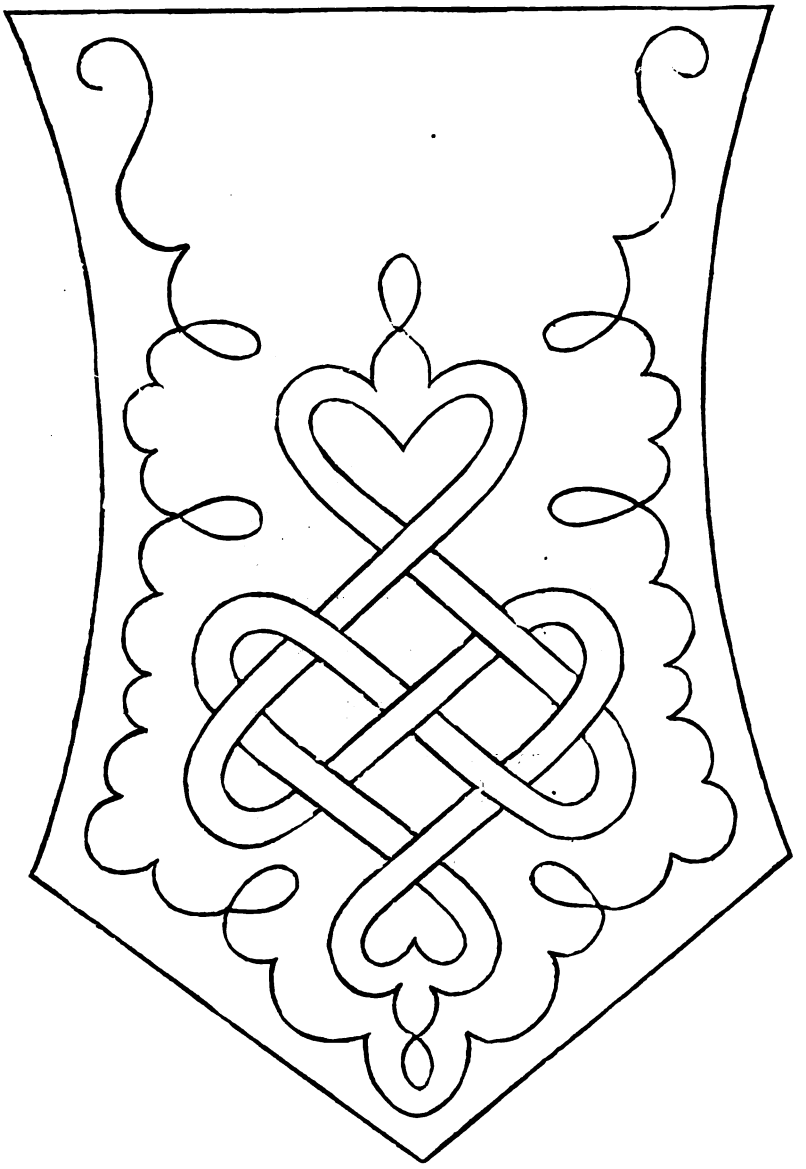
TOBACCO BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This Bag is made of Russia leather; the design is in blue velvet application, bordered with a gold braid. Three pieces, like the pattern on the next page, are necessary to make the bag; these pieces are lined with white kid. The seams are covered with a small cord.

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PATTERN FOR SIDE OF TOBACCO BAG: FULL-SIZE.

ZOUAVE JACKET AND VEST, BRAIDED.

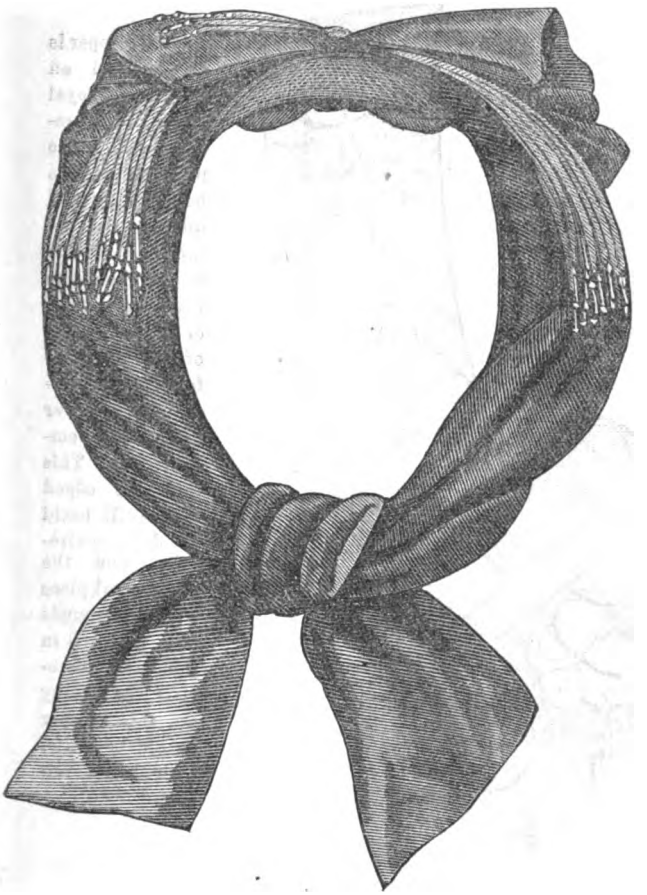
BY J. OBERSTELLER & CO.

In the front of the number is a pattern for a lady's Zouave Jacket and Vest, furnished by J. B. Obersteller & Co. The jacket may be in velvet, cloth, or cashmere. The vest should be in cashmere of a corresponding color to the jacket. Persons desiring patterns in embroidery, braiding, etc., should address J. Obersteller & Co., and not the publisher of this Magazine. J. O. & Co. will promptly fill all orders, by mail or otherwise.

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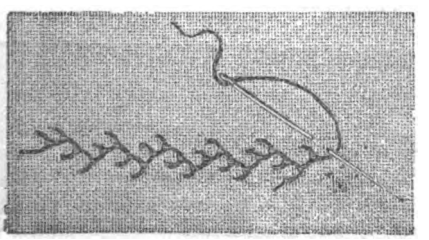
ESMERALDA HEAD-DRESS.

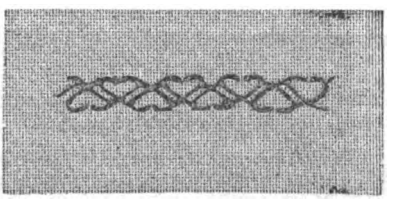
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This beautiful head-dress is composed of a roll of black velvet on a foundation of milinette, stiffened with cap wire to keep it in place. On the front of the forehead are velvet loops with long gilt pendants. A knot of velvet confines the roll at the back of the head. This head-dress is beautiful in black or scarlet velvet with gold pendants, or in scarlet with black jet pendants. We have seen one exactly like the accompanying, composed of a beautiful shade of blue velvet, with the ornaments in gold wheat-ears.

NEW DESIGNS IN CHAIN-STITCH

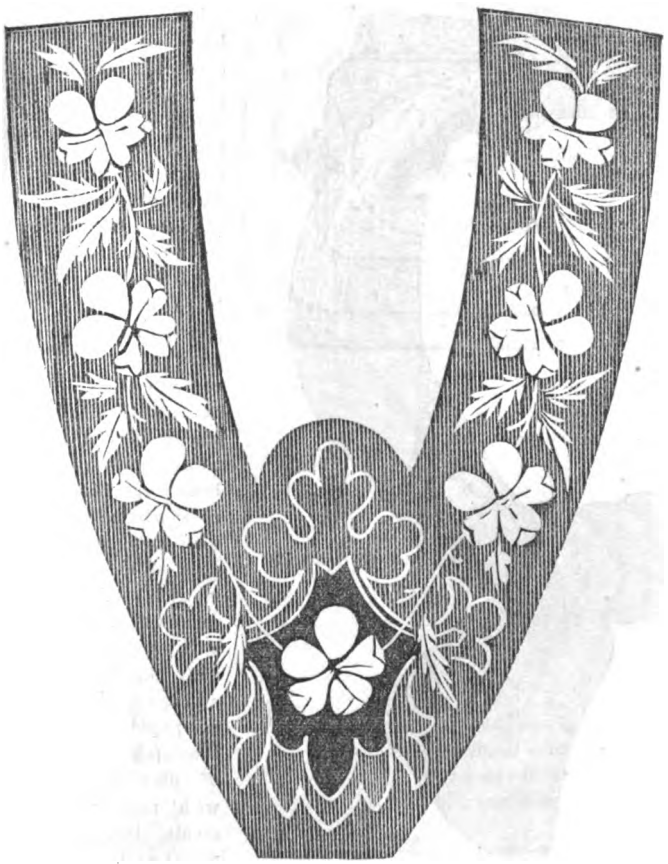




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EMBROIDERED CLOTH SLIPPER.

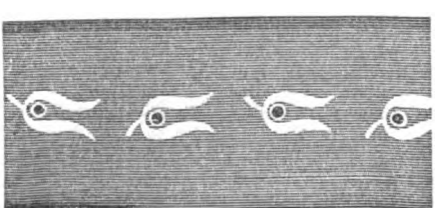
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

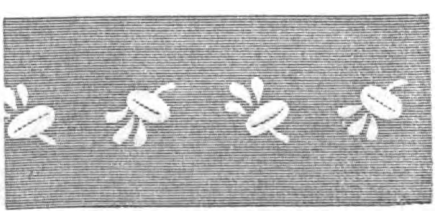


THIS Slipper is embroidered on cloth of royal blue in maize-color silk. The patterns are to be left clear and distinct, both in the flowers and leaves. On the front is a piece of black velvet of an irregular form, ornamented with a flower of the same, embroidered. This tablet is edged with a silk braid of dark maize-color, and the ornamental piece which surrounds it is executed in the same materials. In making up, this Slipper should be bound with black velvet.

PATTERNS FOR SHIRT FRONTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





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ETRUSCAN HAND-SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In the front of the number we give a pattern, full-size, printed in colors, for this beautiful Hand-Screen, which is to be done in tapestry or plain crochet. Above we give an engraving of the appearance of the Hand-Screen when made up.

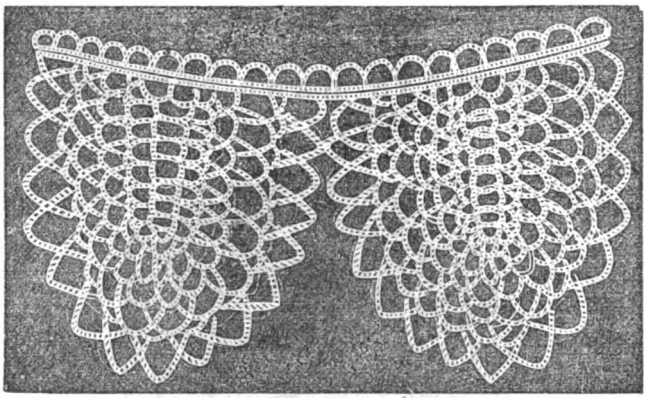
This pattern may also be used for a cover for a small table.

CROCHET SHORTWAY EDGING.

BY "A NEW CONTRIBUTOR."

Make 12 chain, miss 6, and work 1 tc into the 7th and 8th stitch, 3 ch, 1 tc into last, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc in last row, 3 ch, 1 tc into 4th ch, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc over 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into loop, 6 ch, 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into 4 ch, 15 ch, turn work, 1 tc into 6th ch, 1 ch, 1 tc into every other stitch four times, 1 ch, 1 dc into 2nd loop for head, turn, 4 ch, 1 dc between 1st and 2nd tc, 4 ch, 1 dc into the three next spaces, (4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, 1 dc into center spaces,) (if worked correctly there will be 12 loops of 4 ch round,) 6 ch, 2 tc over tc, 3 ch 1 tc into loop, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc over 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into loop, 1 ch, (1 dc, 1 tc with 4 ch between, into each of the first 6 loops of ch,) then 5 ch, (1 tc, 1 dc, with 4 ch between, into each of the remaining 6 loops,) 1 dc into nearest loop of head, turn, 1 dc, 1 tc, 1 long with 4 ch after, into each first 5 loops of preceding row, work into center loop, 1 dc, 1 tc, 1 long, 5 ch, 1 long, 1 tc, 1 dc, then 4 ch, 1 long, 1 tc, 1 dc into each of the last 5 loops, 1 dc over the tc stitch of head, 6 ch, 2 tc

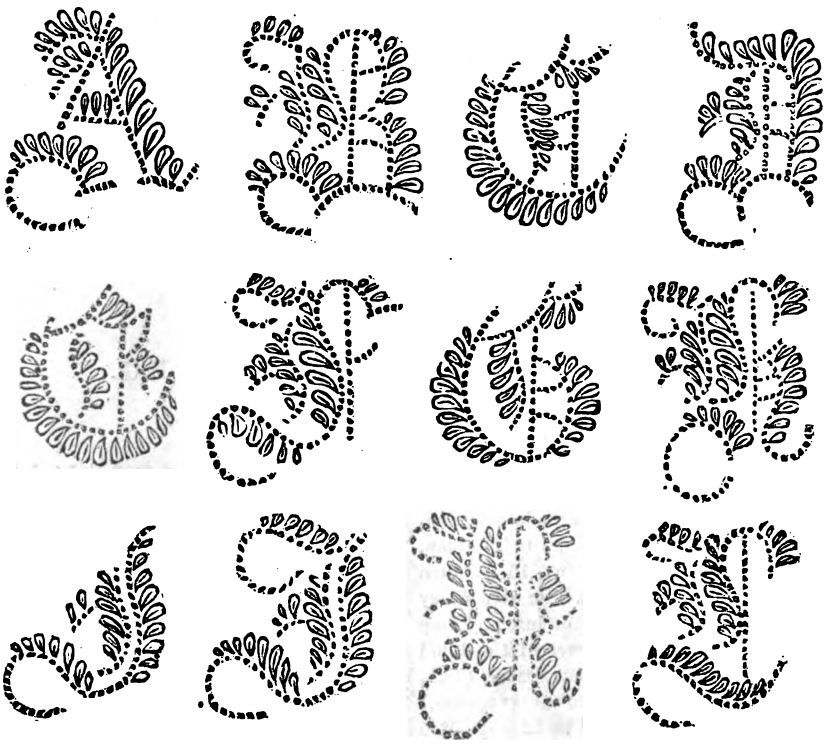
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over tc, 3 ch 1 tc into loop, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into each of the first 5 loops, 5 ch into center loop, work 1 dc, 6 ch, 1 dc, 5 ch, 1 dc into each of the last 5 loops, 5 ch into the first worked loops of head, 1 dc, turn, 4 dc under first loop of 5 ch, preceding row, 5 ch, 2 dc into each of the next 5 loops, 5 ch, 4 dc under next loop, 1 dc over first tc of head, †, 6 ch, 2 tc over 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into loop, turn, 6 ch, 2 tc over 2 tc, 3 ch, 1 tc into 4th ch, turn, repeat from mark † thus, twice more, continue the pattern.

ORNAMENTAL ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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TO PLAIT BRAIDS IN THE HAIR.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THESE two engravings illustrate a new Parisian method of plaiting false braids in among the natural hair. The first cut shows how the braid is introduced: the next how the plait looks as it progresses. This new method is quite an improvement on the old one.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

History and Social Science.—There is a notion, but a false one, that history and social science are the same. It is virtually the theory of Macaulay. But the investigation of the laws of social change is not history. For history, in its true sense, has to do with the actions of particular individuals, and with the effect of those actions on nations and communities. Social science, on the contrary, has to do with the progress of peoples, and with the results worked out by one people on another. We can have a history of Napoleon, a history of one generation, a history of France, or a history of Europe; but there can be no such thing as social science, properly speaking, unless it involves all nations now extant, and traces the influence on them of all nations that have ever lived.

History and social science, therefore, are not only not the same, but it is impossible that they can be. The one is, as yet, in its infancy. For the other we have ample materials. The one will probably never be brought to perfection. For the other this was effected as early as Thucydides. The history of the Peloponnesian war will never be written better than it was two thousand five hundred years ago. But the social science, if we may so phrase it, of the Greeks, will never be known, because no sufficient statistics for it are extant. The history of these United States is being written by Bancroft, and is a succession of vivid pictures of men and of events; but social science, so far at least as it relates to this republic, is yet in comparative chaos, the materials for it existing only in the census tables and in a few other receptacles of dry statistics. What a brilliant panorama is to an arithmetical table, that history is to social science.

Macaulay, in his attempt to develop the science of English society, has given us a strange jumble of history and romance. His celebrated chapters on the condition of England at the time of the Restoration, are made up partly from unreliable generalizations, and partly from the exaggerations of play-wrights and pamphleteers. He has done for the people of Great Britain who lived two centuries ago, what a historian of the year two thousand and sixty-two would do for the America of to-day, if he should describe our women from the satirical poem of "Nothing to Wear," or our Presidents from the columns of opposition journals. It is, in fact, impossible to construct a social science of the past, from the few accurate data which are in our possession. The wisest man now living cannot even tell the population of England two hundred years ago; much less that of Europe; much less that of the world at large; and if this, one of the very first things to be determined in developing a science of society, cannot be ascertained, how can we hope to achieve anything further? All attempts at solving the social history of former ages must be, in the nature of the case, delusions. They are words, words, and nothing more.

Nor is this all. If there is one error more dangerous than another, in the pursuit of knowledge, it is to fancy we have arrived at the whole truth, when we are acquainted with only a part. All the religious persecutions in history, most of the oppressive wars, and even many of the personal crimes, have had their origin in this sort of incomplete knowledge, and in the supposition that it was perfect. To attempt to write the social annals of former generations is for the "blind to lead the blind." It may make bigots in history; it can never advance truth.

New Volume with this Number.—We inaugurate the new volume, it will be seen, with a very beautiful steel engraving, "The Sisters," and a splendid colored pattern. We also begin a novelet, a charming love-story, by Carry Stanley, who is one of the most popular of our contributors. For this volume we have some of the most desirable illustrations being engraved, that have ever appeared, either in this, or in any other magazine. We need hardly remind our readers that "Peterson's" is the cheapest—and we think the best also—of any periodical devoted to the ladies. In clubs of eight, or more, it can be had for $1.25 per copy, with a premium to the person getting up the club. No time, in the year, is too late to subscribe, as we can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive. For those, however, who do not wish back numbers, this is an especially good time to subscribe, so as to begin with the present number. For terms see the Prospectus printed on the cover.

"White Chokers."—The Paris Sport, which is the journal patronized by the clubs and by Young France, announces the immediate extinction of the white neckcloth as a portion of the dress toilet. It seems that the young men of fashion will not go to parties where this part of the costume is indispensable, and many of the patronesses of high circles have given in to the decision. It appears that a lady of high distinction, who "has the reputation of making the most elegant courtesey in Europe after Queen Victoria," excited the risible faculties of one of the most aristocratic assemblies, by offering a most gracious specimen of her talent to the white-necked butler, whom she mistook for the master of the house. A fashionable journal dwells upon the *contretemps* as quite a sufficient reason for the abandonment of the detestable white, and the substitution of rose or pink silk.

Nightcaps.—A nice little novelty has appeared in the way of nightcaps for ladies, very coquettish and dainty in their appearance. They are made with a round crown, whipped on to a piece of insertion and frilling, and are not tied under the chin, but somewhat resemble the shape of a net. The caps are usually made of spotted or figured muslin, and trimmed with work or frilling. A piece of elastic is sometimes put in to draw it to the required size, or a piece of ribbon may be used instead of elastic. We hope soon to give our readers a pattern of one of these nice little caps, so suitable for summer wear.

The Pretty Hair Nets which have enjoyed so long a reign of popularity, are only revivals of a fashion which prevailed to an equal extent in the fourteenth century, when the ladies used to draw their luxuriant tresses into similar nets, which then bore the fanciful name of "dovecots." We do not see why the rural appellation should not have been revived with the graceful article to which it formerly belonged.

Equal to a Sewing Machine.—Persons, sometimes, wonder at the enormous circulation of "Peterson's." The mystery is explained when it is remembered that this Magazine is as useful as it is entertaining and beautiful. The Saratoga (N. Y.) Sentinel puts the truth in a nut-shell, when it says that "Peterson's is equal to a sewing machine in a family."

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WEATHER SIGNS.—A few of the more marked signs of weather, useful alike to seaman, farmer, and gardener, are the following:

Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset presages fine weather; a red sky in the morning, bad weather, or much wind (perhaps rain); a gray sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather.

Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate and light breezes; hard-edged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy, blue sky is windy; but a light, bright, blue sky indicates fine weather. Generally, the *softer* clouds look, the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more "greasy," rolled, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow, or gray tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly; indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly.

Small inky-looking clouds foretell rain; light scud clouds driving across heavy masses show wind and rain; but, if alone, may indicate wind only.

High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by an overcasting of murky vapor that grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less oily or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, is an infallible sign.

Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be, the more gradual, but general, the coming change of weather will prove.

Light, delicate, quiet tints or colors, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but gaudy or unusual hues, with hard, definitely-outlined clouds, foretell rain, and probably strong wind. Misty clouds forming, or hanging on heights, show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine.

When sea-birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected.

When they hang about the land, or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind, with stormy weather. As many creatures besides birds are affected by the approach of rain or wind, such indications should not be slighted by an observer who wishes to foresee weather, or compare its variations. There are other signs of a coming change in the weather, known less generally than may be desirable, and therefore worth notice; such as when birds of long flight—rooks, swallows, or others—hang about home, and they fly up and down, or low, rain or wind may be expected. Also, when animals seek sheltered places, instead of spreading over their usual range; when pigs carry straw to their sties; when smoke from chimneys does not ascend readily (or straight upward during a calm), an unfavorable change is probable.

Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog. Neither of these two formations occurs under an overcast sky, or when there is much wind. One sees fog occasionally rolled away, as it were, by wind; but seldom or never *formed* while it is blowing.

Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon; distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, or raised (by refraction); and what is called "a good *hearing* day," may be mentioned among signs of wet, if not wind, to be expected.

FASHION PLATES.—Where are there fashion plates as beautiful as ours? And they are as late as they are beautiful.

A PRETTY ORNAMENT FOR A FIRE-GRATE.—The prettiest is crinoline. Draw out the threads, and place them lightly in the grate and fender; or to form an apron or deep fringe, draw out the threads of a piece of crinoline about a yard deep, leaving a plain piece at the top, comb out the fringe perfectly smooth, then fasten it to the register so that it hangs over the grate, first filling up the grate with the threads drawn out; likewise put some in the fender. This is the lightest and most elegant ornament for a stove, also inexpensive: two yards will suffice. But the quantity of muslin may vary. So, also, the number of strips. "Like everything else, it requires taste." A few gold and silver shavings give a very pretty effect. Another kind of stove decoration is fresh and pretty:—Place a large bouquet of flowers in the grate, surrounded with evergreens so as to conceal the vessel containing the flowers: it has a very pretty effect. The evergreens will keep fresh for a fortnight, or longer: the flowers need the water occasionally changing.

SAVE A DOLLAR.—Says the Aurora (Ind.) Commercial:—"Peterson's Magazine is always ahead of other magazines, and the June number has come to hand. Its store of good things seems to be inexhaustible. Peterson gives as much as any of the three dollar magazines, and all for two dollars a year." Is it not worth while to save a dollar?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The City of the Saints, and across the Rocky Mountains to California. By Richard F. Burton, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa." With illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this volume is the well-known English traveler, who, several years ago, penetrated to Mecca, and more lately explored portions of Central Africa. He visited this country in the summer of 1860, concluding his tour by crossing to California by way of Salt Lake City. His book is the most thorough that has yet been written about the Mormons. Mr. Burton, however, is, to some extent, their apologist. He is not able to conceal that this is the result of his prejudices against the people of the United States, whom he calls "the petulant, fanatical republicans of the New World," and whose government he characterizes as an "absolute aristocracy clothed in the wolf-skin of democracy." It would seem almost impossible for Englishmen to understand this country. De Tocqueville said they were "too insular to comprehend anybody but themselves;" and our Mr. Burton is no exception to the rule. Because Mormonism is repugnant to Americans generally, our author extenuates it as far as possible: a practice we have seen imitated, more lately, on a larger scale, and in reference to another subject. With this drawback the book is exceedingly interesting. There is a good deal about the Indians as well as the Mormons. The description of the beauty of Salt Lake City is quite rose-colored, but, in the main, we believe, true. The volume is a large octavo of nearly six hundred pages, and is illustrated by more than twenty wood engravings, many of them full-page ones. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents for this and all other works published by the Harpers.

Beauties, Selected from the Writings of Thomas De Quincey. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—It was a happy thought to publish this book, which contains the cream of De Quincey's writings, selected from the dozen and more volumes of his miscellaneous works. "The Spanish Nun," "The Easedale Romance," "Childhood," "Levana and our Ladies of Sorrow," "The Vision of Sudden Death," "Dream Fugue," and "The Palimpsest," all well known to admirers of De Quincey, are among the selections. A portrait of the author faces the title-page.

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An Introduction to the Grammar of the English Language. By John S. Hart, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—The best grammar of its kind in the language. It is plain, logical, perspicuous. The author says, in a preface, that he has selected, from his larger grammar, those portions which are purely of an elementary character, and which are studied by beginners in first going over the subject. Copious explanations, and a complete series of practical exercises, are appended to the several definitions and rules. Having, lately, had our attention particularly turned to the various elementary grammars in print, we find this to be altogether the best. We recommend it, therefore, with confidence.

Prison-Life in the Tobacco Warehouse at Richmond. By Lieut. W. C. Harris. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. W. Childs.—Lieut. Harris was one of the prisoners taken at Ball's Bluff. His narrative of the privations to which he and his fellow-unfortunates were subjected, and of the indignities inflicted on them, will touch every heart. Mr. Faulkner, formerly U. S. Minister at the Court of France, openly protested against the treatment to which these prisoners were subjected, and finally procured for them some alleviations; but, to the last, the treatment they received was disgraceful to their captors and to civilization, and such as will remain a subject for astonishment to future generations.

Considerations on Representative Government. By John Stuart Mill. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Mill is one of the few Englishmen who understand America. He is a liberal in politics, and a writer of acknowledged ability. The present volume is principally designed for the English people, but contains much that is suggestive, if not instructive, to Americans also, and, therefore, has been properly republished in this country. We recommend it to all who are interested in the subject of government: the highest inquiry—short of religion—to which the human intellect can be addressed. It is a neat volume of three hundred and fifty pages.

The Children's Picture-Book of the Sagacity of Animals. Illustrated with sixty engravings by Harrison Weir. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a capital book for the little ones. The text is clear, the engravings spirited, and the selection of subjects excellent. The volume is printed on thick, cream-colored paper, and is handsomely bound.

The Last of The Mortimers. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A charming novel by one of the most popular of living authors. The character of the lieutenant's wife is particularly well done. In a different way, and less pleasant to contemplate, Miss Mortimer is powerfully drawn.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE VISIBLE INVISIBLE.—You tell the company that you will place a candle in such a manner that every person in the room, except one, shall see it; yet you will not blindfold him, nor in any way restrain his person, or offer the least impediment to his examining or going to any part of the room he pleases. This trick is accomplished by placing the candle on the party's head; but it cannot be performed if a looking-glass is in the room, as that will enable him to turn the laugh against you.

THE DOUBLE MEANING.—Place a glass of any liquor upon the table, put a hat over it, and say, "I will engage to drink the liquor under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table, and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then, getting from under the table, you say, "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look." Some one, eager to see if you have drunk the liquor, will raise up the hat, when you instantly take the glass, and drink the contents, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that *I* did not touch the hat."

QUITE TIRED OUT.—You undertake to make a person so tired by attempting to carry a small stick out of the room as to be unable to accomplish it, although you will add nothing to his burthen, nor lay any restraint upon his personal liberty. To perform this manœuvre, you take up the stick, and cutting off a very small sliver, you direct him to carry it out of the room, and return for more; concluding by telling him, that you mean him to perform as many similar journeys as you can cut pieces off the stick. As this may be made to amount to many thousands, he will, of course, gladly give up the undertaking.

PARLOR RECREATIONS.

THE TRANSPOSABLE PIECES.—Take two pennies and two dimes, and grind part of them away on one side only, so that they may be but half the common thickness; and observe that they must be quite thin at the edge; then rivet a penny and a dime together. Lay one of these double pieces, with the dime upward, on the palm of your hand, at the bottom of your first three fingers, and lay the other piece, with the penny upward, in the like manner, in the other hand. Let the company take notice in which hand is the penny, and in which is the dime. Then, as you shut your hands, you naturally turn the piece over, and when you open them again, the penny and the dime will appear to have changed their places.

TO MAKE A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR TURN UPON ITS EDGE ON THE POINT OF A NEEDLE.—Take a wine or porter bottle, and insert in the mouth a cork, with a needle in a perpendicular position. Then cut a nick in the face of another cork, in which fix a quarter; and into the same cork stick two common table forks, opposite to each other, with the handles inclining downward; if the rim of the quarter be then placed upon the point of the needle, it may be turned round without any risk of falling off, as the center of gravity is below the center of gravitation.

CAKES, PIES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Soft Gingerbread, very nice.—Four teacups of flour, two cups of molasses, half a cup of butter, two cups of buttermilk, a cup of thick cream, three eggs, a tablespoonful of ginger, and the same of saleratus. Mix them all together, with the exception of the buttermilk, in which the saleratus must be dissolved, and then added to the rest. Bake in a quick oven.

Caraway Cake.—Take one pound of flour, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, a glass of rose-water, four eggs, and half a teacup of caraway seed; the materials to be well rubbed together and beat up; drop them on tin sheets from a spoon, and bake twenty or thirty minutes in rather a slow oven.

Very nice Loaf Cake.—One pound of flour, three eggs, one cup of sugar, one of butter, one pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, two teaspoonfuls of rose-water, nutmegs, one cup of cream, and one teaspoonful of saleratus.

Currant Cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, one cup of milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, a little grated nutmeg, and a cup of currants.

Clove Cake.—Three pounds of flour, one of butter, one of sugar, three eggs, two spoonfuls of cloves; mix it with molasses, and bake.

Apple Pie.—Peel the apples, slice them thin, pour on a little molasses, and sprinkle sugar over them; grate on some lemon-peel, or nutmeg. If you wish to make them richer, put a little butter on the top.

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Chicken Pie.—Cut up your chicken, parboil it, season it on the pot, take up the meat, put in a flour thickening, and scald the gravy; make the crust of sour milk made sweet with saleratus; put in a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg; cream is preferable to sour milk, if you have it. Take a large tin-pan, line it with the crust, put in your meat and pour in your gravy from the fat; make it nearly full, cover it over with crust, and leave a vent; bake it in a moderate oven two hours and a half.

Rhubarb Pie.—Pull the rhubarb from the roots instead of cutting it; peel off the skin from the stalks, and cut it into small pieces, put them in the pie with plenty of brown sugar; cover the pie and bake, like apple, in a deep dish.

Mutton Pie.—Cut steaks from the loin of mutton, beat them, and remove some of the fat; season it well, and put a little water at the bottom of the dish; cover with a thick paste, and bake it.

Pudding Unique.—A quarter pound of raw potatoes scraped, a quarter pound of raw carrots scraped, a quarter pound of currants, and the same quantity each of suet, chopped fine, and flour; a little salt and allspice. Mix all these well together, and make it the consistence of a pudding for boiling, by stirring in treacle; about two tablespoonfuls will be enough, or it may require rather more. This should be put into a greased pudding-mould, and boiled two hours. It may be served up either with or without sweet sauce.

To make Fancy Biscuits.—Take one pound of almonds, one pound of sugar, and some orange-flower water. Pound the almonds very fine, and sprinkle them with orange-flower water: when they are perfectly smooth to the touch, put them in a small pan, with flour sifted through a silk sieve; put the pan on a slow fire, and dry the paste till it does not stick to the fingers; move it well from the bottom to prevent its burning; then take it off, and roll it into small round fillets, to make knots, rings, etc., and cut it into various shapes; make an icing of different colors, dip one side of them in it, and set them on wire gratings to drain. They may be varied by strewing over them colored pistachios, or colored almonds, according to fancy.

Lemon Jellies.—Take two ounces of Cooper's refined American isinglass, which should first be soaked in water two hours; drain off that water and take two quarts of cold water, one pound and a half of sugar, the whites of three eggs, the juice of three lemons, the peel of one, a stick of cinnamon, a little nutmeg, orange-peel, or other spices. Stir them all together when cold; then boil the whole mass five or ten minutes; then pour it through a jelly-bag, when it may be put in glasses or moulds, and when cold it will be ready for use.

Quince Pudding.—Take six large ripe quinces; pare them, and cut out all the blemishes. Then scrape them to a pulp, and mix the pulp with half a pint of cream, and half a pound of powdered sugar, stirring them together very hard. Beat the yolks of seven eggs, and the white of two, and stir them gradually into the mixture, adding two wineglasses of rose-water. Stir the whole well together, and bake it in a buttered dish three-quarters of an hour. Grate sugar over it when cold.

Bird's-Nest Pudding.—Put into three pints of boiling milk, six crackers pounded fine, and one cup of raisins. When cool, add four eggs, well beaten, a little sugar, and four apples, pared, with the core carefully removed; to be baked and eaten with warm sauce.

Currant Jelly.—Take the juice of red currants and loaf sugar, equal quantities in weight. Stir it gently and smoothly for three hours; put it into glasses, and in three days it will concrete into a firm jelly.

Boiled Apple Pudding.—Line a basin with paste tolerably thin, fill it with the apples and cover with the paste; tie a cloth over it and boil till the apples are soft.

Tapioca Pudding.—One quart of cold water; six tablespoonfuls of tapioca; set on the fire and stir till it boils; then add one ounce and a half of white sugar in powder. Again set it on the fire for a quarter of an hour, stirring it occasionally; take it off, pour it into a basin, and stir in immediately one ounce of fresh butter and three eggs well beaten first; pour it into a buttered fire-dish, and bake gently one hour; or it may be boiled one hour and a half in a mould, adding two more eggs. In either case, let the tapioca be prepared early. To be cold before it is baked or boiled, it must stand a quarter of an hour before you turn it out.

Jelly from Apples.—They are pared, and quartered, and the core removed, then put in a pot *without* water, closely covered, and placed in an oven, or over the fire. When pretty well stewed, the juice is to be squeezed out through a cloth, to which a little white of an egg is added, and then the sugar. Skin it previous to boiling; then reduce it to a proper consistency, and an excellent jelly will be produced.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Clean White Kid Gloves.—Stretch them on a board and rub the soiled spots with cream of tartar, or magnesia. Let them rest an hour. Take a mixture of alum and fuller's earth in powder, and rub it all over the gloves with a clean brush, and let them rest an hour or two. Then sweep it all off, and go over with a flannel dipped in a mixture of bran and finely-powdered whiting. Let them rest another hour. Brush off the powder and you will find them clean.

Husk Beds.—Select the inner husks, throwing aside the outer ones, clip the points, or the blackened tips merely. Do not split or lacerate the husks, but put them into the tick whole, not even clipping the buts. In this way they are much more durable. Once in two years separate all the fine husks, pieces, and dust, and replenish with new husks. Husks are far preferable for under-beds to anything yet discovered. The United Society have used them for fifty years.

To Remove Grease Spots.—Magnesia will effectually remove grease spots from silk on rubbing it in well; and after standing awhile, apply a piece of soft, brown paper to the wrong side, on which press a warm iron, gently; and what grease is not absorbed by the paper, can be removed by washing the spot carefully with warm water.

Kalydor for the Complexion.—Take blanched bitter almonds, one part; rose-water, sixteen parts. Mix and strain; then add five grains of bichloride of mercury to every eight ounce bottle of the mixture, and scent with rose or violet.

To Clean Brass.—Finely-powdered salammoniac; water to moisten. Rock alum, one part; water, sixteen parts. Mix; warm the articles to be cleaned, then rub with either of the above mixtures, and finish with tripoli. This process will give them the brilliancy of gold.

Growth of Hair Increased, and Baldness Prevented.—Take four ounces of castor oil, eight ounces of good Jamaica rum, thirty drops oil of lavender, or ten drops of oil of rose. Anoint, occasionally, the head, shaking well the bottle previously.

Cement for Broken Earthenware.—Take one ounce of dry cream cheese, grated fine, and an equal quantity of quicklime, mixed well together, with three ounces of skimmed milk, to form a good cement, when the rendering of the joint visible is of no consequence.

Tomato Ketchup.—Cut tomatoes in pieces, and between every layer sprinkle a thin layer of salt; let them stand a few hours, then add a little horseradish, garlic, pepper, and mace. Boil well, and strain; then bottle, cork, and seal for use.

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To make Washing Fluid.—Add one pound of unslacked lime, to three gallons of soft, boiling water. Let it settle, and pour off. Then add three pounds of washing soda, and mix with the lime water. When dissolved, use a large wineglassful to each pailful of water. Add one gill of soft soap to a pailful of water.

To drive away Musquitoes.—A camphor-bag hung up in an open casement will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirits, applied as perfume to the face and hands, will prove an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

To take Mildew out of Linen.—Take soap and rub it well; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also into the linen; lay it on the grass; as it dries, wet it a little, and it will come out at once.

Bleeding at the Nose.—To cure it, apply to the neck, behind and on each side, a cloth dipped in cold water. Or wash the temples, nose, and neck with vinegar. Or snuff up vinegar and water.

To Remove Flies from Rooms.—Black pepper (powdered), one drachm; brown sugar, one drachm; milk or cream, two drachms. Mix, and place on a plate or a saucer where the flies are most troublesome.

To Extract Stains from Silk.—Essence of lemon, one part; spirits of turpentine, five parts; mix, and apply to the spot by means of a linen rag.

Paste for Cleaning Metals.—Take oxalic acid, one part; rotten stone, six parts. Mix with equal parts of train oil and spirits of turpentine to a paste.

Black for Grates, Stoves, etc—Asphaltum, five pounds; melt, and add boiled oil, two pounds; spirits of turpentine, one gallon. Mix.

Golden Salve.—Two quarts of linseed oil, three pounds of rosin, three pounds of beeswax, to be melted and mixed, and put in small boxes.

To make Vegetables Tender.—Put a spoonful or two of pearlash into the water in which you boil them.

To Stop Blood.—The nap from a wool hat applied to a wound will stop its bleeding.

BEVERAGES, ETC. ETC.

ROSE WATER.

When the bushes of roses are full,
As most of them are about June,
'Tis high time to gather, or pull
The leaves of the flowers. As soon
As you've picked all you need for the time,
To each quart of water unite
A peck of the leaves, which, if prime—
And they will be if plucked off aright—
May be placed in a still near at hand,
On a very slow fire. When done,
Bottle off, and permit it to stand
For three days, ere you cork down each one.

To Prepare Ginger Beer Powders.—Take two drachms of fine loaf-sugar, eight grains of ginger, and twenty-six grains of carbonate of potass, all in fine powder; mix them intimately in a Wedgwood's-ware mortar. Take also twenty-seven grains of citric or tartaric acid, (the first is the pleasantest, but the last the cheapest.) The acid is to be kept separate from the mixture. The beer is prepared from the powders, thus: Take two tumbler glasses, each half filled with water, stir up the compound powder in one of them, and the acid powder in the other; then mix the two liquors, an effervescence takes place, the beer is prepared and may be drank off. The effervescence is occasioned by the discharge of the carbonate of potass. If the beer is allowed to stand for a few minutes, it becomes flat; this is owing to its having lost all its carbonic acid. The cost of these powders is sixteen cents a dozen sets.

Lemon Cordial.—Take eight fine lemons, pare off the rind very thin, and cut it into small shreds, which put into a bottle; add a pint of spirits of wine or brandy, or whiskey not smoked, a dozen bitter almonds bruised and blanched; put all into a bottle for six days. Make a syrup of a pound of fine lump-sugar; let it boil, and then cool; pour it into the bottle, and let it stand six days longer; filter it through blotting-paper, and bottle for use. It will be ready in a few weeks, but is better for keeping.

Raspberry Wine.—Bruise the fruit to a mash, and strain it through a cloth; measure your juice; take an equal quantity of water, boil it, and, when cold, pour it on the dry fruit that you have strained; let it stand six hours, and then strain it, and add it to the juice; to every quart put rather more than half a pound of sugar; let it remain in an earthen steen closely covered for a week: then turn it into a clean cask; bung it up closely, for a month or more, and then bottle it off.

In Making Mead the proportions are a quart of honey to three quarts of water, the whites of five eggs, and two lemons; these should be all boiled together, and, when sufficiently cool, three spoonfuls of good yeast added, and left to work for four days. It should never be allowed to work until it has, in the slightest degree, lost its sweetness.

To Prepare Soda Water.—Soda water is prepared (from powders) precisely in the same manner as ginger beer, except that, instead of the two powders there mentioned, the following are used: for one glass thirty grains of carbonate of soda; for the other twenty-five grains of tartaric (or citric) acid.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Infant's Wardrobe.—If we may judge from many letters received during the last few months, the following list will not be uninteresting or useless to young wives and mothers elect:—

Articles Required for a Baby's Layette.—Twelve little shirts—six plainly trimmed, and six more elaborately trimmed; six rollers; eight long petticoats—four plain, and four with work and insertion at the bottom; six monthly gowns, variously trimmed; eight night-gowns; eight robes—six would be found sufficient in many cases; twelve long pinafores for wearing over robes, when these are liked; three pairs of knitted woollen socks; six dozen diapers; half a dozen quilted bibs, trimmed or not, according to taste; three day flannel petticoats, or blankets, as they are termed; three night ditto; four fine white flannel squares, bound with flannel binding; four day squares, made to draw up at one corner to form a hood (these may be made scarlet, pink, or blue, and may be embroidered, scalloped, or merely bound); six squares of Welsh flannel, simply hemmed, for wearing over diapers.

Things Required for a Baby's Basket.—A basket covered with muslin, muslinette, sprigged net, or any pretty light material, to be made with a pocket on each side; one pin-cushion; powder-box and puff; sponge; soft hair-brush; scissors, needle, and thread; flannel cap; flannel nursing-apron, and, if liked, a waterproof ditto; a diaper or linen bath-towel.

Things Required for a Baby's Berceaunette.—Berceaunette and cover (this must be arranged according to taste and means, and ought, properly speaking, to match the basket); two mattresses; one pillow; one under blanket; two upper ditto; two coverlids; four pairs of sheets, the upper one of each pair trimmed with frilling; four pillow-cases, trimmed.

Infant's Clothing for Out-Door Wear.—One hood; two caps; one cloak; flannels have been already mentioned; one white Shetland veil.

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MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Walnut an Excellent Family Medicine.—Everybody eats walnuts, everybody knows how to make a pickle of walnuts; few, however, know the medicinal virtue of walnuts. Now, the fact is, walnuts, when prepared *secundum artem*, are an excellent medicine and alterative; and this is the way to prepare them:—Get the green walnuts fit for pickling; put them in a stone jar filled up with moist sugar, at the proportion of half a pound to a score of walnuts; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water for about three hours, taking care the water does not get in, and keep it simmering during the operation. The sugar, when dissolved, should cover the walnuts; if it does not, add more, cover it close, and in six months it will be fit for use; the older it gets, the better it is. One walnut is a dose for a child of six years of age, as a purgative; and it has this great advantage over drugs, that whilst it is an excellent medicine, it is, at the same time, very pleasant to the palate, and will be esteemed by the young folks as a great treat. Who can say as much of salts, jalap, and other doctor's stuff? And in a large family it will abridge the doctor's bill fifty dollars a year.

To Salt Hams.—For three hams pound and mix together half a peck of salt, half an ounce of sal prunella, three ounces of saltpetre, and four pounds of coarse salt; rub the hams well with this, and lay what is to spare over them; let them lie three days, then hang them up. Take the pickle in which the hams were, put water enough to cover the hams with more common salt, till it will bear an egg; then boil and skim it well, put it in the salting tub, and the next morning put in the hams; keep them down the same as pickled pork; in a fortnight take them out of the liquor, rub them well with brine, and hang them up to dry.

Substitute for Stilton Cheese.—Families may produce their own *Stilton* by the following simple process:—To the new milk of the cheese-making morning add the cream from that of the preceding evening, together with the rennet, watching the full separation of the curd, which must be removed from the whey without breaking, and placed in a sieve until of such a consistence as to bear being lifted up and placed in a hoop that will receive it without much pressure. The cheese, as it dries, will shrink up, and must therefore be placed, from time to time, in a tighter hoop, and turned daily, until it acquires the proper degree of consistence for use or keeping.

To Make Cream of Roses.—Take one pound of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, one pint of rose-water, and two drachms of Malta rose, or nerolet essence. Put the oil, spermaceti, and wax into a well-glazed pipkin over a clear fire, and, when melted, pour in the rose-water by degrees, and keep beating till the compound becomes like pomatum. Now add the essence, and then put the cream into small pots or jars, which must be well covered up with pieces of bladder and soft skin leather.

A very Cheap Dish.—Cut very small two ounces of lean bacon, or the meat of a herring; chop three large onions, and a few sprigs of sweet herbs; put these, with a pound of rice and two teaspoonfuls of pepper, into two quarts of water, and let the whole boil rather slowly for two hours and a half. This will make a satisfying family meal, at a very small cost.

To Clean Cast-iron and Black Hearths.—Mix black lead and whites of eggs well beaten together; dip a painter's brush, and wet all over; then rub it bright with a hard brush.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE BAREGE, trimmed with two rows of black guipure lace. Bournouse of white barege trimmed like the dress.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK GRENADINE.—The skirt is trimmed with puffings of grenadine, lengthwise of the skirt, edged with narrow white blonde. Sleeve reaching to a little below the elbow, made quite wide. The body is pointed both back and front, and has a square trimming of puffed grenadine.

FIG. III.—DINNER DRESS OF GRAY SILK, FIGURED, trimmed with plain gray silk edged with black lace.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED SUMMER POPLIN, trimmed with rows of black silk braid.

FIG. V.—FLUTED MANTILLA, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. A black silk scarf mantilla, with deep square ends. Two plaited ruffles neatly pinked on either edge in scallops, with a velvet ribbon run through each plait, trims the bottom of the mantilla, one row only extending up the front and round the shoulders. This is one of the most graceful shaped outer garments we have seen this season, also the most dressy and stylish.

FIG. VI.—SUMMER CLOAK.—Our next, from Benson's, is not as dressy as the mantilla, but is most useful as a half-dress and traveling cloak. The shape, as seen by the engraving, is peculiarly graceful, particularly over the arms. It is made of gray summer cloth, bound round the bottom and up the front with black silk about three inches in depth, ornamented with two rows of white stitching. The black silk round the neck is cut in a three-pointed ornament on the back and on each shoulder, and extends down part the front, forming two like ornaments on either front. All are stitched with white.

FIG. VII.—BONNET, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York. A white crape bonnet, laid on the foundation plain. The left side is trimmed with a broad white ribbon edged with lace, formed in two plaits clasped by a jet ornament. The ribbon extends down the side, and two similar plaits are formed, also fastened by a jet. The face trimmings are a full cluster of plum-color and lilac flowers, intermingled with white flowers and lace on the top, and on either side a full ruche of blonde. Broad white strings.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET OF BLACK HAIR, also from Mrs. Cripps, plain cape of white crape covered with a fall of black lace. The top of the bonnet is ornamented with a full cluster of violets, roses, and black currants; the face trimmings are also a full cluster of the same kind of flowers intermingled with black lace. Broad white strings.

FIG. IX.—RIDING HAT OF STRAW, bound round with black velvet, deep in front, trimmed with black velvet loops and black and white feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses composed of silk of two different colors are becoming more and more fashionable. A very pretty dress in this style has just been completed. The robe itself is of silver-gray silk, and the skirt is edged with three graduated rows of plaiting of violet silk. The corsage is trimmed in corresponding style, and the long ends of the ceinture are edged with violet-color plaiting. The fashion of employing two colors of the same material has extended to ball and evening dresses; for instance, a dress of white tarletane may be trimmed with flounces and ruches of pink tarletane.

Our ladies will continue this season to wear Zouave jackets of muslin or nansook lined with colored silk. We have seen some very pretty specimens of these very charming plaited chemisettes to be worn under them. Plaits are much employed now in all linen articles, such as petticoats, night-jackets, etc.

DRESSES are worn very long behind, and are much gored; and evening dresses, of light material, are arranged in this manner. As the mode appears to be to lessen the width of the skirt at the top, it is absolutely necessary that the material be well gored, to give sufficient width to the bottom. These gored training skirts are exceedingly becoming to the figure, and in a drawing-room nothing is

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more elegant. It is a pity that this fashion cannot be confined exclusively to in-door toilets, and not adopted (as it too generally is) for walking. What can be more disagreeable than to see a lady's rich silk skirt sweeping the streets as she walks? It is extravagant, inelegant, and exceedingly dirty. However, if ladies will be in the fashion, and wear trained skirts in the streets, in dirty weather, they may keep them in order by wearing them looped up over a pretty petticoat. The latter garments are being worn more elaborate, and of richer material, than ever; and it will soon be necessary to have the petticoat made as handsome as the dress—the fashion of looping up the dresses necessitating an elegant under-skirt.

We have remarked some charming PETTICOATS, made of bright-colored French merinos, and trimmed with velvet and elaborate braiding designs; and we have even seen them embroidered. Two little fluted flounces, placed quite at the bottom, form a pretty finish, and are, besides, useful in assisting to keep out the bottom of the dress.

White petticoats, made with two little fluted frills at the bottom, are exceedingly comfortable wear for muslin dresses, and are much more *distingue* than the *open* embroidery, which, of late, has become so very general. The thick satin-stitch, or raised embroidery, is always in good taste, and it is now much used for under-skirts. Tabliers of this rich and handsome embroidery are frequently inserted in the front of the petticoat; so that if a morning dress, open down the front, be worn with it, the effect is very good.

IN BRIDAL COSTUME there is never any great variety to notice. The dress may consist of white tarletane, at seasons when so light a texture is appropriate. Satin, moire, and taffety, or *pou-de-soie*, are favorite materials for wedding dresses. Satin and moire are very rich; but owing to the brilliancy of these textures, they are not so well suited for daylight wear as taffety or *pou-de-soie*. A ruche of tulle illusion round the throat is very generally preferred to a collar. Ornaments of jewelry are now seldom worn in bridal costume.

SHAWLS of wide white barege, trimmed with black lace, are very fashionable.

IN THE STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR there is a decided tendency to heighten the coiffure. The chignon, or plaits at the back of the head, are still fixed very low, but the hair is elevated immediately above the forehead. The front hair is slightly waved, and elevated so as to produce an effect somewhat approaching to that of the toupee of our grandmothers. On each side the hair forms two smaller puffs. Sometimes a little powder is added. Such is the newest fashion; but it would be erroneous to say it is that most generally adopted. Many of the new head-dresses are straight across the forehead. One, for instance, is all black lace, formed by a double barb, which hangs down behind in unequal ends. On each side of the forehead is a bunch of cherries, one black, the other red, with stems of the natural wood in the middle.

Another is a torsade of black velvet, mixed with gold oak-leaves and bunches of fruit.

Another is composed of tufts of reeds and bunches of lilies of the valley.

HOME DRESS-MAKING.

MANY of our readers have, no doubt, dresses lying by which are almost useless, and which, with a little ingenuity, may be turned to good account. We are speaking of the dresses made with two or three flounces—a fashion which is now obsolete, excepting the cases where lace is used; and deep lace volants are always in good taste.

Many styles have been invented by which dresses somewhat *passe* may be made quite *a la mode*. One of the difficulties to contend with is the narrowness of the skirts of dresses made some few years since, which, at the present time, are scarcely of sufficient width to go over a crinoline. To obviate this difficulty the skirts should have a *tablier* inserted in the front, or *small gores* let in *between* each *seam*, to the depth of about twenty inches; or bands of silk about four inches wide may, with advantage, be put between every width.

To enable our readers better to understand what we mean, we will describe how to remake a three-flounced dress. Between every width of the silk insert a gore, sixteen inches at the bottom, tapering to a point at the top, and about twenty inches deep. Should the wearer be very tall, allow the gores rather deeper. Ornament these gores with some of the *flouncing*, cut into narrow *frills*, and finish off the point at the top with a rosette of ribbon or ruched silk, or some of the flouncing made into a rosette. This skirt will be found really elegant in its appearance, and sufficiently wide to be comfortable over a *moderate*-sized crinoline.

TO REMAKE A TWO-FLOUNCED DRESS.—Insert pieces between every width of the skirt, the same as the preceding one, but make use of the deep flounce for the purpose. A width of the flounce should be let in between the seams of the skirt, and the top of the flounce plaited in to form a kind of fan; these plaits being ornamented with a rosette. The shape of the *fan* is very much improved by *slightly sloping* the flounce toward the top, as, by so doing, the material will not have such a *bunchy* appearance. This skirt, when finished, also has a very good appearance, considering the *old-fashioned* materials of which it is composed.

Before concluding our remarks on contriving to make *new* things out of *old* ones, we will mention another mode of widening plain skirts, such as those of brocaded silk, chine silk, or any material of that description. A straight band of black, or some colored silk, to contrast nicely with the dress to be widened, should be let in between every seam; this band is perfectly straight, and looks nicely stitched on with white. Supposing there are but five widths in the skirt, then five bands of silk, each one six inches wide, will increase the width of the skirt nearly a yard. If there are six widths of the material, the band need not be so wide.

We noticed a very pretty gray mohair dress arranged in this manner, with bands of violet silk on the skirt, stitched on with white. This dress was made with a Zouave jacket and waistcoat, bound with lilac silk; and the sleeves (being for morning wear) were closed at the wrist.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SPANISH DRESS OF GRAY INDIA SILK FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is trimmed with rose-colored silk and black lace. The body is made with lappels from the shoulder, and passing down to the waist and around it at the back. The body is cut open in front for a short distance, and faced with pink silk, showing a chemisette of white muslin. Pointed belt in front. Short sleeves, cut open and turned back like the upper part of the body, and finished with a full puffed muslin sleeve. Straw hat and white plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF BLUE DELAINE FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The bottom is cut in vandykes and edged with black velvet; a narrower row of black velvet is put on a short distance above the edge. The sleeves, berthe, belt, and pockets are all trimmed with black velvet. The body is cut square in the neck, and is finished by a white cambric tucker.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, the two latest novelties in the way of children's dresses; but the Garibaldi style continues the most popular both for girls and small boys. Dresses of white Marseilles, braided with black, are very stylish, and fashionable for children.

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Painted by Dubufe

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

THE MOTHER'S DARLING.

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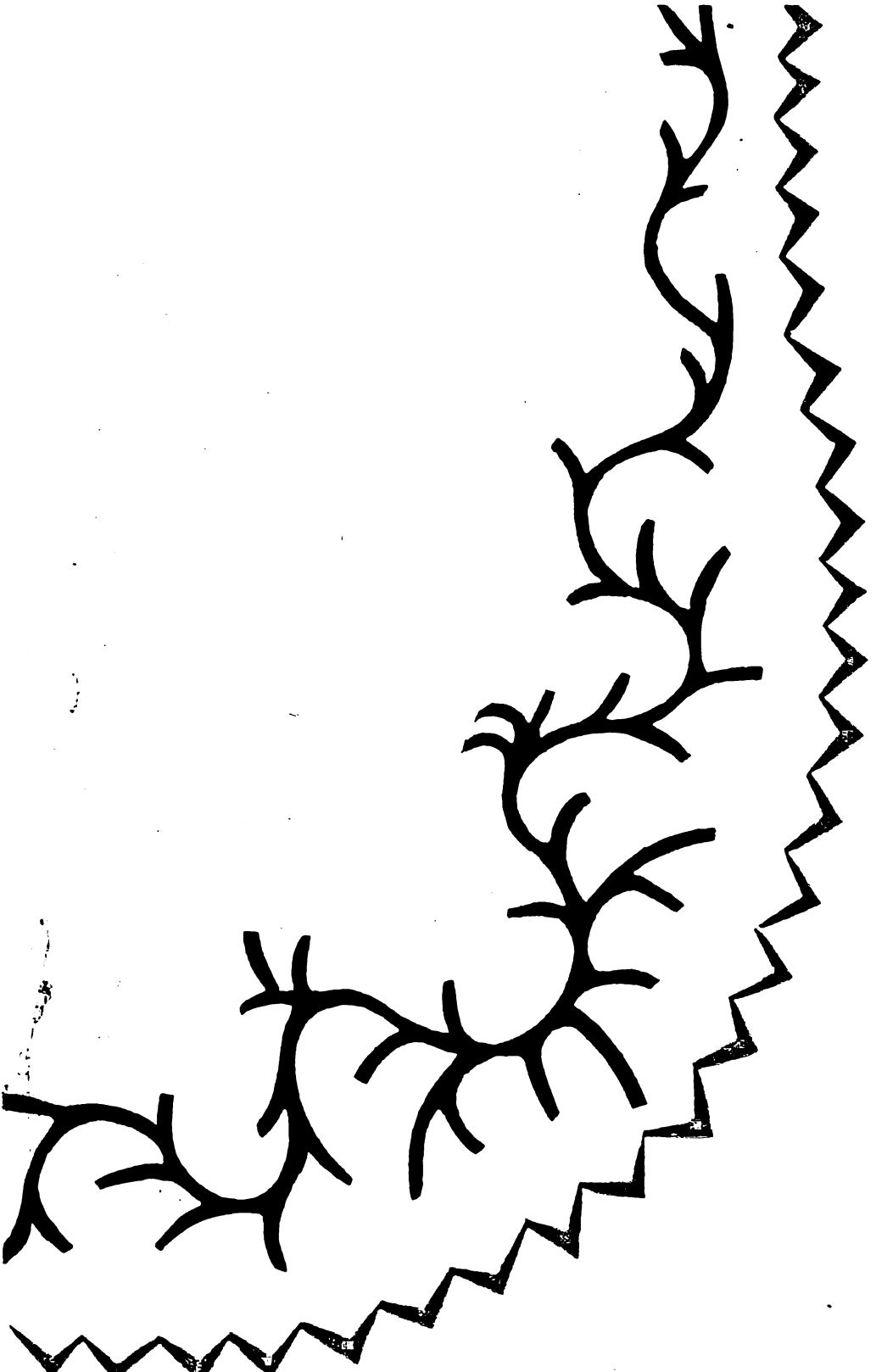
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HANDKERCHIEF BORDER—IN CORAL.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

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INSERTION.



WALKING DRESS.

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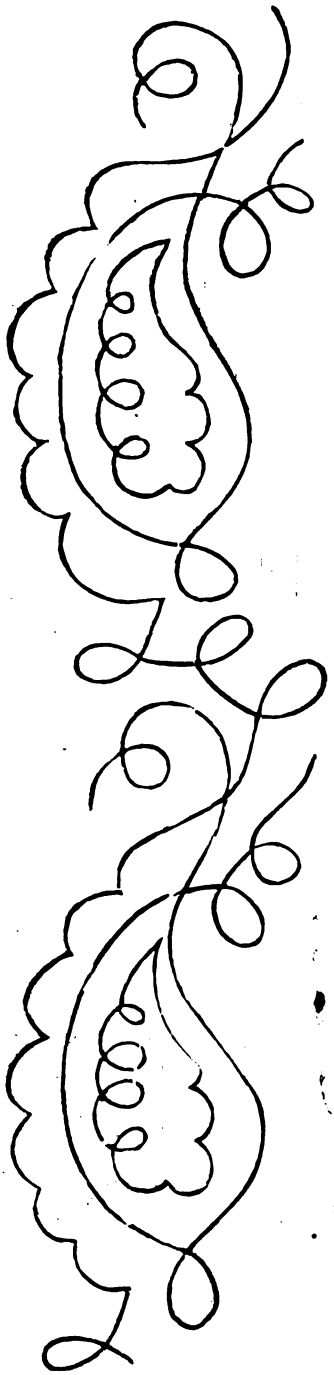


KNITTING-BAG.

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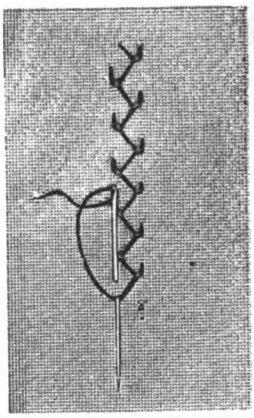


. PATTERN IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

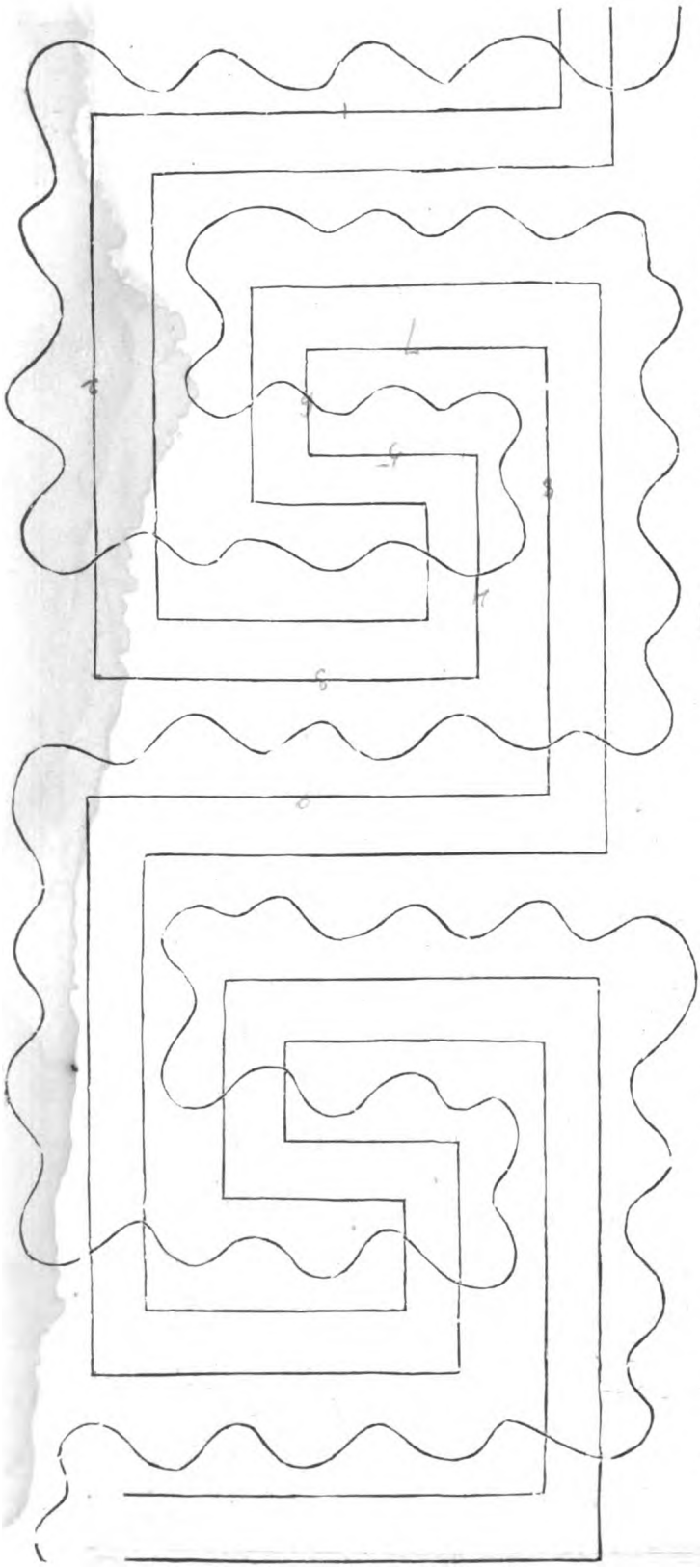
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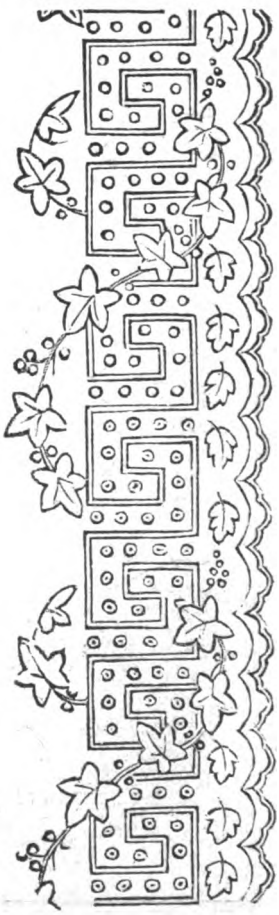
NEW DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH.



LETTER FOR MARKING.



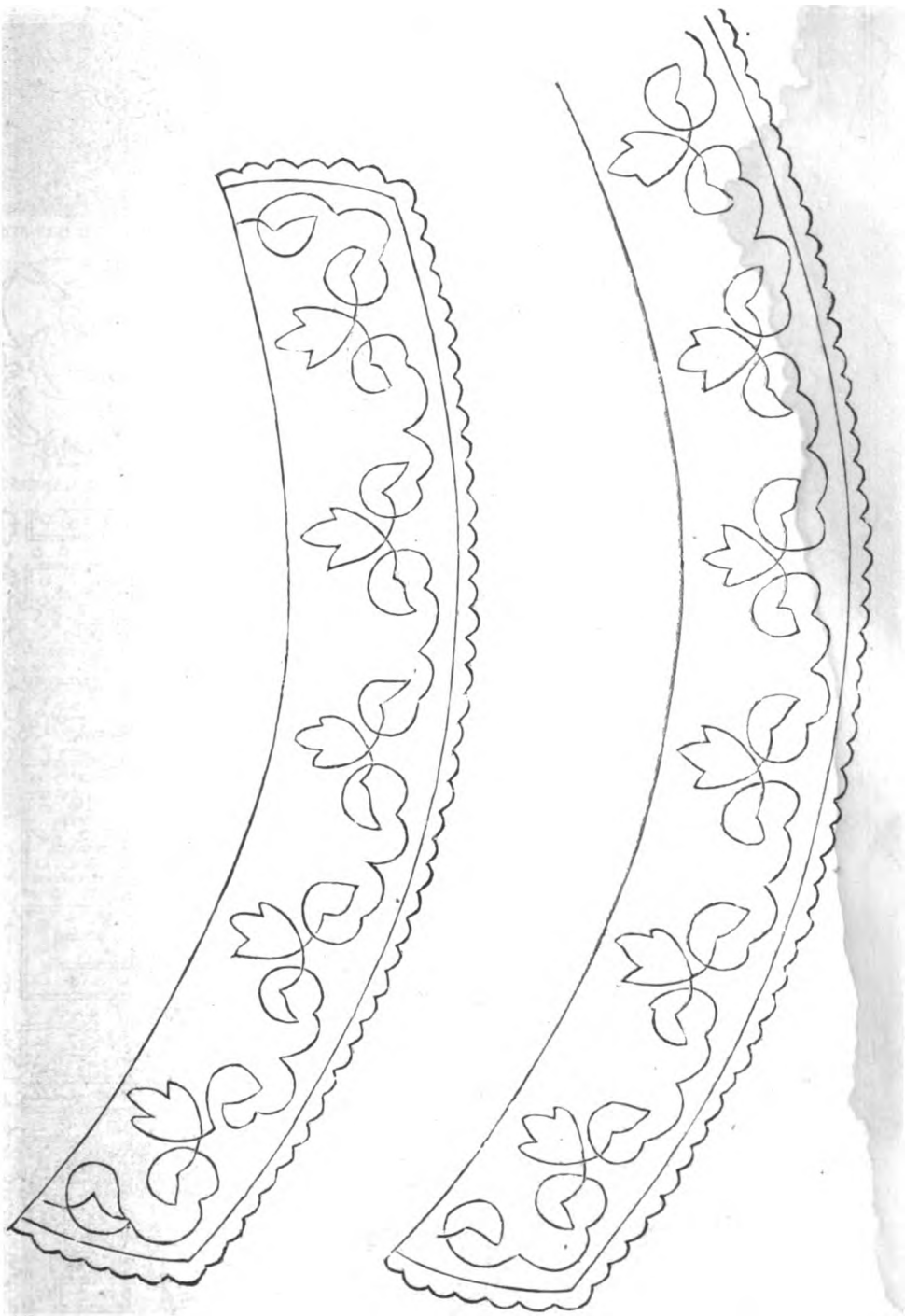
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR DRESS.



FOR HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

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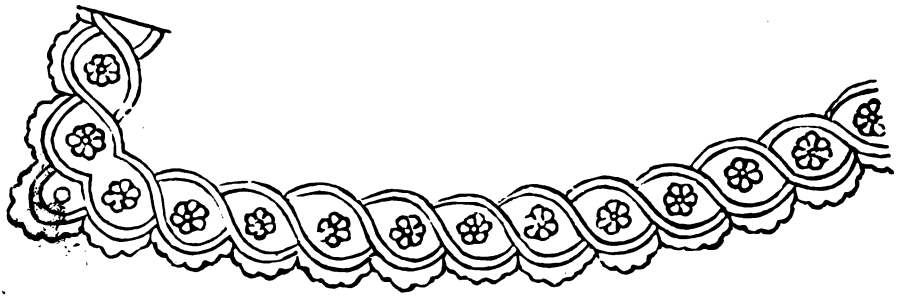
INSERTION FOR SHIRT BOSOM.



HALF OF COLLAR AND CUFF IN BRAIDING OR CHAIN-STITCH,

(From J. Obersteller & Co., No. 123 New Street, Philadelphia: where all orders, by mail or otherwise, for Embroidery Patterns are promptly attended to.)

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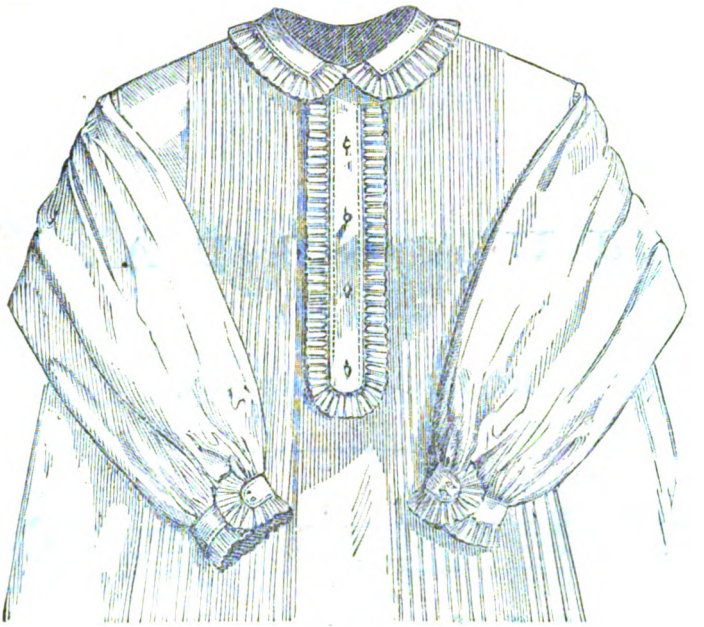


FOR CHEMISE YOKE.



WALKING DRESS.

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LADY'S SACQUE.
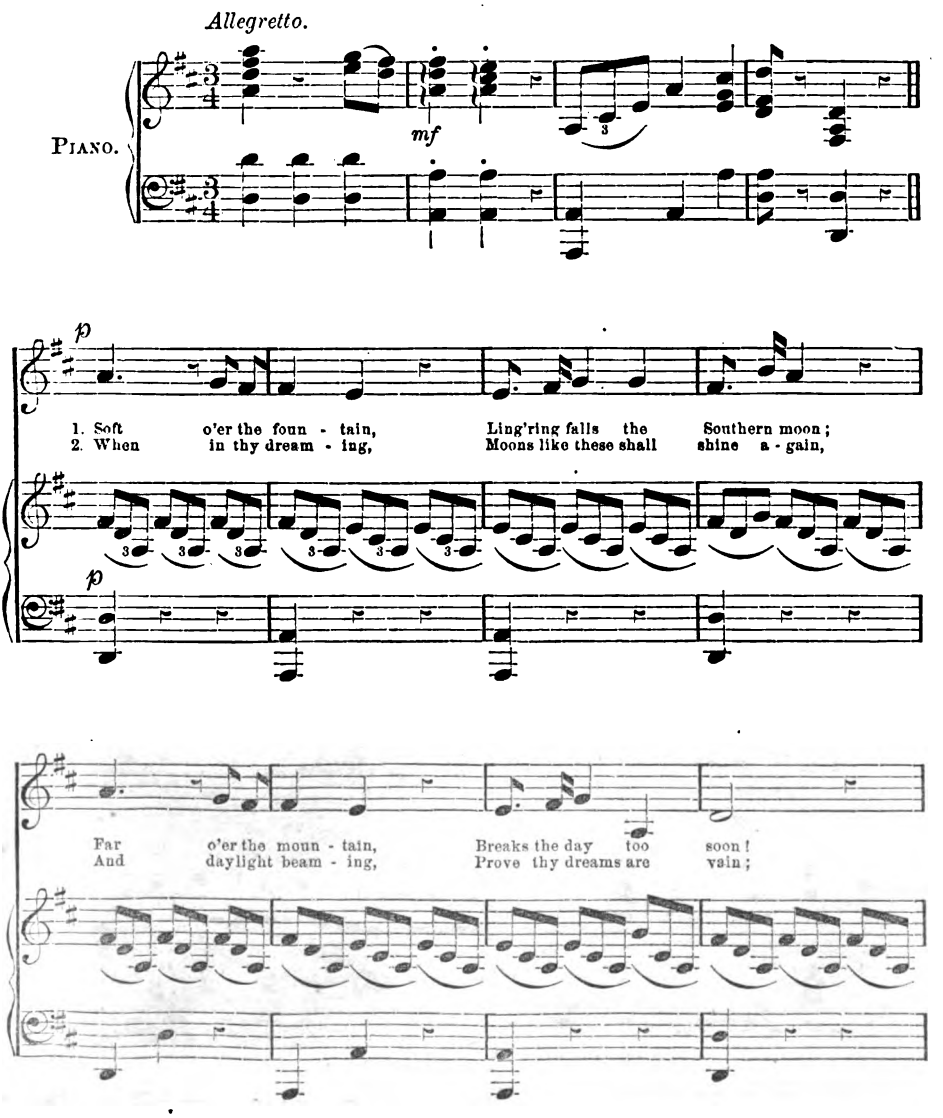


CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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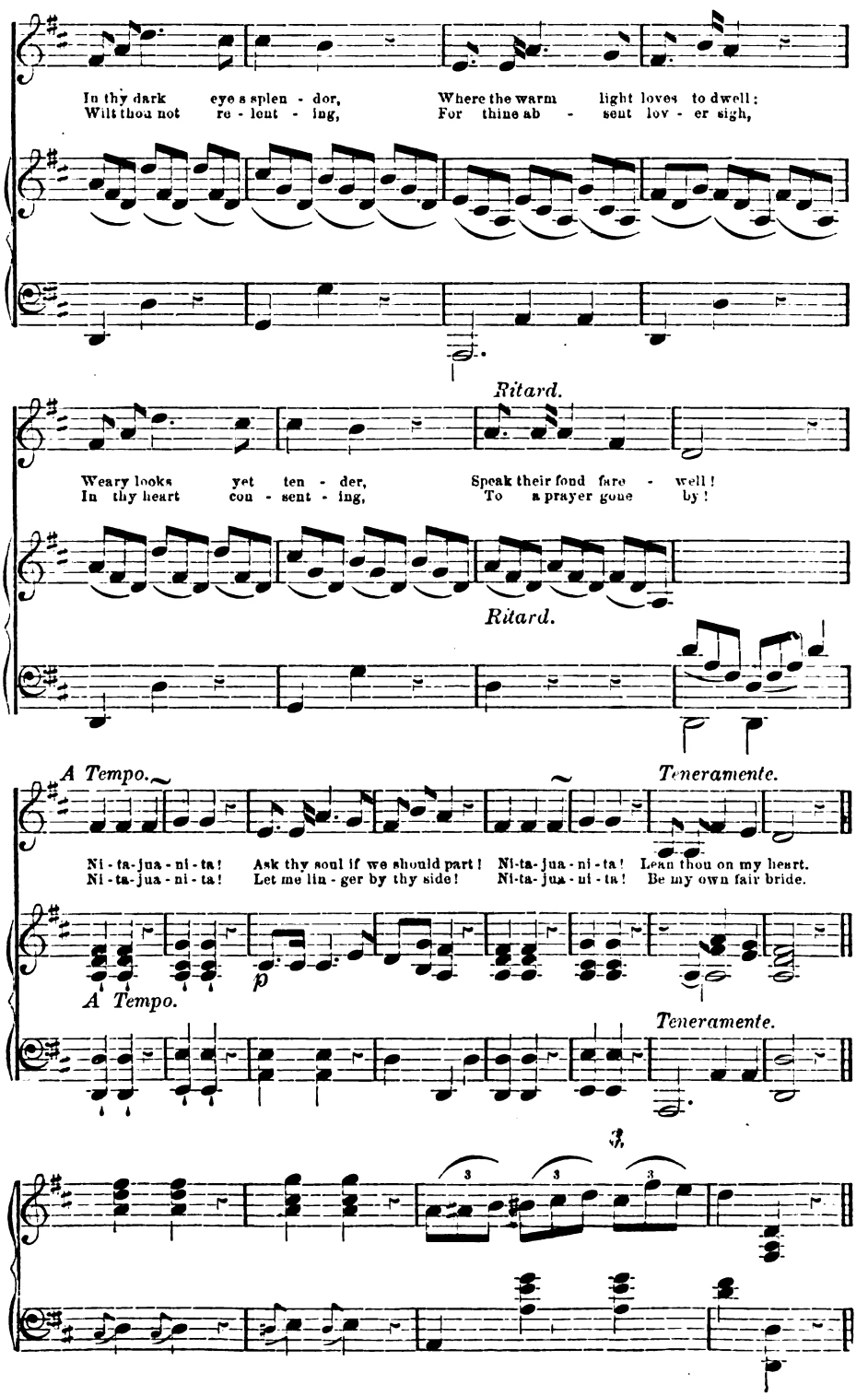
JUANITA.

SPANISH SONG.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.



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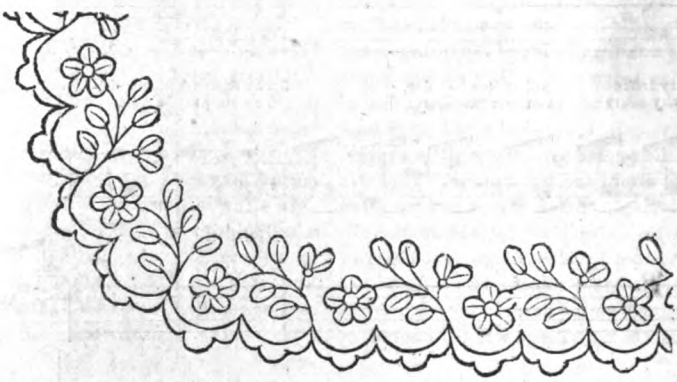
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CHILD'S DRESS.



BIB.



FOR CHEMISE YOKE.



CHILD'S APRON.



THE TULIP SLEEVE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1862. No. 2.

MARION LEIGH.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

I HAD been settled at Snowdon for some weeks, as the village physician, when I was first introduced to Miss Marion Leigh. I had been called in to attend a little boy, who was suffering from the effects of a fall, and I found my little patient lying on Miss Leigh's lap. His mother introduced me to her, and, even in the anxieties of a professional call, I noted the sad sweetness of her face, the tender care of her little charge, and the quiet dignity of her manner. This was our first meeting. After that we were often thrown together. No poor cottage in the village was unvisited by Miss Leigh, when sorrow or sickness came to its door; and I found her name a household word wherever suffering called me. No name in the village was so honored, so blessed.

I had been in Snowdon nearly two years, when one morning Miss Leigh called at my office.

"I have come, doctor," she said, "to consult you about my own health."

I soon found she had a painful form of heart disease.

"How long is it since you first knew of the trouble?" I inquired.

She turned very pale, as she said,

"Nearly thirty years. It has become worse yearly."

A careful examination showed me that the danger was now imminent. Quiet and freedom from excitement were all that I could advise at once; but I promised to call in the course of the day at her sister's house.

But the death-stroke was given. No care could keep this nobly useful woman amongst her loving friends. I called one morning, soon after, and found her sinking very fast. Her sister's anxious eyes questioned mine, but I dared not give a hope so soon to be crushed; and Mrs. Willis bent over her sister with a pale face, yet calm and gentle even in that trying hour.

"Marion, dearest," she said, softly, "I will keep my promise, though it break my heart."

Miss Leigh looked up eagerly.

"It has come!—the time has come!" she said. "You will send for him!"

"He is here! I sent three days ago, but I dared not excite you before. Now——" her voice failed.

"Now I am dying. Once more, only once more I may see him. Send him to me, sister!"

In a few minutes her sister led into the room a tall, elderly gentleman, who, bowing slightly to me, passed to the bedside. I withdrew with Mrs. Willis, but not before I saw the radiant look of recognition which lighted the dying face, face, as the visitor spoke to her—one word only,

"Marion!"

When I called again, an hour later, the still, pale face and rigid form were all that were left earthly of Marion Leigh. Later, from her sister's lips, I heard the story of her life.

She was the daughter of the clergyman of one of the largest congregations in Pittsburg, and with her sister, (the only children,) the pet of the whole parish. Motherless from their childhood, these little ones were the special objects of care in all the wealthy families who reverenced and loved their father. They were sixteen and eighteen when their father died, leaving them amply provided for, but lonely and sad. Jane soon married Mr. Willis, and then her home became her sister's.

Marion was wondrously beautiful, and attracted much admiration; but she was twenty years old before she loved. Then, with all the depth and fervor of her nature, she loved Carrol Ross, a lawyer some nine years her senior. He was a grave, rather reserved man, of good standing, and much trusted and respected, and none suspected the depth of his nature till Marion roused him to love. These two,

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unfolding their hearts only to each other, grew to live only when together; to dream only of their life-long union; to trust for happiness only in the hope of sharing their joy or sorrow in the deep confidence of marriage. They loved passionately, sincerely, deeply.

It was the day before their wedding, when every preparation was completed, that the blow fell which severed these two loving hearts on earth forever. Marion was in her own room, with her sister, when a summons to see Mr. Ross called her down stairs. I give the interview in her sister's words.

"The servant said, Mr. Ross wished to see me too, so, rather wondering, I went down. We found Carrol seated, his face bowed into his hands, his whole attitude one of extreme suffering. Marion was beside him instantly, and, as her hand fell upon his shoulder, he looked up. In twenty-four hours he had become an old man. Such a wan, haggard face I never saw, and such deep despair as was pictured in his eyes, I trust I may never again behold. Marion was startled; but she trusted him implicitly, and did not stir from her place beside him.

"'Marion,' he said, in a strange, low tone, that haunts me still, 'I have come to say farewell to you, to crush your heart as mine is crushed, to explain away one dark passage in my life, and crave the forgiveness I scarcely hope to win. I told you, dearest, that I was a widower, one year after my marriage, yet I never told you of my wife. It was a subject I would gladly have buried in oblivion. I was married, when I was twenty-one, to a young girl whom I loved with a quiet affection, but who I believed was the ideal of my boyhood. I was urged to this step by my relatives, because she was wealthy; by hers—I learned later why they wished her to have a protector. We had been married but a few months, when I found that Margaret was subject to spells of deep melancholy, succeeded by an excitement that was positive insanity. I grew alarmed, and sent for the family physician. Then I learned how I had been deceived. She was liable, from childhood, to fits of insanity, but her parents had concealed this fact from me. I did my duty—indeed, Marion, you must believe that—but in a year my wife was hopelessly insane. I placed her in an asylum, and soon after the physician wrote to me that she had escaped and committed suicide. Her bonnet and shoes were found on the banks of a river, and we inferred she had taken her own life. Yesterday my brother-in-law heard of our approaching marriage, and to-day he is here. She lives, Marion, still insane, but at home; where the family, regretting their deceit, have kept her concealed, even from me. She lives, I say, Marion. Marion, speak to me!'

"But my sister did not stir, did not speak. Stiff and erect, pallid as death, she stood in her old place by his side, silent and stunned. It was hours before this state passed off; hours before the stare left her eyes; hours before the rigid form became relaxed. Then came her trial. Carrol Ross pleaded with her for a promise of marriage, if he freed himself from his cruel bondage. A divorce was easily procured with the proof of the imposition practised upon him; but Marion would not listen. Crushing back the temptation and sorrow, she sent him from her, and they never met again till his breast yesterday pillowed her dying head."

MOTHER!

BY LUTHER STROUP.

Oh, MOTHER!—may the endless theme
Inspire the muse in sweetest dream!
Around thy brow may flowers twine—
May wreaths of glory too be thine.
Naught purer—oh! thou Queen of Home!—
Not e'en the stars that gem the dome!
In holy radiance may'st thou shine—
To worship be the pleasure mine.
Nor raging storm, nor demon's wrath
With ruthless swoop invade thy path.
O'er thee may holy angels fling
The shadow of their guarding wing.
Thou empress of the world's wide main!
What realm o'er which thou dost not reign?
In every heart—in every land
Dost rule—dost sway thy sceptre bland.

Oh, MOTHER!—beauteous, Heavenly name!
What bounds can bar thy hallowed fame?
Beside the river's golden flower—
By leafy tree in forest bower;
By crystal margin of the rock—
In field, by shepherds' feeding flock;
In wilderness and valley green—
By mountain peak and sunlight sheen;
In changeless desert, parched with heat,
Trod by the Arab's sandaled feet;
On battle-field—in tented camp—
By sentry's lone and measured tramp—
Where'er the heart beats warm and high,
The sweet word rises to the sky—
No sweeter word—no other
More musical than—MOTHER!

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MY FIRST YEAR OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

It is no fiction that I sit down to my desk to chronicle this evening. As I look back through the long vista of years, and review the early days of my married life, its perplexities and cares come up before me in far more vivid colors than its joys; though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was just twenty years old when I became the wife of a clergyman, a poor country pastor. It was a love-match, and, with the usual thriftlessness of lovers, I think it did not then occur to us that we could not live upon love, or that it would need such vulgar appliances as roast-beef and palatable puddings to preserve, in its purity, the divine essence of the grand passion.

Everybody said that I was totally unfit for a minister's wife. I was, naturally, exceedingly joyous and mirthful, and without a particle of the staid dignity expected from persons in my position; while my husband was a grave, thoughtful man, endowed, by nature, with a commanding personal appearance and prepossessing manners. I do not wonder now that people could not see the propriety of his choosing me for his wife, when so many pattern women stood ready to accept him. My own family had but one objection to the match: he was poor, and I had no idea of practical housekeeping.

Ah! how well I remember the first washing day! My husband, after vainly trying to persuade me to employ a wash-woman (I knew he could not afford it), came into the back kitchen to help me himself. We were very merry at first; but, after rubbing off little patches of skin from every knuckle, and burning our arms till they looked like illustrated maps of some unknown country, we began to find out that there was little poetry, and no fun, in the wash-tub.

But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling those starched shirts into a bundle and taking them across the fields to my mother's kitchen. I forgot to mention that we had taken up our abode in a parish but one mile distant from my father's house.

I had never ironed any starched clothes of any description; but from my brothers at home I had imbibed very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of immaculate shirt bosoms. My husband told me all that he could remember of his mother's method, and then betook himself to his study. Shall I ever forget my feelings when the flat-iron, heated seven times hotter than its wont, and carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and, when forcibly separated, left its whole image and superscription behind in black and brown colors. I have that shirt now. I keep it to show to those wise mothers who are training their daughters for future uselessness.

But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line, at the time I commenced housekeeping, had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake concocted in accordance with those impossible receipts which fill our modern cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Bakers' bread served us for a time—for so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellences for many years.

We had been married and settled nearly a fortnight, when, one morning, my husband came in, with a letter in his hand, and a very anxious expression on his face. I sprang up from my seat, nearly upsetting the breakfast-table, which was waiting for him.

"What is the matter, Frank? Is anybody sick—or dead? Have you got bad news?"

"No. At least, it ought not to be bad news."

"Well, what is it? Something serious—I know from your looks."

"No, Hattie; nothing of the kind. Only I feared it might annoy you. It is only a note from my college chum, Fred Knowles, saying that he is going to Boston, and will call on us, and—and get his dinner to-day," said my husband, finishing the sentence reluctantly.

It was my first call to entertain company, and, knowing, by this time, my ignorance, I shrank back affrighted from the prospect. I confess, too, a feeling of deep mortification that my husband could not receive his most intimate friends without so serious a drawback upon his

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pleasure. All my natural energy and pride was aroused, and I determined to become a good, practical housekeeper at whatever cost of time and labor. But the present emergency was first to be attended to.

"I suppose I had better get some fresh loaves from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry, light slices on the breakfast-table as he spoke.

"Yes, I think so. And some meat, Hattie. That forlorn old roast has lasted a fortnight, I am sure. I think I should recognize its bones if I saw them in Africa. Do you think you could broil a steak, Hattie?"

"Yes. But, Frank, you must come out of the parlor and overlook me. And if you will get some peas, and lettuce, and other vegetables, I shall get up a famous dinner."

A half-smile flitted across his face. He had heard of my famous dinners before.

"Well, we must do our best. The cars will not arrive till two o'clock, so there will be plenty of time both for marketing and cooking."

"Is Mr. Knowles *very* particular?" I asked, timidly. "Will he notice if things go just a little wrong?"

"Perhaps not. But he will have a natural curiosity in regard to the capabilities of his friend's wife. But I think we shall do very well."

"I am sure we shall," was my encouraging response, inspired by a bright idea that suddenly occurred to me. In accordance with it, my husband had no sooner started for the market, than I, slipping on my hat and shawl, started on a long walk through the fields and woods. I was going to consult my mother about the dinner. I surprised her by bursting into the dining-room, quite out of breath from my hurried walk, just as the family were sitting down to a late breakfast.

"Is it Hattie, or her ghost?" asked my father, getting up to welcome me. "If my memory serves me *our* Hattie used to be a late riser."

"Housekeeping improves me, papa."

"Don't wait to talk," said mamma. "The coffee will be spoiled. Take off your bonnet, Hattie, while I get another cup and plate, and we will chat afterward."

"No. I thank you. I cannot stop a minute."

Mamma opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You are not going to walk directly back again? Let me take your shawl."

"But I must go. We are going to have company to dinner. Frank's chum. And I want to know how long to boil potatoes and other——"

Such a chorus of laughter as interrupted me.

"Why, my dear child, boil them till they are done!"

"I know as much as that, mamma; but when must I begin them to have them done at the right time? I have got peas to cook and beefsteak, and I ought to make a pudding. Oh, dear!"

They all laughed again, as much at my distressed looks as at my ignorance. I did not join them; indeed, it was as much as I could do to keep back my tears.

"It is not Hattie's fault that she knows so little about cooking," at last said my father, kindly. "You must not mind our laughing at you, my dear. I have been longing to ask what you put into that mince-pie that I eat at your table last Sunday? I have tasted it ever since. But I will not tease you, for I have no doubt you will, in time, be as good a cook as your mother. And now as it regards the present difficulty," he went on pleasantly, "I have a plan to propose. I will put the harness on old Fanny, and you, mother, can take the poor child home and stay to superintend this dinner."

Mamma always assents to papa's plans; so my load of responsibility was gone at once. It was pleasant to see the look of relief on my husband's face as we drove up to the door. "I have been searching everywhere for you," he said, "and I could almost find it in my heart to scold you for causing me such anxiety; but your safe return satisfies me. Especially as your excursion has brought your mother to aid us in our extremity. But, Hattie, I must insist on your having no more private walks."

"Ah, sir! if you had known, you would have forbidden it. That would have spoiled all."

I have no doubt that Mr. Knowles left us, that day, under the impression that my husband had secured a matrimonial prize. But I felt like a hypocrite for weeks afterward

It came to pass, after many days, that bakers' bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it, I praised and tasted it; but it would not do. Its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread, but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I had a trifle better success in making some milk biscuit, though I could never guess right in regard to the amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be mistaken for nuggets of virgin gold; but oftener they had the appear-

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ance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese-press. My husband pretended that they were passed through heavy rollers, like those used in iron foundries. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings and griddle cakes, but their peculiar solidity frustrated all such attempts to economize. But when the case appeared perfectly hopeless I had still one resource. There was a wide ditch behind the garden, and in its dark waters I buried my biscuit out of my sight. Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. But my troubles did not end here. In an evil hour, a neighbor's hen hatched a big brood of ducklings, which, in due time, found their way to my *cache* of provisions. The biscuit, so long in soak, now had a resurrection, and I remember watching the poor fowls as they vainly tried to divide them with their strong bills.

"My dear Hattie," said my husband, one morning, after the usual toil of breakfast was over, "don't you think you could learn to make raised bread?"

"I cannot tell. I am quite discouraged."

"You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time," he went on encouragingly, "that I am sure if you had some one to give you a few hints about the best method, you would succeed admirably. Why do you not consult your mother? She is a superior cook."

"You forget, Frank, how we resented it when my mother, and sisters, and aunts, and, in fact, all our friends united in predicting our present perplexities. No, it would be too mortifying to go home for counsel in this matter. Indeed, I am ashamed to expose my ignorance by consulting any one. I give all my visitors bakers' bread, and they, having it only occasionally, seem to like it."

"Suppose we try boarding, Hattie?"

"We cannot afford that; and, besides, we want a home by ourselves. You would not be contented to give up our home liberties and privileges, Frank. If it were not for the eternal bread question, we could get a little enjoyment out of life; but comfort now is out of the question. I wish, Frank," I added, pettishly, "that you had married a housekeeper, and I had gone into a convent!"

His face flushed. "I was not finding fault, Hattie. I am as ignorant as yourself, and I am sure I could not get along with the countless details of kitchen work half as skillfully and cheerfully as you do. I think you will conquer this difficulty in time."

"In time, if ever," I responded, ungraciously. "I hope there will be no bread making in eternity!"

He looked at me in surprise for a moment, but he did not reply. The marked irreverence of my language affected him painfully; but he saw that I was in too reckless a mood to be reasoned with.

After he had gone to his study I sat down to think. I felt wicked and unhappy. I knew I had spoken unkindly and ungenerously to my husband, whose unwearied forbearance and gentleness, amid the inconveniences caused by my incompetency, had so often excited my gratitude. Alas, that so much misery could result from the want of a loaf of good bread!

A sudden resolve inspired me. Without waiting to clear away the breakfast things, I went to a kind old lady in the neighborhood, and, after confessing my ignorance, begged to be initiated into the mysteries of bread making.

"There is no trouble," said the old lady, "if you have good yeast."

"But I have tried yeast, and my bread soured."

"You let it stand too long. It must be put in the pans as soon as it is light, and then stand till it begins to come up again."

"But where can I get good yeast?"

"At the bakery. I get mine there. You can't help having good bread if the yeast is right. Only be sure to bake it soon enough."

I was soon on my way to the bakery, a mile distant. The fresh air and pleasant sunlight soon had their usual genial influence upon me, and I began to get back my lost courage and cheerfulness.

"After all," I said, to myself, "I must succeed if I persevere. I am not naturally dull, and I *will* learn to make good bread if it takes me a year."

I procured a pint of yeast and hastened home with my treasure. I determined that the "hoisting" element should not be lacking in quantity; so I put into the flour all the yeast I had bought, only adding a cup of milk to moisten it sufficiently. It smelt very strongly of hops, but I thought that would bake out.

I had scarcely placed it in a warm corner by the stove to rise, when I recollected Mrs. Lee's caution about baking it in time to prevent its souring.

"I must run no risk of that, at all events," I said. "I am sure there is yeast enough in it to raise it if I bake it directly. It can rise in the oven, to be sure. Dear me! how green it looks! But it will all come right in baking, I dare say."

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So, without further delay, I placed it in the oven. I would not, if I could, describe its appearance when it came out. I did not wait to test its quality, but threw it, almost hissing hot, into that long-suffering ditch. I am afraid it is there now. It is many years since I left the place, but I often fancy half a dozen ducks hard at work upon it.

I went back to the house, and, for the first time, sat down to have a hearty crying spell. It was no genteel sniffle, with just tears enough to add lustre to my eyes; but a downright sobbing that would have done credit to any whipped youngster of ten. I was utterly discouraged. In this condition my husband found me when he came down to dinner. There was no dinner cooked, and the breakfast-table stood just as we had left it.

At first he looked much alarmed, but he soon comprehended the state of affairs. Then he came and sat down by me, and drew my head from the hard table, upon which it had rested, to his shoulder. How soothingly and encouragingly he talked to me! He seemed to have quite forgotten my provoking language to himself, and to be only anxious to comfort me.

After a time I told him the sad experience of the morning, the long, fatiguing walk, the attempt to obtain instruction, and the hopeless result. It was anything but a funny story to me, but I felt him trembling as I proceeded; and when I concluded with the amiable wish, that those ducks might be choked to death if they ever brought that bread up to the light of day, he broke out into a fit of laughter such as I had never seen him indulge in. It was a long time before he was sober enough to speak.

"I think, Hattie," he said, at last, "that you have at least taken one step in the right direction."

"How?"

"Why, after confiding in old Mrs. Lee, it will not now be difficult to tell her of your failure, and to ask for the privilege of mixing a few loaves under her direction. You will easily get the art in this way, and she is too kind to care for the trouble."

"To be sure, Frank. I wonder I did not think of that. I shall try very hard, and you will have a housekeeper yet."

"And you will not sigh for a convent, Hattie?"

"Ah, Frank! it is fortunate that I have a considerate husband. Everybody would not forgive such temper as I exhibited this morning."

We extemporized a lunch to serve for a dinner; and then I again set off to visit Mrs. Lee. At last I learned to make bread.

I could fill many pages with such doleful reminiscences, and should be willing to do so, if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge; or make her understand how much of the grace and comfort of a home depends upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by stating, what is really true, that I can now cook a dinner, clear-starch and iron, preserve and pickle, knit stockings and darn them, all in unexceptionable style. If any one doubts it, let him or her come and pass a week at the pretty parsonage in the rural village of Lanswood.

THE GLAD SUMMER.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

SWEETLY still the Summer lingers,
With its sunshine, and its flowers,
Tracing, with her fairy fingers,
Memories on those hearts of ours.
Garlands woven in like roses,
Amaranthine flowers they are,
In whose chalice there reposes
Many a nectared beauty rare!
Summer flowers look in our faces,
Whispering, "We are dying now!"
And the light, in sunny places,
Seemeth dimmer in its glow.
Still her birds are sweetly singing,
Still there's music in the leaves,
Still the golden bees are winging,
Still the reaper binds his sheaves.

And I watch the vines that bending
Hang with clustering fruit to-day,
'Minding me of Summer, blending
With the Autumn's golden ray,
As it sends its dreamy shadows
All along the cottage wall,
Bringing thoughts as fresh as meadows,
Filled with flowers, at evening's fall.
Gliding down life's silent river
Summer after Summer dies;
And each Autumn brings us ever
Nearer home, to Paradise.
And I love, oh! dearly, dearly
Love this changing world of ours,
With its seasons changing yearly
From their ice and snow, to flowers!

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AMY WINTHROP'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48.

19*th*, *Evening.*—I wish I could understand myself. I certainly love Hugh Brantly more than any being in the world. God forgive me! more, I fear, than either father or mother, who have so loved me; but I could not help taking a pleasure to-night in thinking, once or twice, that I fretted him. Am I a coquette, or is it a feeling of revenge because I am not his first love? I think Mrs. Scott must have been the cause of it. She irritates me to a degree that is inexplicable; even placid mamma is affected by it. She says that she always feels as a cat must whose fur is rubbed the wrong way.

At old Mr. Brantly's request to-night I sang some of the ballads of which he is so fond. Mr. Home, of Scotch descent though he was, had never heard "Helen of Kirkconnel;" and when I had finished it for him the second time, whilst my fingers were still touching over the keys involuntarily, I heard Mrs. Scott, who was standing close by me with her brother, say, "She don't *compare* with Laura Whitney." Hugh's answer was so low that I did not catch it; but though I knew that Mrs. Scott's everlasting glass was upon me, and suspected her brother was perhaps making a mental comparison between his two loves, I played and sang a whole stock of Scotch ballads for Mr. Home. I don't know what evil spirit it was which prompted me to do as I did, but I devoted all the rest of the evening to Charley Home's amusement; although once or twice I caught a puzzled, inquiring look on Hattie's face, and a fixed one on Hugh's, such as I had never seen before.

Hugh, Hattie, and Mr. Home walked home with me, and I was glad that I was not left *tete-a-tete* with Hugh, for I did not feel like making or receiving explanations.

25*th*.—Heigho! How long these summer days seem! Hugh pays me stolen visits, but there is not the old frankness between us. Whose fault is it—his or mine? If he is abstracted for a few moments, I begin to think he is seeing Laura Whitney in my place; and if he is attentive or gay, I am unreasonable enough to believe that he is striving to hide the true state of his feelings from me. The fault must be mine. I wonder if I am a natural coquette? For the life of me I cannot help talking and laughing with Charley Home, particularly if I see Hugh look more sober than usual; yet all the time my own heart is heavy enough. If it was not for dear little Hattie's sake, who, I believe, is really fond of that popinjay, I would have a downright good flirtation, and then, perhaps, that would bring Master Hugh to an explanation.

28*th*.—I went up to Tylney, this morning, to carry a bunch of mamma's magnificent carnations to Mrs. Brantly, who says most justly that John, with all his green-houses and skill, cannot produce such carnations as mamma.

Mrs. Scott had just lounged down to breakfast, when I entered the dining-room, and she wondered, in her affected way, "how it was possible to rise so early and tramp over wet fields." Whilst she was breaking the shell of her egg, Hattie, who had finished her breakfast, and was looking over the papers just brought from the post-office, suddenly exclaimed, "Mrs. Laura Morris—in the Persia. Why, has she come back?" That name—although she is usually known *here* by her maiden one of Whitney—sent all the blood which had been dancing through my veins, from my morning's walk, back to my heart. As soon as I could command myself I looked up at Hugh, and met his eyes fixed searchingly upon me. Was he weighing my face and figure in the balance against her beauties? Were thoughts of old times tugging at his heart-strings, and remembered glances and whispers dimming his eyes and ears to my presence? I know not. I only know that had his eyes been those of a Medusa, he could not have turned me quicker to stone. I was glad, for the first time, of Mrs. Scott's presence. Her exclamations of delight at Laura's return were cruel, it seemed to me, when she knew of her brother's former engagement to the woman; but Mrs. Scott had always been Laura Whitney's fast friend, and affected to think that, if Hugh had been less proud, his cousin would

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never have married any one else. But cruel as she was, I *felt* no less so. I wanted Hugh Brantly to suffer; for was not I suffering too, and was not he the cause? I sat a few moments; then abruptly took my leave.

Hugh came down this evening, but I felt as if I could not talk to him. Will the ghost of that love ever be laid, I wonder? Is it to disquiet two lives hereafter? No, it shall not. I will never be Hugh Brantly's wife as long as I have any fear of Laura Whitney.

August 10*th*, *Evening*.—I've had no heart to look at this poor disjointed diary for days. A week ago Hugh escorted Mrs. Scott home. She flew on the wings of her butterfly friendship to welcome her cousin. Such dumb agony as I have known for the past few days! Hugh has not yet returned. Is he again at the feet of Laura Whitney? No message, no letter. I have not been up at Tylney, for the house is full of strangers; and only once has Hattie and Mr. Home been here, and then I was out. I cannot stay in the house. I walk, walk, walk, till I am almost exhausted, and yet I cannot sleep after all my fatigue. I would give anything just to see that woman, though I cannot help clenching my teeth when I think of her. How sad the vague, tender moonlight is! It is no wonder when there are so many despairing hearts in the world. If I could only tell some one of my trouble, but I cannot. I never knew before how reticent I am—I who am thought so frank and independent. Even if I could bring myself to speak of it, who would understand? Dear mamma's life has been so unruffled, she is so good and calm herself by nature, that such hot words and bitter thoughts as mine would bewilder her—but she could not comprehend. Then papa, though he loves me dearly, would go off thinking of queer Dido, perhaps, from association, and pat my head and say, Poor child! whilst the shores of sunny Carthage rose before his eyes. What can a man who lives so much among the dead know of living, burning hearts?

One would think that the moonlight was pure and cold enough to still all such feverish thoughts as mine, yet it is full of panting words and looks. Heigho! if I could only sleep, even if it was to dream!

August 12*th*.—Hugh came last night. I recognized his step as soon as Carlo did, but I kept on with my monotonous promenade up and down the piazza, whilst Carlo was vociferous in his welcome. I do not know whether his greeting was really cold, or whether it was only a reflection of mine; I know that I gave my hand passively, and half drew away when he attempted to kiss me. He sighed, took a chair and commenced talking of the weather and the company at Tylney. Presently mamma came in, and she had a hundred questions to ask about indifferent things, for which I blessed her, for I should have broken down if I had attempted to keep up the conversation. What a miserable state of things! At last mamma left the room—I would have given anything for a pretext to have kept her. I was glad that in consequence of the warm night the parlor was only lighted by a lamp in the hall, for I became conscious of the nervous twisting and wringing of my hands, as they lay in my lap, which I would not have had Hugh see for the world. Mamma had hardly left the room before Hugh drew his chair close up to mine, and, taking one of my cold hands in his, said, "What is the matter, Amy?—have you been sick since I went away? Is that the reason you did not answer my note?" My heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stand still, but I *could* not speak; a tear or two came to my eyes, then, in a fit of remorse and shame, I took a good cry on Hugh's shoulder. Of course the heat of the weather is always blamed for a young lady's vapors; but I can't help thinking that Hugh suspected it was something else, for he asked again why I had not answered his note.

"Because I received none," I was ashamed to say; sure now that he would know why I had behaved so foolishly.

"I wrote to say that some business for my father would detain me in the city several days longer than I had expected, and begged you to lighten my banishment from you by a few kind words. Hattie knew why I was detained; did not she tell you?"

"I have not seen Hattie since you left. She called over, but I was not at home," I replied, thus dismissing a subject which had just shown me how foolish I had been.

15*th*.—Such a glorious gallop as Hugh and I had, this morning, down the river road, and through the notch! How beautifully the blue misty shadows lay in among the hollows of the hills! How glad everything seemed! What the lowlanders miss! I wouldn't give the wonderful variety of the mountain landscape, with its ever shifting lights and shadows, this sombre darkness, that patch of golden green, now here, now there, as quick as the eye can move, for all the brilliant sunsets of a flatter country. Turk and Snap went on, neck and neck, thud, thud, down the road, under the arching trees, in a light spirited canter, and Hugh and I were

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too happy to care to talk much. A quiet presence is often more magical than words! When Hugh put me on Snap and called me "Queen Amy," he looked so happy and so proud of me, that my very heart laughed for lightness. As we rode off, he said,

"Snap is utterly unworthy of such a fine rider. As soon as I have a right, I shall get a horse that will be more suited to my queen of hearts!"

"As soon as I have a right!" They were simple words enough; but I thought them very musical when said by Hugh. Somehow his usually haughty manner seems to soften so when he looks or speaks to me.

August 20th.—I find I have been living in a "fool's Paradise" for these many days past. I have been so secure, so happy till this morning when Hattie came in, flushed and angry-looking. I was sitting on the back piazza, my work-basket by my side, seeing pictures with my inward eyes of an elegant home, but none the less comfortable for that, when Hugh's chair and Hugh's book would be by my favorite work-table.

"How tantalizingly cool you look, Amy!" said Hattie; "do put down your sewing. I'm all out of sorts to-day."

"That's nothing uncommon for such a spoiled little mademoiselle as you are," I answered, stitching away.

"Well, it's too bad to have the house overrun with such a set of people! We have just got quiet again, and now Bell must turn us all topsy-turvy. I don't see how she can have the face to bring Laura Whitney here, or how Laura dare to come!"

I had put down my work by this time. My fingers trembled so I could not have taken a stitch.

"When are they coming?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"To-morrow. Laura wrote to mamma, and said that she could not resist Bell's invitation to join her in a visit to Tylney; that so many happy hours had been passed at our house; and that she was anxious to make the acquaintance of her cousin Hugh's future wife. I hate her, and I wish she'd stay away."

I wanted to ask what Hugh had said about the visit, but could not. Hattie sat by my work-basket, unwinding my tape measure, breaking my cottons, and doing all the things which an idle person does, who gets sewing implements within their reach. She had been gone but a few moments when Hugh came in, looking warm with the walk in the hot sun. At any other time I should have sprung up and brought him a glass of cold water; but now I quickly picked up my work and sewed as if my life depended upon it. Hugh threw himself down in the great chair, drew it up close to me, and, pulling my sewing out of my hands, said,

"This everlasting stitching is all nonsense, darling. You'll ruin your eyes and get a stoop in the shoulders. You are 'getting ready to be married,' I suppose; that's the way Hattie phrases it. As if a man wanted to take a woman, like a snail, with all she had on her back."

So, tossing my work half-way across the piazza, he imprisoned my hand and bid me entertain him.

His manner was so cordial that I could not be cool or sulky, though I was all the time haunted with wondering if he would say anything of this expected visit. So the morning went till dinner was nearly ready. As he rose to go, he said,

"Now go on 'getting ready to be married,' the sooner the better, *cara mia*. Bell is coming to-morrow with Laura Whitney; but as they both generally manage to have a train of cavaliers after them, I suppose that my services will not be needed, so I'll still plague you with my company."

His cousin's name was mentioned as coolly as if she had been his grandmother; so I took up my work again, feeling happy, except that I began to fear my own jealous nature more than Hugh's love.

23rd.—As I was putting the finishing touches to my toilet, late this afternoon, I heard the sound of strange voices in the hall below; then low, rippling laughter came floating up the stair-case. Then Hugh's tones:

"Nancy, tell the ladies that Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Scott are here, will you?"

There was no need. Already I had surmised as much; and the bow, with which I was fastening my collar, seemed as if it would never be made straight by my trembling fingers. I gave myself no time to think, but went down immediately. I have one fortunate quality—no matter what inward tumult there may be—I have been told that I always *appear* cool and self-possessed.

As soon as I reached the parlor door Hugh stepped forward, took my hand and introduced me to his cousin. In an instant Mrs. Scott's glass was at her eye, insolently noting the meeting, and comparing the merits of her brother's two loves. I glanced at Hugh and saw that he was watching us both narrowly.

I could not help it, but my heart sank again

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when I saw Laura Whitney. She seemed to me, at the first glance, to be the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. Her widow's cap had been laid aside, but she still retained her deep black dress. This, by contrast, only made her wonderfully fair complexion appear still fairer. Her hair was neither brown nor golden, but a pure blonde. The color on her cheeks was as delicate and soft as an infant's; her mouth was small, rosy, a little full, perhaps; and her eyes were of that dusky blue, that look like lakes with mists floating over them; indolent eyes, voluptuous, selfish, cruel eyes, it seemed to me, but oh! so utterly bewildering. Every motion appeared to have a wavy, sinuous grace perfectly indescribable, and her white throat moved on her shoulders like a swan's.

She is a wonderfully brilliant conversationalist, adapting her remarks with ready tact to the tastes of those with whom she is speaking. I could easily see that mamma was already charmed, not only with her visitor, but with herself; she evidently never knew before how agreeable she could be. Mrs. Scott hardly deigned to address her conversation to any one but to Hugh or her cousin; though, as it was her first visit, she kept her glass nearly all the time to her eye, taking an inventory of every article of furniture in the room.

As they left the door, Hugh called back,

"Mrs. Winthrop, I'm coming back to tea, to eat peaches and cream with you; don't forget."

I looked up at Laura, who was scanning me with her dusky eyes, where the light had gone out; but her adieu was graceful and cordial.

I felt as if I would be expected to say something to Hugh about his cousin, so preferred to do it at the table, where the conversation could not be too confidential, before papa and mamma, to doing it when we might be alone.

So I praised her appearance extravagantly, perhaps I overdid it, for I was determined he should not think me jealous; and he assented in a careless, indifferent manner to all I said.

25th.—Last evening Mrs. Brantly sent for me to take tea at Tylney. I did not wish to go, my heart felt sore when I thought how inferior I was in every way, except my true woman's heart, to Hugh's cousin; but I had no reasonable excuse for staying away.

When I entered the drawing-room, Laura was half-reclining on the sofa, reading, with a small Italian greyhound in her lap, which she was stooping and caressing with one white hand, which was constantly snapped at by the dog. Her greeting was cordial and graceful; but Mrs. Scott's cool "Good afternoon" made me feel very much like the "fretful porcupine." I should not complain, however, for she treats her husband with the same insolence, acting as if it was a favor for her to bear his name and spend his money.

What a true specimen she would be of the dames of the "old regime," one of whom said, when speaking of the death of a notorious sinner, who had gone to his account impenitent, "that God would not condemn a person of that rank!"

Mrs. Scott went on with her crocheting, and I took out my embroidery. Hattie fumed for a moment at this state of things, then said,

"Come, Amy, let's go and see that new dahlia. It's as tall and stately as yourself," added my indiscreet little partisan, with a defiant look at her sister and cousin.

"You didn't use to be celebrated for your flights of imagination, Hattie," said Mrs. Scott, with a smile that made the corners of her mouth droop.

After tea, Laura sauntered to the piano and commenced playing. At first her hands flew like white birds over the ivory keys, the music now gay and sparkling; then in some beautiful German waltz, the time so well marked, the notes so expressive, that one could close their eyes and see the spinning couples, wreathing in and out among each other, in some coffee garden in the Vaterland; then slow, solemn, stately, like the march of a great army; and again there came a wail so sad, so beseeching, that one felt as if the heart of the player was breaking. I was glad that it was twilight, for the tears came to my eyes in spite of myself. Hugh was sitting by me on the sofa, scarcely breathing. I at last became painfully conscious that I was trying to note the effect of this music on him. The strains were now all mournful, sobbing, appealing I knew to the memory of the man beside me. His head gradually sunk on his hands, and thus I sat and watched him as the moon arose and looked in the window. Presently a voice rose clear, thrilling in the little room—and "*Al mia Fernando!*" was sung as I had never heard it sung before. What wonder that Hugh rose and walked slowly across the room, like one without the power to resist, and stood by the side of Laura Whitney for the rest of the evening!

I could bear it no longer. I left the room as if only going to the door to look out, snatched up my hat and scarf, which hung on the rack in the hall, and rushed off home alone. And what a night I have spent! I say to myself constantly that Hugh has given me no cause

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for this jealousy; but yet, shall the echo of that old love be always in his ears? I could not endure it—I cannot even endure to think of it; and how will it be when I am irrevocably bound to him? Will these questions rise to torment me every time he sees his cousin, or hears her voice? If I thought so, God help me! but I would never be his wife. .

Evening.—I had just finished the last sentence when Hugh came in. He looked like *my* Hugh again, not like Laura Whitney's Hugh of last night. His first greeting was,

"Queen of hearts, if you ever do such a highly disreputable thing again as to walk home alone at night from Tylney, you and I will have to settle the matter at the end of the—tongue. Seriously, Amy, what made you do it? I really feel more than half-vexed with you, darling. It was not right. Come kneel and confess."

I was already ashamed of the freak; and what construction would Laura put upon it?

"You have no right to extort confession, yet, father Hugh," I answered, laughingly, "I chose to come home, and I came."

"Well, rebel, have you got my gun-case, that you promised me, made yet? Come, you must buy absolution!"

I was glad to have the subject dismissed so easily; so I went up stairs for the green baize cover. Hugh inspected it and praised it as he ought to have done. We were on the shady piazza, he listlessly twirling my thimble on the points of my scissors, and I standing with the gun before me, bothering with a button-hole in the cover that was too small.

"Hercules and Omphale, by all that's good!" said a silvery, mocking voice close to us, and Laura Whitney came up the steps.

"How you have tamed the man since I knew him, years ago, Miss Winthrop! He's a regular apron-string sort of body now," she added.

Hugh reddened as he answered, "I thank you in Amy's name for the compliment you have paid to her influence over me."

I had fastened the case over the gun, and, after giving Laura a seat, picked up my sewing.

She had tact enough not to pursue what she saw was a most disagreeable form of banter; so she chatted away in her versatile manner for an hour or more. Hugh, who seemed rather sullen at first, soon joined in, and at last got up to escort her home. As they went across the field, I saw her take his arm, and presently she pointed to her foot, and he stooped down evidently to fasten her boot. Heigho! I wish she had not come. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

OF GAIN.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

A TROUBLED moan ran through the sky,
It shivered o'er the naked trees,
Then, sweeping down with sob and sigh,
Just stirred the heaps of dry, dead leaves.

I looked out to the dreary West,
I saw the shivering woods stand bare;
And by the song-bird's mossy nest
Only a dead leaf fluttered there.

And then I thought, and thought in pain,
How things of life are charged with loss;
I could not—would not see the gain,
The crown above the martyr's cross.

I watched the farmer drive his team
Backward and forward oft again;
And thus I thought as through that green
The iron cleaves the souls of men.

I watched him long; the ashen clouds
Hung low within the dreary West,
And, flaunting like a tattered shroud,
The dry leaves rustled round the nest.

That furrowed field lay black as night,
And then broadcast the russet grain
He scattered in that gloomy light,
And thus I come to think of gain.

I thought thus through the misty haze
That seed must spring to light and life;
And in the dark, forbidding days
Lay passive 'neath the warring strife.

Black frosts and chilling rains will fall,
And snow wrap up the vivid green;
But through all changes that befall,
Sweet Spring shall find it fresh again.

All through the softly dropping rain,
And in the sunshine's golden haze,
Stately will grow the yellow grain
Into the Summer's gorgeous blaze.

And then—oh! soul which would not turn
And look from loss to star-crowned gain,
There where the rich red sunset burns
They gather up the sheaves of grain!

And thou which counted it a loss
To suffer and be trodden down,
Which only saw the thorns and cross,
And not the golden starry crown—

Know'st thou that seed which may be dropped
Upon the iron-furrowed mould,
Shall spring into a goodly crop,
A stately harvest manifold?

Chill winds may nurse it; bitter rains
May fall upon the ragged soil;
But forth shall spring the vivid grain,
A rich reward for pain and toil!

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THE OLD TEACHER.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"LEONIE, how would you like to take lessons in Latin and German, this winter?"

Leonie uncurled her little figure from its resting-place, in the corner of the broad window-sill, and, springing down, showed, from under a mass of black ringlets, a pair of saucy black eyes, and a pretty piquant face.

"Latin and German, papa? I don't know! A school-girl just emancipated don't feel exactly like stepping back into the traces. Why?"

"You have heard me speak of Herman Styles, my dear old class-mate."

"Who gave up his holiday to nurse the sick in the awful cholera year?"

"Yes; the gentlest, most tender-hearted hero I ever heard of! He was the most delicate young man in the class; so retiring and quiet that many thought him cowardly. Yet, at that fearful call for aid from every one, he faced pestilence, almost certain death, to nurse the poor in Philadelphia during that fearful summer. He was a young man then. Now his hair is gray, and his figure stooping, from the premature old age of study and struggling against misfortune; yet the same quiet heroism is printed on his fine face as then illuminated it. He has been in South America for several years; but to-day he called upon me to tell a tale of sorrow and care. His wife died many years ago; two children followed her to the grave—and he is alone in the world, and very poor. He wished me to aid him in obtaining scholars in Latin and German, refused all assistance except a trifling loan, and gladly undertook to give his first lesson to his old friend's daughter."

"I had not the slightest idea how anxious I was to study languages!" cried Leonie. "I am all impatient to begin!"

"He will come to-morrow morning. Mention it among your friends, Leonie, and try to form a class for him."

Leonie Huntingdon's life had been one long, unbroken scene of sunshine at the time when I present her to my readers. The only child of an indulgent father, she had lost her mother when too young to feel the sorrow. From the care of her old nurse she went to a good boarding-school, where her wit, good-humor, and vivacity made her queen among her companions, and her intelligence and amiability won the love of her teachers. Home, at eighteen, was only another delightful change; and the petted but unspoiled child was the very darling of her father. Her generous, warm heart was touched deeply by her father's account of his old friend; and her reception of her teacher was a beautiful combination of respect and affection. Yet a smile would quiver round her rebellious lips as the gaunt, tall figure, with its ill-fitting suit of shabby clothes, its immense feet and stooping gait, presented itself; and the effect was heightened by large, prominent eyes of a pale blue, sandy hair streaked with white, and a sallow, faded complexion. "Dominie Sampson!" she thought, as she advanced to meet him.

"Miss Huntingdon?" he queried, with a shy, nervous bow.

"Leonie Huntingdon! My father's old friend must allow me to drop formality. Will you walk into the library and select our books? You will find me a very ignorant person on both languages; but I will try to do credit to my teaching." And aside she added, "Will nothing put him at his ease? All the blood in his body is in his face."

And the shy, embarrassed scholar fully justified her thought. The stylish little figure and easy, graceful manner was absolutely terrifying to the grave recluse, whose worldly intercourse had been closely confined to scientific circles, and whose home had been presided over by a delicate, gentle little wife, as modest and quiet as himself. Not until the lessons were fairly started did he lose his awkward manner; but when the little beauty once began to read the languages, her teacher threw heart and soul into his task, and the hour set for the lesson lengthened into two, three, or four; while all his knowledge of the quaint, weird German legends, the deep, metaphysical lore, the classics, and the poring over out-of-the-way volumes were all poured out for Leonie's entertainment and instruction. His other lessons were daily tasks; but the hours spent with Leonie were his' resting-places, his bright spot in the weary routine of a teacher's life. Her winning gentleness toward him, her taming of the high,

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youthful spirits to meet his sadness and try to win him to cheerfulness, were, to the sore heart of the old teacher, touching and grateful tributes from his old friend's child. And winter, spring, summer, and fall sped on, and the lessons were continued with but little interruption. Sometimes, though not often, Leonie won him for an evening call. But in the brilliant parlors, with the lively hostess, his old shyness came painfully over him; and, seeing that these visits brought more embarrassment than pleasure, she ceased to urge them.

A sad time was coming for the gay, bright child. Her father died suddenly, and, his income dying with him, Leonie was thrown orphaned and penniless upon the world. Herman Styles was near her through all the weary, wretched time of sorrow, parting, pain, and desolation. He, losing sight of self in the absorbing theme of her grief, stood manfully between her and every rude shock which sudden poverty flings to its victims. But all his affection could not save the house she loved, the thousand relics of happiness around her; he could only watch the preparations for the sale with a wrung heart, and a gentle, consoling sympathy for the orphan.

"Leonie, don't!" he said, gently, as he found, one morning, the little sable-clad figure kneeling sobbing by her father's vacant chair. "My dear child, you are grieving yourself to death."

"No, dear friend," she said, rising; "I have done with weak sorrow. To-morrow I shall leave you, to commence my struggle with the world. My friend, Mrs. Baird, will take me to Bridgeport as a governess for Mary and Hetty."

"You—you, Leonie? You are not—I—oh! Leonie, I did not mean to speak yet; but—but—I have wanted to ask you since—I——"

She looked up with an inquiring face.

"I thought—perhaps—Leonie, I love you! Can you live with your father's old friend? I know my home is a poor one, one that I should never have dared offer to you before; but now—I am old—not fit for you, my bright one. But I will try to make you happy, and, perhaps, I can make my little wife love it—I——"

"Oh! how good, how kind you are!" she said, vehemently. "But it cannot be! No, no, I will not burden you!"

"Burden me! Leonie, I love you!"

"But I cannot——" she stopped.

"I see," he said, sadly. "I was an old fool to think of it! Forget it, little one, and let me be your old friend again."

It was a shock to Leonie to think of her youth tied for life to Herman Styles—and she did try to forget it. But when the parting came, the one kind farewell would linger warmly in her memory; and the stooping form, erected by the dignity of sorrow and love, haunted her in her new life. It was no sinecure. Two children of bright intellect and over-indulged manners needed all her care to keep them in order and employed; yet the long, lonely evenings, the many hours of thought, were filled with the memory of a kind voice, a tender protection, and a dignified sorrow. All his oddity, his clumsiness, his awkward shyness was forgotten, or ennobled in the recollection of his noble heart, his splendid intellect, and great acquirements. She wrote to him often, and received kind letters in reply; yet there was a strange, vague longing in her heart that this correspondence did not satisfy.

Two years had passed in her new home, when she received, from her father's lawyer, a letter stating that a legacy from a great aunt had been placed in his hands for her use. The sum was small, yet enough to make her independent of work, and give her something above comforts. The same post brought another letter.

"Dear Leonie—Do not be startled at seeing the dreadful hand-writing on this sheet. The long looked-for trial of my life, threatening for years, has fallen at last: I am blind! I am learning to guide the pen by feeling, but I cannot write very legibly yet. Don't—don't be very much shocked if I tell you to direct your next letter to the alms-house; for my rent is only paid for this month, and you know my teaching was my only resource. My darling, write soon. Though other, stranger eyes must read your letter, it will be my only pleasure in this world to hear that you are well and happy.

H. Styles."

The tears fell fast over the irregular lines, the struggling words, and awkward letters; and then, with a throbbing, swelling heart, Leonie sought her kind friend, Mrs. Baird.

"You have been crying. Are you ill?" was the greeting she received.

"No; but I came to tell you that I must leave you to-morrow. I am going to be married to Mr. Styles."

Mrs. Baird stared in astonishment.

"Mr. Styles! Why, he is old enough to be your father! What is it, Leonie? Do not let the weariness of teaching make you rush into such a marriage."

Leonie handed her the lawyer's letter.

"But this only makes it more inexplicable,"

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she said, completely bewildered. "He is an excellent person, I do not doubt; but I cannot see——"

"Oh! Mrs. Baird, I never knew my own heart till to-day; and now I see that I have loved him since I first knew him! I cannot tell you half his kindness when my father died; and now I know that it was losing him that saddened all my life since. I looked upon him as a sort of father; but now I know that he is more to me, dearer than any other has ever been! I must go to him. Give me God-speed on my journey, my friend."

Warmly the kind friend responded, and Leonie left her.

Night was closing in, and Herman Styles was sitting sadly by his fire, trying to face manfully the dark future before him. Large tears would rise, and roll heavily down his sallow cheeks; but they were patiently wiped away, while he whispered, softly, "The Lord will provide, ay! for me as well as her, my Leonie!"

She came in, with a quiet step, and stood near him, scanning, by the fire-light, the shabby dress, the pale cheeks, the holy, trusting expression, till the full heart could keep silence no longer. She knelt down beside him, and, taking his wasted hand, carried it to her lips.

A smile came into his sightless eyes, as he said,

"Leonie! Is it Leonie?"

"Yes, your child—your wife, who will never leave you again!"

"No, no! My darling shall not sacrifice herself to an old, blind man!"

"Will you thrust me out from my home?" she said, in a voice that carried truth in every accent. "I have found my resting-place, after a weary waiting." And she clung to him like a tired child.

"But, Leonie——"

"Can you not believe me?" she said, earnestly. "I love you! I cannot be happy apart from you! If you cast me off, you will break my heart!"

"Cast you off!"

The strong arms folded her in a close embrace, and held her fast, while the red fire-light played upon her upturned face full of loving trust; and she, in broken tones, but with the emphasis of sincerity, repeated her vow—never to leave him!

CHANGED!

BY LILIAS M———.

YON low-roofed, mossy cottage,
Brown, 'neath clustering vines,
Nestles beneath the shadow
Of whispering, dark-hued pines.

Grass grows to the very door-step,
Starred with butter-cups, golden bright;
Ah! the low-roofed, mossy cottage
Very pleasant seems to the sight!

The brook still sings in the meadow
Its joyous, rippling tune;
The song-birds pause to hear it,
When haunting the trees in June.

The wheat-field glows in the sunlight,
And the frolicsome breeze steals by,
To whisper some mirthful secret
To the nodding heads of rye;
And they nod afresh and waver
As if they'd fain reply.

Ah! peace lies sweet on the meadow,
And sweet on the sunny plain;
But peace to the heart a-weary
Will never return again!

Though the light is bright and golden,
Though the sky is pure and clear—
From days far off and olden
A shadow falleth here.

It darkens the glowing beauty
Of the fields of waving grain;
It dims the light of the present—
The past is here again;
And anew the sad heart throbbeth,
And moaneth in its pain.

A maiden of saintly beauty
Once dwelt in the cottage old—
With blue eyes soft and dreamy,
And locks of paly gold.

One day, when the purple hill-tops
Grew pale, as the sun went down,
The maiden, cold and silent,
Was borne from the cottage brown.

Her brow was pale as the lilies
That twined around her head;
The rose on her quiet bosom
From her cheek had stolen the red.

Now the cot seems lone and dreary,
Though once 'twas ever bright;
And dreary seems the meadow,
Though bathed in golden light!

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JESSY CLAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

"He's queer *actin'*, anyway! Won't taste pork er beans, I heerd somebody say; goes off *miles*, an' guess what arter!"

"After maple sugar?"

"No-o-o! arter ex'cise; warlks like a house afire! I've seen 'im!"

"I didn't know but he went after maple sugar, this time of year, spring."

"No-o!"

Mercy Kennedy was a little purling brook; Mrs. Kennedy, her brother's wife, was an avalanche ever upon the slide, especially on the borders of the brook. She hadn't a spark of malice; on the contrary, she had a great love of peace and goodness; but she was strong; and liked in a wholesome way to exert her forces.

"No-o! goes arter ex'cise. He ort ter be where I am, hadn't 'e, Lemuel?"

Mr. Kennedy also was a brook, but of a little greater breadth, a little louder proclivities, as became his sex. "What 'd you do, if you had 'im?" he asked.

"The fust thing i' the mornin' I'd say, 'Hop,' ('s name's Hopkins, ye know; they say 'e's old Dr. Hopkins' son o' Marlb'rough. Land! I've heerd my farther say a sight 'bout old Dr. Hopkins—doctor o' duvvinity, 'e was—o' Marlb'rough. My farther's farther come from Marlb'rough, ye know, don't ye, Mercy?")

"No, I didn't know it."

"Ye ort ter; 'e did. Wal, I sh'd say, 'Hop, you may run up garrit an' git me some beans, some o' the speckled ones under the eaves, in the sou'east corner. Don't bump yer head.' I sh'd say; 'Don't git the small white beans, ner the marrer-fats, ner the cramberries; git the speckled ones under the eaves, i' the sou'east corner.' An' I sh'd say ter him ag'n, 'Don't bump yer head!' But I sh'd be in hopes 'e would—jes' 'nough ter make 'im rub it smartly wi' the hand that hadn't any beans in 't. When 'e got down wi' 'is beans, I sh'd look at 'im an' know, by the snap o' 'is eyes an' the frowze o' 'is hair, 't 'e got a bump up there; but I sh'd have orl my larf inside, an' bluster roun', an' take the beans out o' 'is hand, an' say, 'Good boy, Hop! Now jes' run down suller an' bring me up a piece o' pork out o' the fust bar'l ye come to, on the right. Fust bar'l; don't furgit!' I sh'd say, 'cause the next bar'l's got ole hog's pork in't. I want pig pork fer the beans.' I sh'd give 'im the gre't bootcher knife ter cut it, an' a plarter ter bring it up in. 'E'd want ter know how big a piece 'e mus' git; an' arter considerin' wi' both hands on my hips, so, I sh'd say, 'Oh! ye may git a pooty big piece; *you'll* like ter have the beans nice an' joocy; git a piece bigger'n a piece o' cheese; consid'able bigger.' That would ex'cise 'is brain some, ye see. Wal, so I sh'd keep 'im totin' roun' t'll my bakin' wus done an' my rooms swep'—I sh'd tell 'im *he* might dust the furnitoor, 'f 'e would. I do' know's he'd be 'xactly willin' to though. D'ye s'pose 'e would, Lemuel?"

Mr. Kennedy answered, that, judging from his own experience, he didn't believe he would.

Mrs. Kennedy "thort like 'nough 'e wouldn't; but she shouldn't care 'f 'e didn't. She sh'd ha' the fun of askin' 'im, an' o' hearin' what 'e'd say to 't. He's paintin' Mr. John Clay's mill an' sugar-camp. There ain't re'ly another such boozerish place anywhere, that *I* know of; but he's charmed wi' 't, so they say. They say 'e's let the sun in ter shine on one part on 't, an' it's 'splendid!' This 's the word—'splendid!' ('Ta'n't none o' my words, 's ye both know.) 'Splendid! splendid!'—they can't say 't of'n 'nough! The camp's such 's my farther use' ter make, 'cordin' ter their tell; hemlock. They say 't the sun shines on a part o' *this*, splendid, too! but that a part on 't down where the hemlock's thick, 's as black 's ('black 's that chimbly-back,' they use' ter say 's long ago 's when you an' I were young, Lemuel, now we hafe ter say, 'black 's that sto'!' My! sunthin' o' a fallin' off, a'n't it, old feller?) They say 't 'e's got the sun settin'; a'mos' down; an' that 't shines through the bare trees on to things like one blaze o' glory. That's what Cowperthwait says about it; an' 'e allers gits things 'bout right; I've noticed this ever sence 'e's been here.

"'E's got orl the ole rotten lorgs in; an' they're covered all over wi' moss; an' they're ablaze too, where the sun comes. 'E's got Mr. John Clay in, walkin' i' the path 't leads fro' the mill ter the camp. 'Is old hat is on, so 's

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'is ole frock, an' 'e's carryin' a bucket full o' sap, 't seems; fer one arm 's stretched away out so—the sap 's ser heavy to 'im, ye see. He's carried the things that war heavy, t'll the things that a'n't very heavy, seem heavy ter him. He's a'most seventy now; an' they say the man's painted 'im tall an' gaunt, jest 's 'e is. Cowperthwait called 'im 'a gran' ole Roman.'

"I motion we go down, all three of us, ter-morrer, an' see what they're doin' i' them parts!"

Mr. Kennedy told her he'd been thinking, all along, of going to see Mr. Clay's camp, but hadn't got started.

"No; 't takes some folks a good while ter start, I've noticed, if they don't have somebody ter start 'em," tipping him one of her comical winks. For it by no means displeased her, that, beyond where his work, or his business led him, he seldom stirred, or wanted to, unless she first said to him, "Come, Lemuel, I'm goin' down ter the village terday, ter make a visit ter Miss Trumble's," (or Lancaster's, or Hill's, as might be,) "an' you've got ter come arter me an' stop ter tea, ye know; an' ye mus' spruce up; I'm goin' to;" or, when each holy Sabbath came round, and, moving with the stillness she gave to that morning, but to no other, she said, "Time ter go, Lemuel; there's yer hat; stop, le' me pick this bit o' lint off." Then she picked away fondly at every speck she could find on coat, waistcoat, and pants, and they went out together.

"They said there terday, 't everybody goes in ter see the picter that wants ter. I didn't think o' goin', fer I a'n't no judge o' such things, o' course; but they said I *must*. Cowperthwait told me ter *go!* I made fun 'nough o' his thinkin' 't *I* mus' see it. I tol' 'im I s'posed the one that's doin' on't wouldn't know whe'er 'twas a good picter er not, t'll I'd seen it an' tol' 'im. But *he* didn't make fun o' me. I never can make 'im do it, anyway 't I try. 'E says 'e likes me orl the more fer bein' ole-fashioned, an' so on, (I shan't tell ye orl 'e said, fer I don't deserve it,) jest 's 'e likes the oldest thing 'e's got in orl the world, best. That's the chair 'is mother use' ter set in; (she's dead, ye know;") spoken so softly that the purling brook was heard quoting a couplet from the song of 'The Old Arm-Chair.'

"'E's got Jessy in," pursued Mrs. Kennedy, after having given her tribute to Cowperthwait's mother and Mercy's quotation; that is, after having applied her handkerchief with more noise than usual to her nose, saying something about snuff's bein' such a bother to a body! "She's standin' by the fire, lit up wi' it, they said; an' she's stirrin' the bilin' surrup wi' a long-handled ladle. They say 'e's made 'er bootiful; an' 'f 'e hadn't, 'twouldn't be like 'er. The kittle hangs on cross-sticks; the smoke 's a-risin', the fire 's a-blazin' an' flarin', an' the tongues o' flame, Cowperthwait said, lap the bubblin' surrup out o' the kittle. I 'xpect it's a pooty gran' thing!"

CHAPTER II.

I REMEMBER hearing Cowperthwait say of the artist, one day about that time, "He's the good old Stephen over again! When he sees this holy child of his brain before him, he'll lift his hands and say, 'Now let Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for my eyes have seen Thy and my glory joined together in one piece before them!'" He called the picture "perfect!" and one does not often hear this word, *perfect*, out of his so nicely discriminating lips.

I remember that the artist would turn neither to the right, nor the left; would give not even a moment's attention to the invitations to dinner, to tea, which, mostly through Cowperthwait, to whom he had brought letters, assailed him; or to the appearance of our prettily dressed village belles, who, as often as they dared, went to tinkle about the picture in his hearing. They came away, I remember, saying, "They didn't believe but he was good-natured, if one could only get at him! but there he stood, plashing his brushes one way and another, his forehead tied up into knots; and every hair of his mustaches had a snarl in it, as if he were a tiger! My! if they *didn't* get hold of 'im, by-and-by, when his piece was done!—if they didn't hand 'im round some then! They didn't blame 'im for being cross to Miss Parker," they said; "for she drove him wild, almost, with her minced-up phrases about Church, Rosa Bonheur, and the old masters. She was great on the old masters! She always got close to his elbow, a little back of it, to say those things; and one day it vexed him so, that he started to bring something he wanted—an old rag!" they said, "brushed against her hoops and almost upset her, and was so cross he didn't apologize! Wasn't that pretty well? Only, they didn't blame him for being cross to Miss Parker, she was so silly! but that wasn't any reason why he should be cross to them! Miss Parker didn't like his Jessy," they said. "She was forever finding fault with that! She didn't wait, either, till she was out of his hearing, before she began! He had made her too refined, she said.

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But anybody could see 'twas all her envy! Jessy Clay *was* refined! She didn't own two houses in Charleston, as Miss Parker did! She couldn't spend her time visiting the Lancasters and other folks that weren't any relation, and didn't care about having her! She lived in a poor house and worked hard; but she had the good Clay and Prescott blood in her veins; and there wasn't her equal for grace and refinement in the village!—there wasn't another so beautiful! They thought Miss Parker had better shut up!"

CHAPTER III.

At last the harness was thrown off; the piece was done; and it was impossible to look at it without feeling its spirit of deep repose enter the heart. The artist's brows were unlocked; he was the most genial fellow in the world; but I remember the belles said, that, "Lively as he was, they never should dare, again, to say anything to him about being so cross, when he was painting; for, when they undertook to joke him about it, one day, he grew sober in a minute! They knew from that, that he would be just so again, if he was painting. They wouldn't want such a fellow for their husband, at any rate. Perhaps Jessy could get along well enough with it (if he *did* offer himself to her). She was so pretty, they supposed he couldn't *help* being good-natured to her, if he *was* painting. But they wouldn't want him!"

Arm-in-arm he and Cowperthwait were constantly moving, drinking the refreshment of the delightful season; fishing in the brooks; and Hopkins brought in several sketches of our scenery; one of them (the meeting of the two rivers, the Pemmigiwasset and Winnipisiogee, to form the Merrimack) unrivaled in beauty, he said, if one went searching a thousand miles.

A party was formed one day to show him the Great Bay, so-called, from Musquito Bridge, near Laconia. Artists never visit this scene, I suppose; because a few miles farther on is Lake Winnipisiogee enticing their feet; but for pure beauty, I do not know a view at the upper lake which surpasses it, and Hopkins said the same. They said he wrung his hands traversing to and fro, wrought up with his joyful excitement. Jessy, they said, who had never seen the place before, trembled, looking from island to shore; but, in that large company, was too timid to utter even one of her beautiful thoughts. But Miss Parker, they said, "made a fool of herself, of course! cackling about 'effects,' 'shadows,' 'fairy islands, and coves!' She did most of it," they said, "in Hopkins' hearing." Of course she did! of course she would! But he contrived every time to escape her and come near where Jessy was standing in quiet enjoyment. They said they saw him look at her very often; it seemed as if he couldn't keep his eyes off of her a great while at a time.

The sun went down, the shadows of evening began to gather along the western shore and at the skirts of the islands, while the rest of the landscape was flooded with the soft golden light, as if it were a baptism.

They stood until this also passed and was succeeded by the sober gray of the coming night, and then they drove to the village of Laconia for refreshment; and they said Miss Parker was "dreadfully disgusted" to see how Hopkins waited upon Jessy. The rest were lively as they could be; Mr. Murray and Abby Lancaster danced a little, in grotesque fashion, when, in grotesque fashion, Ida Trumbull played on the piano while they were waiting for their supper to be ready; Cowperthwait, whose fine humor was stimulated by the quick appreciation of the accomplished Hopkins, said the liveliest things! Jenny Lancaster, as a good-hearted girl and Miss Parker's hostess, found the easiest, best chair in the room for her, that, if possible, her complaints on this head might be dissipated; at table she kept Miss Parker's plate and her own entreaties going, to Mr. Murray, to Cowperthwait, that, if possible, a tenderer piece of chicken or tongue might be found, to be to her palate what each mouthful of the excellent repast was to the rest; but nothing did her any good. She kept her glowering looks going round the table, especially out to that end where Jessy sat at Hopkins' side, looking as content and lovely as a white rose with the morning dew and the morning sun on it. She didn't part with her glowering looks at all, they said; but still had them when they set her down at Mr. Lancaster's gate.

CHAPTER IV.

A day or two later, Cowperthwait and the artist went to the Great Bay, the former to catch fish, the latter to get views. They brought home "a capital sketch!" so Cowperthwait said, and a dozen fine large trout and pickerel.

"Here's a brace for you," he added, opening his parcel before me. "Hopkins has taken some to Clay's folks."

"Tell me!" said I, receiving his gift, "how is it with Hopkins? What does he feel toward Jessy, I mean?"

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"He's pretty deeply smitten; he thinks she's something of a lily—a rare, white one, unfolding handsomely in her poor out-of-the-way home. And without one of the damages town lilies are so apt to get, too, either in the bud, or somewhere along. He thinks there never was such grace; likes it ever so much better for its being so timid, you know. Isn't that a splendid fellow?" touching a finger to the trout's round side. "I know just where I caught him. He has his own ideas, you see, of what she'll be by-and-by, if she has a chance; to see the world, that is, and dress as he has seen some ladies. He'll offer himself, I guess. I guess he will; though sometimes he don't know what to do about it; for he isn't very rich, and he means to go to Italy. I think he's afraid he'll be obliged to give that up, if he marries. He's a good deal exercised. You know she's sitting for her portrait now?"

"Mrs. Kennedy told me."

"What does she think about it?"

"She thinks it is a bad business! She can't keep still, she says. She says she would be glad to go to Cambridge, into the room of a young man who sits there industriously studying, and tell him that if he wants an inch of ground to stand on, when he gets here, he'd better come at once."

"She means——?"

"She means Joseph Lancaster. She says she knows he loves Jessy, and has for years, but has refrained from telling her, because he had his education to get, and was poor. She thinks Jessy loves him, if she only knew it. She says her love for him is sleeping, that is all; she wants him to come and wake it!"

CHAPTER V.

In a day or two Ida called; Mrs. Kennedy's trouble had got into *her* head. "I'll tell you how it has been," said she, quietly taking her crocheting out of her pocket. "Whenever he came home, after he had been gone awhile, at his studies or teaching, he showed, before he had been in the house half an hour, that he was thinking of Jessy. While he was busy about something else, putting away his books, or untying his parcels, he asked some such question as this: 'Had they been out much lately?—had they seen any of Mr. Clay's folks?' Jenny can always tell him she has, you know; for she likes to go there. She told me all about it to-day. She says sometimes she would simply answer him, and then wait to see what he would do; and she says he never could wait long before asking some question directly about Jessy. If Jenny told him how beautiful she was, how she was improving her mind and tastes, reading the books he left for her, cultivating her flowers and living close, *close* to nature as she does, a loving, pleased look overspread his features, to be followed, she says, very often, by a look of longing and pain. So she knew where his heart was, although it was several days sometimes before he allowed himself to go near her. And when he did call, he took Jenny with him always; and let her do most of the talking with Jessy, while he stood back, inspecting her occupations. Her reading, I mean; and Jenny says he didn't even pass over her work-basket without giving it a tender glance or two. He stopped by every plant, smelled her geraniums and roses; (she says she saw him touch his lips to a rose, one day;) he spoke to her bird, never forgot its name, she noticed, if he was gone a whole year; and once in awhile he asked Jessy some question about what he was looking at; and showed that he heard what they said all the time, by interposing little remarks, or questions of his own. By the time they were ready to come away, something, some feeling which she believes was love, kindled and flamed up in them both. Both were as self-possessed as they could be; he more so than she; for you know she is as tender as a lily; and Jenny says that she looked pleased, and yet as if she were borne down with some concealed struggle, and as if tears would come easier than the smiles they saw, if she would let them. And Jenny says she could read what he kept back in the veins setting out on his forehead, and in the flushes of color mixing themselves with his habitual pallor. When they came away, he always had some sincere, manly word for her; and after that he didn't see her, unless it was by accident, all through the rest of his vacation. He left some book and some little word for her when he went back to his studies, Jenny says. And so she knows he loves her, but that he wouldn't say one word until he knew how he would come out with his studies. He is almost through now, you know. In one month he will be ready for the bar; and it's all gone! I mean, he has lost her; for Ned says Hopkins will offer himself to-day; that he will take her to the Mountains for the season, and then to New York; will show her all the beautiful things she has all her life been longing to see, but has not seen; and perhaps, some time, will go to Italy and take her there too. You can see how it is! She won't refuse this; especially as he is so attractive a person, and as she has been

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so much with him lately. More especially, as she has no reason to think that Joseph Lancaster cares so *much* for her as he does for you or me, since he calls to see us five times, perhaps, to calling to see her once! So there it is! and I feel bad about it! And Jenny feels bad! Anyway that it can turn out I shall feel bad; for Hopkins loves her, and he is such a good fellow! There's a good deal of trouble, of one kind and another, in the world, isn't there? But then I suppose one must bear it, and can!"

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. KENNEDY called here, and at Mr. Trumbull's, in those days; but could not stop; appeared to be charged with some important matter; but when we questioned her respecting it, would only say, "Guess what 'tis!" We guessed; but, shaking her head, she replied, "No! no! no-o-o!" the last, when our guesses grew too preposterous. "No; but sunthin' 's goin' ter 'appen! You'll know, some day; an' afore long, pro'bly." She spoke as if she were one of the solemn old Delphic Pythias, said, "Good-by," solemnly, and went.

It was said of Mr. Hopkins, meantime, I remember, that he had gone into his tiger skin, behind his tiger face again, now he was again engaged in painting. He was painting in Jessy Clay's little front room; was there six hours of the day, and sometimes longer. Even Cowperthwait was tired of trying to get him out. Jessy was seldom seen. Those who saw her, said that her refinement grew every day. Her step was like a queen's, they said; still her head, and even her whole tall, slender form bent under the tenderness and timidity of her nature. So Miss Parker's nose was curled more and more every day, they said; and she was beginning to whisper things they would *not* hear! And then it was that good Mrs. Kennedy's ire was kindled.

"Land!" said she, "she hits everybody a dab! 'F I could git hold of a dorg that 's got every one o' 'is hairs growin' the wrong way, that 's jes' mean 'nough ter be sent off where orl their woo'chucks die o' the whooping-cough, I sh'd like ter set 'im on to 'er, an' see what work they two 'd make of it together!"

CHAPTER VII.

MR. HOPKINS offered himself the hour his piece was finished; but all the answer he got was tears.

"She was frightfully shaken! as near as I can make out from what Hopkins says," said Cowperthwait, when he was telling me about it. "The poor fellow tried to quiet her, (although he must have needed somebody pretty badly to do the same thing for him, since he understood one thing well enough, and that was, that she wouldn't accept him.) He offered to take back his proposals; told her they would both forget it and be friends, simply, as they had been; made the best of his own pain; but she still sobbed as if she would be shaken to pieces. As well as she could, she begged him to forgive her for weeping so; but she wanted him to leave her then. When she could, she would see him and tell him what she thought of such goodness.

"That was all the comfort he got; and he came away. All he does this morning is to walk the floor. He don't see anything worth living for, exactly, after this, you see. He's thirty-two; she's the first one he has ever cared much about; (or, so he thinks now;) and it has taken something of a hold of him, I find. He says he must get away from here; must go somewhere; but New York, and even Italy seems no better than Central Africa to him now; hardly so good. He's half-distracted about Jessy. He called there again in the evening, last night, but didn't see her. She had gone to bed sick with a headache, her father told him. He wants some woman to go to her. Can't you go? Don't let her make herself sick; tell her 'tisn't worth while; tell her the spring sun will still shine and she must look up and see it! Tell her that Hopkins too suffers, and she must be brave for both. This is the way to make sure of you women. 'Tisn't a very easy thing for you to get bravery for yourselves, alone; but, if another comes into the case, you'll brush off your tears and go through fire for him. We are different. We will go through fire for another, and will do the same for ourselves, which seems to me about right. I don't suppose Christ meant that we should love our neighbor better than ourselves."

CHAPTER VIII.

JESSY wept a great deal. She was ashamed that she couldn't control herself, she said; but she had kept it back so long!

"Kept what back, dear?—how long have you kept it back?—a few weeks?—since Hopkins has been here?"

"Oh, no! years!" she answered. "I can't tell any one what it is. I have no right to admit it to myself; but you know how I have lived here alone with my poor old father; and one thought has been company for me all the time. I have known that I had no right to it. No one

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had ever come and offered it to me, and left it with me when he went away, as my gift of joy from him. I knew it; but I still indulged myself with the thought. I didn't know what it would lead to! Now I see, and the thought is gone. All I have left is shame and self-reproach, that, without one shade of right or reason, I kept it so long."

I told her what Cowperthwait said.

"That is an easy thing for *him* to say! He has Ida; she is young, bright, and she loves him; she will be his companion, morning, noon, and night. It isn't strange that he can say it!"

I reminded her of One greater, more constant in His presence and His love, than any mortal, who under all our trials is ready, if we ask Him aright, to make our life sweet and precious to us; when, bowing her face in her hands, she sat so some time without speaking. She grew calm so. When she looked up, I saw that the summer-storm had passed and the bow of promise spanned her sky.

"I have been wicked," said she, "to give way to such ungrateful thoughts of my dear old father, and this dear little home where we have taken so much comfort together. Oh! I was bitter! I had nothing left, I said, because that one thought that I had no right to, was gone!"

She meant her thoughts of Joseph Lancaster, to which Hopkins' proposals fairly opened her eyes for the first time. It was not strange, I suppose, that she found it something of a loss.

CHAPTER IX.

"HERE's something from my woman; 'a line,' she called it," said Mr. Kennedy, at our sitting-room door, the next morning. "She's got one o' her maggits in 'er head; we'll let it work, all of us, an' it'll show itself so 't we can know what 'tis, one o' these days."

Here is the "line," spelled considerably in advance of her orthoepy, as the reader will see.

"MY DEAR—You must come up to our house this evening. I am going to have a party! All of the rest, except you and Jessy, will be coming up about seven. I want you and she to come at six precisely. She will be ready when you come along.

"Take particular notice! Don't let anybody else come when you two do! Don't you two fail to come when I've said. If Mr. Lincoln himself calls at your house about that time, don't let him keep you. Jest make him your curohy, and tell him you are going up to see

"His, etc., etc., THEODATE KENNEDY."

"How did you know that I wanted to come up here, Mrs. Kennedy?" said Jessy, when our kind hostess met us at the door.

"I knew! I've ben in trouble an' had an offer 't I couldn't 'ccept, 'cause, ye see, I'd already 'ccepted *this* feller!" laying her hand solidly on her husband's shoulder. "That wus the reason I couldn't!—the reason I didn't wan' ter!"

While we were in the dressing-room the door-bell rang. Mrs. Kennedy hurried us out, after she had looked Jessy over "ter see 'f she'd do," as she said; and, as we entered the sitting-room at one door, Mr. Kennedy admitted Joseph Lancaster at another. (There was never such another benevolent plotter as Mrs. Kennedy! I understood her riddle and her prophecy, as soon as I saw him in the door, and, through the dim twilight, discovered who it was.)

"I knew ye'd come up ter see yer aunty 's soon 'as ye got home! it's what I knew ye'd do!" (She wasn't his aunt. It was only her jocose way of "putting things.")

I met him half-way; but Jessy shrank and seemed as if she supported herself by the top of Mrs. Kennedy's stuffed chair.

"An' here's one ye wanted ter see most 'as much 's ye did me, I s'pose," taking him out toward Jessy. "It's *our* Jessy. She's mine 'cause she ha'n't got any mother. I do' know what makes 'er yourn; ye must make that out atween ye."

We laughed a little, but not much. Jessy was so white! she sank with such trembling and weakness into the great chair!

He kept her hand in his, I remember, standing close to her side; but it was some minutes before he spoke to her, or she to him. We asked him questions about his journey; and soon he was talking at ease with us, still holding Jessy's hand fast in his own. By-and-by, she could look up to him; at first with little furtive glances, at last with the full, responsive encounter. She trembled no longer; sat no longer in doubt and weakness. For she knew Joseph Lancaster. She knew he was no trifler, to give one ever so light sign with hand, eye, or lip, that he was not in heart and conscience fully prepared to ratify. So her reasonable, well-founded happiness rose as a flood; as a flood his rose to meet it in bewildering, ecstatic embrace.

I went to look at Mrs. Kennedy's parlor, and in a few moments she followed me.

"I've told 'em ter speak," said she, with gravity. "I tol' him he'd ort ter 'a' spoke long ago. I tol' 'im 't ef a man loves a woman an'

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's poor, 't b'longs ter 'im ter *say* 't 'e loves 'er, but is poor, an' wo'n't bind 'er; but 'at, ef she loves 'im an' 'll wait, he'll be gretfle an' 'll be helped by it. He took holt o' both 'er han's when I wus sayin' it an' drew 'er head ter 'is side. The poor thing's got somebody, that's young now, ter touch 'er an' put strength into 'er, an' I'm a'most 's glad 'as ef she wus my own chil'. 'E's one o' them that's sure ter s'ceed; an' I'll venter 'em now they've spoke. I'll venter anybody that speaks! D'ye want ter know what brought 'im?"

"Yes."

"I writ 'im a letter."

"Good Mrs. Kennedy!"

"I do' know 'bout the 'good!' But I couldn't stan' it, an' so I writ 'im a letter! The rest 're coming; we'll go out, now. I didn't ask that Parker girl. I sha'n't tell anybody else the reason 't I didn't; but when I see 'er, I sh'll tell *her* 't 's because she's got such a habit o' talkin' 'bout folks. I sh'll tell 'em that's sunthin' I can't bear, an' won't!"

Hopkins was invited, but did not come. Some who came said they met him just as he was coming out of the Indian "Carrying-way" into the road in the woods. He didn't look cross, they said; not as he did when he was painting, and wouldn't be meddled with; but he looked sober, and so they couldn't get courage to ask him to turn and come up with them, as they wanted to.

Joseph Lancaster mingled with the company; but did not once go far from Jessy, who, tender and beautiful as a lily, sat receiving not only his gratified glances, but the sympathizing attentions of all present.

"But I feel bad for Hopkins!" I heard Ida say to Cowperthwait.

"I don't know as I do," he answered.

"Why don't you? I don't see how you can help it!"

"It's better as it is probably. You all call her a lily, and that's what she is. So she belongs in the *still* waters. The dust and heat of the crowds would spoil her. She's different from my rose, my Malmaison; she'll thrive anywhere."

"Oh! Ned, I'm not your Malmaison! I'm your rose perhaps; I'm willing enough to let it go at that! but I'm the hardy velvet rose, then, that——"

"Yes, the fragrant, the good! that's what you are!" He took her hand to his lips, kissing the fingers. Ida paid him with one of her radiant glances out of the beautiful eyes. "What will you do with poor Hopkins?" she asked.

"I will let this go as one more heat of his passion for the beautiful," he answered. "It makes his heart ache some, I suppose. I know it does. But so will all the perfect works he finds, everywhere; in Italy, and everywhere. Heartache, more or less of it, belongs to genius clothed in the flesh, as its equable compensation for a great amount of satisfaction. And I suppose it is in part because we are fallen, and our flesh is more or less unsound and weak in its unsoundness. What I want above all things is to be healthy, and keep you so!"

Again Ida's eyes beamed.

CHAPTER X.

"The poor fellow's gone!" said Ida, when I met her, the next day, her voice pathetic, her eyes shining. "But I'm glad of one thing! He called to see Jessy, and she told him just how 'twas; how long she had loved Joseph Lancaster, and all. That made him feel better. She told him few sisters love their brother, as she would love and honor him all her days, for his genius and accomplishments that place him so far above her, she said, and especially for his great goodness toward her. He felt better, Ned says; but he wouldn't consent to stay. Now he can go to Italy if he wants to, poor fellow!"

BRIGHT RIVER.

BY GRACE GORDON.

Thou art flowing on, bright river,
With thy rippling music-tone;
And the sunbeams lightly quiver
O'er thy flashing waves as ever,
In the days forever gone.

There the willows droop, as weeping
O'er the streamlet's mossy side:
There the violets are sleeping—
And the water-lilies peeping
At their image in the tide.

There the pale stars, watching nightly,
In their azure home on high;
And the tall trees bending lightly—
And the moonlight, softly, brightly,
In the wavelet mirrored lie.

Thou art rippling on, bright river,
With thy tone of music low;
And dost haunt my memory ever—
Though I tread thy green shores, never
As in days of long ago!

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MY FIRST CASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

LET me tell you the story of my first case, or stroke of business, as I used to call it. For many reasons I recall it with a more pungent, piquant flavor than any that ever came after. No great, lumbering cause that weighed my table down, after name and fame were fought for, and won, ever gave me the thrill of eager zest that accompanied that boyish venture. Alas! if *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, it is only the first step that pays; the others, high though they be, are vapid, tame. Yesterday, opening an old book, I found a diary, kept in the beginning of this century; and there, in a big, boyish hand, with clerkly neatness, and numerous admiration points and moral deductions, was set down this—my first adventure and first case.

Here is the history of it, minus the neatness and moral deductions.

We were at home—my chum, Joe Lee, and I—from the university, for the winter vacation: collegiate seniors, full-blown in whiskers and Aristophanes, and incipient lawyers, affecting calf-skin books before my sisters, and reading Dumas *pere* slyly in our den. You all know what a Virginia homestead is about Christmas time? How a steady stream of relations, rich and poor, near-blooded and far-off, sets in, from the beginning of December, through the always open gates; how the fires glow, and the faces brighten every day; how every white face is heavy with mystery, until the culminating day, and every black one keeps a close look-out for the ponderous packages in yellow paper, which will disgorge innumerable turbans and jackets on Christmas morning. Well, Christmas was over; New-Year's, Twelfth-day was over; the fun, plum-puddings, dances, were done away with; and, though some half-dozen lingering guests tried to warm the evenings with a remnant of the old glow, it was spiritless work.

Joe and I pronounced it such in our own rooms, yawning with a would-be *blase* air. Wasn't Sophy Marshall gone, about whom we nearly had come to an affair of honor? And wasn't that insufferable brother Dick of hers left—to make fools of the women's eyes with his captain's epaulets? Joe and I were vanquished—on our own ground, too. Discretion was assuredly the better part of valor. We resolved to retreat before the captain with dignity and good order.

"By George! John," said Joe, "let's be off to Kentucky. We've a month before us yet."

I welcomed the suggestion with applause. Kentucky was yet the dark, if not the bloody ground; its bears and Boones contented the youthful mind with adventure and mystery—the Fans and gorillas of Du Chaillu being yet unknown. "Beside," I said, spitefully, "that will be an end of contra-dances for the young ladies. Their pet-captain can hardly be partner and *vis-a-vis!*"

So we prepared for our journey with freshened vigor. I think the young ladies were a little repentant of their neglect, and my mother spent one or two sleepless nights about it, I know; but Joe and I were inexorable. Capt. Dick should not condemn us as "unlicked cubs," which Tom Frost had told us was his opinion, though unexpressed. He knew better than to express it! Two weeks' active employment—moulding bullets, polishing flint-locks, studying Kuhn's latest map—made us all right; and, one cold, snowy January morning, we set off, in full sight of the assembled household, on the gray and the chestnut mares, followed by the redoubtable Chess, my father's favorite body-servant. My mother kissed us inside, with her blue eyes wet; the girls were gathered on the portico, quizzing and half-sorry; every one of the plantation people had swarmed up to see "Chess and young mars' goin' to Kaintuck;" even that puppy, Capt. Dick, had brought me his pistol, and begged me to borrow it—if I would not keep it—in a very gentlemanly way. Joe said I ought not to have tolerated his assumption. But he had not offered the weapon to Joe; so I strapped it about my waist, and thought even Capt. Dick might have a redeeming point. My father and Dr. Howell walked down to the gate of the avenue to see the last of us.

"God bless you, boys: said my father. "If you should meet an Indian, or a bear, keep a cool eye, and trust first to my old uncle Sam."

"I say, you chaps," said the doctor, hurrying

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closer, "never play cards in a Kentucky bar-room! Mind that; I know the ropes!"

We were off at last. I am not going to tell you of our progress: how we stopped in Stanton, in Wheeling, in Louisville, hunting out pretty girls with more success than Indians; how, after we left the Old Dominion, a new *vis inertiæ* got into our veins; how we looked, with affable pity, on the strangers that fell in our way. Poor wretches! It was not their fault, we reflected, that they were born out of Virginia! How we stood, with our backs to the fire, and gave Chess a handful of change to distribute among the poorer Kentucky darkeys. We were snobbish, I grant; but so are the young, alas! too often!

One blustering night in early February we reached a little hamlet some forty miles below Louisville. No better ground for hunting could be found in northern Kentucky, the landlord assured us; and Chess brought us confirmation of the same from innumerable blacks, with whom he had scraped acquaintance. There was something cozy and inviting in the broad, stone-paved kitchen, with its roaring wood-fire, and the little tap-room beyond, where two or three gray-haired old codgers nodded over their pipes. On court days, doubtless, the "Lafayette Hotel" was muddy and drunken enough; now it was clean, and glowing, and quiet: the very hot niche in the world where two hungry hunters could bring their spoils, with due applause, and see them famously cooked, and eaten with appreciation.

"I think," said Joe, gravely, "this is the place for us, John Page," looking out of the window at the drifting field of snow and white-capped mountains beyond.

The landlord came in with the supper.

"Ther's your Johnny-cakes!" he said, slapping down one dish after another. "Yer grouse, yer wild turkey, yer venison! Hunting! Lord help ye, genelmen! old Virginny can't never tech this hyer country, when yer talks o' hunting!"

"It seems a quiet place, Joe," I said, importantly, as we drew up our chairs to the table. "I think we'll stay."

"Ther's ony the blacksmith's un one or two smaller fry, un Squire Pitt, und Squire ——" the sound of the stage-horn cut short the landlord and called him off. There was a clatter of horses' hoofs in the snow outside, a "hi'ing!" and "whoaing!" and cursing between hostlers, and guard, and driver. Finally the coach lumbered off, and the landlord flung open the door, admitting himself, red and blowzy, a gust of keen air, and, last of all, a thin, little, peaked-faced old man, wrapped in a summer surtout.

"Come in, Lord save us! sir, come in," cried the landlord, shoving the starved-looking traveler before him. "It's a savage night to be abroad."

The man, who was old and lame, came close to the fire, holding his frozen fingers over the blaze. "Begarr!" he muttered, "it is one cold night!"

"Supper, sir?" said the landlord, taking an inventory of the stranger's bony body, patched trousers, and hungry, lean-jawed visage. "Supper, of course?"

The little Frenchman glanced over at the smoking dishes before Joe and me. I caught the wistful look, and caught, too, the glitter of a gilt-band under the linen surtout.

I was a boy then. The Revolution was only a field of heroes to me. I jumped up before he could speak, saying, in my school French, and so fast that I stuttered, "Monsieur is a soldier? He served in the Revolution? Pardon! but I must ask this one question!"

The old man's face reddened, as he drew himself up, proudly lifting his finger to his forehead. "*Sous* Washington!"

Well, that brought Joe to his feet; but I was spokesman, as usual.

"My father too—Col. Page! Did you know him?" And when I found he did not, and had come to a dead certainty, somehow, by instinct, that the old man was without a dollar, I assured him, gravely, that Joe and I had uncles and grandfathers both in his old regiment, and begged him to do us the honor of supping with us.

We were honest enough in calling it an honor. I looked across the table, with a sort of awe, at the lean little body that had been so blessed by fate as to strike a blow for freedom—my freedom! I owed him a debt! Nor was the man's face unheroic—starved if it were. The lips were cut sharp by pride and bravery, the eyes fresh and genial, childlike. How Joe piled up his plate, looking daggers at the landlord's coarse jokes about "the young Virginnyans hevin' their fun!" "Plenty o' them Revolutionary riff-raff comin' round!" he growled. Pah! the man was a brute! What need to be angry with him!

When supper was over we carried the little Frenchman off to our room, heaped up the fire, put him in the cushioned seat, and mixed his punch according to Dr. Howell's best receipt. The old man's heart opened and glowed under the unwonted warmth. I never saw a more

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simple, guileless soul, with all his queer, quizzical talk, and vanity of his knowledge of life. He had served under Lafayette, under Washington. He fought over half a dozen battles with us, drawing the plan on the table with punch, while Joe and I listened intent. His name was La Fonte.

"The La Fontes of Lyons?" said Joe, who had been in France. The old man colored.

"*C'est ma famille*," he muttered.

A poor relation, we concluded; but the blood was good.

He lived now in Alabama, with one child—"little Gertrude." Of her he said very little, though his eyes flashed. We were young men, you see; she was a French demoiselle. He was making his way to Washington, with papers to secure his pension.

"It is all I have," he said; "when I succeed not, so had I better die. Gertrude has friends, who find me but a burden." His lip unsteady.

We found that his pension, if secured, would be a handsome income for himself and his daughter. Was he sure of obtaining it? He was confident of success: had letters from Alabama Congressmen. Joe and I, who, as the old doctor would say, "knew the ropes," were uneasy as to the effect of these same Alabamian recommendations; but the old man was not troubled with the shadow of a doubt. Yet, if he succeeded not, it was evident that life would be heavy to drag through. He was lame; one arm—the right—he had lost at Brandywine. "Just an old trunk, monsieur, is Pierre La Fonte!" with a pitiful smile.

The old man had a chamber next to mine. I saw him, through the half-open door, kneel down to pray, in a manly fashion, before going to bed. I took heart of grace, and did the same, to Joe's secret amazement: boys grow careless and cowardly at college.

The old man was to go on to Louisville the next day by the mail; the stage-coach which had brought him returned the night it came. We knew he would not go until the afternoon, so arranged a hunt for the next morning, eager to test our prowess, and, to be honest, to show it to our new friend. The poor old fellow tumbled out of bed, I remember, that night, with all a Frenchman's vivacity, to show me a trick with the rifle, "to make sure with one bear;" then stowed away his sole baggage—which was a bundle tied up in a blue cotton handkerchief—under his pillow, and was soon snoring soundly.

Joe, Chess, and I were off before the first streak of dawn. I hardly remember the story of our luck, so completely did the incidents that followed efface it. I only recollect that we came in, half-frozen, about the middle of the day, meeting the fat landlord, all greasy suavity, at the door.

"Where is Monsieur La Fonte?" demanded Joe.

"He has gone, genelmen. Went early this mornin'. Come to open his blue bundle, yer know, un fund some papers he'd calkilated on was gone out-er. Was in a terrible kippage, fumed and tore his hair; calkilated he'd dropped 'em in th' bottom o' the stage, yesterday, 'mong th' straw. Money in bank-bills was rolled in th' papers. Gone 'long."

"What did you do?" I asked, sharply; for I suspected the landlord had shuffled off the old man as a doubtful customer.

"What could I do, sir? Did I know where they was? Wanted me to send a messenger after the stage. Lord help you! sir, that stage-coach's one hundred miles gone now! Likely them papers ull ever turn out o' that straw? Heh? Likely?" turning off with a contemptuous laugh.

"Where did he go?" demanded Joe again.

"Went toward Louisville," replied the landlord, after a moment's hesitation. "'Spose the stage'll take him up."

We sat down, Joe and I, to consult. Joe suspected the worst: the landlord had stolen the papers, murdered La Fonte; I, more cool, saw the man was only coarse and selfish, not malignant. We guessed very near what proved afterward to be the fact: that the papers had been dropped in the coach, and that La Fonte, driven to desperation by their loss and the landlord's jeers, had started off on foot. But whither?

We set about the search for the missing man and the missing documents like a couple of Don Quixotes. The landlord, seeing that the Frenchman had such obstinate friends, dropped a word or two of annoyance at having been so "sharp with the poor devil!" "Fact is," he said, at last, "I told him the papers was gone fur good, an' that the sooner he made his way home the better. I'm a poor man, an can't afford to keep hotel fur nothing."

Our search for the man was useless. He had not, we found, been taken up by the coach for Louisville, nor could we hear any account of him on the other road by which he came. Our fear was, that, bewildered by the snow, he had lost his way in some mountain track.

The papers were more easily traced. Leaving Joe to keep guard at the tavern, I took Chess,

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and, going across the country, reached the little village of C——. To be brief with my story, I found, in the inn yard, the coach in which La Fonte had traveled, and aided by the hostler and a lantern, finally dragged out from under the straw a brown paper package—the poor Frenchman's title deed to life.

It was late when I reached the hamlet that evening. A heavy snow had fallen, blocking up the roads, making them almost impassable. The landlord met me, as I dismounted, with a face of woe. "No news of th' poor Frenchy yit? Ef he he'd thought I cared."

I brushed past him, asking for Joe.

"In the bar. Stranger there—stopped by the snow. Won't go on till mornin'. Farmer, I guess. More on 'em lodgin' at the Bull."

I found Joe sitting moodily over the fire, and, sitting down to take off my leggings, began a history of my success in finding the papers, and a hundredth speculation as to La Fonte's fate. The truth was, Joe and I, by dint of being young, in search of adventure, and alone in this dismal hamlet, had worked ourselves into a belief that some mystery lay under our hero's disappearance, and that it was our mission to make it plain. While we talked, the landlord shouldered the mantle-shelf, and Chess, crouching by the fire, threw in notes of explanation to elucidate my story.

"Tink," he wound up, "Provdence sent dis nigger heah, um Mars' John, to see to dat pore furriner."

The farmer, of whom the landlord spoke, sat at the opposite side of the fire, hidden by the shadow. A small man, stooping slightly, wrapped in a coarse overcoat that concealed his face. He seemed to be sleeping. Only once when Joe and I grew unusually vigorous in our talk, I caught a flash of a pair of dark eyes that startled me with their strange, soft brilliance. They were shut when I looked, and the man was breathing heavily again. The clock in the taproom struck ten.

"The wind has made me drowsy," I said. "Go out, Chess, and see that the horses are all right, and then make ready for bed."

It was a long time before the negro returned; lounging, I supposed, as usual about the stables; we sat meanwhile half-dozing about the fire.

The farmer stood up suddenly.

"There is some disturbance outside," he said, in a singularly low, even sweet voice. I noticed that he put his hand quietly to his breast as if to grasp a pistol.

"I dunnot hear none," said the landlord, yawning.

I, myself, heard nothing but the slow sigh of the wind over the snow; but in a few moments footsteps and muffled voices approached rapidly.

"You've a keen ear, stranger," said the landlord.

The door burst open and Chess rushed in, his knees knocking together with horror, and the delight of being the first to communicate horror.

"He's found, Mars' John! Lord, Mars' Joe, he's done starved! dead as um door-nail!"

The farmer sat down again, going off into a doze. Two or three men came in, white with snow, carrying something on a board. It was the body of poor Pierre La Fonte, in his linen surtout, stiff! Dead, I thought, as Joe and I knelt over it.

"We found him," said one of the men, "in an old barn about two mile off. He wor warm enough in the straw. It's hunger ails him, I'm thinkin'."

"He was starving himself to death!" I exclaimed, the truth flashing on me. The farmer came to us at the words. Even the brutal landlord was stung into remorse, chafed his hands, muttering to himself as he did it, "Lord! to think it ud come to this! I'd never ha done it. I'd spoke the critter fair!"

In the hurry and hurly-burly about the man, the farmer only was quiet and silent. Yet, somehow, it was he who held the head steadiest and poured the whiskey into his mouth, getting it down his throat when we all failed; looking critically at the Frenchman's face and head all the time.

"Starvation is a slow suicide," he said, looking at me across the body. "Yet there's something in the man's face that could will it."

La Fonte, when reason returned enough to give him consciousness, pushed back the spirits.

"Let me go," he whispered. "This is cruel."

I brought the papers and held them close to his eyes. He looked at them dully with a faint smile flickering at last in his yellow face. "*C'est bien fait*," he said, "*mais je ne crains pas la mort.*"

"Pierre La Fonte!" exclaimed the farmer, with a quick gesture of recognition, stooping and whispering something in the man's ear.

It acted like an electric shock. La Fonte raised his finger instantly, as in salutation to a superior officer, and struggled to sit up and speak. The other held him down.

"Put him to bed," said he to the landlord. "It is an old acquaintance of mine—I am responsible for all charges."

"M. La Fonte is our guest," I interrupted, rudely.

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The man turned with a smile to Joe and me. A peculiar smile; under the rough, muddy clothes, and felt hat, it suddenly invested the man with power. I am an old man now, but I never have been conscious of a more impressive *presence* than that of this little countryman.

"As you will, gentlemen," he said. "I will not deprive you of a pleasure."

He stood near until La Fonte had slowly recovered strength enough to be carried to his room. Once, when the Frenchman, who watched him closely, despite his deathly weakness, made an effort to speak to him, he put his finger to his lip with a sudden look of caution, and shortly after, being assured that all danger was past, went up to the loft where he was to sleep.

Joe and I watched La Fonte that night. Fever set in; but, half-delirious, he told us the story of his wanderings since the morning when he missed the papers. It was the last blow of a succession of disasters, or the brave heart would not have yielded so readily.

"Ah! *mes camarades*," he said, with a smile very pitiful to see, "it was the thought of the little girl at home! Better for her I went not back at all, than went to be a burden to her. But I was mad. It was cowardly," he added, with a nervous laugh. "I had fasted for two days until the night before. I guarded my money until I reached Washington."

Before daybreak, the landlord tapped at the door beckoning me out.

I went down to the front door, and found, as soon as I could see through the cold fog, the farmer preparing to mount. Some two or three other men on horseback waited for him. He came to me still muffled in his great-coat and shawl.

"Mr. Page, of Randolph county, in Virginia, the landlord tells me?" touching his hat slightly. "A son of Col. Page?"

I bowed proudly.

"Very well," abruptly, yet with the curiously winning voice I had noticed the night before. "Something in your eyes tells me you are ready for a brave, or a kind act. Can you find nothing better to do with your vacation than to slaughter the deers of Bullit county? See, my friend," more earnestly, "I want you to go on to Washington and procure the pension for this old man. What do you say?"

"I thought of that," I said, eagerly. "I never was there; but my father has friends——" I hesitated.

"Yes. Pierre La Fonte is a child. He would be swindled in a day. You will go, then?" with a quick, decisive nod, mounting his horse, and then drawing out a pocket-book and scribbling a few words on a leaf. "Do not embarrass yourself with applications to a dozen officials. Take the old man's papers and this note, and send them, with your address, to ——," naming a cabinet minister. "Tell La Fonte some day soon I hope to do better for him."

He handed me the open paper. There was only a line in cipher on it. "Good-by, my boy," drawing the rein and holding out his hand. An odd hand for a farmer, small, soft as a woman's, with a grasp of iron. "Good-by."

I took off my hat involuntarily, and stood with it in my hand as he rode away.

I went in, and, when La Fonte had wakened, told him of my plan. He made no opposition, being generous enough to accept a kindness, only held my hand in his for a moment. I showed him the papers.

"I understand it not," he said, looking at it. "Monsieur ——, *mon capitaine*, gave it you? It is right."

He did not name the stranger; and though Joe and I were burning up with curiosity, of course we asked no questions. Yet I did not wonder at the quiet reliance the Frenchman placed in this man; the few words I had heard him speak gave me a glimpse of a firm magnetism of power.

I left the hamlet the next morning, Joe and Chess remaining in charge of La Fonte. What if I did enter Washington, a few weeks after, my head agog with expected triumph? How many thousands of office-seekers do the same? Something in the atmosphere dazes a man, as my old uncle Tim used to say. Besides it was my first cause to plead, though not in court, and, in short, I was young

Before I reached the capital, I had persuaded myself that my personal and family recommendations were enough to gain my end, without resort to the mysterious cipher-note. Did you ever try your strength in Washington? Did you ever go there, mighty in provincial fame, and be shuffled, and jostled, and hustled through ante-rooms and clerk's offices, until you began to suspect yourself to be, what everybody thought before, a very powerless person indeed.

Such was the record of my first week's experience. In vain I haunted the bureaus of my father's friends, who spent summer after summer with us. It was always, "Eh! Jack, my boy, come down to dinner, the girls will be delighted! Pension—old man—um—ah—certainly—hand it to the clerk. I'll see to 't."

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I became disgusted with human nature generally. If ever I should be a statesman, or diplomat, with what open ears and liberal hand I would mete out justice! Afterward, when I held my appointment in Spain, bluffing off troublesome American travelers, I thought about it.

One Saturday morning I resolved to try the magic of the stranger's note. I had but little confidence in it by that time; however, I determined to follow his instructions to the letter. Folding up the old man's papers, with my address, I laid the note on top, and took my seat in the reception room of ——, early in the day. I was lucky; my turn came soon. I was ushered into the presence of the great man, who sat stooping on a high office-stool over a day-book, rapping impatiently with his pen on the desk. I named myself, and handed him the package.

"Ah—ha!" he said, studying out the cipher, glancing keenly at me. "Do you know who gave you this? Where did you see him?"

"In a country tavern in Kentucky. I do *not* know."

"Very well," scrawling some words on the paper. "Go home now to your friend, Monsieur—what is it?—La Fonte. It is all right. His pension will be granted. The first remittance will reach Alabama before he does. Good-morning."

I went back to Kentucky. Joe and Chess had been faithful nurses. La Fonte and they had already ventured on one or two rabbit hunts, and come home more hungry than successful.

I need not tell you of the old man's enthusiasm and gratitude, how we all sat round the fire, while I recounted my adventures, to the infinite delight of the whole party. The old soldier had set his heart on carrying the trio back with him to Alabama, to enjoy his new-found wealth. But our vacation was over. I confess I thought of parting with the old man with a sorer heart than I chose to acknowledge; but made him promise that when my mother had written to his daughter, he would bring her to make us a visit at Linn Valley. I knew he was a man after my father's own heart.

On the morning of our departure, however, while Chess and I were in the high tide of preparation, I found Joe loitering over the tap-room fire.

"The truth is, John Page," said he, "I'm going to cut the university for another month, and go home with Monsieur La Fonte. More can be learned from such a narrator as he of our national struggle——"

"Joe Lee," I said, solemnly, "has the old captain been showing you his daughter's likeness?"

Joe colored.

"The La Fontes," he stammered, "are of as good blood——"

"Whew!" I remarked. "Have you got to that?" and so set off for Virginia.

Joe Lee is living now in Accomac—Judge Lee, I mean—with a goodly troop of children and grandchildren. They are marked by their olive complexion, sparking eyes, and a certain picturesque air that sets them apart, from pure Americans, as of foreign extraction. Madam Lee, than whom no more gracious lady lives in Virginia, with her snow-white hair, and her dainty, courtly way, was French, as we all know. Her husband, even now, watches her graceful gesture, and tries to make little Gertrude catch her musical idiom, telling us that she was known in Virginia, when a bride, as *la belle Lyonnaise*.

Her father lived with them for many years, a favorite and hero in all the country circles. But of all after-dinner stories, the one he liked best to dwell on was the time when Joe and I met him in the Kentucky hamlet. The secret of the stranger's name he always guarded inviolate, however. I asked him once to tell it to me, curiosity overcoming courtesy. The old man's face grew pale, and his eye filled. "It is a great name," he said; "but it has gone down in shadow. I love it, John Page, though you curse it often!" and said no more.

In 1827 I was in New York, standing on Broadway, near the dusk of the evening, with a group of friends. I noticed a slight stir among them, as a man approached, and, naturally, turned to look at him, perceiving that they scrupulously kept their heads the other way. The man might have been a leper, so open were the glances of contempt and hate that followed him on every side, a sort of lane being opened for him to pass through. One woman, I observed especially, drew her skirts aside, as from something unclean.

"Bah!" muttered one of my friends, seeing the action. "It was not always so with the gentle creatures! Their king is dethroned now, that's all!"

Meanwhile the man passed down the *pave* quietly, his head bent on his breast, apparently unconscious of notice. As he came near, he glanced up; and, under the white hair that hung down over his forehead, I recognized the same unforgotten eyes, keen and brilliant. He turned into an obscure alley, and the street seemed to breathe freer.

"Who is it?" I demanded, impatiently.

"Aaron Burr!" was the answer.

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I followed him eagerly; but he was out of sight.

Going down the street, I hope I judged him with the summer charity, which, whatever may have been his crimes, made part of his own strange nature, muttering to myself his favorite lines:

"One point must still be greatly dark—
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How much, perhaps, they rue it!"

LILLIAN.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

When Spring in joyous mood had cast
Her flowery treasures o'er the earth,
From exile called the merry birds,
And bid the green-wood ring with mirth:

A fairer treasure did she bring,
More sweet to ear, and eye, and heart—
A something formed to bless this world,
Yet from its shadows shrined apart.

She came. The sluggish stream of life
Glad in its new-found channel ran;
My heart turned to its earlier dreams,
And found their truth in Lillian.

And mists and clouds of grief and sin
Were by her gentle light dispelled;
Her baby fingers, weak and small,
The cup of my salvation held.

Long years passed on, and brought to me
The brow of care, the heart of doubt;
To her—the glow of youth's sweet prime,
And faith which earth is hell without.

As Spring might lean her tender cheek
Against stern Winter's grizzly face,
So nestled to my worldliness
My Lillian's true and angel grace.

Her beauty still sublimed the soul,
E'en while it fresher stirred the blood;
Her purity was sin's reproof,
And from the sunlight of her good

Dark evil fled. She little knew
How much her gentle spirit wrought—
How, from each look and tone of hers,
My soul some holy impulse caught.

All things to her were beautiful,
The humblest flower a treasure rare;
Each odorous wind that stirred the leaves,
To her did some sweet message bear.

The crimson glories of the morn,
The starry splendors of the night—
All lovely shapes, all pleasant sounds
Could thrill her soul with wild delight.

The meanest thing upon this earth
Was something God's own hand had formed;
And the most fallen child of sin,
To life, by breath divine, was warmed.

Oh! when I saw my Lillian stand,
With clasped hands, and eyes on Heaven,
It almost seemed as to her gaze
The unseen glories might be given!

Not long, not long—her eager glance
Upon the pearly gates were fixed—
Not long: for her this world and Heaven,
The crystal walls rose bright betwixt.

E'en while I clasped my Lillian's hand,
I felt her pinions sweep my brow,
Heard the unfolding golden gates—
I strove submissively to bow,

And say, "Oh! God, Thy will be done!"
This ever more my prayer shall be,
Where she has left a track of light,
"Oh! give me strength to walk to Thee!"

SUNSHINE AFTER A SHOWER.

BY DANIEL W. FELLER.

The storm has ceased, the rain is o'er,
And clouds obscure the sky no more;
The darksome gloom, in one short hour,
Has fled as if by magic power.

The sun breaks forth; its golden ray
Appears to all, and seems to say—
How strange so bright and shining spark
Could issue from a cloud so dark!

The flower that, even in its bloom,
Seemed veiled in darkness and in gloom,
Assuming now its native grace,
Displays to view its smiling face.

The rose lifts, too, its drooping head
From off its mossy, fragrant bed;
The trees, the flowers, the waving grain,
Through flowing tears, now smile again.

Oh! lovely sunshine! thou dost cheer
The soul, when dark, and cold, and drear;
Thy beauteous rays sweet joys impart
That lift the burden from the heart!

Then, when the storms of life are past,
And howling winds are hushed at last,
May we rest from that storm so vile,
In the bright sunshine of God's smile.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the dance was over, and the floor still quivering from the rebound of spirited feet, Charles Edward drew his partner quietly through the crowd and led her into the recess formed by the tent-like drapery over one of the windows. The gay multitude drew back to allow the splendid young pair free passage, and fell away from the window, affording the Prince the privacy which he evidently sought; for, as he passed on, the gay young man called out, in his light, joyous voice,

"On with the dance, my lords! Your Highland reels tax me worse than a battle. A moment's breathing—and I will be foremost with you, if the fair lady deigns to be my teacher once more."

A brilliant smile passed over Flora Macdonald's face. It was not in human nature for a spirited young girl, fired with romantic ambition, not to feel elated by homage so undisguised and lofty. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were one flush of roses, her step was light as it had been in the dance—and that was like the poise of a bird when it touches a tree bough. There was something superb in the joyous grace with which that young couple trod the oaken floors of Holyrood; and when they paused beneath that tent-like drapery, partially screened from public view, it was like the grouping of a picture.

"But for this hand," said Charles Edward, "I might have been lying on the steps of that ruined altar down in the old chapel yonder!"

Flora shuddered.

"And, after that," he added, gazing down upon her with ardent gratitude, "how can I thank, how repay——"

"My Prince, forbear! These words wound me. I was scarcely myself, but acting in a dream. Do not thank me in this fashion!"

"But you saved my life——"

"Perhaps—I do not know! But even then, if I could have done that by giving the last drop of blood in my veins, it is no more than the Stuart has a right to claim of the best Macdonald that ever lived!"

"And because the Stuarts are kings, you would exclude them from the sweet privileges of gratitude—of love?"

The last words were spoken in a voice of thrilling impressiveness that made Flora shrink away from him and catch her breath.

"Why do you start, lady?"

"My Prince, I have no right to gratitude—and—and as to the other word——"

"Well, sweet one, the other word? Is it forbidden to a Stuart on Scottish soil, that your cheeks grow so white all at once?"

"Forbidden? Oh, no! if a Stuart could find his mate in the realm! But a nation has only one royal family, and its princes find no equals!"

"Is there no royalty in beauty and courage then?"

Flora lifted her fine eyes till her glance met his steadily.

"None, my Prince, that would warrant a subject in listening to such words, if they mean anything, from the lips of a sovereign!"

"Nay, sweet, this is more cruel than the blow from which you saved me! Is my voice so terrible that it frightens all the bloom from that face? Nay, smile, or those who are watching us so keenly will think their Prince has commenced playing the tyrant before his foot is well planted in the kingdom."

Flora strove to obey him, but the very glance of his eyes drove the color back from her face as she made the attempt.

A shadowy frown flitted over the young man's face. He drew back and glanced for a moment toward the dancers. Flora shrunk away toward the window and looked out into the night. Great gleams of radiance fell from the palace, drawing the trees and grass out of their shadows, and touching them with russet gold. All at once she started and drew back, with a low cry.

"Back! back, out of the light!" she whispered, seizing Charles Edward by the arm.

Even in her wild fright, the young girl had wonderful self-command. The cry which escaped her was distinct to the Prince from its

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intensity, but no one else heard it. He stepped back, and thus placed some folds of drapery between his person and the window; but, not content with this, Flora, with a quick movement, placed herself full against the sash, through which her figure was revealed clear as day.

"It is the same figure!" she whispered, hoarsely. "See—nay, do not look! But he is creeping back among the shrubbery. That gleam of light struck his quiver. He is gone now."

She drew a heavy breath and began to tremble, casting vague glances now and then over her shoulder.

"Go," she said, forgetting all forms in her anxiety. "Do not stand here. He may come again. His weapon was up. A moment more—oh! this is terrible!"

The Prince took her hand and wrung it in his intense thankfulness.

"Again you have saved my life—saved Scotland, perchance!" he said.

She struggled a little and drew her hand from his clasp. A flood of almost angry crimson swept up to her face. A little way off stood a young man, apart from the dancers, looking upon the two persons in the window; and this it was which sent those wild flashes of red over her face.

This person was Dougal Carr. But his keen glance comprehended more of the scene than Flora imagined. He did not dream of the love passages, but of the danger which beset the Prince. That scene in the chapel had put him on the alert, and during the whole evening he had not for a moment lost sight of the Prince, always hovering around him as closely as respect to the royal person would permit.

Dougal saw the abrupt action of Flora Macdonald, and, guessing its cause, darted from the room down the line of guarding soldiers in the dim passages and into the palace grounds. A tangled wilderness it was that he plunged into; long, coarse grass, ragged thickets, and trees heavy with foliage, but bristling with dead branches, surrounded him everywhere. Profound darkness, cut through with great golden paths of light, made a contrast that was almost appalling. There was a fresh wind rippling among the leaves that confused his hearing; but once or twice Dougal fancied that there was a heavier rustling among the thickets than that could have produced. This brought him more than once into the shadows, then into the broad light again.

He stood a moment, wondering if it were not all a delusion. The shadows flickering down from a heavy tree-branch sheltered his face from the full light, but left his person exposed. He was about the height of Charles Edward, tall and slender, with that royal air which has been mentioned more than once. The Highland costume left little opportunities for distinction of rank to be discovered from the dress. He stood, listening for the sound that had convinced him of the presence of an enemy, partly concealed, partly exposed, as I have described. Everything but the wind was silent. The regular thud of dancing feet came to him from the palace; but that in no way diminished a sense of stillness in the grounds.

Whir—flash, an arrow plunged through the leaves across the path of light and pierced him. He saw it cleave the golden brightness, and felt it quivering in his flesh at the same instant. Seizing the shaft of the arrow with one hand, he did not pause to wrench it from the wound, but plunged into the undergrowth, for now he distinctly heard a rustling in the leaves, as if some wild animal were forcing its way through; and leaped upon the track, perchance to fall there.

Flora saw all this from her place at the window; for, after Dougal left the room, she had retreated to her old place, and, heedless of the Prince, was looking forth upon the grounds, her pale lips apart, and her eyes black with anxiety. There was no power of blushes in Flora Macdonald's frame then; the very blood in her heart seemed turning to ice. She checked the eloquent gratitude of the Stuart as if he had been a common servant lad.

"Hush! he will find him—there will be death!"

As she spoke, the arrow flew across her vision, cutting the very strings of her heart. A leap into the darkness. Was it to die? Had the arrow pierced his heart, and was that the last agonized death bound?

She put the Prince aside. The white face was turned toward him an instant, and she was gone.

Soldiers on guard, who had seen Flora Macdonald enter the palace scarcely an hour before, in the rich bloom of her beauty, recognized her now with astonishment. Her rose-tinted raiment was the same; the imperial air, the gentle grace—but her features were locked, her eyes had changed their soft color. The very curve of her neck seemed chiseled from marble. She passed on swiftly through the long passages and into the grounds as Dougal had done. At another time the soldiers might have smiled to see a lady, so young and splendid, following closely on the track of the handsomest youth

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in Charles Edward's army; but there was something in that face which crushed such thoughts even in the bosoms of those rude men, and Flora passed forth, leaving a vague, wondering homage behind her, such as a bewildered angel might have inspired.

She stood a moment in the black shadow of the palace, gave a keen look all around, and turned into the river of light which lay beneath the window she had occupied. She reached the great tree that had but half-sheltered Dougal, tore her way through the long grass that he had cleared with a single leap, and penetrated the darkness beyond, parting the wet shrubbery with her hands, and calling out in a clear, pathetic voice,

"Is any one here? Is any one hurt?"

No answer came. The darkness was profound, and even the wind had hushed itself for the moment. Oh! how she prayed for a light of any kind with which to penetrate that black depth of leaves, and find of a certainty that he was not lying dead beneath them. She longed to tear up the illuminated glass and force it to light her on. Again she called out, but with growing anguish in her voice,

"Speak to me—oh! speak to me if there is any one here! I am alone, but can bring help. Give me but a groan, a sigh, to lead me where you have fallen. I am Flora Macdonald."

"And what is Flora Macdonald doing here?" said a voice directly behind her.

Flora turned and saw Luke, the hunchback, standing close by her. She drew slowly back, holding up both hands in a wild gesture of repulsion.

"You—you unhappy wretch! Miserable wretch, was it you?" she cried out.

"Yes, fair lady, it is I—miserable that I am always to bring disappointment when a maiden finds my misshapen person in the place of some handsome gallant. I am used to loathing gestures, but not quite so vehement as these. Pray, have I offended in passing through these grounds?"

"Offended? Great heaven! that a man can talk thus with murder close by!"

The anguish and horror which broke out in her voice made Luke recoil; but it was as a serpent tightens its folds for a spring; the glitter of his eyes was so terrible that she could see nothing else.

"Did you say murder, lady?"

Flora had forgotten that it was Dougal Carr's brother to whom she was speaking: in truth, she had never thoroughly realized the fact.

"Did you say murder, lady?"

Luke repeated the question in a low, sharp voice, that would have terrified a woman less occupied with one great fear.

"Murder!" she cried, turning sharply upon him. "Murder! Yes, I saw the arrow fly—I saw him leap into the air and down again into the blackness yonder. He is dead—dead! I have searched and searched—called aloud—you heard me; but he is dead and cannot hear!"

She wrung her hands in frantic grief.

"Dead, lady! Well, what then? It is but one man; and had he lived, to-morrow or next day might have witnessed the slaughter of a thousand better men."

"Better men! you slander him. There was not his equal in the whole world. So brave, so grandly beautiful, and now lying dead—dead!"

"But how know you this? The flight of an arrow does not always kill."

Flora ceased wringing her hands and looked earnestly at him; the breath bated on her lips, and a dull aching flutter at her heart.

"But he does not answer. Hark! how still everything is! Yet I saw him leap upward before the blackness engulfed him. Still, still you may be right. What if he has only fainted? I will alarm the guard. With their flambeaux they will find him."

She turned and began to run toward the palace. Luke seized her by the garments.

"Stop!" he commanded her sharply.

"Stop! No. If he is only wounded. One moment may be life or death! Why should I stop? Take off your hands!"

"Stop, I say again!"

"Stop! How dare you—miserable? Ha! I remember, you are his brother; unnatural! Let me go for help."

"His brother—I *his* brother!"

"She told me so, Katharine Fraser told me that you were Dougal's Carr's brother. I did not admit it—I don't believe it now!"

"Dougal Carr! I——"

The hunchback seemed to shrink up; the teeth began to chatter behind his white lips.

"Dougal Carr, what of him?"

"What of him? He is in there, murdered, I tell you!" she cried, pointing toward the black shrubbery with her finger. "I saw the arrow pierce him!"

A gurgling sound, something between a cry and a groan, broke from the hunchback. He relaxed his hold on her dress; but his hand was still extended, the fingers working wildly, as if they struggled to grapple some terrible truth.

"Dougal, my brother!"

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The words came forth in a low wail. He fell upon the wet grass, clenching it to his face with both hands.

Flora turned to run for help, but he sprang up and hunted her down.

"Not a word—not a sign, on your life!"

"I must, I will. Help! ho!"

The words were crushed back to her mouth by the hunchback. His hand pressed her lips so fiercely that she began to struggle for breath.

"Be still! Dougal is my brother. I have a right to save him my own way. Stop screaming and help me!"

She remembered the agony of his first cry, and obeyed.

Luke plunged among the thickets, parting them with fierce strength that his companion might follow, which she did fearlessly. They passed through the first thicket, across an opening, and into a denser mass of shrubbery, which had once been rare, but was now falling back into wild nature, forgetting how to blossom. Here, in the intense darkness, Luke groped his way, and, lifting some burden in his long, powerful arms, dragged it forward, allowing the branches to sweep back into Flora's face. She heeded it not, but followed close, grasping at the folds of some garment that fell from the body which Luke was carrying forward with the power of a giant.

Some gleams of spirit light now reached them from the palace. They were at the foot of an old oak, and for a little distance the earth was clear and covered over with short mossy grass. Upon this Luke laid his burden with the face upward. Then with both hands he tore away the tartan, leaving the neck and chest bare. He pressed his hand down upon the heart—he bent his lips to the lifeless mouth, searching for one sign of breath. Flora fell upon her knees, and, pushing away the dwarf, laid her cheek against the glowing chest, and her own heart stopped beating as she listened for his.

Luke submitted to be put aside. He was meek as a child now.

Flora lifted her face and whispered,

"Try again. It may be the stir of my own breath."

Luke fell down by his brother, lay breathless a moment, and then leaped to his feet.

"Hold his head up so. There, there, steady."

He stooped down, swept up moisture from the grass and dashed it over that pale face. A faint moan followed, then a gush of weeping, and Flora's warm tears mingled with the cooling dew that had brought Dougal Carr back to life and pain.

"Oh! if I had but light to remove the arrow!" said Luke.

"I will go—hold his head. I can get a light from one of the soldiers," cried Flora.

A faint voice answered them.

"It is needless. I fainted in tearing the arrow from my shoulder."

"And are you badly hurt, Dougal?"

"Not so badly that I would not have caught the assassin, but for the arrow-head grinding against the bone. I stooped to tear it out and he escaped me."

This was said in a very faint voice, broken with shuddering gasps for breath.

Luke was on his knees feeling for the wound. "If I had only something with which to staunch the blood," he said.

Flora tore the rich yellow lace from her bosom and arms in handfuls, which Luke received and applied in eager haste, blessing her deep in his heart of hearts.

"Now if we could but carry him to some safe place," he said, "all might be well. I have leech-craft enough to dress his wound and keep down the fever, thanks to the old books in our chief's library; but the palace is no place for a wounded man."

"Take him to my aunt's house," said Flora, eagerly. "I will go for help."

"Not so," whispered the wounded man. "Dear lady, you forget the charge of secrecy given us in the chapel. Until the Prince decides otherwise, my hurt must be kept secret."

"But the assassin——" Flora broke off short, the hard breathing of the hunchback frightened her. But she recovered herself directly.

"My aunt's carriage is outside the walls; if we could only find some way out and thus evade the guards," she said.

"There is a breach in the wall not far from here, I saw it this morning," whispered the wounded man.

"You could not carry him, I fear," said Flora, addressing the hunchback.

"Yes, if he were twice the weight," was the prompt reply. "Give him into my arms; go before us and keep the branches from striking him. Yonder is the break he tells of."

Flora resigned her charge with a smothered sigh, and arose to search out the way. Luke lifted his brother with more thoughtful tenderness than had marked his first impetuous movements; and, with a few clear directions, guided the young girl as she searched out a path for them.

At last they reached a broken place in the wall, and Flora clambered over, trying the

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stones with her daintily clad feet, and trailing her rich garments over them with a sort of pleasure. Could she have swept the wounded man's path with the tresses of her glorious hair, Flora Macdonald would have rejoiced in it.

Lady Clanranald's carriage stood near the broken wall, just withdrawn from the lights which illuminated the grand entrance to the palace. The heavy coachman sat on his ponderous charge sound asleep; for ale and wine had flowed freely in every Jacobite house in Edinburgh that night, and the servants were not backward in proving their loyalty.

"It is fortunate; let him sleep," whispered Luke. "Is your hand strong enough to lift the leathern curtain? Try."

Flora mounted the massive step and rolled up the curtain, leaving a free passage, which Luke cleared at once and laid his burden on one of the broad seats. Then Flora went up to the drowsy coachman and called him sharply by name. He started upright, looked defiantly at the open space before him, and demanded if her ladyship was coming.

"No, you are to drive me and some friends home first, and then return here to wait for my aunt. Drive very carefully, Davie, remember," she added; "for I am aweary beyond anything, and, if an accident should happen, my lady might fancy it was from sleepiness after too much ale."

This adroit hint had its effect, and the heavy carriage performed its short journey with less pain to the wounded man than might have been expected from its springless state and ark-like proportions. When it once reached the house, the coachman had fallen back into a semi-dreamful state; and, as the streets of Edinburgh were sparsely lighted in those days, the wounded man was carried into the house, and up stairs to a pleasant chamber in the old mansion, without any person being the wiser; for the household servants were still more confused than the coachman, having gained the advantage of extra libations from the time which he had dozed away on his box.

The wounded man was laid on the great high-posted bedstead, sensible, but in evident pain. Flora would gladly have remained by his side to help and give what comfort lay in her power; but Luke, who had now gained his entire self-possession, quietly decided that she should arrange her dress and go back with the carriage, while he remained by his brother. His cool decision had its effect on the young girl, especially after Dougal had enforced it by a few whispered words.

She ran to her chamber, changed the rose-colored robe for one of a kindred tint, replaced the torn lace, and, in a few minutes, came down stairs again, looking fresh and lovely as ever, save that her cheeks were pale, and her eyes heavy with the lassitude of exhausted feeling. As Flora drove up to the palace a second time, undecided how to act, and doubtful if she could reach Lady Clanranald without difficulty, she saw her cousin standing near the entrance, looking anxiously toward the spot where he had doubtless expected to find his mother's carriage. Flora leaned out of the window.

"Clanranald!"

The young man's face brightened, and he stepped forward.

"Why, Flora, you have given your aunt such a fright—and the Prince too! He has twice inquired for you!"

Flora motioned her cousin to draw closer; then, leaning toward him, she whispered,

"They have attempted his life again. As we stood together at the window, I saw some one aim an arrow at him from the grounds. I pushed him away out of danger; afterward the assassin mistook Dougal Carr for the Prince, I am sure of it. He is badly wounded. I saw it all. We have just carried him to your house. Now take me up to the state-chamber; they must not guess that I have been away."

Clanranald stood lost in amazement; he could hardly believe his senses. But Flora's pale face and excited manner convinced him, and he instantly saw the prudence of her movement. Just at this time, when it was so necessary to convince the world of the popularity Charles Edward possessed in Scotland, publicity to these attempts upon his life would be a grave political error, the importance of which he fully understood.

"And this attempt is unknown, you say, Flora?"

"Entirely, except to the hunchback—you remember him—Luke Carr, Dougal's brother. Not even the coachman there, thanks to my aunt's strong ale, knows anything about it. See how I tremble, cousin! If I could only go to bed and cry now, in place of all that rush and music, it would be heaven!"

"No, Flora, you must be a heroine to the last! Poor child! how your hands shake! There—lean heavily as you like. They will only think you weary from dancing. Say nothing of this to my mother till we get home. Poor young man! Is he much hurt?"

Had Clanranald looked down then, he would have seen tears start into his cousin's eyes and

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a pressure of the lips; but after a moment she answered him calmly enough, and, thus leaning on his arm, seemed to be chatting pleasantly as they walked through the guards up to the state-chamber.

Lady Clanranald stood near the temporary throne, looking weary and anxious. She had missed Flora from the room, and when the Prince came up, inquiring for her, the mystery of her disappearance became painful. There was no slight commotion among this party when Flora entered the state-chamber again. Leaning quietly on the arm of her cousin, Lady Clanranald stepped forward, eager and anxious.

"Why, Flora, where have you been?"

"The room was close, and my cousin found the dance too much for her; so we took a turn in the grounds," said Clanranald, smiling.

"Nay, is it only that? Fortunately you are her cousin, or this might create scandal!" answered the mother, with a tone of displeasure in her voice.

"Nothing so cruel can reach this fair maiden in our poor court, while Charles Edward is its center," said the Prince, in a low voice, drawing close to Lady Clanranald.

Flora turned a grateful glance upon him. Lady Clanranald looked at them both with proud scrutiny. She felt that something was kept from her. Katharine Fraser, too, wore a pained and almost haughty look. The Prince observed it, and a gleam of intelligence lighted his face.

"By your leave, Clanranald, I will release you from attendance on Mistress Flora, and find her a seat near yon open window."

Charles Edward, assuming the privileges of his position, awaited no answer, but, taking Flora's hand from her cousin's arm, led her away, forcing a smile upon his anxious face.

"What is this?" whispered Lady Clanranald, turning imperiously upon her son.

"Hush! mother, his life has been assailed a second time. A man has been hurt; but it is important that all is kept secret. See, the dance lags; they are watching us."

Lady Clanranald's face cleared. She understood everything, and instantly assumed an air of composure.

"Join the dance with our guest," she said, smiling upon Katharine. "Flora is a brave creature. No wonder kings are ready to render her homage!"

She drew near the window where Charles and his companion were standing.

"Not here; a little on one side," Flora had pleaded, as the Prince paused before an open sash. "The assassin may be prowling round the palace even yet."

"And was it, in good sooth, an attempt to kill me?" questioned the Prince.

"A man was wounded in your stead, my Prince—a young soldier, who saw the danger and went out to punish the murderer."

"Indeed!"

"The assassin mistook him for a more exalted person. He is young and tall, with the air of a monarch!" she said, with enthusiasm.

"Nay, sweet one, whom do these praises reach first: this brave gallant, or the poor Prince whose life he has helped to save?"

Flora blushed crimson, and a grave look settled on the handsome face bent over her.

"Who was the man?" asked Charles Edward, in a changed voice.

"One of those who came to our aid in the chapel, my liege. A young man who rides with the Master of Lovat; his name is Dougal Carr."

"And is he badly hurt?"

"Wounded in the shoulder by an arrow. He had fainted in the grounds, and but for a poor, hunchbacked creature, who came to help me, must have died."

"And it was to save him you left me so suddenly? I could not believe my senses. It seemed as if the crowd had swept you off like a whirlpool. I sought for you everywhere. But how is the young man bestowed? He must not be left to die."

"He is in my aunt's house, and will be well cared for till we get home. After that, Clanranald will seek out a leach, if one is needed," answered Flora; and the rich fullness of her voice betrayed the happiness which the thought of having him in her own house gave.

The Prince looked down gravely. He remembered the youth, his splendid beauty, and the gallant bearing which distinguished him. The thought that this person was to be under the same roof with the young creature at his side disturbed Charles Edward more than he would have liked to confess. Flora cast a wistful glance at his face.

"Are you offended at anything, my Prince?"

"Offended? No, only grateful, and sad that Lady Clanranald should be incommoded in our behalf. There is a skillful leach in our suit; the young man shall be brought here, privately, and placed under his care."

"Nay, it would be dangerous to move him," Flora interposed, in breathless haste. "Besides, the palace is so full of rude noises!"

The Prince frowned.

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"Still, we must not allow the Macdonalds to assume all our debts of gratitude," he said.

That moment Lady Clanranald came up, forgetting all forms of etiquette in her excitement.

"My Prince, what can this mean? Can the Hanoverian have found assassins to commence work at this early day? My poor niece! no wonder you look so weary! Let us go home. I shall have no rest till assured that this poor youth's hurt is not mortal!"

"Yes, yes; let us go!" said Flora, brightening up.

The Prince made no opposition, but his brow darkened.

"If I could but go with you and thank this brave lad!" he said. "But it cannot be. To-morrow, by your leave, fair dame, I will find a moment and visit him."

There was something which betrayed dissatisfaction in Charles Edward's voice; but Lady Clanranald was so excited by what she had heard, that it escaped her, and Flora was so anxious to return home that she heeded nothing else.

CHAPTER XIV.

Luke Carr sat upon his brother's bed, watching the changes of pain on that young face with a sharp anxiety that made him wince with every spasm that disturbed the wounded man. He had applied such simple remedies to the shoulder as his reading suggested; but the arrow had sunk too deep for simple handling. The flesh had been lacerated by the wrench which Dougal had given it in tearing out the weapon, and something even worse than this seemed to inflame his shoulder and increase its anguish. But the young man bore up bravely, and stifled the moans that pain would have wrung from a less heroic soul. Now and then his firm white teeth were ground together, and tears sprang to his eyes; but he made no complaint, only muttering once or twice, "Better me than him! Better me than him!"

At last Luke called out,

"Dougal! Dougal, is the pain so sharp?"

"It is nothing," whispered the wounded youth, through his clenched teeth.

"Does it burn? Is the wound hot?" cried the hunchback, with a degree of anxiety that became almost ferocious.

"Yes, Luke, hot and burning!"

A curse came grinding its way out through Luke's clenched teeth, crushing words together that might have explained something, had they been permitted to escape in language.

"I wish they would come! I wish some one would come and sit with him, while I run home and get at the truth. There is a remedy for everything in science; I will find it out."

Just then the heavy, lumbering roll of carriage wheels shook the pavement, and stopped, with a clang, at Lady Clanranald's door. The eyes of the sick man grew wistful, his nerves relaxed in the strife against pain, and he listened.

"It is her step! It is her step!" he whispered.

Luke sprang off the bed and stole into the hall, breathing short and heavily.

Flora Macdonald and Kate Fraser were coming up the oaken stairs, their rich dresses gleaming in the light which fell from silver sconces in the hall, their faces pale with exhaustion; the silken clad feet that had touched them so lightly in going down, now paused on every step. They had gone forth like crimson colored roses with the dew on them, and came back like the same flowers after the overbloom of a hot sun.

Luke met them on the stairs, for excitement had made him audacious. He addressed Katharine Fraser with scant ceremony, as if she had been his own sister.

"Kate, Mistress Kate, step in and stay with him. I must go home; there is a remedy I must find out, but cannot leave him alone; and none of the servants should be trusted, he says."

Kate paused. Her heart yearned toward the poor youth, but she remembered the words he had used, and the look he had given her in the room below; then thought of Clanranald, and drew back, hardening that gentle heart from terror of doing a wrong to the man she loved.

"No, Luke, it is not meet. I am but a guest here. Stay with Dougal yourself. Is he much hurt?"

"Pass on," said the hunchback, fiercely. "Woman without a heart, pass on; here is one who will not falter. Lady, come with me—you are no coward!"

"Is he worse? Is he dead?" cried Flora, turning her white face upon the hunchback, pushing past Kate Fraser, and passing through the door of the sick man's room. "Oh, my God! he is dead!"

She entered the vast chamber lighted only at one end, leaving shadows all along the walls, broken into deeper blackness by masses of ponderous furniture grouped at a distance from the great high bed, like grotesque monsters that had gone to sleep guarding it.

Pale gleams of light fell across the bed, and were drank up by the heavy crimson curtains,

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till they seemed scarcely more than wine stains dashed among the folds; underneath these curtains lay the wounded man, pale as death, and listening with all his soul. Flora came forward, and the light fell upon her court dress, filling the spot where she stood with a rosy glow, in abrupt contrast with the darkness around. A pair of glittering eyes were watching for her from the bed; the lids fell over them, and a groan of cruel disappointment broke through the white lips just parted with expectation.

The groan was music to Flora's ears. She sprang toward the bed, fell upon her knees and burst into a passion of tears, stifled back by the velvet counterpane which she held to her mouth.

The noise of her stifled passion aroused the young man.

"Do not weep, lady," he murmured.

Flora hushed herself.

"Is there only one here?" he asked.

"Only one, Flora Macdonald," she answered. "I have come to sit by you—to help you—pray for you, anything that will appease your pain!"

The youth moaned. Flora rose from her knees and bent over him; her soft, unequal breath fanned his face; the drooping waves of her hair brushed his face. She would have given the world to touch his forehead with her lips, but pure love made her timid—she who had received kingly homage without a flutter of the heart.

She lingered fondly over him, putting back the moist hair from his forehead with fingers that touched him like rose-leaves. Some sweet throe of her heart went out from her bosom in this gentle ministration, and the youth felt it above and beyond his pain. He drew a deep breath, and his eyelids fluttered downward. She changed his pillow a little, cooling it with her hands; then she bent down her face and whispered,

"Have I done you good? Do you love to have me here?"

"Yes," he whispered, "I love—I love——"

The sentence was not ended. He fell asleep with the sweet word, "love," upon his lips.

Lady Clanranald came to the door. Flora stole out, her eyes bright, her face all aglow with the perfume that one word had sent up from her heart.

"He sleeps, dear aunt," she said, pressing two clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to hide something there. "He sleeps, and you will but disturb him. Let me watch till his brother comes."

"But you are weary. Let me watch."

"Weary? Oh! no; on the contrary, I am rested and so wakeful. It seems as if I never should be tired again. Go to rest, aunt; kiss me, dear, dear aunt, and go to rest!"

Lady Clanranald was very tired, and yielded to this sweet persuasion, giving the kiss her niece craved before she went to her own chamber.

Again Flora was alone, close by the bed, watching the young man as he slept. If he moaned, a spasm of pain contracted her white forehead—if he sighed, her sweet mouth was all in a tremble, like that of a little child when it is half-frightened, half-grieved. Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful than her pure face, as the dim light revealed all these feelings passing over it in gleams and shadows.

She asked no questions of herself that night. The world and its conventionalities were thrust outside of her life. Flora thought not if this man was of high or low degree; all that she knew or cared, just then, was, that he had twice shared her danger, and that she loved him with her whole being. The only anxiety that beset her now was a fear that Luke would return and break up the heaven of that silent watch.

Dougal struggled in his sleep; hot flushes came and went on his cheek, at last burning there in a crimson fire. Flora felt that something more subtle than the tear of an arrowhead was aching in his wound. He muttered in his sleep; ordered troops to charge and rush onward; leaped horses over wild chasms and swam them across rivers, describing the fearful dangers of the progress in wild language that stirred the blood like a trumpet.

In the midst of all this, Dougal started up and would have sprang to the floor, but his watcher threw her arms around him and held him close, soothing him with a thousand endearing words, that she would not have uttered in his sensible state for the world. She found a fascination in this, a deep stolen pleasure that thrilled her with delight; for sometimes he answered back with thanks that seemed to her like assurances of affection, and then the proud blood in her veins swelled triumphantly. Yet this was a simple mountain boy, upon whom Kate Fraser looked down with lofty compassion. She thought of this, and rose above Kate Fraser in her soul. Had not she, Flora Macdonald, that very night, listened to the passionate adulation of a Stuart, and with a still heart? Yet her very being humbled itself before this stranger. Noble, of course he was noble; the king's patent might be wanting; but at one time even the lords of the Isle had started from his level.

But at last the fever became too strong for

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her. The young man raved, not of Kate Fraser, his secret lay too deep down in an honorable heart for that; and truths seldom come to the surface in fevers, all romancers to the contrary notwithstanding. He was taming a wild horse, and in the imaginary struggle hurt his shoulder, till a sharp cry of pain escaped him.

Flora, pale with affright, was struggling with him when the hunchback returned. He was pale with anxiety, and great drops stood on his forehead.

"I cannot find it," he said; "the book has been left behind at Dounie. I have no skill. See how the fever rages! He must die! He must die!"

The words froze Flora where she stood. "Die!" she whispered, in vague horror. "Did you say that?"

Dougal had raved himself quiet, and lay with his lips apart panting on the pillow.

Luke bent over him, pale and shuddering.

"Bring me a light."

Flora went to the table and brought a lamp between her cold hands. She held it firmly, the jet of flame scarcely quivered. The hunchback with one word had frozen her into stillness.

Luke unwound the bandages from Dougal's shoulder, and removed the costly lint from the wound. A low cry burst from him, and, covering his face with both hands, he shook violently from head to foot.

"It is so! It is so!" he moaned.

"What?" questioned the girl, in a low, sharp voice.

"The arrow was poisoned!"

"And he must die?"

"I had an antidote. It cannot be found. Yes, he must die!"

They stood looking at each other, these two wretched beings, struck with a horror so terrible that the pulses of life seemed to stop. The drops grew thick and large upon Luke's forehead, gleaming there like rain upon marble. Flora stood before him dumb and white. All at once a cry broke from her—a cry followed by a look so brilliantly wild that it struck the hunchback with dismay. She crowded between him and the bed, removed the linen garment from Dougal's shoulder, and, bending down, pressed her mouth upon the wound.

The instant Luke understood this movement, his limbs began to tremble under him, and the drops fell in a rain from his face. He clutched the massive bed-post with both hands, as if the strain on his muscles could help that noble girl forward in her perilous work.

Never did a human lip press kisses on beloved lips more gladly than Flora Macdonald drank the poison from that wounded shoulder. Sometimes the patient winced and muttered in his delirium; but she gave no heed, only pressing her mouth closer, searching eagerly for the poison, afraid to pause lest he should die.

At last, Luke, who had been watching the sick man's face, saw how peaceful it had become, and removed the young girl by gentle force.

"It is enough. You have saved him—saved more than you will ever know of," he cried; and great tears rolled heavily from his eyes. "Oh! lady, lady, I could perish to prove how grateful this has made me!"

Flora made no answer, but turned her pale, bewildered face on him, parted her lips as if a smile were struggling for expression, and fell to the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PICTURE IN MEMORY'S HALL.

BY LOUISE SMITH.

THERE'S a picture fair, with a gilding rare,
Hung in memory's sacred hall;
Where the shadow creeps, and the sunlight peeps
O'er the white and sculptured wall.

There's a sunny slope, and a babbling brook,
And a voice with its music clear;
There's a wreath of flowers, culled in sunlit hours,
With a childhood's crystal tear;

And a mystic dream, robed in dazzling sheen,
When the heart, like a verdant plain,
Was unsoiled by blight, or by sorrow's night,
Nor tinged with a sombre stain.

There's a new-made grave, where the willows wave,
And a pall of a sable hue—
Where the wild flowers bow, ov'r a mother's brow,
And the starlight gems the dew.

And along that wall, where the shadows fall,
Is a deepening storm-cloud drear—
Where the zigzag light pencils pathways bright,
And the loud, loud tempests roar.

But a ray serene, 'mid the gloomy scene,
Beams bright on the spirit's eye,
As the clouds are riven, by the light of Heaven,
And disperse from the mental sky.

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A PLAIN STORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was done at last. Jane Holbrooke folded up the manuscript and leaned back in her chair with a sigh of relief, such as only one can feel who has just ended a day of severe mental exertion.

I am afraid she looked neither poetical nor romantic as she sat there; and, authoress though she was, her thoughts, if she was not too weary to have any, were of so commonplace a character, that they would possibly have astonished any of her young and enthusiastic admirers. Her eyes ached, and she felt so decidedly irritable, that it was just as well of her to sit there alone until a little rest enabled her to change her mood in some slight degree.

Do not let me deceive anybody in the outset. Jane was not a young girl who wrote poetry because she could not help it, or strung fancied sorrows into improbable romances. In fact, she had been ten years before the public, and had established for herself a reputation beyond what she could have hoped for, if that had been her object in taking up authorship as a profession.

She was thirty years old—a little beyond that even, I think. I do not fancy her pretty; a slender, pale woman, with deep gray eyes, that sometimes astonished you with their wistful, earnest expression; irregular features, which in repose were not at all extraordinary, though, sometimes, when animated or excited, she surprised you into the confession that she was, after all, almost a handsome woman. I am sorry to say that between her eyes were visible those two invariable little wrinkles, that no mortal ever escaped who has passed ten years at literary drudgery; and very often, when she was tired or troubled, they gave her whole face an almost stern expression.

She was quiet, almost timid with strangers, unless she had some object to accomplish, or became interested in a conversation that made her forget herself. With those she knew she had a fund of quaint humor that was irresistible, and from long habit a self-control which made her a pleasant and dependable companion.

But never mind; these tiresome descriptions will give you no idea of her whatever, nor can I by any means imagine that, in this little sketch, I shall succeed in placing her at all closely before you, as she appeared to me and those who usually knew her.

The twilight deepened, and Jane was startled from a half-doze by the ringing of a tea-bell. She rose immediately, bathed her eyes, arranged her hair as nicely as if there had been full light in the room—her mother and sisters always declared she had eyes like a cat and could see in the dark—and turned to the window to enjoy one moment more of solitude before joining the group down stairs.

But there came a knock at the door, and a child's voice called impatiently,

"Sister Jane! Sister Jane!"

She went to the door and opened it.

"Do come to tea, please," said the little girl, not disrespectfully, but in a querulous tone, which small and great people will employ when things have gone a little wrong with them.

"What is the matter, Marian?" Jane asked, perfectly understanding what the tone meant.

Of course the child began to sob immediately—there was enough of sympathy in her sister's voice to make her give way.

"Stevy got my doll away from me and wouldn't give it back, and I run into Lucy and I upset an inkstand she had in her hand, and then she pushed me, and Lawrence laughed at me, and I hurt my head; and I hate 'em all, so I do."

She stopped, too much out of breath even to sob, and hid her head in Jane's dress. In the darkness Jane smiled a little to think how nearly the child's humor corresponded to her own; but she led her into the chamber, sat patiently down, and, taking the little girl on her knee, waited for her to get rid of her first burst of excitement. She quieted her very soon, and by the time the swollen eyes had been bathed, Marian was laughing heartily over some amusing story that Jane told.

The tea-bell rang again, pretty sharply too.

"That's Lucy," said Marian; "now doesn't she ring that just out of spite, Jane?"

"I suppose the tea is getting cold; we must not keep them waiting," was all Jane said; as, luckily for her control over the children, she did not think it necessary pointedly to reprove them

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for every little failing of temper. Marian understood the implied disapproval of her words, however, and slid her hand into Jane's by way of a peace offering. They went down stairs into the sitting-room and found the little family group gathered about the table.

"You see we are waiting for you, Jane," said Lawrence, helping himself to a muffin as he spoke.

"The tea is almost cold," said Lucy, fretfully. "I am sure you must have had to stop writing an hour ago."

Jane made very little answer. She saw that the family elements were jarring slightly, and that was not a favorable topic to pursue.

"Please to give me a glass of milk, Lucy," Marian asked in quite a meek tone.

Lucy passed her the tumbler in an impatient way; and, quite as much by her own fault as that of the child, the milk was spilled over the cloth.

"There!" exclaimed Lucy. "You are the most careless child—you ought to be sent to bed at once!"

"You did it as much as me!" blubbered Marian.

"Butter fingers!" whispered Steve.

Marian set up a loud lamentation. and Lucy fretted.

"Pandemonium broke loose!" cried Lawrence; and, by way of adding to the confusion, commenced to whistle.

"Marian," said Jane, very quietly, "stop crying this instant."

The wail ceased as if by magic. Stephen tittered and pointed his fingers at her in triumph, but unfortunately Jane's quick eyes perceived the action. He was effectually put down by a single look, and remained so crest-fallen that he was really an object of pity, as in his mind to be considered ungentlemanly by sister Jane was the greatest misfortune that could befall him.

"Lucy," continued Jane, pleasantly, "if you will be good enough to ring for Susan, she can put a napkin over that small ocean, and everything will do very well."

"That child is so careless," she said, fretfully; but there was something in Jane's face which checked any farther ebullition of temper, and she complied with the request in silence.

"Now Lawrence," said Jane, when order was restored, "as that waltz you are whistling so diligently has not made the muffins dance in my reach, I hope you will pass them to me."

On the whole, the meal passed off sufficiently well, although it needed all the elder sister's tact and gentle authority to preserve the harmony usual in the household. It was a pleasant occupation after a day's hard labor; but Jane was accustomed to it, and I am not sure that she displayed any less genius from the fact that she did not give way to the irritability in which so many literary people appear to fancy themselves at liberty to indulge.

Perhaps, in many respects, Jane Holbrooke's life was not at all what she could have wished; but she had grown accustomed to it, and real honest work had kept her from the repinings in which she might otherwise have indulged.

She had written as a young girl; but when her father died, ten years before, she had taken up authorship as a profession to eke the income which had been left for the support of herself, and her brothers, and sisters. Besides all the other literary labors, she had published two or three novels, and found herself now in comfortable circumstances, and was greatly astonished to find herself famous.

The debts left by her father had been paid, and if she had been alone in the world, the income derived by her writings would have supported her; but Lawrence was a gay, thoughtless young man; Lucy willful and extravagant; and between them and their wants Jane's life of servitude went on.

They all loved and respected her; but they had been so accustomed to have her work for them that they never thought about the matter. The truth was, Lucy and her elder brother were both unconsciously selfish; Jane, with her clear-sightedness, must have seen it, but she shut her eyes to the fact, and had fallen so much into the way of making sacrifices, that she did it quite as a matter of course.

Lucy had been sent to schools, and Lawrence helped through college; how much labor, how much anxious thought it had cost Jane they never knew. Now Lucy was a pretty, interesting girl, but willful and capricious, and, like Lawrence, had imbibed expensive and extravagant tastes, which caused Jane much trouble.

She looked forward to more unalloyed pleasure with the younger children; for, although Marian was passionate, she was generous and yielding, and Stephen was only too deeply devoted to his studies.

She could, in a measure, put their future out of her thoughts for the present; and certainly between her labors and the anxiety the elder pair gave her, she had more occupation than enough for both head and heart.

Not long after tea, the old-fashioned knocker on the front door made a heavy clanging through

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the house, and Lucy brightened at once. The prospect of guests made her forget the real ill-humor which she had denied, and the fancied indisposition of which she had complained for the last hour.

Jane indulged in a sigh of weariness as she heard several gay voices. Her sister's young friends were not greatly to her taste, although she invariably treated them with the utmost hospitality, and by many of them was laughed at as an old maid for her pains.

She did not go into the front parlor immediately, being occupied in helping Stephen with some difficult task; and it was not until an exclamation from the boy made her look up, that she saw one of the guests had entered the room, and was standing before her with a rather quizzical smile at her absorption.

Jane colored a little, but held out her hand with frank cordiality.

"I thought you were a hundred miles away," she said. "When did you return, Mr. Bentley?"

"Only to-day. Have you been well?"

"Perfectly so. I always am, you know."

"You look miserably tired, at all events! What is that you were poring over so intently? I hope I haven't disturbed an inspiration."

"Only Stephen's Latin theme," she said, a little wearily.

He quietly drew a chair to the table, moved the paper from under her hand, and in a few moments the troublesome matter was out to rights.

"There, youngster," he said, tossing it over to the delighted boy, "be off with you—your sister has had Latin enough for one evening."

Jane did not catch the earnest, searching look he gave her after the boy went away—a look that showed he understood and sympathized with the weary discouragement which she had tried in vain to shake off; but he made no remark, and went on talking to her in a pleasant, friendly way.

They had a half-hour's conversation such as really did Jane good; but in the midst of it Lucy came into the room, looking so graceful and pretty, that it was difficult to believe she was ever anything but a ray of sunshine in the house.

"Oh, Jane!" she said, in her coaxing, childish way, "old Mrs. Brent and Martin have come in—you know nobody but you can entertain them!"

"I should think Martin ought to fall to your share, Miss Lucy," Mr. Bentley said.

"Thank you," she replied, shrugging her shoulders; "I don't like boys—I might turn him over to Marian."

"You should not speak so, Lucy," said Jane. "Martin is a fine, amiable young man——"

"Now do add that he is handsome, Jane—please do!" and Lucy twisted her face into a grimace that was so comically like the youth's expression that Mr. Bentley laughed, and Jane could not help a smile, although she disliked Lucy's propensity of ridiculing everybody who did not meet the approval of her fancy.

"Don't do that," she said.

"Please don't scold!" interrupted Lucy. "Oh, goodness, Jane! old Mrs. Brent is making for me and Martin after her. Save me if you have any mercy!"

She shrunk behind Mr. Bentley in affected terror, and Jane went away; it usually fell to her share to entertain any guests whom the young lady considered tiresome."

"Why do you look so grave?" Lucy asked of Mr. Bentley.

"Do I?" he said, rather absently.

"Oh! if you can't talk to me I shall go away," she returned, looking half-vexed and altogether coquettish.

"That would be very cruel after depriving me of your sister's society."

"But see those people in the other room——"

"Certainly—a group of fascinating young men—no wonder you do not wish to waste your time on an old bachelor."

"I told you I hated boys!" she said. "I have done something for you that you don't deserve."

"You have not a lofty opinion of my merits. But what is it?"

"Learned the song you brought me. Now am I not a pattern of punctuality?"

She led him away to the piano in triumph—kept him there while she sang several of his favorites; and between his admiration for her sweet voice, and his amusement at her piquant, childish conversation, managed to keep up what looked like a very respectable flirtation, and effectually annoyed two or three of her youthful admirers who were in the room.

The evening was almost over before he got near Jane again; then they had only a few moments of serious conversation.

"I am going now," he said. "Will you please to make me a promise?"

"Possibly. Perhaps it is not asking too much to inquire first what it may be?"

"To go to bed at once and worry your head no more over writing or Lawrence's affairs until morning."

"I promise that with pleasure."

She held out her hand to him. They were standing in the back parlor, unobserved, and,

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for the first time in his life, he touched his lips to the slender fingers. Jane felt the crimson rush over her face—she heard him murmur something that sounded like wishing for the right to make her rest. Then, before she could recover from her confusion, or know if she heard distinctly, some one entered the room, and he had dropped her hand and was gone.

Alone in her room that kiss tingled on Jane's fingers still. She lay in bed guarding that hand in the other as if some precious ornament had been placed upon it, and looking out into the starlight with a dreamy pleasure, very unlike the restlessness and anxiety which had been upon her all day.

It sounds preposterous, I know, but Jane Holbrooke had lived to be thirty years old without so much as ever having had a girlish fancy. During her girlhood constant attentions upon an invalid father had kept her out of society; and since, the labors of her profession, and the cares of her family, had kept her from indulging in fancies until she had reached an age when there would have been no possibility of her loving any but a man whom she could respect and reverence.

That very fact would make love to her solemn when it did come. Her nature was so deep and earnest, she was so clear-sighted and firm, that there would be no possibility of self-deception. If she loved, it must be forever, and that love must round into perfectness her incomplete life, or make it, what half our lives are, a weak and a miserable failure.

She had known Harvey Bentley almost a year. He had settled in the bustling little city where she lived, and had already made himself the most prominent lawyer in the place, having moved there at the solicitation of an old relative, who wished a partner to save him from the toil of business.

He was a few years older than Jane, a man of pleasant, winning manners and undoubted superiority. It was not surprising that an acquaintance formed between them, through her respect and love for the old judge, had ripened into a warm friendship.

For the first time in her life, Jane had found some one who could thoroughly enter into all her wishes and hopes, upon whose judgment she could firmly rely, and whose refined and poetic tastes took in the grasp of her intellect. I hate to say it was the first time any one ever really understood her; the phrase is so hacknied and lackadaisical, but it is the only one that will express what I mean.

That her brother and sister should appreciate was not a thing to be expected. They were proud of the reflected honor thus derived from her reputation; but in their hearts they thought her an eccentric old maid, and the idea of making the slightest sacrifice in return for all that she had done for them would never have entered their heads.

Not that they were more selfish than most young people, who have been indulged and kept from all trouble by the exertions of another. Lucy was sorry when she saw her overworked; but that would not have prevented her feeling exceedingly ill-used, if she had been kept at home to copy three pages of manuscript. Lawrence scolded her for trying her eyes by night-work; but he never remembered the demands he made upon her rendered such labor necessary.

No, they were like most people under similar circumstances. They were accustomed to having Jane slave for them, and until she dropped down in the harness, would never discover they had been turning their race-horse into the most ordinary beast of burthen.

You can understand what a change Bentley's coming made in her life. She had found a companion; before that there was only one thing to compare her life to—she was like a nightingale shut up with a score of chattering canaries.

Lucy filled the house with young girls, who were divided between admiration of Jane's stories and fear of her as a live author; Lawrence brought gay young men who only thought her a bore and a spinster. People of all sorts came to her with their cares and their troubles; lion hunters persecuted her with their attentions; and the set who considered themselves pre-eminently refined and literary invited her to stiff reunions, and were perfectly shocked because she neither talked tragedy nor comedy: and, in short, appeared just like other women, only rather more quiet.

Jane Holbrooke had accepted her life as she found it, and for that she deserved more admiration than I should have given even her real genius. She neither fretted nor was unhappy; I doubt if it often occurred to her how little she was appreciated and understood.

Life in her study and the commonplace existence outside were two distinct things. Alone with her books and her dreams Jane forgot the monotony, the care that awaited her without; and there was no twist or morbid tendency in her mind even to give a tinge to her writings.

You will think that I offer you but a faint outline of a character, such as you are in the habit of ascribing to a woman of genius; but, after all, the fault is as much in you as in

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myself. You, who read, and I, who write, might have lived years in the society of that woman, and, perhaps, have known her little better than we shall do from this weak sketch.

Nor is it her genius that I wish to make prominent to you: it is the patience—the far-sighted charity—the acute perception of others' sufferings—the pity for the erring—the scorn for meanness and the world's great wrongs; it is this portion of her character that I should most like to dwell upon. And yet, after all, these very qualities sprang out of her genius, and were clearer, nobler than they are in other people, owing to the fact that they caught their breadth and coloring from it.

It was only within a short time that Jane had taken any thought of the feeling which drew her toward Bentley. She had given up the idea of love, as connected with herself, and used to wonder, half in jest, and half in sadness, how it was that she, who could portray the sentiment so successfully in her imaginary characters, could have no perception of it in her own heart.

That night, as she lay watching the starbeams, and felt that one kiss still warm upon her hand, there came a revelation to Jane Holbrooke from which there was no escape. Faint premonitions there had been before: her restlessness during Bentley's absence—the want it made in her life; but now her heart whispered clearly, and she could not shut her ears to the sound.

The next day, while Lucy was standing on the verandah, and looking idly down the yard, which their residence on the outskirts of the town enabled them to have, she saw Mr. Bentley driving up to the gate, and stood watching him as he got out of the carriage and walked toward her.

"Who is there here would like a drive?" he asked.

"I don't think you will have to go farther than the young lady before you," she answered.

"I thought it would do your sister good," he continued. "She looked so miserably tired last night."

Lucy's brow grew overcast at once.

"Jane won't go," she answered, promptly. "She is very busy, and won't see anybody. I hate to disturb her."

He looked disappointed, but she received the desired invitation. Away ran Lucy and burst into Jane's room, quite forgetful of the fear she had of disturbing her.

"Jane," she said, hurriedly, "Mr. Bentley wants me to go out driving. He spoke of your going; but I refused for you. I knew you were so busy; and I do want to go; and we can't both!"

"Go," Jane said, quietly; and Lucy hastened away.

Jane laid down her pen and watched them drive away. Lucy was in her gayest spirits, and Mr. Bentley's laugh came up through the open window—it was not pleasant, after the recollections of the previous night.

It chanced, that evening, that they were all invited out. Lucy went early, with a party of friends, and Lawrence waited to accompany Jane, who was unable to leave the house until quite late.

When they entered the rooms, Lucy was singing, and Mr. Bentley was turning over the music. Several gentlemen were grouped about the piano, and Jane looked on with a good deal of displeasure; for Lucy's tendency to coquetry had caused her much uneasiness.

Mr. Bentley soon joined Jane, and she forgot the vague uneasiness which had troubled her in the morning. It was not long before Lucy came hovering about them, and she managed, by a hundred petty arts which would never have suggested themselves to Jane, to engross the greater share of Bentley's attention.

Lucy had taken it into her foolish little head that she was in love with him, and her vanity had really convinced her that he was quite desperate in regard to her. The idea that any one could be in love with Jane never suggested itself to her butterfly mind. Lucy had decided that she was to live and die an old maid, and nothing could have surprised her more than to find any one inclined to interfere with that melancholy catastrophe.

During the weeks that followed, Jane Holbrooke's life lost much of the serenity which had made it so pleasant during the past months; but she had too long schooled her feelings to allow herself to give way to depression, as most women would have done.

It came out at last. Jane's short dream was shattered by the one to whom she had shown the most kindness and consideration.

Lucy came into her room one night, on her return from a party to which Jane had not gone, and seated herself by the bed for a half-hour's talk, according to a habit she had when she had any special confidence to make her sister.

"I never spent so pleasant an evening!" she exclaimed, looking excited still. "I danced more than any girl there. Oh! Jane, some of them were furious!"

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"I do not see how that could have added to your enjoyment."

"Oh! but it did! You have such queer ideas, Jane! But now, don't preach; for I want to tell you something."

Jane waited patiently for the promised communication, supposing it to be like the hundred other trivial affairs she had listened to within the last week. Lucy was silent so long that she turned toward her in surprise: even in the moonlight she could see the flush on the girl's cheek.

"What is it, Lucy?" she asked, gently.

"Now, you will call me foolish," she said. "You think I am always fancying such things."

"What things, my dear?"

"Why, that people care for me, and——"

"Who is the victim now?" Jane inquired, when she broke down.

"I don't know that he is a victim," returned Lucy, petulantly.

"Then you like him? Who is it, Lucy?"

"Mr. Bentley!" she whispered, after a short pause.

Jane felt as if a sharp blow had struck her full upon the heart. She stared at the girl in mingled incredulity and pain.

"You care for him?" she exclaimed. "You do not mean it!"

"Oh! I do, Jane! I am in earnest this time; indeed I am!"

"How do you know that he cares for you?"

"It has been plain enough to see," she replied; "only you never notice such things!"

"What has he said? Has he offered himself to you?" demanded Jane, almost sternly.

"Everything but that; he——"

"Lucy, I believe you are deceiving yourself."

"Do you think I am a fool?" she said, angrily. "You always treat me as if I were a child! I won't stand it!"

"Tell me what he has said, then—word for word."

Jane drew away from the hand her sister had placed on her shoulder, and kept her face in the shadow.

"All sorts of things. To-night he said he hoped, one day, to have the right of advising me; he told me that I ought to understand the reason why he was so much interested in all I did——"

Lucy broke off again; and this time Jane did not bid her go on—she was stunned by the suddenness of the shock, and as yet could hardly comprehend it. Then Lucy told her other things, and to Jane they appeared convincing proofs.

After a time the girl went away, and Jane was alone. Her first impulse was to rise. She wanted to walk about—to shake off the cold weight that lay upon her; but she forced herself to remain still. All through the night she lay there, staring blindly before her, only conscious that she had lost the one hope which had made life endurable.

The morning came, and with it the old round of duties and cares. Jane did not even give herself one day of solitude. She knew that it was best for her to pursue her unvarying course, and she had fortitude enough to do it.

It was all clear enough to her now. She did not even accuse Bentley of trifling; it was only that she had misunderstood his meaning: that which she had deemed sentiment for herself, had only been the result of his feeling for Lucy. It did seem hard that the girl should have come between her and the one object upon which her heart had fixed itself; but even that must be borne.

It was a hard day, very hard. The children were troublesome—she had work to do—and, worse than all, Lucy must needs come to her for counsel. That matter she set at rest completely: the subject had better not be discussed until Mr. Bentley had openly declared himself. The indelicacy of her own conduct seemed at last to strike Lucy; for she acquiesced without a murmur.

During the next week Jane was much occupied, and did not go out at all. Lucy told her of meeting Mr. Bentley every evening. Once he took her out to drive. Jane only saw him for a few moments, one afternoon; then several persons were in the room. She saw Lucy looking radiant and happy, so that she knew all was going well with her; for at the slightest approach of trouble the girl's weak nature gave way at once, and she was limp as a butterfly in a rain-storm.

One evening Lawrence came home in a furious temper. He had been for some time reading law in Mr. Bentley's office, and the latter had found it necessary to reprove him sharply for wasting his time.

"He had better attend to his own conduct," he said, in answer to Jane's indignant remonstrance; "he isn't immaculate by any means!"

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Really, Lawrence, when you are in a passion you are perfectly reckless!"

"It's true," retorted he; and he told a story which by no means reflected credit upon Mr. Bentley, and which, to a woman like Jane, was especially prejudicial. She did not believe it

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at first; but he gave proof which seemed positive.

She was very angry then, and it added to all the pain she had suffered to feel that he was unworthy of her regard. She could but feel that he had trifled both with herself and Lucy. Her chief fear was that the girl's peace might suffer, as her own had done.

Fortunately a few days after, Lucy received an invitation to pass the winter with some friends in a Southern city, and her fancy gave way before the prospect of so much pleasure and gayety. It was decided that she should go; and, in the hurry of preparation, Jane found little leisure for thought.

Lucy was gone at last, and then Jane settled down to her old life, and prepared herself to look calmly at it and see what her fate must be.

For several weeks Mr. Bentley was absent from the city, and Jane was glad of that—she was at least spared the pain of meeting him. She heard of his return through Lawrence; then he called at the house, but she was out. He came again, and she only sent down word that she could receive no one.

She did meet him unexpectedly at length, one afternoon, when she had taken advantage of the mild weather to give the children a long walk.

She heard Marian say,

"Here is Mr. Bentley, Jane;" and he held out his hand to her at the moment, while the children ran on.

"You do not look glad to see me," he said, in a tone of surprise.

She did not answer.

"You would not see me when I called the other day," he went on, a look of indignation usurping the astonishment which had been upon his face at first. "Do you prefer not to see me, Miss Holbrooke?"

"I would rather not," she replied, coldly.

He started as if she had struck him; opened his lips—closed them—touched his hat courteously and passed on, darting one flashing glance upon her.

Jane pursued her walk as if nothing had happened. She could not believe her sister and brother liars, nor could she think that the vanity of the one, or the passion and uncharitableness of the other, could have led them to make statements which had no foundation in reality.

"Oh! Jane, how pale you are!" Marian exclaimed, when they reached home.

Jane went on up to her room. When she saw her face in the glass, she did not wonder that it had attracted the child's attention—she hardly knew it for her own.

After that day Jane kept herself closely at home, refusing invitations which could have brought her into contact with Bentley.

The last autumn days passed; winter came on and dragged itself along almost to spring.

They were hard months to Jane; but nobody knew of her trouble. Her friends saw her looking pale and thin, but they only thought she worked too hard; and Lawrence thought she grew old maidish every day, and so he wrote to Lucy, congratulating her upon her escape from home.

That damsel was enjoying herself to the extent of her capacity. Her letters had long since removed from Jane's mind any fear that she might have suffered; and at last she spoke of the thing herself—Lucy never was troubled with any feeling too holy or deep to be revealed.

"Don't you remember my fancying that Bentley cared for me and really believing that I liked him? Such nonsense! But I am not going to tell you about myself—you shall not scold me again for taking fancies."

More in the same light-hearted strain, and Jane laid down the letter, too much relieved to feel inclined to blame her for her frivolity and caprice.

Before spring came Lucy's destiny was fixed. She had formed an engagement with a young man whom Jane had long known and cordially liked. She felt as if one great weight was taken off her mind, and was glad to see that Lucy had really found some deep feeling at last, for her letters evinced that.

Jane gave the letter to Lawrence, when he came in, having chosen to give himself a holiday that afternoon.

"Upon my word it's quite a joke!" said he; "but I am very glad of it."

"So am I, Lawrence; very, very glad."

"She actually thought she liked Bentley," pursued he. "Such a girl for fancies!"

"Did she tell you so?" Jane asked, in surprise.

"There was no need; water isn't much more transparent than sis, although she fancies herself as deep as a well!"

"After what you told me it is very fortunate," she answered, in a low tone.

Lawrence sprang off the sofa, coloring violently.

"Look here, Jane!" he cried, "I was wrong about that business—I meant to have told you so. I got mad with Bentley and threw it at him, and he explained it all. He is a trump, really now he is!"

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Jane started up and confronted him.

"What's the row?" he asked. "I vow you look as if you could eat me!"

"And you have allowed me to think harshly of an honorable man all this time and never explained—Lawrence, I am ashamed of you."

"Why, nobody but you would have thought it anything very terrible, anyway—I looked at it as a kind of joke."

"A joke!" she repeated. "Let this be the last time you assert a thing to me of which you are not certain. I would rather die than feel I could not trust your word, Lawrence."

He set her right there—he explained and excused himself—but all the while he could not understand why she was so agitated: but Jane was always odd.

"Go down to Mr. Bentley's office and request him to come here," she said.

"What's the use just now?"

"That I may beg his pardon for my injustice."

"Why, you don't mean to say you have been cool to him, do you?"

"Please do as I wish."

Lawrence saw that she was terribly in earnest, and obeyed at once. Jane walked up and down the room torn by conflicting emotions. She was glad to feel that she could respect him again; but the mastered love came up strong and fervent; and, besides that, she was to have the pain of telling him of Lucy's engagement—she knew from experience what he would suffer.

She saw him come up the yard—heard his step in the hall for the first time in months. Her breath came so fast that she could hardly stand; but as he opened the door she went forward to meet him.

Mr. Bentley entered, looking grave and somewhat surprised.

"Your brother said you wished to see me," he said, courteously; "and I came at once."

"I want to beg your pardon, Mr. Bentley," she said, holding out her hand and speaking rapidly. "I did you wrong, and I am sorry for it. Lawrence has told you what he thought, but I ought to have known you better."

He took her hand cordially, looking pleased and happy.

"You were right," he said; "quite right. Let us put the subject aside—I am so glad to be friends again."

After a few moments he asked after Lucy.

"I am sorry," faltered Jane, crimsoning; "I am afraid I shall give you pain. I——"

"Has anything happened to her?" he asked quickly.

"She is going to be married!" Jane said, abruptly.

"I am very glad of it," he replied, heartily. "Lucy will make a sweet little wife, and forget her little coquettish ways."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"How strangely you look!" he said. "One would suppose I was a disappointed lover of hers."

"I thought you did like her," she replied, honestly.

He started up, red and confused.

"And did you never guess why? Jane, I have loved you from the first—I felt as if Lucy was a sister—I am sure she understood."

He had taken her hand and went on rapidly, speaking words that bewildered Jane with their sweet meaning.

The world seemed passing away! She could realize nothing, only that he was standing beside her, and that his coming had brought, what she believed her life had lost forever, peace and happiness.

Jane Holbrooke's life received its crown of completeness that day; and henceforward all the honors that the world could give, would only be regarded by her as they brought new pleasure from the joy they gave to him.

OFF TO THE WAR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Bessy opened her letter,
Turned as white as the snow—
"Mother," she wailed, as I met her,
"Richard says he must go."

Tears for my poor, pale blossom
Fell on her golden hair,
As, her face hid in my bosom,
I breathed a silent prayer!

'Tis not for grief at parting—
They will not meet before;
Even to-day he is starting
Eagerly off to the war.

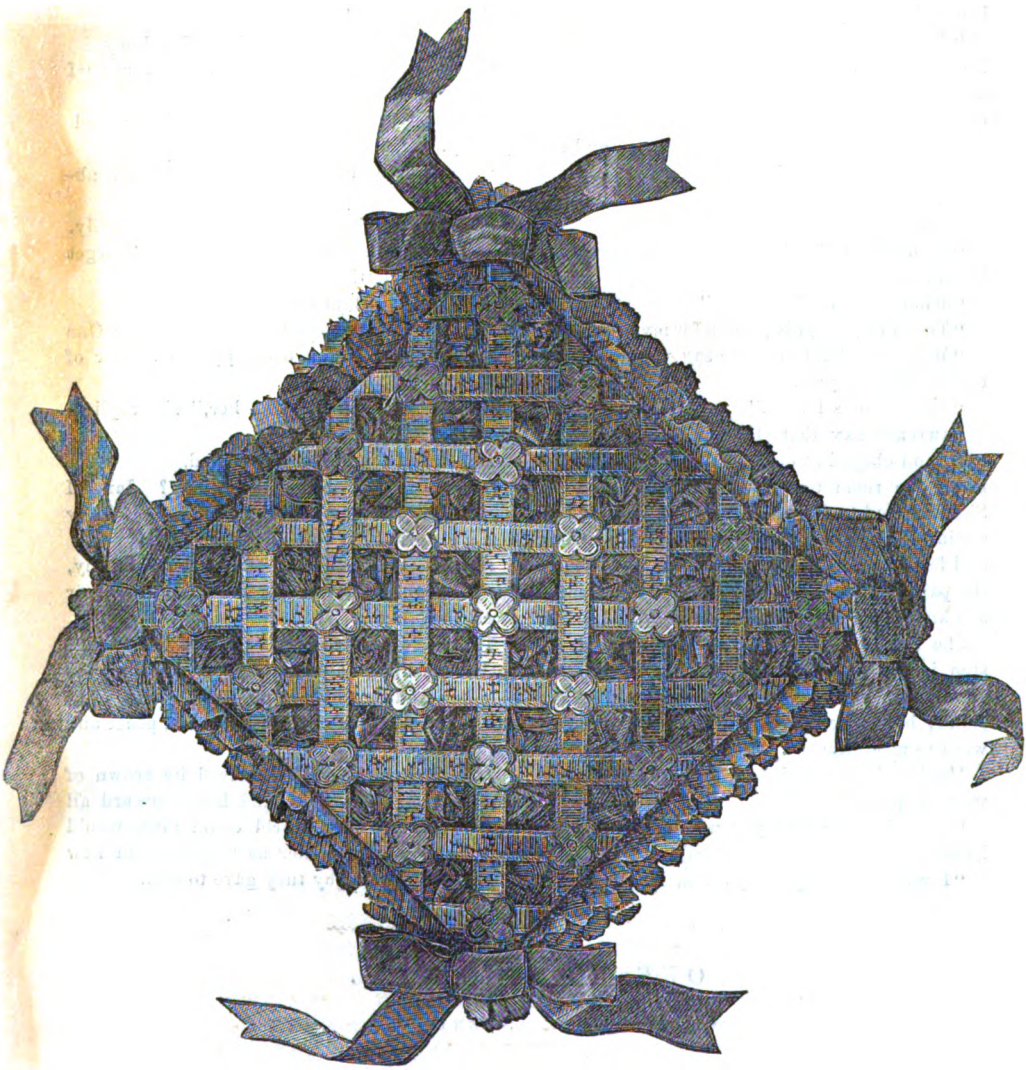
Bessy is brave—but to-morrow
She would have been a wife;
Now in the stead comes sorrow,
It may be a widowed life.

Well, there are many weeping
Over this wide-spread woe;
Mercy! Thou ever watch keeping
On all brave hearts that go!

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SOFA-PILLOW.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

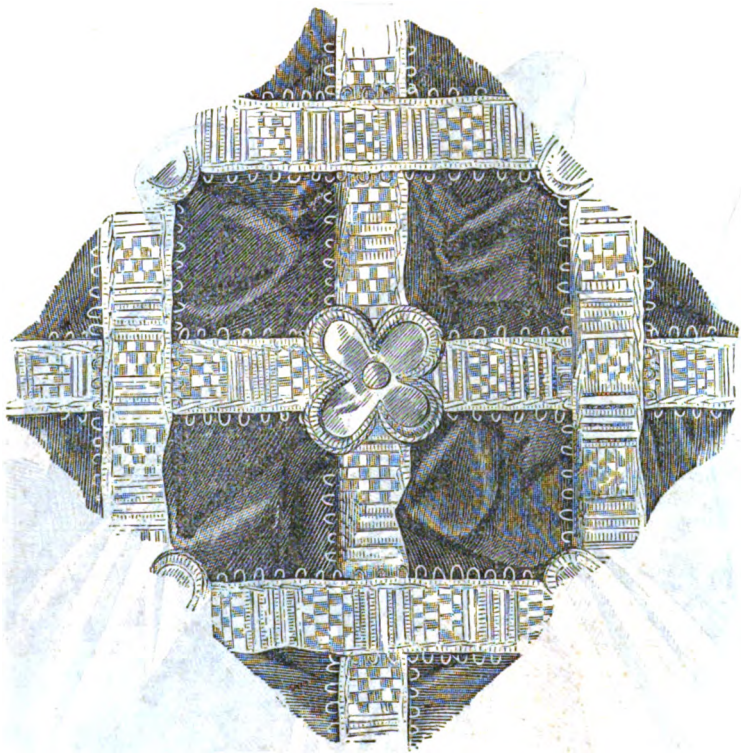


MATERIALS.—5 yards worsted braid; 5½ yards lilac silk; ½ yard white silk; 4 yards lilac ribbon, 2½ inches wide; some white cambric.

Cut the pillow half yard square; stuff with feathers or wool; cover with the white cambric. Then cover the under side with the white silk; the upper side cover with the lilac silk, which must be cut one-third longer than the size of the cushion (that is one way). Cut a piece of stiff paper the size of the pillow, on it baste the worsted braid (which must be the width given in design No. 2); first, one row directly from point to point, then cross that from point to point, as seen in the design; then one row on

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either side at equal distances; cross these last two rows. Continue in this way until you have the square covered, always observing to cross the braid in the order seen in the design. Cut out the squares, leaving the paper under the braid; then place it upon the cushion over the lilac silk, drawing the silk up a little through the square, giving it the puffed look seen in the design. The rosettes are cut out of the lilac silk and worked around the edge with white embroidery silk in button-hole stitch, placing a steel or jet bead in the center. The remainder of the lilac silk cut in strips four inches wide, have it pinked, gather in the center; use the ribbon for bows at each corner, and the pillow is complete. The silk under the braid may be put on plain, if preferred, and still the pillow will be very beautiful. It may also be desirable to vary the colors, especially if the pillow be required for service; black silk with red braid, or red silk with black velvet crossings, would be very pretty.



KNITTING-BAG, OR BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A common straw knitting-basket; some velvet or plush, dark green; 4 or 5 bunches crystal beads; 1 bunch small silver beads; some strong cotton; 1¼ yards of green and white worsted cord; some perforated cardboard. For illustration see front of number.

Cover the basket with the velvet. Cut the cardboard into strips, on it work the beads; first thread 4 crystal ones, sew them down diagonally, then 1 silver, sew it down, 4 crystal; repeat until you have 19 beads in the line; place every line as close as possible without crowding the beads. Make each strip long enough to reach round the basket in the place

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designed, sew these strips upon the basket, attach the cord, looping it at the top. The rosette is a piece of cardboard first covered with velvet and the beads sewed on; tassels of beads in the several places designated complete the bag.

CARACO ESPAGNOL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our full-sized pattern this month is that of the *Caraco Espagnol*, of which we give above a back and front view. The side-piece is cut with the front, to avoid a seam under the arm; the pattern, therefore, consists of three pieces only, the front, back, and sleeve. The hole, cut near the edge of front, shows the place where a small tab may be stitched on underneath, by which the jacket may be pinned to the dress, to hold it in its position, if required. The sleeve is slightly shaped at the elbow, the small notch cut in the back of the sleeve showing how far it is to be left open. This style of *Caraco* will be much worn for morning and promenade dresses. Some ladies may prefer the tight-fitting dress body, trimmed to represent the *Caraco*, in which case this pattern may be placed on the body, and the form marked by a tacking thread. This *Caraco* may be depended on as a correct and graceful pattern, and one suited to any material.

No. 1 The Front.
No. 2. The Back.
No. 3. The Sleeve.

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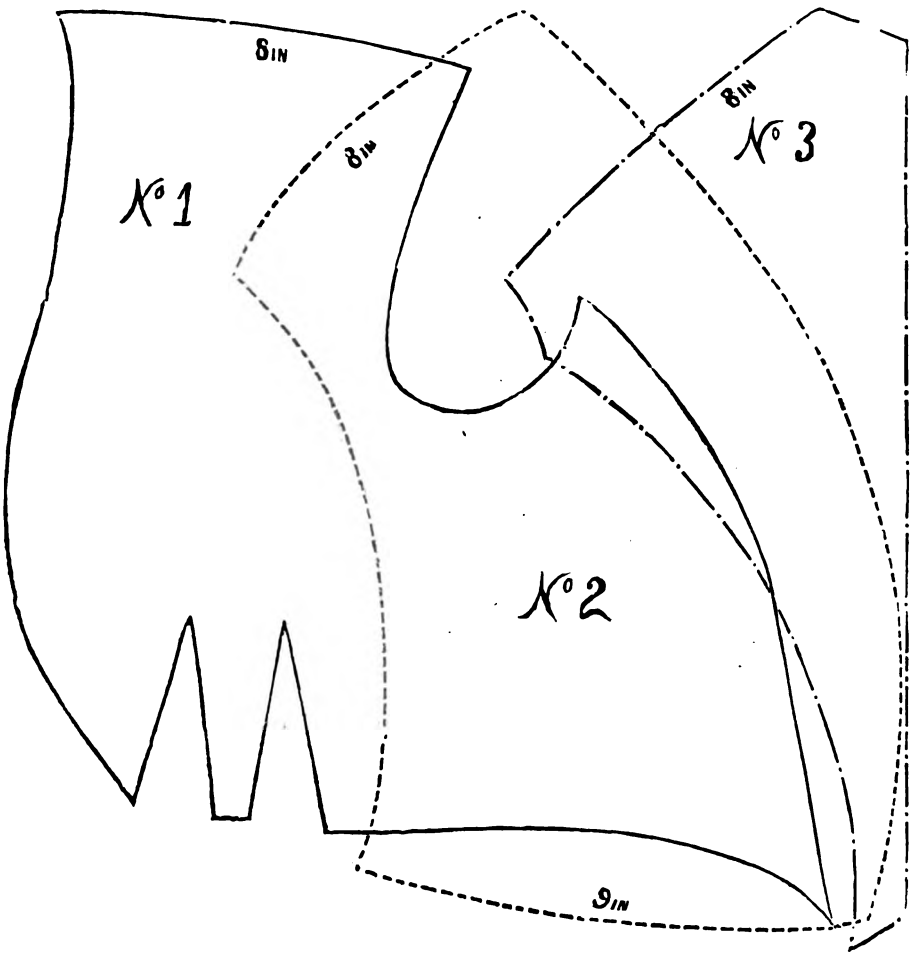


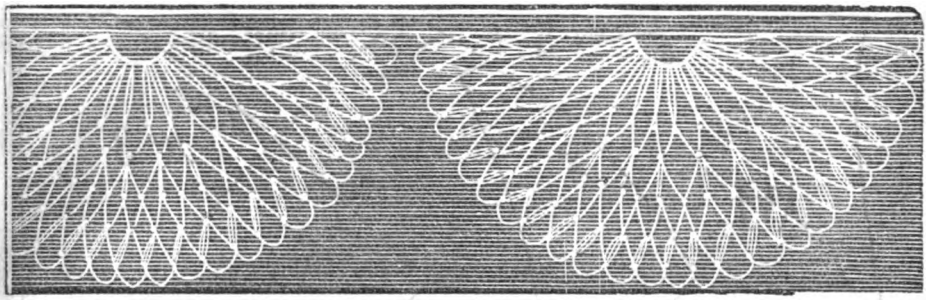
DIAGRAM OF CARACO ESPAGNOL.

NETTED ESCALLOP BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

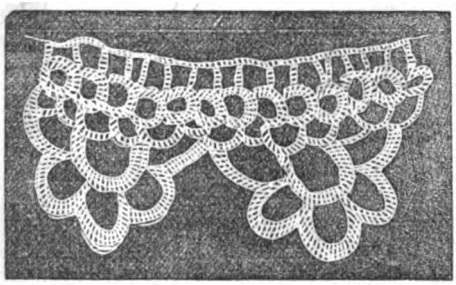
MANY of the various articles now produced by means of the netting needle require borders to complete them, and we have therefore given a choice of two arranged for this purpose. The best way of attaching these is to add a preparatory row to the article, in which, having measured the distances which the escallop will occupy, a loop must be introduced with the thread twice round the mesh, to allow of the first long loops to be netted upon it. These rows which appear thick, and show a sort of pattern in the netting, are done by passing the thread three times round the fingers, netting the three as one loop. These escallops may be made either large or small, to suit the article for which they are intended, by simply regulating the size of the meshes, and selecting a cotton which will suit either as coarse or fine.

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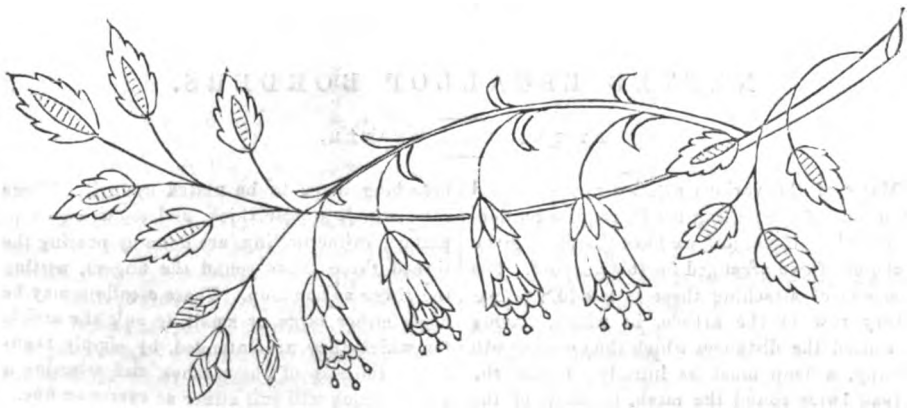
CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE 10 ch, 2 tc into 6th stitch, 2 ch, 2 tc into same loop, 1 ch, 1 tc into last ch, *, turn, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last space, turn, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last space, turn, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last, 8 ch, 1 dc into same space, turn, 12 dc under, 8 ch, 1 dc into first space, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch. 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last, turn, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last, 5 ch, 1 tc into 3rd dc stitch, 5 ch, 1 tc into 5th, 5 ch, 1 tc into 7th, 5 ch, 1 tc into 10th, 5 ch, 1 dc into 1st loop of head, turn, work 6 dc, under each loop of 5 ch, 1 dc into space, 5 ch, 2 tc, 2 ch, 2 tc into center space, 1 ch, 1 tc into last, repeat from *.

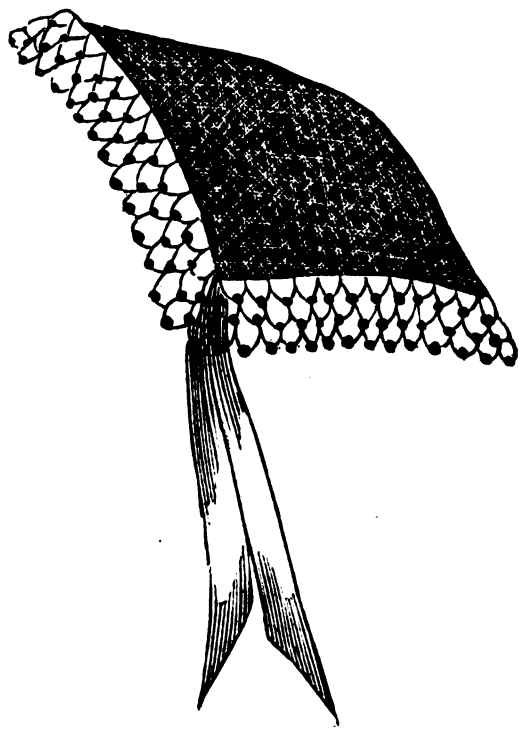
PATTERN IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



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OPERA HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

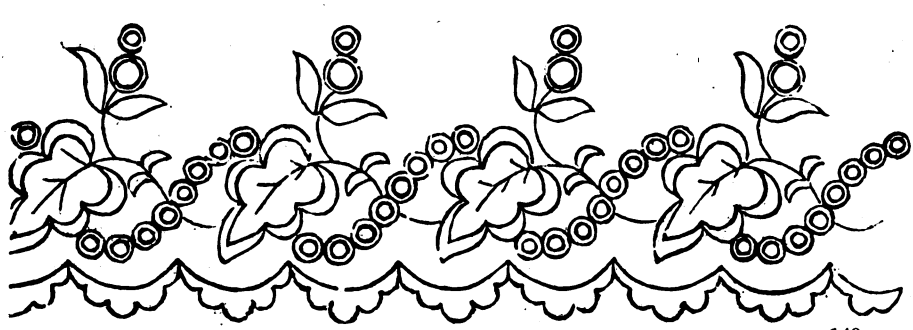


MATERIALS.—2 oz. scarlet zephyr; several strings of white wax beads, large enough to thread on the wool; fine bone knitting-needles; mesh half inch wide; bone netting needle.

FOR THE HEAD-PIECE.—Cast on one stitch, knit plain, widening every row (in the usual way at the beginning of the row), until you have fifty stitches upon the needle, then decrease to one stitch, making a square.

FOR THE BORDER.—Thread the beads, as many as you think you will need for as much wool as the netting-needle will hold, then net on the border; the fullness must be determined by the judgment of the person netting. One bead to every loop, three rows will be sufficient. Finish with ribbon strings. The effect of this hood is charming, the wax beads upon the scarlet wool making a beautiful combination of color, and the shape is the becoming *Marie Stuart*.

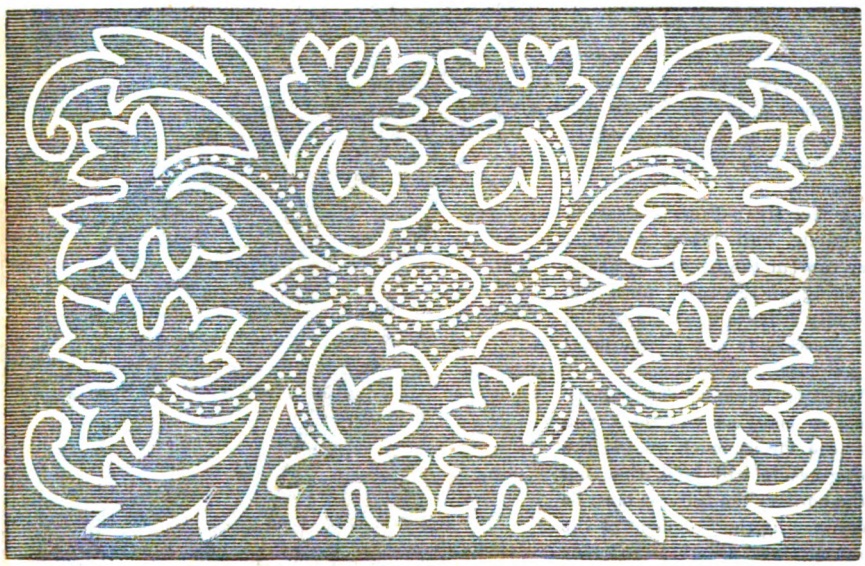
PATTERN FOR EDGING.



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CARD-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The work in which this Card-Case is to be executed is both fashionable and effective, giving it a great resemblance to chased metal. The ground is bronze-colored kid; the outline is in a gold thread; the interior, marked with the dots, is filled up as closely as possible with the smallest size of gold beads. To make the design as handsome as possible, all the surrounding parts, including the whole of the foliage and scroll work, should be filled in with the same size of steel beads. This combination produces excellent results, being quite unlike any other production of the needle.

NETTED TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A subscriber asks for a description how to work a netted tidy. Accordingly we give one.

Materials.—Two reels of No. 10 cotton, and two reels of No. 16. No. 6 round wooden mesh; a broad mesh two inches wide. No. 16 netting needle.

With No. 6 mesh, and No. 10 cotton, net a piece of netting eighty-seven diamonds every way; then, with No. 16 cotton, darn a row of diamonds.

Then commence darning the pattern, beginning at each corner. Great care must be taken to run in the ends securely, or, when washed, they will all come out.

For the Fringe.—Take No. 20 knitting cotton, four-thread, and, with the broad mesh, net four stitches into every diamond; then, after it is washed, cut the fringe.

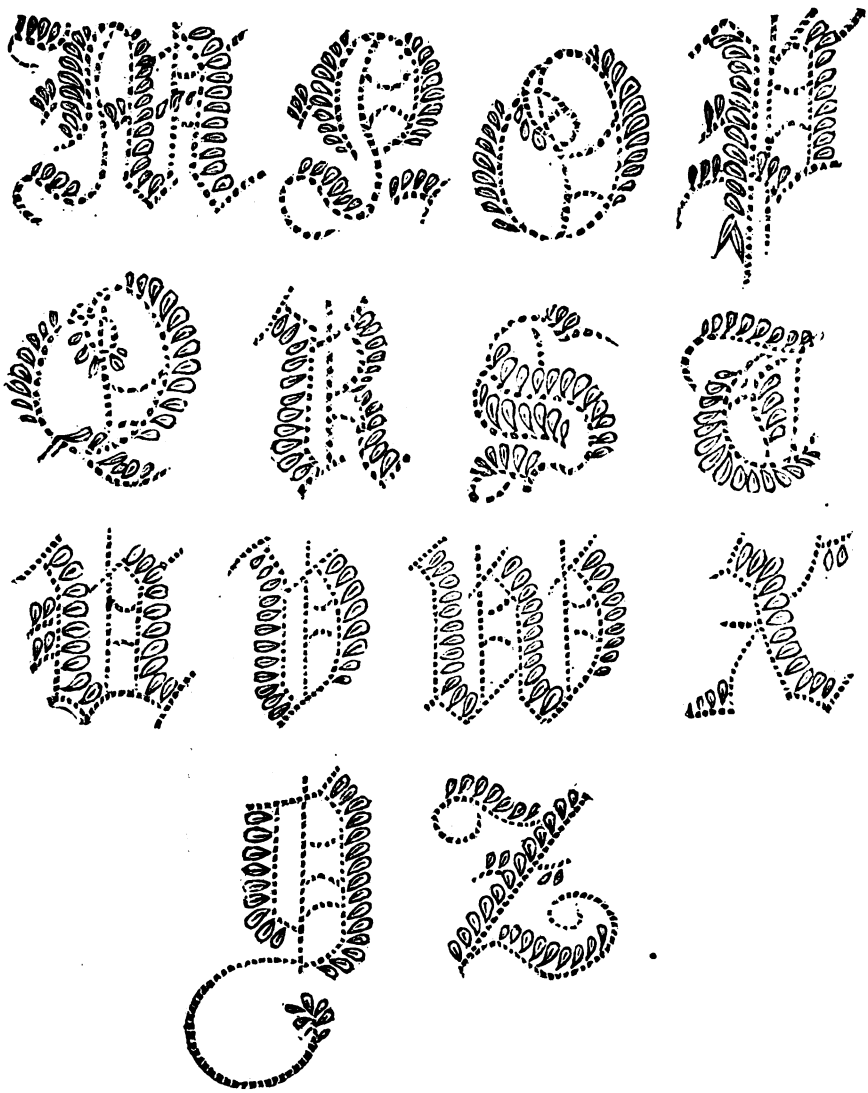
This should be very slightly stiffened, and afterward undergo the same process as directed for crochet work.

It is a very pretty tidy.

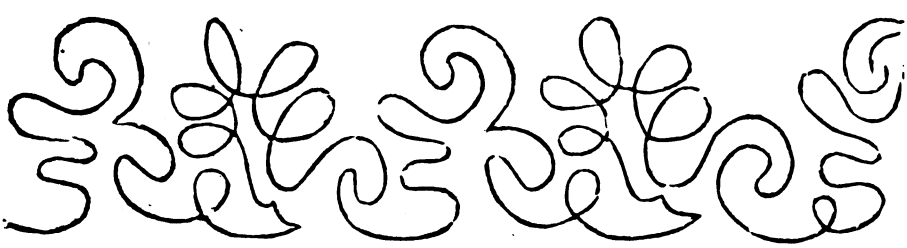
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ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

(CONCLUDED FROM JULY NUMBER.)



BRAIDING PATTERN.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

CULTURE OF WINDOW PLANTS.—Under our Horticultural Head, this month, we give some designs for Rustic Vases for Cottage Windows and Gardens, accompanied with descriptive remarks. The culture of window plants is, just now, attracting considerable attention. At a late meeting of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, two different essays were read on the subject. DR. JACK read one, setting forth his method, which has been quite successful. He said that the subject was one of interest to all who have a love for plants, and especially to those who have not the convenience for greater indulgence.

The conditions most desired, and the attainment of which has proved the most difficult, are the application of an even heat, and the maintenance of a constant moisture. In order to protect his window plants from an atmosphere too dry, he has pursued the plan of enclosing a space inside of the windows, projecting a case into the room, and giving it the form of a bay window. This is indeed but a Wardian case, one side of which is composed of entire sash. The dimensions are, height, five feet eight inches; width, three feet seven inches (this being the size of the window frame), and depth two feet eight inches.

The accommodation of the plants is effected by a circular stage of thirty-one inches in diameter, revolving on a central stud. This form of stage permits a variety of arrangement, and allows access to all parts for the purpose of watering, etc. While this form of case retains the moisture constantly rising from the soil, equally as well as the ordinary Wardian case, it is better supplied with light, and affords an opportunity for a much more tasteful display of plants. It is liable to great diminution of temperature, in consequence of its exposure to the external air, by which means, in cold weather, the plants suffer for heat.

To secure a uniform and sufficient temperature, an opening is made in the top of the case for the entrance of warm air, and another in the bottom, for the exit of the cool, which falls in consequence of its greater specific gravity. By this means, the plants are perfectly protected from contact with cold air. The current of warm air entering the top would, however, naturally dissipate the necessary moisture. To avoid this, a net-work of loose cotton thread is placed over the opening, one end being immersed in water. Capillary attraction causes the whole to be moistened, and the air, in passing over it, becomes saturated with water.

The effect of this method is shown in the better appearance of the plants, a greater evenness of temperature, and the constant and marked presence of humidity. All this is accomplished without complication, and requires but little attention. The process is almost self-regulating, much like that in the Aquarium, which renders the latter of such interest. To secure the condition of heat, the plants should be exposed not too directly to the rays of the sun. If possible, the case should be so placed as to have the light of an adjoining window thrown in its rear.

A communication from Mr. WALTER ELDER was read, in which the writer traced the history of window gardening, and presented some thoughts on the moral and pleasing nature of the practice. It was the simplest branch of gardening, and the first to interest the mind with a love of flowering plants; it is the parent of exotic floriculture. Working people in large cities, who had not a foot of ground, made gardens upon the house-tops, and now Paris and other European cities are noted for them.

The French excel in balcony gardens. Simple window gardening is, perhaps, more universal among the working classes in Scotland than in any other country. It is in every house. The pious, peaceful, and moral nature of the people attaches them to home, and creates in them a desire to beautify it. The writer thought that the people of Philadelphia showed, several years ago, more taste for this branch of floriculture than now. The communication closed with an allusion to the soothing influence of the culture of flowers on the mind. There was never a more propitious time for the culture of window plants than now, when the number of flowers subject to such treatment is greatly increased.

TO ARRANGE A BOUQUET.—Flowers may be arranged either according to the harmony or the contrast of colors. Red harmonizes to orange, orange to yellow, violet to red, indigo to violet, blue to indigo, and green to blue. Green is the contrast to red, sky-blue to orange, yellow to violet, blue to orange-red, indigo to orange yellow, and violet to bluish-green. To find the contrast to any flower, cut a small circular piece from one of its petals, and place it upon white paper; look at it steadily with one eye for a few seconds, without allowing the eyelid to close, then look from the colored circle to another part of the white paper, when a circle of another color will be apparent. This circle is called the spectrum, and is the true complementary color or contrast required. There is no doubt that arranging flowers according to their contrast, or complementary colors, is more pleasing to the eye than placing them according to their harmonies. Consequently, a blue flower should be placed next an orange flower, a yellow near a violet, and a red or a white should have plants with abundant foliage near them. "White," says Dr. Lindley, "suits blues and oranges, and better still, reds and roses; but it tarnishes yellows and violets. In all cases, however, when colors do not agree, placing white between them restores the effect."

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—It is perfectly natural for all women to be beautiful. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth, or training, or in both. We would, therefore, respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There girls do not jump from infancy to young-ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle direct to the drawing-room to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flower. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, abundant sunshine, and good moral culture during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life.

OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS.—If two pieces of transparent white paper be attached to a window and examined through a prism, fringes of blue, red, and yellow, will be produced. Should the light of the sun be very vivid there, a powerful artificial rainbow will result; but, if the paper be increased in thickness, the blue color will preponderate.

TO COPY FERNS.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns may be made by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper (without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other), and let them dry out.

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CREEPERS.—These should never be allowed to get entangled before they are trained; but, on the contrary, all advancing flower-stems should be neatly nailed to the wall, or tied to the trellis; as, if this business is delayed too long, no amount of after care will compensate for, or remedy the evil. "Train up a child in the way it should go, etc.," says the proverb; to which we reply, train up a plant in the proper manner, and at the right season, if you wish to see it thrive hereafter.

YOUR FRUIT TREES.—The following plan of treating fruit trees is now practiced with much success. Place a pail of water close to the tree, and twist a piece of soft rope or hemp two or three times round the stem, letting the two ends remain in the pail, which ought to be filled regularly every morning. This supplies a gentle and continued moisture to the tree, which is of great advantage to it, and renders any other attention unnecessary.

TO CURE DIPTHERIA.—The following remedy for diptheria, has always proved effectual in affording speedy relief:—Take a common tobacco pipe, place a live coal within the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, and let the patient draw smoke into the mouth and discharge it through the nostrils. The remedy is safe and simple, and should be tried whenever occasion may require.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Les Miserables. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the French. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Carleton.*—The author of this work is well known, not only as, perhaps, the first living literary genius of France, but also as an uncompromising republican, who prefers to live in exile rather than acknowledge Louis Napoleon. To "Les Miserables," which he considers his master-piece, Victor Hugo has devoted the last twenty-five years of his life. The work, though in the form of fiction, is a powerful plea for all who suffer from the injustice of society. It is divided into five different novels, the first of which is the volume before us. To some extent, the same characters figure in all the stories; but not sufficiently so to prevent each tale being distinct in itself. While "Les Miserables" is the proper title for the entire series, "Fantine" would be the more correct one for the book now under review. A work of such scope, not to say power, cannot be fairly dissected in the limited space we have to spare. Only the pages of a Quarterly Review are competent to discuss "Les Miserables." We may say, however, that a truly humanitarian, if not a Christian, spirit characterizes the work. Or, to describe it in other language, it is a sort of "Alton Locke," exhibiting, however, deeper thinking and a broader scope than that somewhat undigested work. American readers will find much to startle them in its pages, gleams that remind them of "The Mysteries of Paris" even; but they should charitably allow for the vices of French society, as well as for a Frenchman's mode of thinking, which is, indeed, chiefly a product of that society. For instance, Victor Hugo is a Christian, and a sincere one in his way, though it is hardly the Christianity of orthodox New England, or even of the Anglican Church. Nothing, on the one hand, could be more according to the gospel standards than his character of the self-denying Bishop of D——; while nothing will more shock American readers, and justly shock them, than his classing together Lucretius, Menou, Moses, Mahomet, and He "who spake as never man spake." Again, books with an earnest purpose like this, must necessarily tell truths that even philanthropy, if of "the rose-colored" school, shrinks from: and hence many persons object, and often wisely, to the indiscriminate perusal of such works. Gray-hairs may read with profit what is frequently an enigma, if not worse, to youth. We are not prepared to say who will, or will not, be benefited by "Les Miserables;" but we are certain that it is not a book to be put into the hands of every one. The large-minded and liberal, whose faith is firm and clear, and who can do justice to the sincere purpose of the author, will rise from the perusal of the volume with more pitying charity for the criminal, with greater faith in the brotherhood of man, with new revelations of the divine teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. But others will see in the story of "Fantine" only a fiction of the school of Eugene Sue, modified indeed, but still, if not absolutely infidel, at least a dangerous Philippic against "law and order." Still others, even when admitting the general truth of many of Victor Hugo's incidents, will ask "*cui bono?*" As we said before, we have not space to discuss the question; nor, perhaps, even if we had, would this be a fitting place for it. We leave the work, with the closing remark, that it is one of extraordinary power, and that, for good and ill, it will exercise great influence. This first volume is printed in double-column octavo. Price, in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, $1.00.

A Life's Secret. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is reprinted, partly from the advance sheets, and partly from the original manuscript, and has not, we believe, as yet appeared in London. It establishes, on still firmer grounds, the astonishing versatility of the author. Here are three novels, "The Earl's Heirs," "The Channings," and "A Life's Secret," all written by Mrs. Wood, yet each varying so much from the others, that, except for the ability displayed, they might have been the work of different persons. "A Life's Secret," in some respects, is the best of all. The story turns, more or less, on a "strike" among some London workmen, the employees of a principal character in the work. Both the hero and heroine are unusually interesting persons. The doctor, too, is an excellent delineation. The same skill, in the management and plot, which distinguished Mrs. Wood's former novels, marks this one also. The volume is printed in double-column octavo. Price 75 cents.

The Master. By Mrs. M. A. Denison. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Williams, Wise & Co.*—This is decidedly the best story which Mrs. Denison has ever written. The novel may be called a musical one, since all the principal characters are musicians. Loporta, the Master, is a particularly fine character, nobly conceived and spiritedly delineated; Madeline, the heroine, is a charming idealization; while Minot, Lucille, Roget, Marmot, and the Madame, are all forcibly and truthfully drawn. Some of the descriptions of musical performances are full of enthusiasm, and quite stir the blood, as in the quintette when Madeline first plays for the Master, and in the *Jubilate Deo* where the Madame recovers her lost voice. The description of "the den," or music-room of the Master; of the great organ; and of Roget's visit to the cathedral, are also, in different ways, powerful bits of writing. The plot of the story, we should not forget to say, is managed with unusual skill. The volume is handsomely printed.

Artemus Ward, His Book. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This is a collection of humorous pieces, which originally appeared in "Vanity Fair," and which are as laughter-moving from their odd spelling as from their burlesque ideas. Artemus Ward professes to be a show-man, who goes about the country, *a la* Barnum, exhibiting a Kangaroo, and other natural curiosities, and diversifying this highly intellectual pursuit with the cognate one of lecturing. Some of his remarks are very funny. Altogether, it is a book eminently fitted to raise a laugh, which, according to physicians, is a very necessary relaxation to those who would be healthy.

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Open Air Grape Culture. By John Phin. 1 *vol*, 12 *mo. New York: C. M. Saxton.*—This is not only a treatise on the garden and vineyard culture of the vine, but a description also of the best method of manufacturing wine. The volume is profusely illustrated with engravings. We consider it the best work of its kind which has yet appeared in the United States. Every family which is the fortunate possessor of even one grape-vine, would find an advantage in possessing this book; for the proper manner to be used, and the entire processes for making the vines bear plentifully, are described lucidly and at length. Mr. Phin considers the best grapes for open air culture to be the Catawba, Concord, Delaware, Diana, and Isabella, ranking the last superior to all. We think he underrates the flavor of the Diana, and exalts that of the Isabella; but different localities, doubtless, affect the character of the fruit.

Ravenshoe. By the author of "Geoffrey Hamlin." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The writer of this novel is a brother of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke," etc., etc. Though less of a genius than his celebrated brother, he is more of a novelist. "Geoffrey Hamlin" won quite a reputation for him; and "Ravenshoe" will add to that reputation. There is a freshness about the book that reminds one of the breezy shores of Mr. Kingsley's native country in England. The scene lies mostly in Devonshire, and afterward changes to the Crimea: the principal characters are the heirs of Ravenshoe, an Irish priest, a Lord Saltire, a Lady Ascot, and the two heroines. Most of these are drawn with vigor and skill. It is a book that will attain a very great popularity.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones & Robinson. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The least successful novel yet written by Mr. Trollope. Brown, Jones & Robinson are London shop-keepers, cockneys of the deepest dye, and, though doubtless correctly described, are not such characters as will please the general reader. Price 25 cents.

The Stolen Mask. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—One of the shorter fictions of the author of "The Woman in White." The story exhibits, like its predecessors, Wilkie Collins' strange power. Price 25 cents.

The Two Prima Donnas. By George Augustus Sala. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A spirited novel of real life, just the thing for summer reading. It is published in very cheap style. Price 25 cents.

Love's Labor Won. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Originally written for this Magazine. A very thrilling story.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

MORAL MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.—Important as are the responsibilities of a mother in regard to the physical training and care of her offspring, what is expected from her in their moral management is tenfold more so. On the earliest dawn of intelligence, on the first glimpse of something beyond mere instinct, this training should commence.

"To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing heart"—

both mothers and fathers should study diligently to accomplish, that children who should be our blessings become not torments to society.

The moral care of children is the most sacred duty that can devolve on woman—one of the highest trusts committed to her care.

On this subject we submit a few valuable hints. According as they are more or less followed, so will she find the value of them in the present and future welfare of her little ones. To quote the nursery motto, "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

Never allow an evil habit or action in children to be passed over uncorrected; if so it will be repeated, under the mistaken impression that it is pleasing.

In judicious correction, courage and perseverance are alike requisite. The child should never be allowed in this contention to gain a victory. Crying is the defensive weapon of a child, and if this resistance is successful, by the yielding of the nurse or mother, she will often find difficulty in regaining her lost dominion.

Irritation and anger should be corrected in the bud; they are the modes by which the accumulated excitement of children is relieved.

Undue severity toward children is highly injudicious: they should be ruled by love and not by fear. If harshness and severity be adopted, the child will become reserved and deceptive. Nor should the opposite error of over-indulgence be cultivated. To this mistake may be traced much of the accumulated misery of after life.

Children are readily perceptible of feelings of *jealousy*. Therefore allow no marked preference to be shown. Such error is the common source of envy and hatred in a family.

In the regulation of study, the peculiarity of character and disposition, and the extent of capacity, must be studied. Generally speaking, children should first be taught to exercise their bodily senses by observing objects, by listening to sounds, by noticing the smell of flowers.

Those who teach young children should speak to them properly, not lisping or using silly words, for they can understand sense better than nonsense.

Children should be uniformly taught to practice obedience, truthfulness, justice, and kindness; and good examples should be constantly set before them.

The practice of frightening little children, in order to make them quiet, has, in some cases, resulted in convulsions and death. Relating ghost stories and other frightful tales to them has frequently exercised an injurious influence for life. At the same time remember that children love stories, and delight to have them told again and again. Always give them a moral turn of character.

Set before your children examples of cleanliness, order, punctuality, delicacy, and politeness, and proper care of manner.

Inculcate in your children a love of gardening, natural history, and wholesome pastime. Teach them to observe forms, sizes, weights, colors, and number.

Accustom children to find their own amusement. It is the most unprofitable slavery to be constantly finding amusement for them. Encourage construction, and furnish the materials, leaving ingenuity to work.

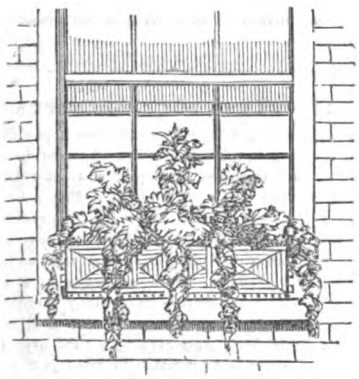
It is most important that, as soon as they can read, their books should be judiciously chosen for them; for it should be borne in mind, that bad books are more plentiful than good ones. We cannot be too emphatic in warning parents to watch well the books that come into their children's hands. It is a high duty to stimulate and encourage in the young a love of good reading. It should not be too exclusive in its subjects—but all subjects should be made subservient to the moral culture of the young student.

But, ABOVE ALL THINGS—teach the children to love and reverence their Creator, and obey His laws. Their morning and evening prayers—their daily grace—their worship in His tabernacles—their keeping holy His Sabbath—let none of these things be neglected. Then, whether at home or abroad—in the school-room, in the workshop, or engaged in their sports upon some village green—you will find them grow up blessings to yourselves and honored members of society.

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HORTICULTURAL.

RUSTIC BOXES, BASKETS, AND VASES, FOR COTTAGE WINDOWS AND GARDENS.—We can imagine nothing so effective, yet so pretty and simple, and that would tend to alter the appearance of a cottage front, as a rustic vase for the center



of the garden, or boxes and hanging baskets of a like description for the windows; and such being our idea upon the subject, we have taken the liberty of giving three designs, which of course may be altered to suit the taste of our readers. These, when properly filled with fuchsias, geraniums, calceolarias, etc., in the center, and plants of a drooping kind round the sides, give an appearance that only requires to be seen to be duly appreciated. These



several ornaments, as the illustrations will show, are of easy construction, being composed or fashioned entirely of rough pieces of wood, or, more correctly speaking, of branches with the bark on; such being the case, it only requires a little ingenuity, a little patience, and a little forethought, to build them, if we may so term it. As we



have said before, if the shapes which we have given to explain our notions be not approved of, any other may be substituted to meet the fancy of the designer. The shape fixed upon should be first of all formed of deal planking, and afterward covered with the rough branches, which, being first cut in half, will present a flat side, which flat side may be tacked upon the shape just alluded to. Having accomplished your task, let the boxes, baskets, or vases be filled with a compost of three parts of good turfy loam, and one of thoroughly rotted manure, well mixed together, and then fill them with any of the following plants, namely: *for the center*—Fuchsias, calceolarias, geraniums, cinerarias. China roses, petunias, or, indeed, any others of erect growth; while *for the sides*, mignionette, petunias, verbenas, Mimulus Moschatus, Lophospurmum Scandens, Lophospurmum Jacksonii, nasturtiums, Tropeolum, Canariensis, Nemophila Insignis, Murianda Barclayana, etc., are subjects well adapted to the purpose.

PRESERVES, ETC., ETC.

Observations on Preserving.—Attention, with practice, will enable a person to make any of the following sorts of preserves, etc., and they are as much as is wanted in a private family. The higher articles of preserved fruits may be bought at less expense than they can be made.

Preserves should be kept carefully from the air, and in a very dry place. Unless they have a very small proportion of sugar, a warm one does not hurt; but when not properly boiled (that is, long enough, but not quickly), heat makes them ferment, and damp causes them to grow mouldy. They should be looked at two or three times in the first two months, that they may be gently boiled again if not likely to keep. Paste the edge of the outer paper, as it keeps out the air better than a string, or rub the outer paper over with the white of eggs and cover the preserve whilst hot. This plan is adopted by most of the French confectioners. Put plain writing-paper over the fruit; brandy will give them a tendency to ferment.

Dried sweetmeats, cakes, etc., should be kept in tin boxes, between layers of white paper, in a very dry but not hot room.

When any sweetmeats are directed to be dried in the sun or in a stove, it will be best, in private families, where there is not a regular stove for the purpose, to put them in the sun on flag-stones, which reflect the heat, and place a garden glass over them to keep insects off; or, if put into an oven, take care not to let it be too warm, and watch that they do properly and slowly.

All fruits for preserving should be gathered in dry weather; but as this is not always practicable, much inconvenience may be obviated by boiling the fruit for jellies and jams long before the sugar is added. By so doing, the watery particles will evaporate, and the preserve will be better flavored, by the sugar not being too long on the fire.

Pans of copper or bell-metal are the proper utensils for preserved fruit: when used, they must be scoured bright with sand. Tinned pans turn and destroy the color of the fruit that is put into them. There is a new sort of stewpan to be got at most of the large ironmongers': it is of iron, coated with earthenware. Omelette-pans should be of the same material. Sieves and horn spoons should be kept for sweet things only.

To Preserve Pears.—Pare them very thin, and simmer in a thin syrup; let them lie a day or two. Make the syrup richer, and simmer again, and repeat this till they are clear; then drain and dry them in the sun or a cool oven a very little time. They may be kept in syrup, and dried as wanted, which makes them more moist and rich. Jargonelles are the best for this purpose.

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To Preserve ripe Peaches.—Put them into a preserving-pan full of cold water, with a slice or two of lemon; set them on a slow fire; have ready a sieve and a napkin; be careful not to do them too much: some will be ready sooner than others. When they begin to be soft they are done enough; drain them on the sieve, and let them stand until cold; then put them into glasses; pound sugarcandy very fine in a mortar, dissolve it in brandy, and fill up the glasses with it. *Or:*—Wipe, weigh, and pick the fruit, and have ready a quarter of the weight of fine sugar in fine powder. Put the fruit into an icepot that shuts very close; throw the sugar over it, and then cover the fruit with brandy. Between the top and cover of the pot put a piece of double whity-brown paper. Set the pot in a saucepan of water till the brandy be as hot as you can bear to put your finger into, but it must not boil. Put the fruit into a jar, and pour the brandy upon it. When cold put a bladder over it, and tie it down tight.

To Preserve whole or half Quinces.—Into two quarts of boiling water put a quantity of the fairest golden pippins, in slices not very thin, and not pared, but wiped clean. Boil them very quickly, close covered, till the water becomes a thick jelly; then scald the quinces. To every pint of pippin-jelly put one pound of the finest sugar; boil it, and skim it clear. Put those quinces that are to be done whole into the syrup at once, and let it boil very fast; and those that are to be in halves by themselves; skim it, and when the fruit is clear put some of the syrup into a glass to try whether it jellies before taking it off the fire. The quantity of quinces is to be one pound to one pound of sugar, and one pound of jelly already boiled with the sugar.

To Clarify Sugar.—Take the quantity of fine white loaf sugar you intend to clarify, add to it of very clean warm water, half a pint for every pound; when dissolved, add to it the white of one or two eggs—as the quantity may require—well whipped, put it on the fire, and when it comes to a boil, pour into it an ordinary teacupful of cold water; on its rising again to a boil, remove it, and let it settle for twenty minutes; skim the scum from the top, pour off the syrup into a clean vessel with sufficient thickness to leave all the sediment at the bottom, and such steadiness as to prevent any of the latter rising and mixing with it.

To Green Fruits for Preserving and Pickling.—Take pippins, apricots, pears, plums, peaches, while green, for the first, or radish-pods, French beans for the latter, and cucumbers for both processes, and put them, with vine-leaves under and over, into a preserving-pan with spring-water to cover them, and close the pan to exclude all air. Set it on the side of a fire, and when they begin to simmer take them off; take them out carefully with a slice; the next day put them again on the fire. They are to be peeled, and then done according to the receipts for the several modes.

To Candy any sort of Fruit.—When finished in the syrup, put a layer into a new sieve, and dip it suddenly into hot water, to take off the syrup that hangs about it; put it on a napkin before the fire to drain, and then do some more in the sieve. Have ready sifted double-refined sugar, which sift over the fruit on all sides till quite white; set it on the shallow end of sieves in a lightly warm oven, and turn it two or three times. It must not be cold till dry. Watch it carefully, and it will be beautiful.

Green-Gages.—Weigh a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; the largest when they begin to get soft are the best; split them, and take out the kernels and stew them in part of the sugar, take out the kernels from the shells and blanch them; the next day strain off the syrup and boil it with the remaining sugar about ten minutes; skim it and add the fruit and kernels, skim it until clear, then put it into small pots with syrup and kernels.

Apple Jelly to use for other Fruit.—Pour into a stewpan a quart of cold water; throw into it, as quickly as they can be peeled, cored, and weighed, four pounds of good boiling apples of fine flavor—codlings are the best; stew them till the fruit is well broken; strain through a jelly-bag; to every quart of this juice allow one pound and a half of sugar. This makes a beautiful jelly to preserve other fruits in.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Manage Honey.—To judge of the best honey, it should be of a bright pale color, thick, and a little aromatic. To obtain it from the combs in its pure state, it must be left to run from them without pressing. The color shows whether it is fine or inferior. If wanted to preserve some in the comb, choose the fairest, and such as have not been broken; wrap each comb in white paper, such as lines the blue cover of loaf-sugar. Set it edgeways, as it stood in the hive, and it may be preserved many months. The combs meant to be drained must be cut in slices. Lay them on a hair-search, supported by a rack over the jar, in which the honey is to remain; for the less it is stirred, after draining, the better it keeps. Fill the jar to the brim, as a little scum must be taken off when it has settled. A bladder, well washed in luke-warm water, ought to be laid over the double fold of white paper with which it is covered.

To obtain Skeleton Leaves, Flowers, etc.—The leaves or flowers are to be placed in a small quantity of water until they are completely decomposed. (Warm weather is to be preferred.) They are then to be taken out of the water, and laid upon a marble slab or flat surface. Clear water (some recommend it to be boiling) is then gently poured, in a small stream, over them, and thus the decayed particles are washed away, leaving behind only a series of woody fibres, or sap vessels, which constitute a beautiful network, particularly in small leaves. This operation being performed, they should be placed in the sun, and, when dry, may be fixed, with glue or gum, on a back ground of black velvet, and placed in a glazed frame, or glass case, as taste may direct. A beginner should commence the experiments with the largest leaves, as with them failure is less likely than with the more delicate.

A sure Bottle Cement.—Put a little isinglass in a cup, and brandy or whiskey sufficient to cover it. Let it dissolve near the fire. It must be used warm. *Or:*—Take one pound of resin and one ounce of bees'-wax, and melt them in a pipkin over a slow fire. While in a fluid state, it may be colored red by means of Venetian red, or green with Brunswick or Scheele's green. *Or:*—The juice of garlic, stamped in a stone mortar, and carefully applied to the broken parts of glass, etc., will cement them closely and permanently.

Economy in Candles.—In such candlesticks as are not made to slide, the candles are frequently permitted to burn in the socket to great waste, and to the injury of the candlestick. This may be prevented by taking out early the short piece of candle, placing it between three common pins stuck in an old cork, and putting the cork in the candlestick.

Lemon Water.—The peel of the lemon, the part used in making this water, is a very grateful bitter aromatic, and, on that account, very serviceable in repairing and strengthening the stomach. Take of dried lemon-peel, four pounds; proof spirit, ten gallons and a half; one gallon of water. Draw off ten gallons by a gentle fire.

An excellent Cement for mending china articles, when broken, can be made by mixing flour with white of egg to the consistence of a paste. Hot water does not injure, but rather hardens this simple cement.

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TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Dress Tomatoes—To Stew.—Slice the tomatoes into a well-tinned stewpan, seasoning them with pepper and salt; place bits of butter over the top. Put on the lid close, and stew gently for about twenty minutes. After this stir them frequently, letting them stew until they are well done. A spoonful or two of vinegar will be considered an improvement by many. Excellent with roast beef or mutton. *Or:*—Put in only sufficient tomatoes to cover the bottom of the saucepan, add gravy or broth to nearly cover them, let them stew very gently until well done; then strain off the gravy, thicken it with butter mixed with flour, put the tomatoes on a dish, and pour the gravy over.

To Stuff.—Cut them in halves and hollow out the center; take whatever cold meat may be at hand, either chicken, partridge, with ham, etc., onions, fine herbs, crumbs of bread, and form a forcemeat-ball with beaten eggs; fill up the centers of the tomatoes, and let them stew gently in any gravy; before serving up, pass them over with a salamander or hot iron.

To Bake.—Slice them into a baking-dish; season, put butter over in bits, and strew bread-crumbs on the top. Bake them for about three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

A favorite mode of dressing them in Portugal, where they are largely grown, is, to stew them along with rice and onions in strong brown gravy; the rice forming the greater portion of the dish. There are also various other ways employed throughout the Continent, but garlic should never be added. as it destroys the delicacy of the tomato.

Leek or Onion Soup.—The liquor in which a leg of mutton has been boiled will do very well for this broth. Mix a spoonful or two of oatmeal, according to the quantity of broth, in cold water, very smooth, the same as if for gruel, add a little of the broth, by degrees, until the whole is incorporated; then boil the liquor with any quantity of leeks or onions—both or either—until it becomes of the consistency of cream. Or, omit the oatmeal, and substitute flour, stirring the soup very hard for five minutes; and when you are about taking it from the fire, stir in the yolks of two raw eggs beat up with a little more broth, and serve it immediately.

Cecils.—Mince any kind of meat, crumbs of bread, a good deal of onion, lemon-peel, salt, nutmeg, chopped parsley, pepper, and a bit of butter warm, and mix them over the fire for a few minutes; when cool enough, make it up into balls of the size and shape of a turkey's egg; dip them in egg. and sprinkle with fine crumbs, then fry them of a yellow brown; and serve with gravy.

DESSERTS.

Orange Custards.—Having boiled the rind of a Seville orange very tender, beat it in a mortar to a fine paste. Put to it the juice of a Seville orange, a tablespoonful of the best brandy, four ounces of loaf-sugar, and the yolks of four eggs. Beat them all well together for ten minutes. Then pour in, by degrees, a pint of boiling cream, and keep beating the whole up until it is cold. Put it into custard glasses; place the glasses in an earthen dish of hot water, let them stand till they are set, and then stick preserved orange, or orange chips, on the top.

Orange Marmalade.—Procure Seville oranges, stew them so tender that you can pierce them with a straw, changing the water two or three times. Drain them, take off the rind, weigh the pulps, previously taking out the pips; and, supposing the quantity to be six pounds, add seven of sugar; boil it slowly till the syrup be clear; then add the peel, having cut it into strips. Boil it up again, and it is finished. This is a new method, has been tried, and found to be excellent as well as economical.

Rice Fritters.—Pare very thin the rind of a lemon, and boil it in milk, with sugar enough to sweeten it, and a cup of rice. When the rice is quite soft, take out the lemon-peel; beat up the rice with a glass of brandy, shape it into fritters, brush them with yolks of eggs, cover them with bread-crumbs, fry them in lard, dust them with fine sugar, and glaze with a salamander. *Or:*—Let the rice cool; spread it out half an inch thick, cut it in rounds with a one and a half-inch cutter, make an opening, and insert a piece of red currant-jelly, apple-jelly, or a fine jam of any kind; then egg and crumb, carefully closing the aperture that admitted the jam; fry in hot lard, and glaze with fine sugar.

Quaking Pudding.—Scald a quart of cream; when almost cold, put to it four eggs well beaten, one spoonful and a half of flour, some nutmeg and sugar; tie it close in a buttered cloth, boil it one hour, and turn it out with care, lest it should crack. Serve with wine sauce.

Parsnip Pudding.—Parsnip pudding is made by boiling two parsnips, draining the water from them, and adding grated bread, the yolks of two eggs, sugar and spice to the taste, and a little cream; the whole, when mixed, is poured into a light puff paste and baked.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE BOOK-MUSLIN.—The skirt is made with one deep flounce, edged top and bottom with a narrow Valenciennes lace, and has a blue ribbon run in the flounce just above and below the lace. The body is made low and plain. The berthe is round at the back, passes over the shoulders, crosses in front, passes under the arms, and is tied behind with two long ends. Full puffed sleeves.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLACK SILK, made in the Polonaise, or, as it is sometimes called, the Gabrielle style—that is, with no seam at the waist. The dress is trimmed down the front with buttons inserted in a small lace rosette, and around the bottom with a ruffle put on in flutes and surmounted by three rows of black velvet, edged on each side with black lace. The sleeves are lined with white silk, cut open on the inside of the arm, and confined at the wrist with a black velvet band edged with lace. Head-dress of black and white lace, and a bunch of Vesuvius-colored ribbon.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED BAREGE.—The flounce is trimmed with two narrow ruffles, between which are run five rows of braid of a shade deeper than the dress. The body, sleeves, and sash are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF NANKEEN-COLORED PIQUE.—It is trimmed with black velvet buttons and rows of black velvet. There is a deep Casaque like the dress, and trimmed to correspond.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The distinctive characteristics of the dresses of the present season are of enormous amplitude and length in the skirts, the back breadths being made to trail at least a quarter of a yard on the ground. Everything looks best when in its proper place, and nothing certainly is more elegant than a train dress in a drawing-room. A long flowing robe will impart a certain grace and dignity even to the wearer in whom those qualities are wanting. This fact was fully understood by our grandmothers, and they turned it to the best account. But the most enthusiastic admirer of long dresses will readily admit that nothing is more unpleasing and more out of place than a train in the street. All the grace and elegance of flowing dresses vanish when they are seen sweeping the dust and dragging through the mud. The proverb says, "Fools set the fashion, and wise people follow it;" but, in respect to trains worn in out-door walking dress,

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the folly or wisdom of the wearers are questions which admit of little doubt. Certain it is that few ladies are sufficiently philosophical to view with indifference the injury which a beautiful dress must sustain when exposed to the outrage of every clumsy foot that passes. The only remedy for all the difficulties involved in the important question of long dresses is, that, for walking costume, skirts should be made so as just to clear the ground, and that trains should be reserved exclusively for the drawing-room. There at least a beautiful trimming may escape destruction, and a rich and delicate silk may retain unsullied freshness.

In Evening Costume the dress must train at least half a yard behind, and the skirt must be very fully trimmed. This surplus of ornament denotes that plain skirts will, ere long, reappear. Exaggeration in fashion is the sure forerunner of simplicity. Many ladies, as if anticipating the impending change, are wearing skirts very slightly trimmed, but extremely full, set in large box-plaits at the waist, the only trimming being a narrow quilling at the bottom of the skirt just above the hem.

Narrow Flounces are worn on some of the thinner silks; narrow plaitings and quillings of ribbon are both also fashionable; Greek designs, in ribbon or velvet, contrasting in color to the dress, are very elegant, and will be in great favor.

Bodies are made either quite high and plain, or opening in heart shape with small *revers;* for very young ladies, the square body in the *Watteau* style is very becoming.

Sleeves are worn large, those of the *Isabel* and pagoda form being preferred; these may be slightly shaped at the elbow.

Shawls and Dresses made of the same material are much worn for walking toilets, and are particularly economical; as, when the dress becomes somewhat old, it may be renovated by using the shawl for making a new body, etc.

Braiding is still much in vogue, and we see, for the present season, a great number of dresses with a jacket of the same, made of white pekin, or of nankeen, either plain, flowered, or striped, but in all cases ornamented with braiding. One of the patterns in vogue, both in light tissues and silks, presents small designs inclosed between stripes forming squares.

The "Ceinture Florian" is an elegant novelty, which gives effect to a simply trimmed dress. It is made of taffety of a color harmonizing with that of the robe, and covered with black guipure, Chantilly, or blonde. Sometimes it is merely edged with lace or rows of velvet. The ceinture is pinned at the back of the body so as to form a polut or fichu. The ends are then passed over the shoulders, crossed on the bosom, and linked one in the other at the back of the waist, very much like the berthe in the first figure of our fashion plate.

One of the prettiest Evening Dresses which we have seen was made of white tarletane, entirely covered with flounces of moderate width. Each flounce was bordered by a narrow black velvet. The body, cut low and straight across in front, was surmounted by a muslin chemisette drawn with a narrow velvet. The wide waistband was tarletane bordered with velvet. The Ceres head-dress was white daisies and wheat-ears of jet, and jet jewelry also completed the paruro.

White Shawls, which, until last summer, had almost ceased to be worn, are now much in vogue. We have seen some beautiful specimens, embroidered in *black* and *mauve*, which were exceedingly unique. There was no trimming round the edge of the shawls; being so richly embroidered, they required no further ornament. Black shawls embroidered in white, in chain-stitch, are amongst the novelties of the season; and shawls made in twilled or spun silk, checkered and plain, are very general for the mid-season. Shawls of black net and spotted *tulle*, trimmed with broad lace, are also fashionable, as well as low-necked scarfs, forming mantelets, and trimmed with deep lace.

Embroidered Gauze Handkerchiefs for ladies' cravats are now in vogue, these forming a handsome bow in front.

A great improvement has taken place in the manufacture of Crinolines—or, rather, in the make of them—for they are now being arranged with flounces which may be taken off at pleasure. These flounces are buttoned over very few steels, and sometimes are of silk, sometimes of muslin, and sometimes of a thicker material. Crinolines are very much reduced in size at the top, but retain their amplitude at the bottom, and are made with trains to suit the fashionable skirts. The addition of the flounces gives to the dress an elegant and informal appearance; whereas, without them, a skirt hangs stiffly, and shows where the *cage* commences, which is anything but graceful.

Most of the fashionable Petticoats are being made with flounces, which assist to throw the dress out at the bottom, and are particularly suitable for wearing muslin or thin dresses. There is a very nice material now being manufactured, and which seems to be in great favor, for ladies' summer petticoats, consisting of a striped fabric, with a mixture of cotton in it, and which is very cool, comfortable wear. We have seen it in pink and white, blue and white, mauve and white, and brown and white; and some petticoats made of this material are braided, or ornamented with velvet, or made with little flounces. They are very economical, as they save much washing, and are particularly suitable for traveling, when much luggage is objected to.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress of Fawn-colored Foulard figured with Magenta.—The skirt is trimmed with points of Magenta silk, edged with narrow black lace. The pointed belt at the waist, and trimmings for the sleeves and body are of the same colored silk. Straw hat trimmed with black velvet and Magenta-colored flowers.

Fig. II.—Dress of Gray Alpaca with trimmings of Blue Silk.—The body is cut square in the neck, has small jockeys over the puffed sleeves, and a pointed *Medici* waist. Straw hat with the turned up brim, bound with blue velvet; long blue plume and net

General Remarks.—We have given some new styles of costume for children, but the Garibaldi costumes seem to be in as great favor as ever for children of both sexes, and nothing can be prettier than this charming dress. In warm weather nothing more is required besides the Garibaldi shirt for out-door wear. We have noticed these little articles in white pique, brown holland, and various other washing materials; but we cannot say they are so pretty or stylish as those made in some bright color, and worn with a white skirt.

Braiding is always a favorite style of ornamenting children's dresses and pelisses, and this season black appears to be the favorite color. Worked on buff, white, or stone pique, the effect is very good, and, for young ladies' morning dresses, nothing is prettier.

For Pelisses and out-door Jackets, white marcella or pique, spotted or figured in colors, is very general, sometimes trimmed with handsome embroidery, and sometimes with black braid.

We noticed a very pretty frock suitable for a boy four years of age, made of white pique. It was trimmed with points of buff pique, edged with a narrow black braid put on in a small device. A little jacket and waistcoat were made, for out-door wear, of the same material as the frock, of white and buff pique, braided, and a prettier little costume cannot be imagined. The mixture of buff, white, and black was extremely stylish.

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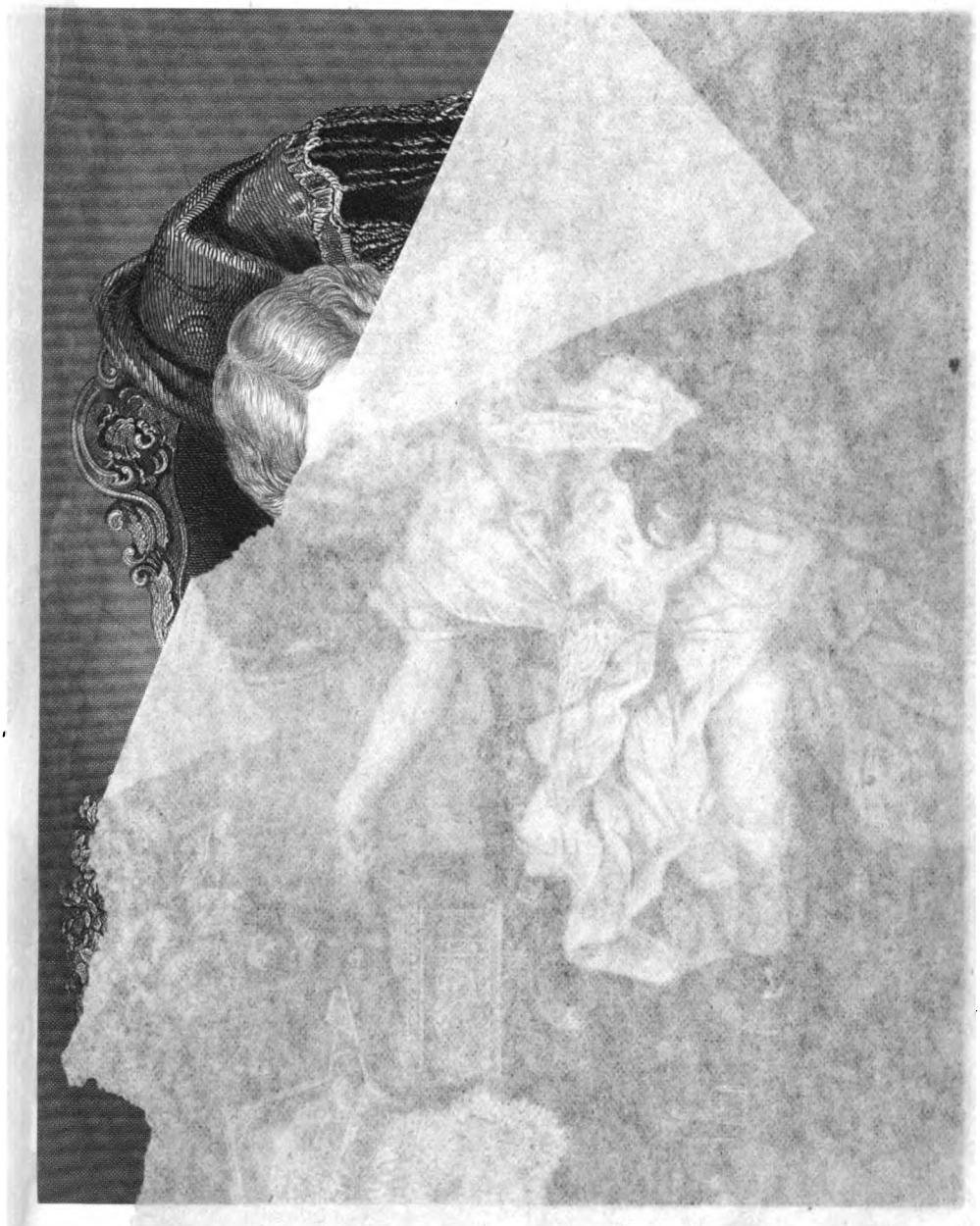
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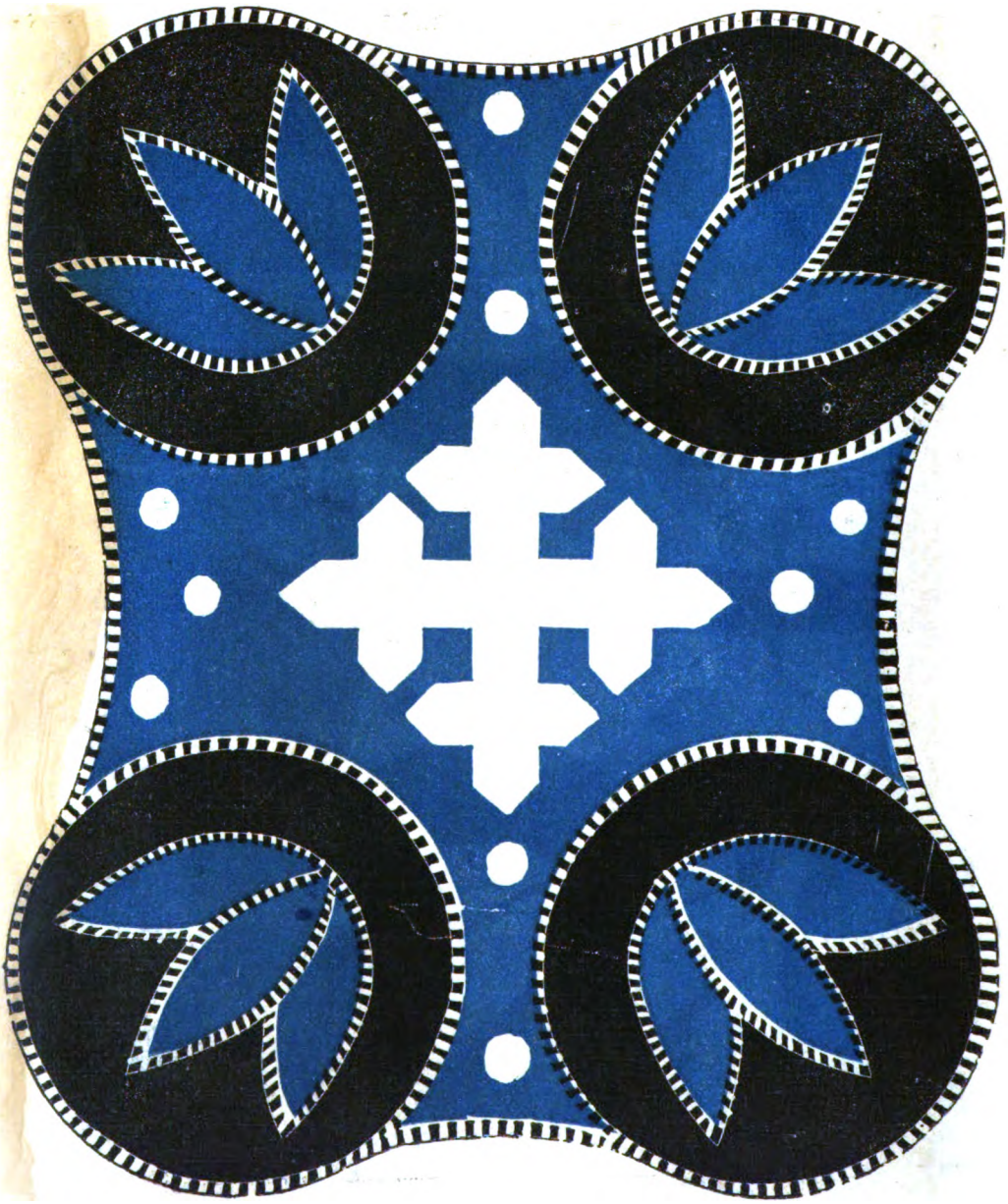
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PIN CUSHION, IN APPLIQUE.

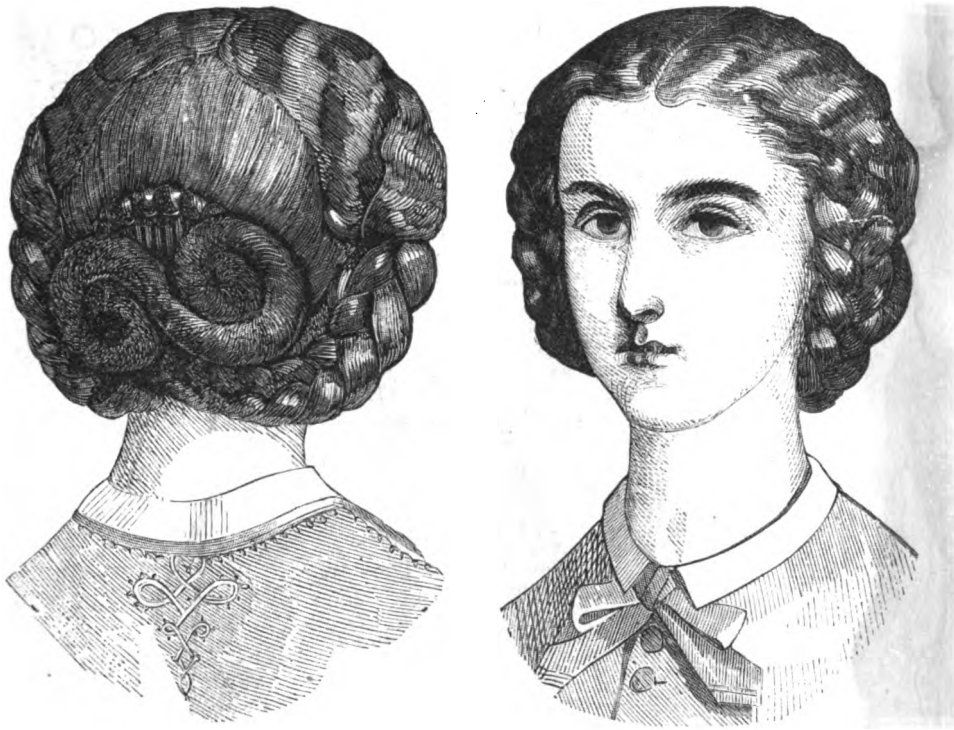
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"A THORNY PATH."

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NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

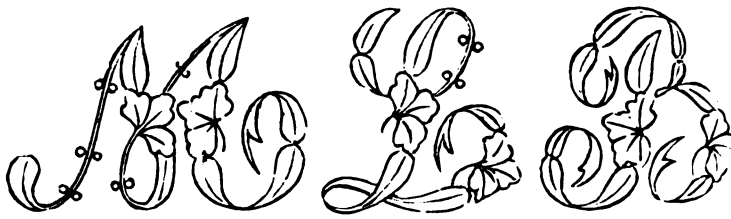
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CHEMISE YOKE.



IRENE PALETOT: BACK.

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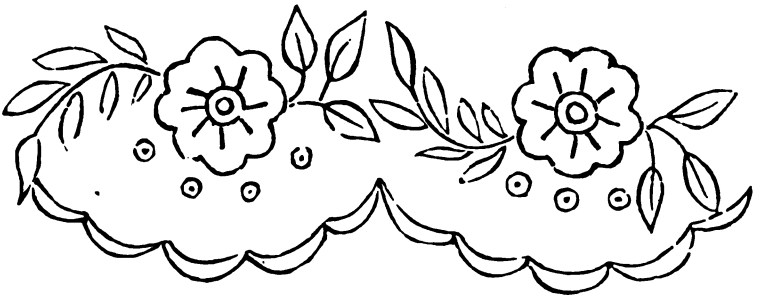


INITIALS FOR MARKING.



IRENE PALETOT: FRONT.

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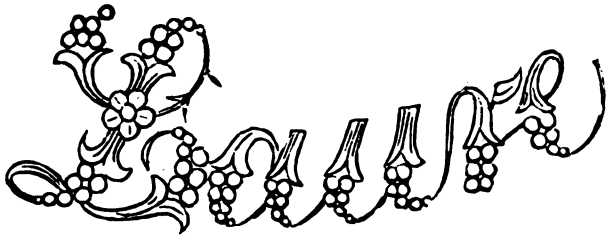


INSERTION.



POMPADOUR PELISSE.

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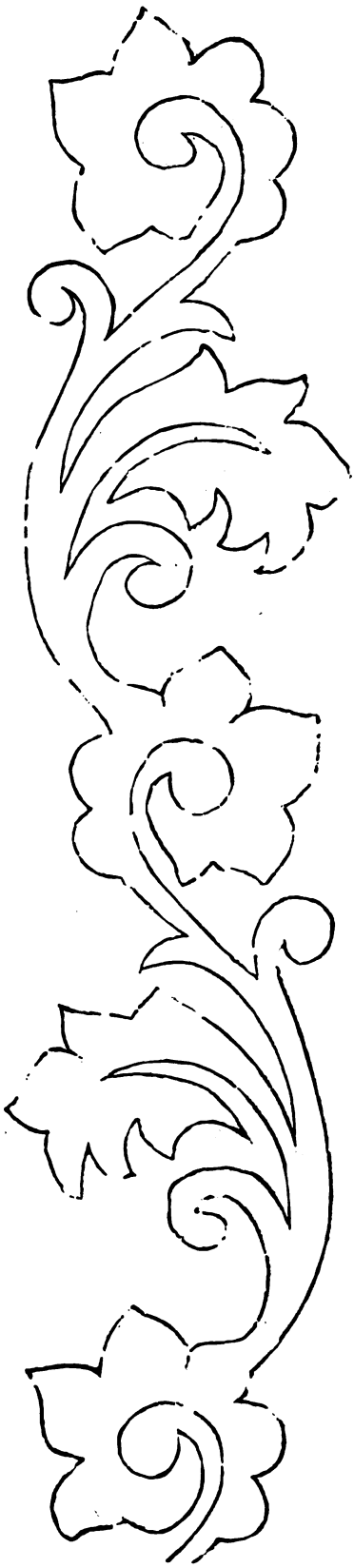


NAME FOR MARKING.



LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

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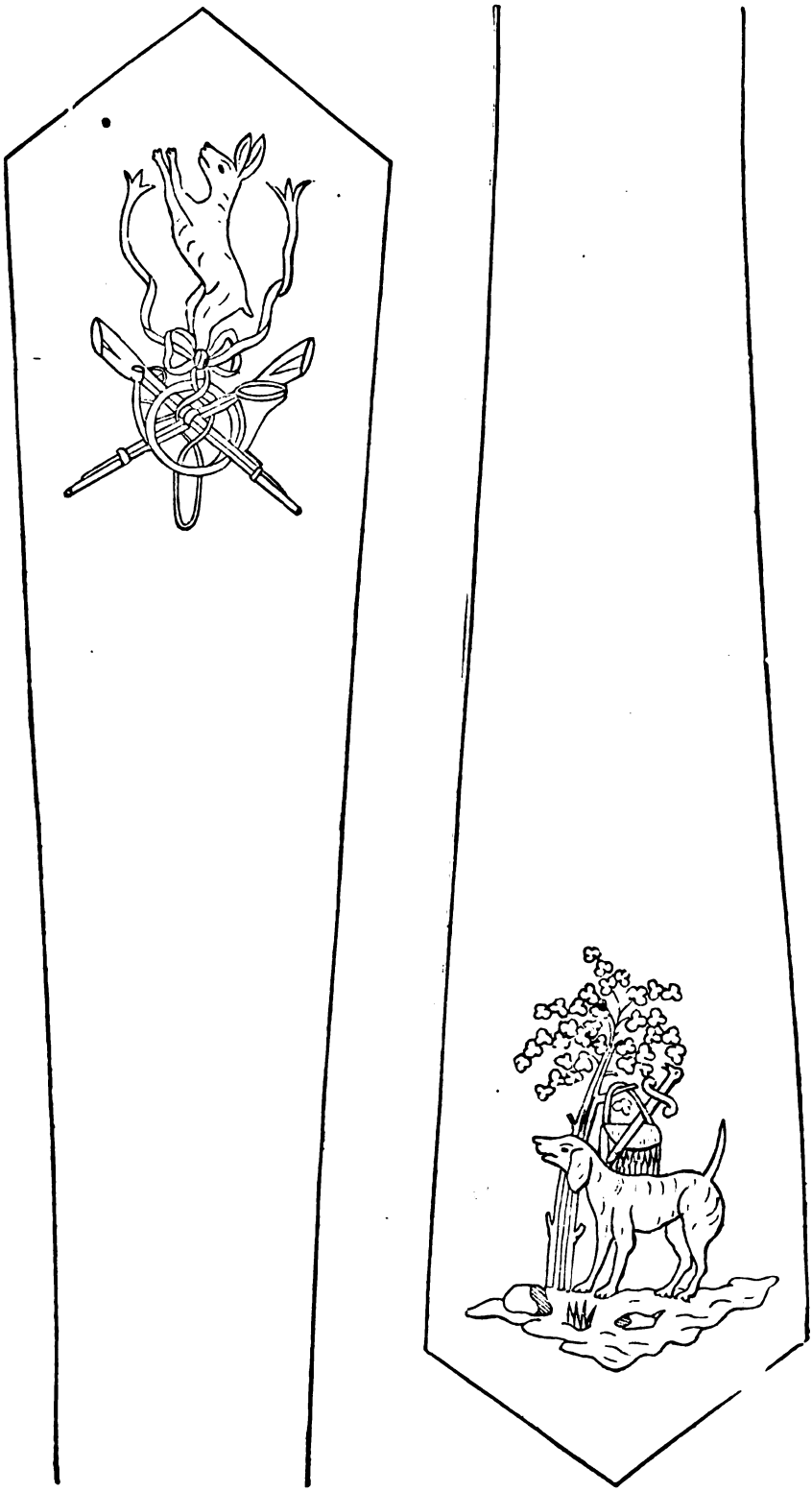
PATTERN IN BRAIDING.



FOR EDGE OF SKIRT.

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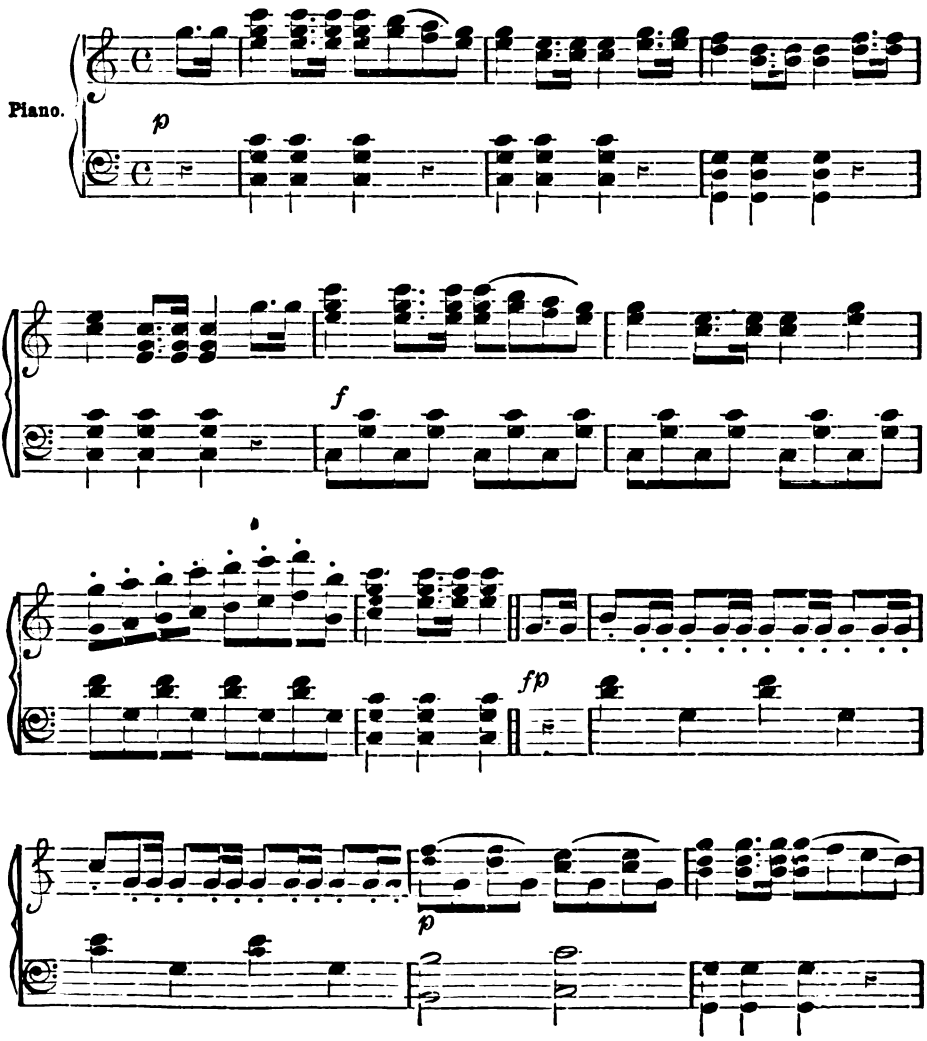


DESIGNS FOR GENTLEMEN'S CRAVATS.
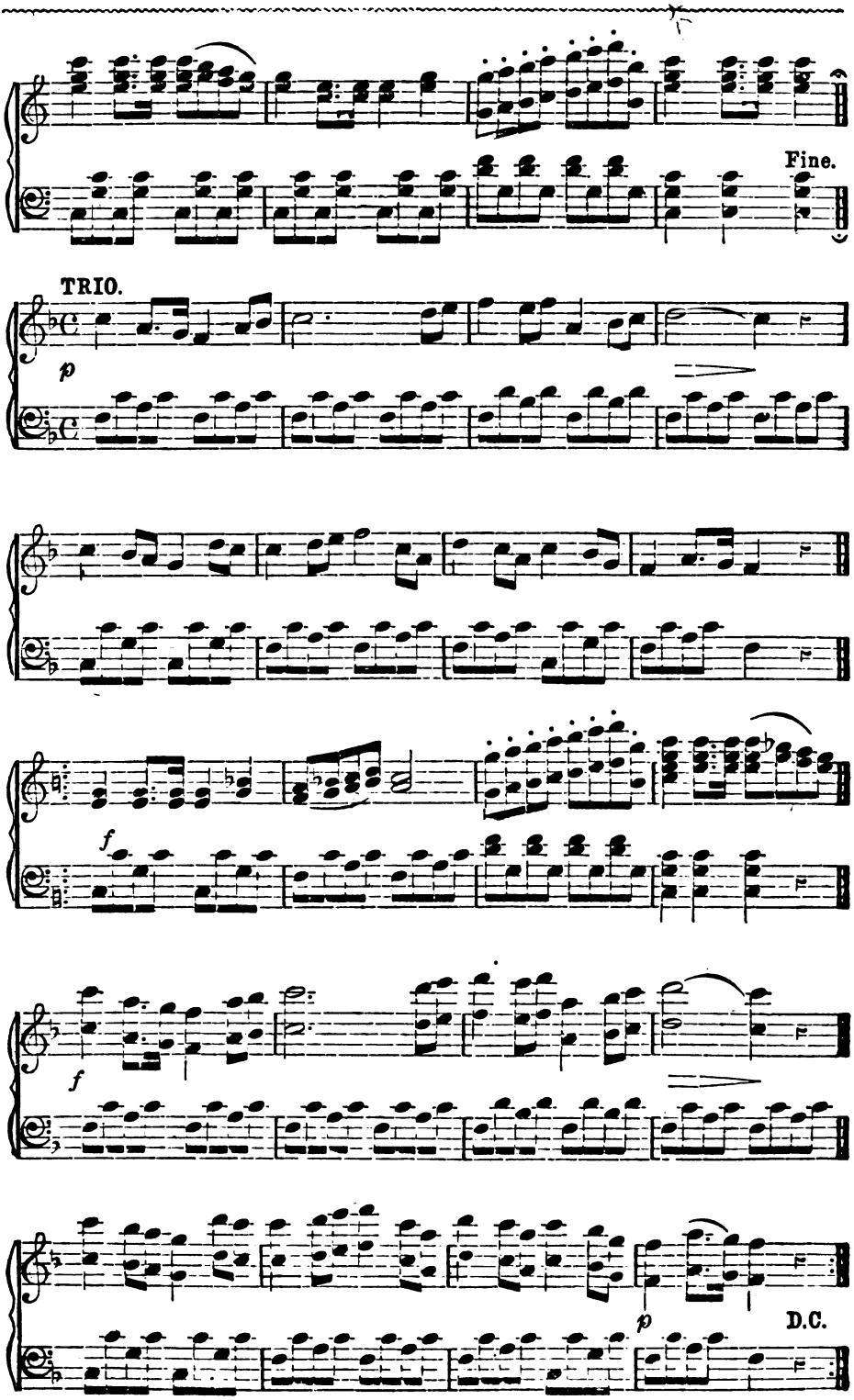
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Congress Grand March.

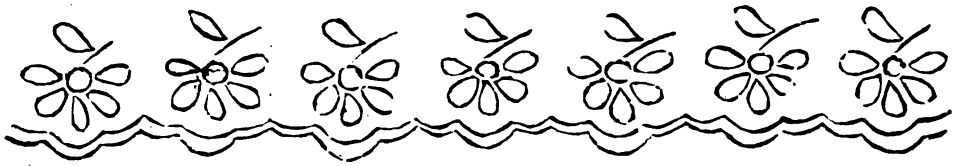
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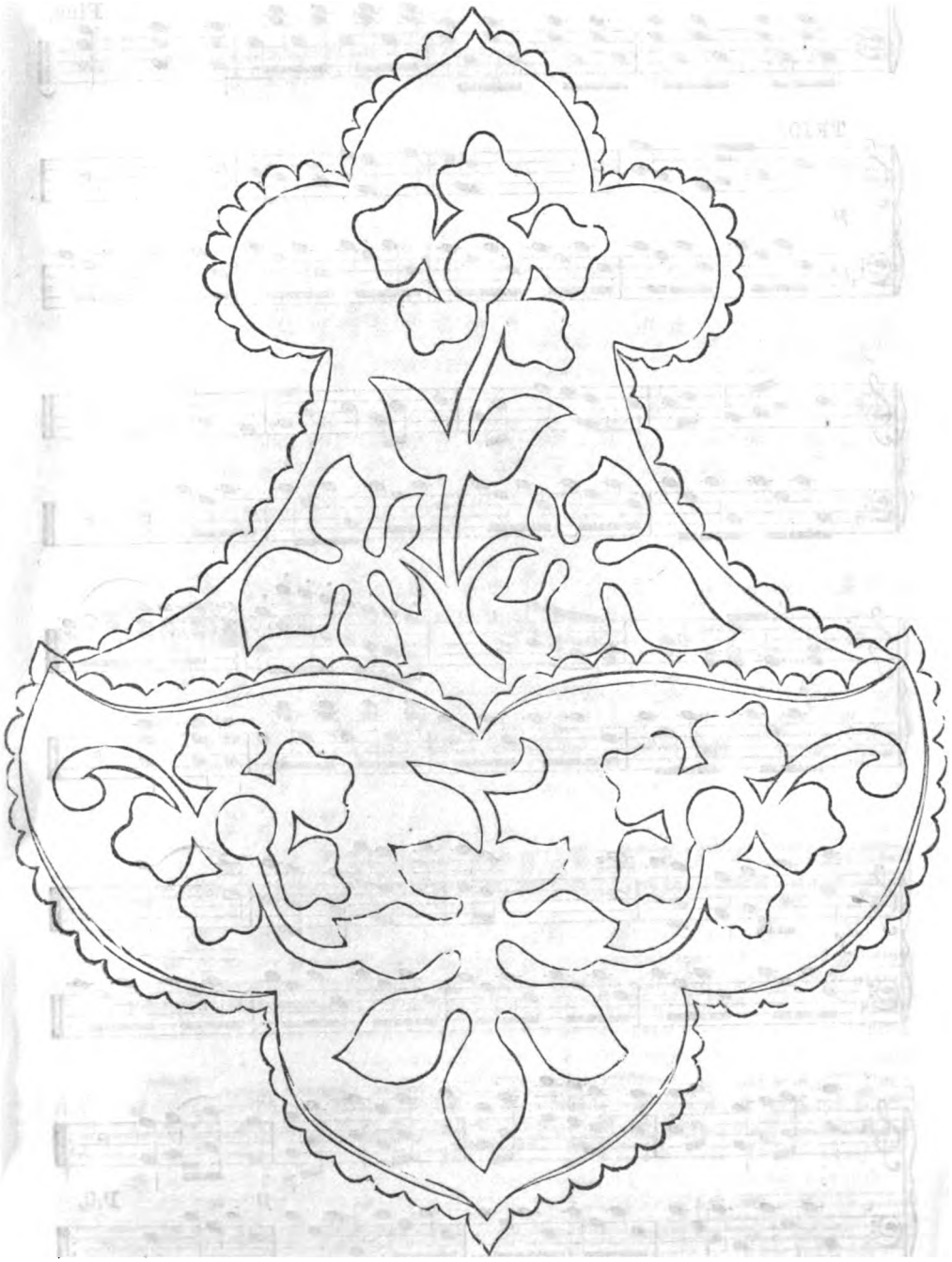
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PATTERN FOR EDGING.



WATCH-POCKET FOR BRAIDING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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AFTER ALL!

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

He had been a bachelor for forty years, this same Mr. Ellis Harvey, about whom I am writing a story, and he was known among his friends as a "very particular" man, and "hard to please," which last phrase generally means one thing—hard to please in a matrimonial way.

He was sitting before a blazing coal-fire, thinking how dismally cold it must be outside; and he was eating very leisurely his late dinner, and thinking how excessively comfortable it was in his sanctum, when the door opened, and a tall, stylish lady, whose likeness to himself spoke her relationship, came sweeping in.

"Ellis!" she exclaimed, "at dinner? Why, it is nine o'clock, and I am ready for the ball at Mrs. Jameson's."

"So I perceive," he said, lazily, looking at her stately figure in its rich evening dress. "I cannot go for an hour, Hattie, so sit down and be comfortable. Ten o'clock is early enough, just right for a sensation."

"But what makes you dine at this hour?"

"I was detained, and gave Mrs. Smith directions to wait for me. Let me offer you something."

"You savage! You want a wife, Ellis, to keep you in order. If Mrs. Harvey ruled the house, you would have to come to your dinner at a civilized hour."

"Let us be thankful then that she does not rule the house! Where is Lawrence?"

"In Washington! Went this morning, which accounts for my calling for you. But, Ellis, seriously, do you never intend to give me a sister? I gave you Lawrence for a brother years ago, and as there are only you and I left in the family, it is but fair you should return the favor. You are getting old, too, sir!"

"Am I? How? Hair turning?"

"No, you conceited fellow, you are as handsome as ever; but you grow more fussy and bachelory every day. Smith spoils you!"

"Smith gives me all the comforts of a married man, and none of the bother. I will wager that Lawrence himself is not better cared for than I am."

"But, Ellis, surely you intend to marry some time?"

"Oh, yes! if I ever find anybody to suit me!"

"There is Fannie Hays, you were very attentive to her at one time."

"Hattie," said Ellis, solemnly, "she paints! I saw it come off, one warm evening, on her handkerchief. Don't tell, but it is a fact! I was so glad I had not actually proposed."

"Well, Ellis, I am sure Jane Hunter didn't paint!"

"But, Hattie, she was so fearfully ugly. I tried in vain to be sensible and prefer mind, intellect, and talent, to mere beauty; but she was so frightfully strong-minded, and made such terrific speeches about equal rights and male tyranny, that she fairly frightened me away."

"Well, Louise Holden was not strong-minded!"

"Milk and water!" said Ellis, contemptuously.

"Amy Hill?"

"Dressed so shockingly. Venus herself could not look well in an enormous red and green plaid, with a blue bonnet. Ugh!"

"Mary Willis had exquisite taste in dress."

"But she had such a voice! She addressed you with tender eloquence, and told her most cherished secrets in the voice of a fish woman crying shad."

"Well, Ellis, one more. Wilhelmina Lee!"

"Ah! Hattie, there I *was* touched. Beauty, talent, feminine graces, every attraction; but she lived next door to a grocery store."

"Now, Ellis, what *could* that have to do with it?"

"It was in the summer, and we were at the

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open parlor window. I was just on the point of offering myself, when the wind blew a strong whiff of salt mackerel between us. You know my aversion to mackerel. The smell made me sick, and I forgot sentiment. I left, and the next day Moore proposed and was accepted."

"You had better have a wife made to order, Ellis Particular, for I am sure the paragon does not exist who will fill your ideas of Mrs. Harvey. I shouldn't wonder if you married Smith, after all."

"Not a bit of danger. If I ever marry, my wife must be refined in manner, lady-like in appearance, pretty enough to escape the charge of positive ugliness, at least thirty years of age, and of good birth and position."

"And with sufficient good taste to appreciate your condescension and say, 'Yes, if you will be good enough to have me,' when you propose. Come, you have finished your dinner. Go dress yourself."

Six hours later Ellis was a doomed man. How it came about he never knew. After all his resolutions never to marry in haste, to weigh well all her perfections and imperfections before addressing any lady; in fact, to walk slowly and deliberately into a cool, sensible state of affection, he suddenly found himself deeply in love. One look, one word, and he was gone.

"Miss Lois Jones, (he hated the name of Jones,) let me introduce Mr. Harvey." He bowed to Miss Jones, and looked at her.

A little delicate figure, a pair of soft blue eyes, a maze of white lace, and a tiny, delicately gloved hand. These were the first impressions. A voice, low and sweet, modulated like music, well chosen phrases, and a modest yet self-possessed manner, and a graceful deportment, finished the fascination.

In a sort of misty pleasure, Ellis waltzed with this wee fairy who had somehow come right into his heart, whose door he fancied so strongly fortified. He called, and found his fascinator in a neat wrapper, teaching two little sisters grammar. He learned that her father was a wholesale grocer, and found she had three strong-minded sisters. He spent a week with her married brother on a country farm, and breakfasted every day on salt mackerel, because she sat opposite to him and did the same. He helped her over a stile when her wrapper was green and her sun-bonnet blue, while a red shawl of her sister's hung over her arm. He heard her scream with terror over her little nephew who fell into the horse pond, and dragged her out, with the boy in her arms, when she frantically sprang in after him. He never noticed that a shriek is not melodious. He saw her lovely face covered with musquito bites, and knew that the whiteness over them was powder, and yet—and yet—he never knew how, he proposed, was accepted, and, as Hattie said, "Married a darling little chit of sixteen AFTER ALL!"

SOMETIMES.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

SOMETIMES in the night I see
A little hand outstretched to me—
A dimpled hand, whose snowy whiteness
Doth bear to Parian marble likeness,
Which, when I spring to clasp in mine,
Evanishes without a sign.

Sometimes in the daylight closes,
Where the air wears tint of roses,
Gleameth out from upper sea
Radiant vision unto me—
Vision, pure and full of grace,
Of my darling's angel-face.

'Midst the wind's low, solemn dirges,
'Midst the murmur of life's surges,
Sometimes comes a voice of sweetness,
Most divine in its completeness—
Voice that long since died to me,
In my night of agony.

Oh! loving voice, and form, and hand!
Oh! vision from the Shadowy Land!

Some time, o'er the silent sea,
God shall waft me unto thee—
In sweet pastures ever vernal,
'Neath soft skies that are eternal,
He will give thee back to me,
Child of my idolatry!

Therefore do I list—"Be still,
Bow unto the Father's will;
Jewel thou hast given to Him
That our own earth-life would dim;
Soft her blue eyes, o'er them keep
Angel-watches—do not weep."

As I walk life's breadths and alleys,
Walk its uplands and its valleys,
Fainting, weary, and repining,
Comes this light through darkness shining—
How rough soe'er the hither tide,
She's safely on the other side—
Safe she dwells in the Above,
Safe within our Father's love!

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AMY WINTHROP'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 109.

29*th*.—I have seen but little of Hugh for several days. Tylney is full of company, gay, rattling kind of people, who clatter past here on horseback, throw up the dust, as the open carriages travel down the road, and invade all my favorite haunts in beautiful morning dresses and French caps. In no way are things as they used to be. I have declined most of Mrs. Brantly's and Hattie's invitations to make one of their gay parties. When Hugh comes, I feel so heart-sick that I almost wish he had staid away, for fear I shall break down before him. I do not know whether his manner *is* different from what it used to be, or whether it is only my imagination, or whether my coolness really reacts upon him. I try to think over the matter dispassionately, to be just to Hugh, but Laura Whitney always comes between us. I sometimes think that the thing has become a monomania with me. Some nights I lie awake for hours, then I will fall asleep and see *her*, always beautiful, always cruel. I fear that I may be unjust to her even, but, God help me, I cannot help it. If I wake twenty times in the night, I always think of her and Hugh; the last when I go to sleep, the first when I arouse, is her face.

Papa, abstracted as he is, has noticed that I do not look well, and mamma makes all kinds of dainties to tempt my appetite; whilst this morning Nancy poked under my nose a glassful of feathery tansy bitters, and ordered "chamomile" in her laconic style.

I am going to the city next week to do some shopping—but I have little heart for it, I confess. My *trousseau* will be simple enough, such as befits a clergyman's daughter; but, simple as it is, the very thought of it is irksome. But perhaps the change will do me good, it may bring about a different train of thought.

30*th*.—Last evening, as I was listlessly gazing at the sunset on the river, I heard Laura Whitney say,

"Good-by, good folks, I'm going to stop here with cousin Hugh, to have a chat with Mrs. Winthrop. And, Bell, if we are not at home to tea, you'll know that we have been asked to stay here." I saw the rest of the party go over the field, and heard Hugh's step in the hall. Mamma came in the room quite flattered by Laura's manner of inviting herself "to stay to eat peaches and cream;" papa afterward edged in, in his shy fashion, and was soon talking of Rome and Pompeii, as he seldom talks. Hugh tried to get me to the piazza for a private chat, I know, but I felt sore, and sullen, and could not go; I literally *could not* see him alone just then.

So he came and sat down beside me and talked of the expected pic-nic, whilst Laura chatted away to papa and mamma. I tried not to seem constrained, but fear I was not quite successful. My nerves have got into that state that I'm sensitively alive to everything about me, so I heard all that Laura said, and all that Hugh said, even when they were both talking at the same time; and distinctly remember every shade of crimson and gold in the sky and on the water. I was sitting by the window which commands the most beautiful sweep of the river, where the graceful curve is as perfect as that of the bay of Naples, and where the evergreen trees grow from its very brim up the steep hillside, hundreds of feet above, one mass of green.

In the evening, at papa's request, Laura sung. My old jingling piano seemed but a miserable accompaniment for her voice, but even that sounded better than usual. To-night there were no airs from "La Favorita," no Italian songs, only ballads, those things which haunt us like memories, sad, appealing, despairing.

There was one which I had never heard before, and which I most sincerely wish I may never hear again, beautiful as it is.

> "I do not love thee, no, I do not love thee,
> And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
> I envy even the bright blue sky above thee
> That still may look upon thee and be glad."

The words convey no idea of the beauty of the air; and when she had finished, I wanted to lean my head on my folded arms and weep. Hugh is passionately fond of music, and to-night he was drawn to the piano, as he always

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is when she sings, as if without any power of resistance. Alas! how can my simple ballads and uncultivated voice ever break the charm of hers in his ears?

I have passed a terrible night. Half-sleeping, half-waking, Laura Whitney was always present, always between Hugh and me. Sometimes I saw her beckoning him down with her among the ruins of Pompeii; once I thought she was strangling him with her long blonde hair whilst she sung and fondled him; and again she suddenly rose out of the golden sunset on the river, and sung and sung till he approached her, when she gradually drew him on to the dark cold water, under the heavy, ominous shadow of the great hemlock tree, a lurlie in beauty, fascination, and wickedness.

I am utterly ashamed of all this, but as utterly unable to overcome it. I long for the change of scene which must be of service to me.

September 5th.—I cannot sleep, no fatigue seems to affect me, except to make me more nervously alive to every trifle. What a terrible day this has been to me, forced to talk, trifle, dance, when I wanted to be at home in my own room to think over my future quietly! What a wonderful thing pride is! No one, I am sure, suspected that I would like to moan, and weep, instead of flirting with Charley Home, and dancing with all who asked me. I gave Hugh no chance for private conversation; but as it was agreed that our engagement should not be made public just yet, that of course would occasion no remark. So he was at liberty to attend to all Laura's coquettish wants, help her up steep banks, over the mill-race, gather ferns, and asters, and golden-rod at her command, and follow her about with the scarf and parasol with which she honored him. I would not, for the world, break down now before Hugh; so, when I saw him coming toward me, I turned away as if unconsciously, and eagerly engaged in conversation with whoever chanced to be nearest.

I said to myself, "He shall have a fair opportunity to choose between us, and no pity for me shall influence him. If he loved her so passionately before, why should it not be revived now, the more, as she is even more fascinating than she used to be?" And it is well that I had so often gone over that argument with myself, or I might have betrayed myself, when I heard what Hugh said, as I sat concealed from them by a clump of alder, as they slowly walked down the mill-race, somewhat behind two or three other couple, who could only go by twos along the narrow path. I was waiting for Hattie and some of her friends, who had ascended the top of the hill to have a better view of the sunset, screened, but unintentionally, by the bushes on the bank, when I heard Hugh say,

"It's too late now, Laura. In two months Amy Winthrop will be my wife!"

But, by my soul! he was mistaken. It is not "too late;" and Amy Winthrop will never be your wife, Hugh Brantly!

I had no power to move; for all it seemed as if I had often heard those words before, they stunned me. They passed slowly on, and I heard no more.

It was well that the coming on of night made us hurry home, or I do not know how I should have kept up the farce of laughing and jesting as I did much longer.

I must get away from here, where I can think the matter over quietly; so I shall go to town by the early train, and not later in the day, as I had intended. I cannot see Hugh again till I have written to him. There's his voice in the hall now! Nancy is telling him that I'm very tired and have gone to bed.

He hopes I am not sick, he says, and to tell me that he will be here to see me in the morning before I leave. But he will not.

I really think the decision I have come to is a positive relief to me. I am quieter now that I have made up my mind what to do.

September 6th, Evening.—I've been in this great hot city all day, condoled with by aunt Maria because I look so ill; and making that a pretext for keeping my room, in order to compose myself enough to write to Hugh. Two or three letters have been written and destroyed; and even the one upon which I have concluded does not suit me. How weak it looks now as I copy it.

"HUGH—I find that I do not love you enough to be your wife. The consciousness of this has been dawning on me for some time; and now I want that you should release me from my engagement. I do not think that I am doing you wrong in this—God knows that I would not do that; but I believe from my soul that there are others more suited to fill the position which you have offered me. I have no reason to give you for this, except the true one—that I do not love you enough to be your wife."

It is true. I do *not* love him enough to be his wife, for "perfect love casteth out fear;" and I should always have feared the memory of Laura Whitney.

I wonder what the answer will be!

8th.—No answer yet to my letter! I know

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now what a weak fool I have been; I am conscious that I had *hoped* for an answer disclaiming love for Laura, hoped for this when I *knew* that he loved her—heard it with my own ears. Truly Amy Winthrop's pride has been made to trail in the dust! But no letter at all! No notice of mine—no thanks for setting my teeth together that I may make no moan, and crushing my own heart to make him happy! I ought to have had an answer this morning. Is he so happy in the new privilege of basking in Laura's smiles, that he has totally forgotten me? Well, this cannot last forever. The time *must* come when this dumb, gnawing agony will be stilled, when the wound will have become hardened, and memories can no longer make me wince as they touch it. But oh! it will be so long—so long!

I wonder if Hugh loved Laura in this way? If his tortures were like mine? If they were, I would not for my life be his wife. I feel so utterly weary, too weary to regret, sometimes, and yet I cannot rest. Every now and then, as I sit in the darkened room, to keep out the glare of the sun, the cool place under the big hemlock, on the river, comes before me so enticingly. I long to lie down in it and cool my head and sleep, and sleep.

October 11*th*.—More than a month since I have touched my diary. I remember nothing after writing those last sentences on the 8th, except throwing myself on the bed in a kind of stupor, till about two weeks ago I woke up, one night, to find the light shaded from my eyes, and seeing mamma and aunt Maria by my bed. I thought I had just fallen asleep, but wondered, in a vague kind of way, how mamma got there—but even trying to make out that much wearied me so that I was glad to close my eyes and try to sleep again. When next I awoke, I wanted to speak, but the effort tired me, and out of sheer weariness I had to shut my eyes, because I kept following mamma's figure about the room, and my brain whirled with the endeavor. And so it must have been for days, for I remember that, sometimes, glimpses of the past would float over my brain, and, before I could grasp them, I gave up the effort in my weariness. Then as I grew more conscious I was forbidden to speak, no question was answered, and my room seemed like a grave, it was so dark and quiet. It was not till a week ago that mamma told me how aunt Maria had found me on my bed in a violent fever, and sent for her. When she got here I was frightfully ill. She calls it typhus, and thinks it came from exposing myself to the night air, as I so often do, late in the summer; *I* think it is a nervous fever brought on by excitement. I asked yesterday if no letters had come for me; mamma said no, but that so many had called to inquire after me; that Hattie had come down several times from Tylney for the purpose; and that Hugh was staying in the city to be near me, and came twice a day. I suppose he knows how I suffered, from his own past, and perhaps he is a little remorseful that he has made me suffer so much. How weak I am! I got Bridget to give me this with a pencil, whilst they were at dinner, and find that even this little writing has made my head spin again.

15*th*.—This morning mamma asked me if I did not feel able now to see Hugh. I trembled, and became so agitated that she did not urge it. I wanted to tell her all, but I had not the strength. At last she said,

"My daughter, I know what worries you, Hugh has told me, and I would not distress you by mentioning it, except that I fear that, till there is a clear understanding, you will never get well. This trouble is killing you, child!"

Dear, good mother! she did not blame me for not having made a confident of her, and held back for an approach, from me, as I should have done in her place. I wanted to throw my arms around her and tell her how I loved her; but I could only turn my face to the pillow and cry. So she came and stroked my hair, and patted my cheek as if I had been a little child. Then presently she said,

"Hugh says he can scarcely understand it yet; but he showed me your letter, Amy, and I saw at once that you were jealous. I think that he thought so too, though he did not say so. I asked him if he had any wish to break off the engagement, he only said,

"Amy Winthrop is the only woman whom I have *truly* loved. If she is not my wife, no other woman will ever be so."

Then mamma said no more, but left the medicine to effect a cure as best it could. Presently I said,

"Mamma, I am sure that he loves his cousin, I heard him tell her as much the day of the picnic;" but I was too exhausted to go into an explanation.

Yet I cannot help feeling so much happier at even these few words of Hugh's, that I have written this whilst mamma is at tea, and do not feel as badly as I did this morning.

16*th*.—Such a blessed letter as that is of Hugh's! No reproaches, no questions asked that I might find difficult to answer; it is so

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kind, gentle, forbearing, that I could cry now from very shame. I suppose mamma has told him what I said about the conversation at the pic-nic. For he says,

"From the time I first knew you, Amy, you were the type, to me, of all true womanhood. I had found in you, what I knew a long while before, I had not found in Laura Whitney. My youthful passion for my cousin died out of itself years ago; it left my heart hardened, perhaps, by the conflict; but I swear by all my hopes of your making me a loving and faithful wife, that you are loved more entirely and truly, with my understanding as well as heart, than ever she was. The conversation, a part of which you overheard at the pic-nic, must have been misinterpreted by sick fancies, darling. It was with no sadness in my voice, I know, that I told Laura, at the end of her penitent confession, for what she called the wrong done me years ago, that in two months Amy Winthrop would be my wife. If ever a man was glad or proud of such a fact, I was; and I remember now the feeling of exultation with which I said it. I felt a security in your strong, yet sunny nature; a sense of quiet, ineffable happiness, which such as she could never have given me You do not doubt my love now, I know, Amy; you would never have doubted it, if this illness had not been coming on you, breaking down your nervous system. No one but your mother knows of the naughty letter which you wrote me, which almost crushed me, for the time, darling, for I thought that I was going to endure greater agony than I could bear; but, on reading it over, I felt that you still loved me."

With such a talisman as Hugh's letter about me, "the green-eyed monster" will never dare make his appearance again.

17*th.*—To-day is a "white day" in my life. I was able to walk over to aunt Maria's sitting-room this morning, and was just ensconced on the sofa when Hugh came. What a happy, peaceful day it has been! I felt more quiet and restful than for a long, long while. The sleep this afternoon did me so much good; and, when I awoke, I found Hugh sitting by me, watching me.

"We must get you back to the country as soon as possible, darling," he said, "you look so pale and pitiful with your great dark eyes and white face."

So if I gather strength fast enough to bear the fatigue, we go home early next week.

22*nd.*—It is so pleasant to be at home again. What a temptation it is to play the invalid, just to have the attention which I now receive. Everybody pets me, and—I like it; I'm ashamed to say how much I like it. The gardener at Tylney sends me beautiful baskets of flowers; Mrs. Brantly such choice hot-house grapes; Mr. Brantly brings the big, comfortable family carriage, filled with cushions and shawls, bundles me up as if I was a baby, and sets Hugh or Hattie to watch over me, whilst he mounts beside the coachman to see that all rough places are avoided. As for Hattie, she flies in and out, now with a new book, a late pear, or the rumor of a new style for wedding dresses. Hugh laughs, keeps his place beside me, and says that if I do not order *that* dress soon, he shall give it in charge to Hattie, who will have it made and on me in a short time. But I feel such utter rest now, that I seem to be slowly floating through a golden atmosphere this glorious Indian summer weather, and dislike to break the charm by any effort. But every day I am growing stronger, and have no doubt but that soon all my old active occupations will be revived.

November 3rd.—It is singular what an interest I have taken in the patterns of white silk and satin that mamma and Hattie have brought from the city. A month ago, in my wickedness, I thought rather complacently of another white dress, and of other flowers than bridal ones; but now the wish for life is so strong, that sometimes it seems to me almost as wicked as my former state.

In two weeks I shall be Hugh's wife, a merciful Providence permitting, and even the thought of leaving papa and mamma does not sober me as it ought to do. The home which Hugh is fitting up for me in the city, "is just the sweetest, most elegant home in the world," Hattie says; but, for many months of the year, I shall be at Tylney, near my own dear old home and my parents. The neighbors are profuse in their congratulations; and Miss Wallace says, "It's easy to see that Mr. Hugh Brantly loves me more than he ever did his cousin." But this has no power to make me wince now, that ghost is laid forever; so entirely that I can heartily admire the India shawl which Laura has sent to me as a bridal present. All the family have been lavish in their gifts—I am glad for Hugh's sake that they take me kindly among them, even Mrs. Scott, now that she sees that the thing is inevitable.

I expect to be happily busy now till my marriage. No more entries in my diary now. I shall close it for awhile; but some day I may open it for Hugh to read, to let him see what a foolish, wicked girl he married.

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DORA'S COLD.

BY MADEMOISELLE CAPRICE, AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN CINDERELLA."

"PHIL! keep the office-door shut, and the window open; none of your sacrilegious games of marbles on the front steps; behave yourself respectably, and wash bottles till I come back, or I'll turn you off to-morrow! Have an eye to Mrs. Thompson's front gate, and if anybody should call for me, you know where I am to be found, I suppose?"

Phil responded by a grinning nod. The question was superfluous. It is an attribute of boys of fourteen to know everything they should not know; and if there be one of the class who excels his fellows in useless knowledge, my Phil is that lad. Apparently busied forever in those light but continuous labors pertaining to an office-boy, he contrived to keep a far more watchful eye upon my movements than I was able to do upon his; and could tell (probably did) exactly in what direction I usually bent my steps after the above formula; whether I walked on the right or left hand side of the street, and how soon I reached my destination; the number of times my tender knuckles came in contact with a certain hard green door, and the reception that awaited me inside it; the length of my stay—the only thing he had a legitimate right to know—and the mien, cheerful or dejected, according to the fortunes of the day, with which I returned to the empty office and full bottles, over which he was supposed to mount guard during my absence.

Preferring not to notice the peculiarity of my assistant's manner, as it might involve awkward explanations, I closed the door of his prison, with an authoritative bang that shook the slate outside it, and strode, with hasty steps, down the village street. There was no occasion for hurry. The business I had in hand was not of a kind to demand it, and had been pending a reasonable time already; nor would any "more haste" on my part be liable to advance it much, but would rather realize the old proverb of "less speed." I, therefore, walked fast purely as a matter of principle, in the hope that the village dames, who I knew were watching my progress from behind the dimity curtains of their "sittin'-room" windows, might possibly think I had been called to a patient. Vain precaution! Idle hope! Every one of those astute matrons knew, at least as well as myself, the errand upon which I was bound, and, far better than I, (I own it in all humility,) the state of health in the neighborhood, which precluded the possibility of any professional exertion on my part.

And here I may remark, literally *en passant*, that the town in which I had chosen to "locate" was salubrious to a painful and unnatural degree—the very last place in the world for a young physician in ordinary circumstances to seek his fortune. But my circumstances were peculiar. It was not so much fortune that I sought; in short, I had my reasons—and a large practice would have awkwardly interfered with my more serious avocations. Still I do not deny that a slight modicum of professional business, just to fill up the intervening time and save appearances, would not have been amiss; and I had been, in fact, rather anxiously looking for some symptoms of the sort, for a considerable time, without any result whatever. The inhabitants all took "Hall's Journal of Health;" they cherished "Buchan's Domestic Medicine;" they were learned in the works of Fowler. Cold water was cheap and plentiful; they used it, externally and internally, to the avoidance of expensive nostrums and strong drinks. Exercise was inevitably fashionable where every lady was her own "help," and every gentleman his own wood-sawyer; food was just dear enough to make surfeits undesirable, and medicine was so unpopular that nobody (before me) ever ventured to open a drug-store. The old ladies dispensed a few herbs privately, and that was the end of it. People did not seem to die; if anything ailed them, they perseveringly kept on till it stopped. Fat parties, who ought to have been dropsical, were not so at all: they grew fatter, and flourished like green bay-trees. Lean persons, threatening to go off in a decline, declined to do it, and remained. Adventurous little boys, falling from the tops of high trees to the stony ground, sustained no injuries beyond the cure of the maternal chastisement, and brandy-and-brown-paper of home. Babies defied croup and colic, with the slender aid of Bateman's drops, and syrup of squills, dispensed by a wise grandma; and children of maturer years went

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through the popular infant disorders as they went through their grammars and geographies, and with about as much result. Mumps and measles, chills and chicken-pox, prevailed and disappeared without medical assistance; and, though all the children whooped like wild Indians, no anxious parent ever thought it necessary to call in the aid of a physician. There was but one in the place before my advent, a comfortable, elderly man, who had selected the profession—as practiced in his native town—because it interfered less than any other with his punctual habits of eating and sleeping, and was a gentlemanly sinecure possessing uncommon privileges. No patient of his ever dreamed of bringing him out, of nights; the person to be ill chose an hour between dinner and tea, and gave respectful notice accordingly, at a reasonable time beforehand. No extraordinary accidents requiring wonderful feats of surgery were ever permitted in his practice; no strangers ever shocked his nerves by dying suddenly at the hotels; no mysterious epidemics and endemics baffled his skill or defied it; the locality was too low for bronchitis and consumption, and too high for cholera and yellow fever; small-pox was unheard-of, and people "vaccinated" each other; in short, to quote from the only epitaph in the village grave-yard, "Physicians was in vain."

It was a beautiful morning in early summer on which I took my way through this healthful village. I mean, of course, professionally speaking, a very fine morning indeed. The air was warm and moist, laden with pleurisy and ague: the ground soft and oozy—a sure thing for rheumatism and influenza; the sun unseasonably hot—fever and rush of blood to the head. "Old Capt. Hopkins is constitutionally inclined to gout; he never had a twinge during the rainy season, but it is just possible this may settle him. Mother Hawks is rheumatic, is she? If she is about picking up news to-day, I shall be revenged for her slandering me. The Sessions girls come out in all weathers; and that vicious child of Mrs. Thompson's, after keeping me in suspense for four months, will probably croup up to-night, while its grandmother Banks is off on a visit. Dr. Coachey never goes out after dark, and I live right over the way!" With these encouraging reflections, and a grateful glance upward, where a copper-colored sun blazed through a sea of purple mist, I pursued my way to the mansion of Col. Marston, father to Miss Dora Marston, to whom I am honorary cousin.

Col. Marston's house is situated on a fine, grassy knoll, shaded by handsome trees, and enclosed with a well-kept hedge. It is just out of the reach of village eyes and ears, but not beyond the pale of village curiosity. Anybody there can tell you by what right I address good Mrs. Marston as my aunt, and pretty Dora as my cousin, while not in the least related to either. My dear mother, now deceased, when a dashing young widow, possessed of some property and a little boy, married Miss Dora's uncle, and became her aunt, thereby making me, as I consider, virtually her cousin. At any rate I have been, for twenty years, a visitor, at intervals, to the dear old house, recognized, in my cousinly capacity, by the family, and treated accordingly; while, for more than half that time, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, have I sought the avuncular mansion, with an eye to Miss Dora: a fact she seems sublimely unconscious of, considering how many times, by hint and innuendo, by sigh and look, and tender courtesy and downright speech, I have shown her the place she occupies in my mind; and given her, as it appears, the right to drive me out of it—if possible. Tom Hayes is her favorite instrument of torture. He is the young lawyer of the place, as I am the young doctor, and is advancing about as fast in his profession. He is considered a good-looking fellow, though I don't see it, and has undoubtedly a fine voice, upon which pretext he spends about half his time twanging upon Dora's guitar, and waking Col. Marston from his afternoon nap. It would look better, I must say, for a young man in his position, to be at home waiting for practice; but I have heard that he says the same of me, and, perhaps, with equal justice. At all events it was hard to find his horse already tied at the gate-post, on that particular spring day, when, warm and weary, I arrived on the battle-ground, prepared "to put my fate to the touch" at once.

On one side of the house ran the broad, white public road, from which one deviated to approach this earthly paradise; on the other a private one, a mere cart-track, narrower, darker, grass-grown, cool and shady, leading down to the mill-stream that ran behind the grounds. Down this path Dora always took me to walk when she wanted me to say anything particularly foolish which could serve her as food for laughter; and down this path, again, we always must go when that villain Hayes was of the party, and she wanted to play me off against him, or him against me, or both against her womanly vanity.

Accordingly I found them equipped for a walk, loitering on the front piazza, not waiting

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for me, however, as Dora took pains to explain, and as I could readily believe; for they were flirting over a new song. Not in the best of humors I took the seat officiously proffered by my rival, and, while I wiped my heated brows, advised my fair cousin not to saunter through the damp woodland paths on this most unhealthy morning. "I advise you as a physician, mind you," said I, to give weight to the opinion that might be denied it in my cousinly capacity; but she received it with utter contempt and ridicule, gladly assisted by Mr. Hayes, whose white teeth gleamed wolfishly behind a thick black moustache, at my expense. We had shaken hands with the greatest cordiality. I had inquired after his clients, and he had professed interest in my patients. I had asked him if he enjoyed his ride with Miss Julia Stevens, and he had just remembered seeing me, as he drove past Mrs. Hedge's, in the front garden with Laura Hedge—a reminiscence which went a thought too far; for I had been, at the time of which he spoke, seated on this very piazza, by the side of the innocent young lady before us, who showed no tokens of the sweet confusion with which she had listened to my broken confidences the night before, and only glanced from one to the other with guileless interest and wondering simplicity.

Now I had said enough to her, on that occasion, to make one feel some anxiety concerning her demeanor, to-day, and some doubt concerning my own. I had a right to expect, after the way in which she listened last night, that if *my* cheeks burned, and my ears tingled, and my eyes fell, and my heart beat faster, hers would, at least, betray some consciousness of the fact. But not a fleeting tremor shook the little hand, not a shade of color deepened the rose of the round cheek, not a passing thought of bashfulness weighed down the curly eyelashes; she was serenely self-possessed, superbly cool, and attentive to the obnoxious Hayes, in proportion as she was disregardful of me.

Quivering with suppressed indignation, I accepted her careless invitation, and followed the precious pair into the shrubbery, there being no other way of obtaining the explanation I was determined to have this morning. I had often seen such demonstrations before, and borne them with comparative patience, knowing how well worth the trouble of winning, how true and tender, after all, if only it could be reached under these disguising caprices, was the wayward little heart that had tried my love, and tested my temper, all these years. From her very cradle she provoked me; from the frills of her baby-cap she mocked me; and, grown into the ranks of little girlhood, she systematically tormented me by an artful preference of all the little boys I most hated, for whom she unceremoniously deserted my surer protection. And yet, in all her troubles from torn frocks to Latin lexicons, she flew to me for aid, counsel, sympathy, and affection, repenting of all her sins against me, and walking in a straight path again, till between her sweet eyes, and her pretty confessions, and her gentle ministering to my wounded vanity, she had regained a larger place than before in my alienated heart, and could afford to play the very deuce with it again.

"Twenty years of this sort of thing must have settled the question one way or another," I argued. "There is no use in my putting up with this bewitched turn any longer, or enduring my empty slate, Phil's nonsense, and Tom Hayes' impudence, my aunt's sermons, and my uncle's speeches, and Miss Dora's flirtations. She has either flirted with me, or she has loved me from her cradle; I have sometimes thought it the latter; but I greatly suspect it to be the former. Grand query, which is it? And I resolved to know to-day."

It was in vain, however, that I tried, during the walk, to gain a moment's conversation with Dora, a whisper in her ear, a look from her eyes, a touch of her hand; such favors were reserved for the smiling cavalier who walked at her side, exulting and triumphantly good-natured; though as I followed them, silent and morose, I seemed to read scorning and defiance in the very cock of his hat, as I saw her lifted over muddy places in his proud arms, or climbing a stile by his gallant assistance. And completing this cheerful party, behind me, and before me, and about me, wherever he could get within stumbling reach, trotted my favorite aversion Rover, an ugly, awkward, senseless, and ill-conditioned puppy, whom Dora had elected her prime pet and favorite, apparently for no better reason than that everybody hated him. The colonel kicked him, Mrs. Marston chased him, the cook scalded him, the boys stoned him, and I could scarcely refrain from giving public utterance to the anathemas that burned on my tongue, when the wretched animal, who seemed to have an insane attraction toward me, floundered about my legs as I moved, or flapped his stumpy tail under my chair when I sat still. Dora, alone, with strange perversity, persisted in ignoring his bad habits, his vulgar manners, his uselessness, his ugliness, and his impudence, and set

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me at defiance, when I complained of him, by pressing him in her beautiful arms—happy cur that he was!—and laying her soft cheek against his villainous bristles, till, in very disgust and jealousy, I ceased to remonstrate, and learned to submit quietly to his revolting familiarities.

On the present occasion, the few private kicks and pinches I ventured to bestow availed nothing against his clinging affection, till we drew near the water; and the sight of a rabbit's white tail, further up the bank, effected my release from his attentions, for he immediately galloped off in pursuit of it; and a similar happy accident set me, for a moment, free to speak to Dora, without the intervention of the other puppy, as I had secretly denominated Mr. Hayes. He had gallantly volunteered to scramble up a steep bank, after a cluster of pink flowers, which Miss Dora had persistently admired, as they waved in inaccessible beauty high above her head, though sister blossoms bloomed all unnoticed about her feet. Being thus freed from the attendance of my *bete noire*, I approached the little queen of my heart, who stood in maiden meditation on the very edge of the wet sand, where she had planted herself in express defiance of my professional warning, with the water gently oozing up around her thin slippers.

"Don't come here, cousin, I'm afraid you'll wet your feet!" she called out, in an impertinent voice, as I drew near; but her lashes were not lifted, and such a rosy flush crept up her face, as she said it, that I forgot my hot walk, and hotter indignation, and glowed less with anger, and more with love. I laid my hand lightly on her shoulder, looking down at their mocking lips, and, stooping, whispered in her ear. In spite of her uneasy pretexts to escape, in spite of female coquetry in her person, in spite of Tommy Hayes, in spite of Rover, that marplot puppy, I had a moment's hearing, and used it manfully; and as I whispered my heart beat thick with triumph, for she could not raise her eyes to mine, they were pensively watching the source of the rippling flood, and bright tears seemed quivering on the curling lashes; her cheeks were a warmer scarlet; her pretty lips trembled with the fateful answer, and I was sure it wasn't "No," and saw them part—gracious heavens! to emit one of those shrill female screams, that, more than trump of war or voice of cannon, strike panic into the bold heart of man and unnerve him to the fingerends. "My dog! my puppy!" she sobbed, "he'll be drowned; he can't swim in that current! He's coming down stream tail first, poor fellow! I knew it was him! Oh! why don't you go and save him?"

This passionate appeal was addressed to the sympathizing Hayes, I being in disgrace on account of an unfortunate ejaculation uttered in the first surprise—an impoliteness in marked contrast to the graceful gallantry of the hero of the cliff, who supported the weeping maiden in his arms, and tenderly soothed her excitement as the unhappy Rover whirled and eddied toward us.

"Why don't you go?" she reiterated, stamping her little foot, and as her eyes this time wandered toward me, I responded by throwing off my cap and coat. It was of no use to explain to her that it was almost impossible to rescue the dog, and that the attempt would involve great risk of my own life; what did she care for that? The emotion I had so proudly misinterpreted on her lovely face was for a blundering, senseless puppy; the heart I had so faithfully served to win was given to a miserable dandy. What remained to me but to finish a life devoted to an unworthy object, by consistently sacrificing it in the same worthless cause? And with the bitter hope that my failures would end here, I prepared to plunge into the rushing water.

I could not help looking back at Dora, who, tightly clinging to Mr. Hayes' arm, had been hidden from me, during my rapid preparation, by his tall figure and ample white linen robes. "Don't *you* go," she had said to him; "let George go, if he can swear he can swim! Don't *you* try, Mr. Hayes!"

Mr. Hayes had no idea of trying. *He* risk his life—a life so precious to a world of spinsters for a miserable fellow puppy—he wash the dye from those perfumed whiskers dear to the hearts of so many maidens—he ruin those freshly-laundered clothes—he abandon those new French boots! Ridiculous! He glanced down into his companion's face with a smile of exquisite amusement, as she said it; but Dora's eyes were tightly shut, and she did not see him. So the sneer traveled to me who was about to drown in his stead for his lady's pleasure, and gave my heart its last dying pang as I quitted the shore.

A cry of terror and recall, from what had been a dear voice, followed my splash into the deep water, and thrilled my nerves a moment; but I struck out boldly for the whirlpool, where plunging, yelping, struggling, revolved the wretched beast to whom my cousin had resolved to sacrifice my life, and for whose sake she was crying on the beach. Much time was

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lost in reaching, more in capturing the blundering fool, who, mad with terror and fright, feared me more than the water; and when I got him in my arms at last, we were rapidly shooting toward the cruel wheel, that splashed and creaked a hundred yards below, ready to suck us in to certain death. Well, what mattered it? Dora would be sorry, perhaps, at least for the dog, and so desperately bitter and revengeful, I felt, that I was glad her clumsy pet, since she loved him, was to drown in my company, that she too could feel what it was to mourn the loss of something dearly loved, and that my death would, at least, be associated in her mind with some painful event; in short—I despised the weakness, but it would have its way—that some of her dear and precious tears might be wept for me. I closed my eyes upon the shifting scene and tried to prepare for death, unconscious that the current was bearing me nearer the shore, and that my only chance of escape was close at hand. Something struck my face, a thrilling voice called my name. I raised my heavy gaze, and there, clinging to the farthest branches of an old tree that had fallen over into the water, was Dora, her cheeks wet, her lips white, her eyes imploringly fixed on me, or on the burden I carried, unheeding the rushing flood that saturated her tiny feet and floating dress, and threatened to bear her away from the frail support to which she clung. Feeble, exhausted, despairing as I was, there was a magnetic power in that dear voice, in that beautiful pale face, that inspired me with hope and drew me back to life.

A few strokes drew me nearer, the stream drifted me among the sweeping branches, I was clasped in those beautiful arms, then seized and dragged along by a stronger hold, and presently lay half-senseless and wholly exhausted on the beach. I was content to lie there while I fancied I heard a familiar voice breathing softly in my ear, and felt caressing hands touch mine, warm tears baptize my cheek, and gentle fingers extricate the gasping Rover from my drowning gripe. But after he was removed, I seemed to be more roughly handled by less tender ministry, and opened my eyes to find the zealous Mr. Hayes kneeling by my side, and—under his fair mistress' orders, of course—doing his duty toward my resuscitation. At a safe distance stood Dora, her dripping favorite sneezing and floundering in her arms, and her happy face beaming rosier and fairer than ever, in contrast with her soiled and draggled garments, as she pressed the precious rescued treasure to her breast, and received her lover's congratulations on its safety, with only an occasional furtive glance at me, as I lay helpless on the sand, slowly coming back to life under his active treatment.

So the tears, the pallor, the gallant rescue, were for the sake of that worthless dog! I was saved, incidentally with her interesting favorite, as I might have drowned for his sake and no questions asked; and, having accomplished my high mission of preserving the stupid brute, lay untended and uncared-for, at her feet, dependent on the kind offices of my successful rival! The blood rushed back to my heart, the strength to my nerves, as I slowly drank in the bitterness of this cup.

"Your cousin's better, Miss Dora," said the benignant Hayes. "Ain't you going to thank him?"

She moved nearer in instinctive obedience to him, bashful, tearful, trembling, confused, but radiant and lovely as I had never before seen her, and lifting her timid eyes to his for further instructions with a deprecating grace and softness of manner, while she carefully averted them from me. I could bear it no longer, and with an energetic oath sprang up, knocking Tom Hayes back into my place, and extorting a little scream of surprise from Miss Dora. Without a look or thought cast backward, I strode away toward the village, determined to shake its dust from my feet and depart next morning, never again to look upon the faces of the precious pair I had left. I rushed like a whirlwind through my aunt's kitchen, on my way, and bade her good-by.

"Good-by! Georgy, what does the boy mean?" said she. She was phlegmatic and slow of comprehension.

"I mean I shall never see you again, aunty; God bless you! I'm going away to-morrow."

"Hoity toity! Nonsense!" said she; "some folly of yours and Dora's, I suppose; never mind her, a silly girl! You'll be my own boy yet, my dear! But you are dripping wet, George, you must have been in the water, and you'll take cold. Here, swallow this," and mingling sentimental with spirituous comfort, the good old lady poured a fiery glass of brandy down my throat; and I poured my sorrowful story into her motherly ear, as I had done when an orphan boy, and all my life since, waxing warm with anger and contempt as I told it, while her benignant face showed no sympathy with the indignation that glowed on mine.

"So good-by, aunty," said I, as I finished, in a tone tremulous with weakness and wrath;

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"you love me, if Dora does not, and you will remember me kindly, I know." I wrung her hand and kissed her cheek; but she never shed a tear. She had been used to weep like a watering-pot, when I went back to college after a visit, and I had always left her loaded with biscuits and blessings, and, thankless prodigal that I was! rather disposed to laugh at her display of maternal sorrow. How grateful to my wounded and sorrowful spirit, my outraged heart, would such a demonstration of affection now have been! But all were alike heartless and cold to-day, and she smiled serenely under my parting kiss, only saying, as I ran down the steps, "Good-by, Georgy; promise me not to go before you're well rested to-morrow morning; and you'll come back if I have occasion to send for you professionally?"

I bowed assent. What could I do? And, cut to the heart, went slowly and wearily home. I do not know by what way I arrived there, or whom or what I passed upon the road. I saw nothing but the darkness of my future, and felt nothing but the sorrow that consumed my heart. Phil was astonished at the gentleness of the reproof I bestowed, on finding him among a crowd of juvenile vagabonds that were playing pitch-penny in my very office; but how could I expect him to be true when all others were faithless? I was too broken in spirit to administer justice upon him as he deserved; and, quite conscience-stricken, he waited upon me assiduously till my last bottle was packed at midnight, and I sent him to bed with orders to call me at daybreak. The stage came through at eleven, and I usually rose at nine; but I scorned to comply with my aunt's injunction to take my usual rest, and was bent upon suffering the additional martyrdom of early rising.

What weary, dreary hours! I heard every one of them strike, as I lay tossing on the patent spring mattress, in that darkly shaded room, where I was wont to sleep the sleep of the sluggard; but through all the long night no slumber visited my eyes till the day broke, and having watched the spectacle of the sunrise with wonder—it was long since I had seen it—the novelty put me asleep, and from thence into a dismal dream, from which I was awakened by a terrible thumping at the office-door, and the shrill voice of my Phil in communication with the person outside.

"I shan't open the door for nobody," cried the faithful janitor, "and if you don't stop knockin' on it, I'll come out and show yer. He's asleep, I tell ye; goin' away to-day, and wants to get up in time for the stage; but I shall let him oversleep hisself, and he'll think better of it by to-morrow. Come this afternoon if you want to see him, that'll do for you."

"But I tell you it won't do," returned a gruff voice, which I recognized as that of Col. Marston's "hired man." "Miss Dora's sick of pleurisy, catched her death of cold yesterday fishin' her puppy out of the river; Dr. George was on it too, and you'd better let me in, for he'll be ravin' when he hears Miss Dora's out of her head with a fever this morning, and Mrs. Marston told me to bring him back, and no excuse."

I sprang out of bed and was down stairs questioning the messenger before Phil could invent any more excuses for keeping him out. Dora sick of a fever, and I called in! My pride revolted at entering the house again, after the treatment I had received from its inmates; but I had promised Mrs. Marston to return whenever "professionally summoned," and my promise was sacred; the other doctor was worse than useless, and if Dora should be dangerously ill—lovely, brave Dora, who periled her life for mine yesterday, for mine and the dog's—but never mind that now—she was heartless, but could I find it in my heart to turn away from her in her sorrow? Alas! I was still so weak that my love drew me, more than my pledged word, along the well known road, that yesterday I had vowed never to tread again.

My aunt met me at the door. I was breathless and agitated, but she seemed more cheerful than I expected; her eyes were full of tears, for she had just come out of the sick room, but there was a smile on her kind face as it looked pleasantly into mine.

"Is she very ill?" I stammered.

"Not very," she said, coolly. "Come in here a moment, Georgy," and, still retaining my hand, she drew me into her own little sitting-room and shut the door. "My dear boy," she went on, placing both her kind hands on my shoulders, "don't be alarmed. I sent you rather an urgent message, but I was afraid that you wouldn't come, in spite of your promise, and I want this settled about you and Dora; you have tormented each other long enough, you with your jealousy and blindness, she with her flirting and nonsense—I don't say she was not the worst, but that's over. No, she's not very sick; don't interrupt me! She caught cold yesterday, as I thought she would in that wicked, foolish business you were all engaged in, tempting of Providence, I call it, but I hope it will do you good. So to-day she has some fever, nothing more, but she looks badly and feels

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dreadfully; and as she has hardly been sick a day in her life, thinks she is going to die, or she never would have told me what she did tell me. I'm her mother, it's not for me to betray her; but you're my son too, and I wish you both happy; so go in and do what you can for the poor girl, and don't ever give us reason to repent putting Dora's heart into your hands, Georgy, my dear, bless you!"

She gave me an affectionate kiss and fluttered into an inner room, just as the morning stage rolled by the door. She was saluted by a burst of sobs, and a strange muffled voice asking hardly intelligibly, "Wasn't that the coach, mother?"

"Yes, dear!"

"Then he's gone, mother, and he'll never come back. I treated him so badly, you don't know! even when he nearly drowned saving Rover!"

"Poor Rover! he wants to see you."

"Don't let him in! don't, mother! I hate the very sight of him."

"George is here, Dora."

"George!"

"Yes, dear."

She made no answer, but cried harder than ever.

"I sent for him professionally," at last said her mother, "I can tell him to go away."

"No, wait a minute, mother. But I can't see him, I'm ashamed to see him."

My aunt made no answer, but came out, ushered me in and shut the door after me.

In a darkened chamber, dim and dismal, within a great stuffed chair of state, before a low, slowly smouldering fire, sat poor little Dora, swathed in blankets and muffled in shawls; her tiny feet, wrapped in a woolen bundle, rested on hot bricks, and her aching head was tied up in red flannel bandages that smelt of brandy—she had a mustard plaster on her chest, and a "pepper gargle" for her throat, and a cup of boiling ginger tea stood at her elbow. Her pretty nose was swollen out of shape; her bright eyes were dimmed and tearful; and little blisters had broken out all over those kissable lips; a very damp white handkerchief lay on her lap, and two great tears that it had not yet wiped away, ran down her flushed cheeks. Poor child! she put up both her small hands when I came in, to hide her little red face, but I could see the tears dropping between her slender fingers. Sorry and ashamed, and afraid to speak, but more hopeful and happy than I had often felt, I went quietly and stood behind her chair.

"George!" she said, presently, in her poor, little broken voice, "are you there?"

"Yes, Dora."

"Are you very angry with me?"

I put one of my hands down over the chair-back and drew both hers away from before her face, and then came round and kissed it. I could not think of anything better to do.

"You are not going away?"

I shook my head. "That is not for me to say."

"Who then? Will you please tell me what you mean, George?" She was very gentle and submissive; but the burning hand I touched began to grow cold.

"It is for *you* to say, Dora dear. Did you need to ask me that after all these years?"

Without a single word, but with a fond, impulsive movement, she turned to me, put both her little arms around my neck, and laid her feverish cheek against mine, crying as if her heart would break.

"Why did you come back, Georgy?"

"Because I loved you, Dora, and couldn't stay away."

"Yes, you would, if I had not been sick, mother told me so. I had hurt you too cruelly and treated you too shamefully; you were proud, but you were very patient, Georgy. How long have I plagued you?"

"Twenty years!"

"Then I have loved you twenty years, and tried not to have you know it. I was very proud, very wicked, very mean, but I am sorry now. I did not want to have you or anybody see how much I cared for you. If I die," at last she sobbed, "you will think better of me."

"My dear Dora, you are not to die, you are to marry me in three weeks. You have a little cold, that is all, and I'll give you time to recover your voice and get those ugly blisters off your face."

"Is it so very ugly?" she whispered, hiding it against my shoulder.

"Very ugly indeed, and I hope it will stay so till we are married, then we shall have no more flirting with Tom Hayes; I wanted to murder him yesterday, Dora, when—when you invited me to drown and not him."

"Oh, George! I didn't know the danger till you were gone and it was too late! I knew you were brave and could swim, and that he wasn't and couldn't! I thought you could do it easily, and never dreamed of your drowning till he told me—and then——"

"And then my little heroine risked her life to save me?"

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"I wouldn't have cared to live without."

"And cried over me when I was landed?"

"I was so glad and thankful, dear George!"

"But was ashamed to let Tom Hayes see it afterward?"

"No; only ashamed to speak to you, because I had behaved so badly, afraid you would order me away out of your sight forever. I am bad, I know, but indeed I am not so bad as that."

Ah! how easy it was to believe it with that sweetly humble voice whispering in my ear, those drooping eyes truthfully upraised to mine, the new charm of her timid, deprecating manner going straight to my yielding heart.

All at once a trembling, snorting sound at the door announced Rover.

"Shall I let him in?" I said.

"Just as you please, dear," she gently answered. "If he is so disagreeable to you, I will give him away," she added, timidly.

Heavens, what a change! I was completely conquered by this last convincing proof of affection; though, as to giving him away, what mortal in his senses would have taken him? Of course he remained to become a privileged member of my family, growing dearer to us both as he fattened upon meat at a shilling a pound, like the favorite of some Chinese epicure, and broke uncounted china in his playful moments. At the very altar, or rather I should say the piano, before which we stood to be married, he interfered with the happy arrangement of the bridal party by his ill-timed blandishments; but afterward did me good service by getting under the feet of the groomsman, and endangering his equilibrium as he was about to kiss the bride.

"Poor Hayes!" I said, pretending sympathy in alluding to this incident with her.

"Oh! you needn't pity him!" she responded, rather spitefully I thought; "he will be married to Julia Stevens before the month is out," and so he was.

Some time has elapsed since the occurrences just narrated gave me my first patient, and decided me to remain in the neighborhood with or without others. It is fortunate that I did so, for the spell is broken that held us in preternatural health; and no invalid subscribing to this periodical need address me under cover, editor of "Peterson's Magazine," for the proper name of the town, with a view of seeking its salubrious air. My practice is increasing rapidly in spite of Mrs. Thompson's baby, which has hitherto disappointed my expectations of croup, but promises in time a beautiful case of hereditary bronchitis. Capt. Hopkins is on his last legs with the gout, unless he soon resolves to spend part of his income in improving mine, and mother Hawks is a prey to the acutest inflammatory rheumatism. The late fine fruit season has been productive of much cholera infantum, and the recent fall in provisions has induced a similar decline in health among the rural economists; a railroad is projected through our midst, which will bring foreign diseases and disorders among us, and turn our peaceful Arcadia into a miniature New York. I see, with the prescient eye of imagination, a busy and prosperous future in store for me; I see my handsome and hitherto unused set of surgical instruments often taken from their case for "disasters," collisions," and "smashes;" I see fashion reigning in our humble streets with her neuralgic little bonnets, her consumptive thin shoes, her lung-compressing corsets, and fever-tempting bodices, or later abominations to take the place of these, and her unseasonable hours, unseasonable excitements, and unnatural quantities and qualities of food and drink. I see my little stock of drugs increasing to a mighty establishment; my Phil of some use at last, and Rover hoarse with barking at the ringing of the night-bell. I see Dr. Coachey retiring in despair to his whist and his sangaree, and myself sole autocrat of the village health; and brightest of all these bright visions, I see my pretty Dora, the beautiful spirit of light and love to my household, infinitely lovelier and more charming than ever in her girlish days, but without the faintest symptom of the coquetry that marked her then, blind to all fascinations but mine, and such a devoted wife, that she upholds my whiskers (which are inclined to reddish,) to be of the finest auburn, and does not envy Mrs. Tom Hayes the "sable splendors" of her husband's face; in short, I see daily more occasion to thank heaven for all the happy consequences of DORA'S COLD.

THE REPULSE.

Out from my heart thine image must be torn;
Fate has the power to crush, but cannot kill;
Thou hast no love for me, and I would scorn
To hold thee prisoner against thy will.

What most I wonder at—how cam'st thou here,
Nestling as some bright bird within the nest?
Thou hast disturbed the doves I held most dear,
And raised an insurrection in my breast.

Yes, thou must go; for peace will not return
Unless from out my heart I banish thee;
The idol I have worshiped I must burn,
And nought but ashes will remain to me.

J. P.

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MARRYING A FARMER.

BY MRS. MARY AMES.

"And so, to-morrow you leave us? Oh! Amy, little did I think, when I saw you wedded to Henry Kingsley, Representative from —— district, New York, that he would ever take you to such a home!"

"And why not, my sister? I knew that he was a farmer; and when I promised to be his bride, I expected to be a farmer's wife. Nor would I change my lot, if I could. I expect to be very happy there. All I shall miss, will be 'the loved ones at home;' and I could not expect to carry them with me to my new home."

"But just think of it, sister! You, who have been reared so tenderly, to work like aunt Rachel, perhaps! I expect, if ever I come to see you, to find you out milking the cows, or feeding the pigs; or, at least, in the kitchen, cooking for great, hungry men who do not know jelly from custard. It is too bad!" And here Nelly broke down and sobbed outright.

Amy tried to soothe her by telling her of her kind and noble husband; and that he would not suffer her to be unhappy anywhere. But she would not be comforted; and when she met her brother-in-law, at tea, her eyes were red with weeping. She took, too, but little pains to conceal the fact, that she thought him a tyrant of the worst kind. He ascribed her strange mood to grief at parting with her only sister, and, with true delicacy, made no reference to it. The next day Amy Kingsley went out from her old home to her new one, and from old and tried friends to new and untried ones.

Nelly fretted herself really ill over the fancied unhappiness of her sister. And when letters came, bright, glowing letters, filled brimming full of happiness, she was still unconvinced.

"Oh! yes," she said to her mother, "I know how it is! She is too noble to complain; and she knew I was so troubled about her."

"But," says the mother, "she sends an invitation, endorsed by her husband, to have you come and see for yourself."

"Oh! I should die in a little while; I know I should! But for poor, dear Amy's sake I will go, and stay as long as I can, if you and papa think best."

They did think it best. For the sisters had never been separated before, and poor Nelly was pining sadly. The morning on which she was to go her mother came in and proposed assisting her in packing her trunk.

"A trunk, mamma! A traveling-bag will be all I shall need to take. I can put one dress in that. A home dress is all I shall want." But Mrs. Conway insisted. And a trunk was nicely packed, and, in due time, accompanied its fair owner to the residence of the Hon. Henry Kingsley.

When the first warm greeting was over, Nelly looked around in mute surprise at the luxurious surroundings of her sister's home. Carpets, curtains, mirrors, paintings—and all superior to those in her father's house. And then the library! Tiers of the choicest books, reaching from ceiling to floor, were relieved by portraits, maps, and statues in every niche and corner. "But there must be a skeleton somewhere!" thought obstinate little Nelly, as she followed her sister to her room: her *own* room, as Amy insisted on calling it. How sweet and pure it was, with its white and blue hangings, and blue and buff carpet, with furniture to match! And then those vases of violets and mignonettes! Amy knew she would miss them, and had placed them there herself.

"It *is* nice, after all, Amy! and I have been silly to worry about you! But," and she looked up and down the long, dusty road, edged with green, and shaded with trees, "you must be lonesome! There is no house near you, and but a few in sight!" And the troubled look came back to the young face.

"No, Nelly, I am not lonesome. I have all the company I wish for, especially now you have come. But come, let me assist you in laying aside this traveling-dress, and show you into the bath-room; and then you must rest, while I go and prepare supper for those 'great, hungry men.'"

"Oh! then you do have to cook for the men, just as I expected!" And the tears came into the poor, tired eyes once more.

"Yes, and I eat at the same table with them, too; and I like it."

"There! Did I not tell you so? This comes of marrying a farmer! Poor aunt Rachel! When

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I used to pity her so, I did not think my sister would have to drudge in the same manner!"

"I do not need a bit of sympathy; I am just as happy as I can be. But, come now, rest a little while, and then dress. I want you to look your best. Did you bring that blue silk I like so well? Oh! yes, here it is! Shall I send Fanny up to help you?"

"No, Amy, if she is your girl, and you must take her place in the kitchen?"

"Now, don't fret any more, please! and in half an hour I shall send Fanny."

And Fanny came, and her nimble fingers soon convinced Nelly that it was no new employment to her. When Nelly entered the parlor, she found her brother-in-law waiting to receive and welcome her; and then, turning, he introduced a brother to her who was standing by his side. He was a fine-looking man of twenty-five, perhaps, and just the one to make an impression on a loving heart like Nelly's. The tea bell soon rang, and Nelly, taking Mr. Kingsley's arm, went out, dreading the staring eyes of the workmen. But the little tea-table was laid for only four, and fairly glistened with its snowy napkins, lucid china, and shining silver. Fanny, in a white apron, and with almost as white hands, attended the table; and Nelly gave a little sigh of relief, as her last bugaboo vanished, and chatted, like herself, with her friends.

"How do you like us in our home, Nelly?" said the husband, glancing at Amy. "Do we answer your expectations as farmers?"

Nelly was sure he was quizzing her, and answered, with some show of spirit,

"I think it is a shame for a man of your talents and taste, yes, and wealth, to bury himself in such a solitary place as this! Why, I would not be compelled to pass my days here for the world!" The happy couple only laughed, and Nelly began to think she was very silly, and laughed too, and wished she had been a little less demonstrative.

After tea the husband proposed a walk in the garden; and here, as within the dwelling, the most artistic taste marked every arrangement. A perfect wilderness of flowers, and yet not a thing out of place. Nelly felt that she should never tire of its beauties; but Amy soon spoke of returning, as Nelly was weary. "And," she said, glancing at her husband, "I shall want her to go with me to milk the cows."

"I shall do no such thing! The horrid things, with their great, sharp horns, and ugly feet, I always was afraid of them at aunt Rachel's! One of them came at me, once, and would have bit me, if I had not screamed loud enough to scare her away. Aunt said it was the clover blossoms I had in my hand that she wanted, and not me; but I don't think so. At any rate, I have had a perfect antipathy to cows and clover blossoms ever since."

Henry laughed. "Well, if you are so afraid of cows, Amy need not go for them, nor milk them to-night."

Nelly knew that they were laughing at her again, and, looking up, she saw a pair of magnificent eyes brimming with mirth fixed upon her; and her own eyes and cheeks burned until they pained her. As soon as she reached the house, she hurried away to her own room to give vent to her outraged feelings. But Amy suspected her and quickly followed, to find her in tears.

"This is too bad! Poor, tired Nelly! I did not dream that I was grieving you!"

"Oh! I do not mind you, Amy, nor even your husband! But that great, overgrown brother, who don't even speak to me, but, if he dared, would laugh at me all the time—I don't like him one bit!"

"Oh! don't say so, Nelly! He is the kindest, best brother in the world! You must like him for our sake. And now I will tell you about our arrangements here. We have a large farm, with none of its cares; or, at least, I have none. The land is all rented to four men with families. You can see their pretty cottages from the door, all built on the farm. Half of the property belongs to Arthur; and he lives with us, as you see. We keep three servants; and they are excellent, attending to everything that servants should attend to."

"But where are those great, hungry men you spoke of?"

"Did you not see them at table? Henry and Arthur! They are large, and usually hungry."

"And the cows? Was that, too, a joke on poor me?"

"Yes, darling. I could not milk a cow any more than you could."

"Well, I forgive you all; but that brother—I must punish him!"

"Well, come now; we must go down. Have you any new music?"

"Some, if mamma has packed it. Do you know I was only going to bring one dress? But here is the music."

They descended to the parlor. A fine-toned piano was soon answering to the touch of Nelly, and in the music she soon forgot her previous annoyance. She was a superior performer, and on the rare instrument she surprised even herself. The husband was not sparing of his

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compliments; but Arthur made no comments, except to thank her for one piece he had himself called for. Before she slept, that night, Nelly wrote a long letter to her mother, telling her of Amy's pleasant home. "But, oh! so lonely! I could never live here, I am sure! But Amy certainly enjoys it! I don't believe she needs me a bit. They are both as contented as two kittens. I shall not stay long," etc. All this amused her mother; for she had been reared in the country, and had no fears for her practical Amy, when she consigned her to the keeping of Henry Kingsley.

But weeks passed away, and still Nelly lingered in her sister's beautiful home. She had ceased to be afraid of cows, and lambs and chickens were becoming pets with her. She went with her sister to visit all the tenant-houses; conversed with the parents, and told the children stories, until all united in declaring that "the beautiful city lady was not one bit proud." The brother sometimes accompanied them in their rambles, opening gates, letting down bars, and carrying parcels; and usually returning a perfect mountain of flowers plucked by the hands of his two companions. With Amy he was always gay, laughing, and social, coaxing her into grapevine tangles and blackberry thickets, after bird's nests or violets; and then, after making himself merry at her plight, taking her in his great, strong arms and placing her on the open ground. But with Nelly he was always reserved, and sometimes just a little abrupt. He never sought her society, and, if they chanced to be left alone, he was coldly polite. And yet, there were times, when she was conversing with his brother, in her own charming manner, that she would look up, and find his great, earnest eyes fixed upon her, and her heart would thrill like a flower with a humming-bird in its bosom; and then, with one of his abrupt movements, he would turn away, chirping to the canary, or pulling Bounce's ears; or, perhaps, he would go and tease sister Amy awhile. Mr. Kingsley, the elder, was proud of his handsome brother, and, knowing his passionate love of beauty, he wondered much that he did not seem more attracted to the beautiful Nelly. That she was a dear good girl he was sure, and their evident dislike to each other puzzled and even pained him. In the presence of others—and they had many visitors while Nelly was there—they were studiously polite; but in the family circle, Arthur, at least, was sarcastic.

But a message came to Nelly, recalling her home for a visit to the sea-side.

"Oh! if you could only go with us, as in the olden time, Amy. I declare, Henry, I am afraid some dreadful punishment will be inflicted upon you for taking Amy from us," and tears came in her eyes, and color in her cheeks.

"What can it be, little sister? I have had nothing but blessings since I took her; and last, but not least, has been your visit."

"Thank you! And that reminds me of the way in which your punishment is to come. I shall be an old maid, and come and live with you, cats, parrots, and all!"

"What! on a farm, Nelly, where you would be buried alive?"

"Don't, sister, please! I am ashamed of all those silly speeches. Your home is a perfect paradise, and I could stay here with you, Amy, forever, and not be lonely. And then, I did not know of the pleasant friends you have all around you."

Arthur seemed to be reading; but the leaf he was turning trembled in his fingers strangely. Nelly was to go to the cars the next morning, and toward evening she went out to see her pets once more. She took some bread-crumbs and salt, and made her way to the chicken-coop. But the careful mother had tucked her large family nicely away to sleep, and only gave a spiteful little chir—r—r, as Nelly offered the crumbs.

"That is the way," she said, bitterly. "And they will all forget me as soon as I am gone." But her heart warmed up again, as her little white friends, the lambs, came running to meet her, rubbing against her, and eating the salt from the dish in her hand. "Good-by!" she said, patting their soft heads. "You will not forget me, if all the rest do!" and, turning to go, she found herself face to face with Arthur Kingsley.

It was the first time he had ever sought her, and she stood embarrassed and confused.

"Pardon me," he said, gently, "if I intrude; but the dew is falling. Here is your shawl. Will you permit me?" And he laid the shawl caressingly about her shoulders. Why did Nelly feel weak and faint, for an instant, as those hands lingered about the duty they were performing? "And he heard me talking like a baby to those lambs," she thought, as she turned to go. She took his proffered arm, and they returned by a more circuitous route than she had come. Twilight was deepening into darkness, as they stood by the hall door. But few words had been spoken by either; but now Arthur said, while his arm tightened on the little hand, "Will you not visit the garden as

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well as your pets?" Nelly looked up. Was he teasing her about the lambs? But no; those eyes were earnest now. She made no reply; she dared not trust her voice, but walked, as he led, to a garden chair near the fountain. She was glad he selected that chair; for the trill of the water, as it fell in the marble basin, broke a silence that was becoming painful.

"And you leave us, to-morrow? Do you regret it, just a little, or were you jesting when you said you could stay here for Amy's sake?" She did not answer. "May I sit by you while I tell you a story?" he asked. She made room for him by her side, and he began. "I am a farmer by birth and education. This farm, with all its broad acres, belonged to my father, and his father before him. When our father died, it was left to Henry and me, with an injunction that it should not pass from our hands while we lived. And it is no restriction; for we both love the old place. When Henry brought his city wife home, I expected to hear complaints and repinings. But, bless her loving heart! she has made us all so happy! She told us of your horror of the country, and, when you came, you corroborated her testimony. But I loved you, Nelly, from the moment I saw you, and have been tugging at the chain that held me ever since you came. And to-day, when you said what you did, I was tempted to this act. Will you come for my sake—for my love, Nelly? Be my own sweet wife? And be loved as woman was never loved before?"

For an instant nothing was heard but the fountain; and then a little hand was laid softly in his, and she answered, in words so low that no one but a lover could have been sure of them, "I will come for your sake!"

As they stood in the hall, Nelly whispered, "Don't tell Henry and Amy now; for they will tease me."

"My pay, then," and he stooped for the first kiss from the lips of his betrothed.

Arthur followed her to the sea-side, where he had no difficulty in obtaining the consent of the parents to the union. The coming spring saw Nelly a loving wife, in a dwelling that had sprung up, as if by magic, nearly opposite the one occupied by her sister. And if she reads this story, she will laugh, as she recalls her positive assertion, "I will never MARRY A FARMER!"

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

How bright, and pure, and beautiful
The gleams of sunshine fall,
And, with their rays of brilliancy,
Light up the hearts of all!
Upon the mountain's loftiest height,
In gorge and leaf-hung dell;
Upon the dancing, sparkling waves
They revel, sport, and dwell!

There's magic in those gleams, as on
The poor man's cot they rest;
They bring content unto his heart,
And make him doubly blest.

And though his portion may be toil,
And humble be his fare,
Yet do they speak to him of Heaven,
Where holy angels are.

Oh! emblems fit, ye sunny gleams,
Ye are of human strife;
For storm and tempest are made bright
By golden beams of life!
And did ye never smile on earth,
'Twould be a starless even;
For life, indeed, were all unblessed,
If hope came not from Heaven.

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh! tempt not fate, oh! tempt not fate!
Say not her vials all are drained;
Thou canst not know what heavier storm
May on thy doubting head be rained.

I, too, have thought, and I have said,
In moments when I faced despair,
"Earth has no darker lot for me,
No other grief that I can bear."

I knew not the resources vast
Of that dread Power that rules the world,
Until my riven bosom felt
The missiles were against it hurled.

Oh! while this mortal breath is given,
It may in agony be drawn;
For safety's only found beyond
The flood where our beloved are gone.

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BEAUTY OR BRAINS?

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

Reader, I am an old maid, and, what may be considered still more atrocious, I am a plain-looking one. Having stated these two facts, I will proceed with my narrative.

From my earliest childhood I was painfully aware of my want of beauty, and when I began to go out into society, this knowledge, which was ever present with me, made me awkward and embarrassed; consequently I received but little attention. It was all in vain that I oiled my hair, and endeavored to flatter myself with the idea that it was auburn; it would persist in asserting itself in its original color—red. I might pinch my cheeks until they were black and blue, but I could never succeed in bringing to them the bright pink which seemed to come, without any effort, to my companions. My nose was a decided pug, and my eyes were almost too small to be distinguishable. In dressing myself, I tried to select the most becoming colors, but it was of no avail, I could never be anything more than plain-looking, and I finally took refuge in brown, that being the least noticeable. Of course I took no pleasure in society, and avoided it as much as possible.

Thus I was at the age of eighteen, when I received a cordial invitation from a widowed sister of my father to spend the summer with her.

Aunt Hattie resided in a small, out-of-the-way village in New England. It was a perfect little gem of a place, hemmed in by mountains on every side, with scenery as fine as any ever dreamed of by poets, or pictured by artists. But it had not then become fashionable for city people to admire it; so that it was what most girls of my age would have considered a pretty, but very dull place. With me, however, it was different. I was accustomed to being alone and finding company in my own thoughts and books; consequently I accepted the invitation gladly, and looked forward, with pleasure, to roaming over the mountains, and paying visits, with my aunt, to her crude, but warm-hearted neighbors.

My simple preparations were soon made, and I was on my way to Blue Lake. My aunt came down to the depot in the old rockaway and met me with a bright welcome. As we were driving to her house, my aunt informed me that her husband's nephew, now quite an invalid, was paying her a visit, and his society, she thought, would make my stay with her less dull than it would otherwise be. This information gave me no pleasure. I had never received any attention from gentlemen, and I had already begun to hate the whole class. I thought it would be impossible for any one as plain-looking as myself to attract them; and I was too proud to make what I supposed would be a fruitless effort, and now I resolved to have as little to do with this invalid as politeness to my aunt would allow. By being the first to show indifference, I would cheat him out of any opportunity to slight me. With these resolutions uppermost in my mind, I was led into the parlor, and aunt Hattie remarked,

"Fannie, this is my nephew, Charlie Wallace."

I was about to bestow upon him the stiff bow which I had prepared for the occasion; but one glance at the sofa disarmed me. Clad in a dressing-gown, and looking the very picture of submission, as a man is apt to look when he is too ill to help himself, lay Charlie Wallace. My pride melted into sympathy, and I endeavored to return his bright smile.

"I am so glad to see you," said he, extending his hand and grasping mine warmly; "aunt Hattie has been telling me about her niece ever since I came here, and I have been looking for you every day."

This reception, from a gentleman, was something so novel to me that I scarcely knew how to reply to it; but aunt Hattie came to my aid, and laughingly remarked that now she should expect to throw off the care of her troublesome nephew upon me, and that she should have time to attend to her household duties.

The invalid and myself soon became excellent friends. We dropped the formalities of Mr. and Miss, and called each other simply Charlie and Fannie. I read aloud to him, and tried to amuse him when he was weary, and when he felt strong and bright we would walk out together.

I had almost forgotten that I was plain-looking, and I had discovered that there were attractions in mind and manners which could

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surpass beauty of face. Charlie always seemed pleased with me and glad to have my society; and, possessing himself a cultivated mind and pleasing manners, it is not strange that I soon became deeply interested in him.

As the summer advanced, his health and strength, in a great measure, returned to him, and he was able to drive about the country and to roam with me over the mountains. One day we had wandered off to quite a distance from home, and were sitting on the green grass, under the shade of some large trees to rest, and I was twining a wreath of flowers and berries, when I raised one of the latter to my lips.

"Stop!" said Charlie, springing forward and seizing the berry, "that is poisonous and will kill you!"

"Well," said I, "and if it did?"

"If it did?" he repeated, taking my hand in his, "then I should be left alone."

"Oh! no," I replied, "you would have plenty of friends left!"

"None that I should love half as well as you, though."

The warm blood rushed to my face as I listened to his words. I had felt his love before, but he had never told me of it.

"Fannie," he continued, "you would make a precious little wife, you would be a perfect treasure for a man."

More was said, but I was almost too much confused to hear it. We remained there under the shadow of those old trees, until the shades of twilight had begun to gather around us, and then we wended our way homeward. As I saw aunt Hattie's face in the window, and caught the mischievous twinkle of her eyes, I became conscious, for the first time, that I had Charlie's arm, and I withdrew my hand abruptly and entered the house. When we were assembled around the tea-table, my aunt informed us that she had received a letter from a young friend of hers, saying that she was coming to pay her a visit.

"She will probably be with us to-morrow," said aunt Hattie, "and I shall expect you both to do your best to entertain her. You will like her, I know, for she is a bright, winning little creature."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Just sixteen!"

I did not like the idea of another one coming in; not that I had any feeling of jealousy on the subject, for Charlie had said that he loved me better than any one else; and I had such a perfect confidence in his character, that the slightest suspicion of fickleness in regard to him never entered my mind. I felt that he was mine as certainly as though an engagement existed between us. Still, it seemed as though this stranger would be a restraint upon us, and I dreaded her arrival.

The next day we three went to the depot to receive our visitor. She raised a thick veil as aunt Hattie led her to the rockaway, and disclosed a face of such perfect beauty as I had never seen before. I glanced at Charlie, and saw that his eyes were riveted upon her, and I mentally contrasted her looks with mine, and wondered if he were thinking of the same thing.

I was silent during our drive home; but Carrie Houghton sustained her full share of the conversation. She gave us, in a sprightly manner, an account of her journey, and she made herself perfectly at home with us at once. I envied her her easy manners; but, then, with that lovely face, sufficient of itself to win its way anywhere, who could not be easy? As these thoughts were passing through my mind, Charlie directed my attention to the sunset.

"Is it not beautiful?" he exclaimed; "see those bands of crimson and gold girding the sky."

I felt as though his attention to me now arose from pity, as he contrasted me with our new acquaintance. This roused my pride, and I replied shortly and rather pettishly, "Yes," and then turned my head in another direction. I was not angry with him; for, as I said before, I was certain of his love, but I felt discontented with my lot, and angry that I had not been made beautiful.

While Carrie, for we soon learned to call her by this name, was with us, we continued our rambles as before, and she, of course, accompanied us.

"Let us take a book with us," said Charlie, one morning, as we were setting out for a walk, "and we will have some reading under the trees."

We had often done this before Carrie came; but, somehow, since her arrival, the plan had been dropped. We all three turned to the bookcase, and I selected a volume of Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations.

"That will be quite refreshing this warm day," said Charlie, laughingly.

"Oh! I think it will be stupid," said Carrie. "Let us take 'Widow Bedott,' I want to have a good laugh."

"We will take both," said Charlie, "and they will make a variety."

We accordingly set forth, and, after roaming for awhile, sat down to rest.

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"Now, Carrie," said Charlie, "suppose you read to us for awhile, and then we will try the 'Arctic Explorations.'"

Carrie read a chapter or two with much zest, and then said she was tired. My turn came now; but Carrie soon wearied of the book I had chosen, and she slipped quietly away to wander by herself. I noticed that Charlie's eyes followed her, and I remarked,

"Is she not beautiful?"

"Yes, beautiful!" he replied, enthusiastically; "hers is a face that I should never weary of looking at."

"I never knew," I replied, "that you were such an admirer of beauty!"

He looked a little confused as he replied, "I think we are, none of us, insensible to the present fascinations of beauty, but then that is merely on the outside; brains have a far greater and deeper attraction for me."

I turned away to conceal the tears that were starting to my eyes. I felt a pang of jealousy toward our visitor, who, at a short distance from us, was twining wreaths of wild flowers, perfectly unconscious of the feelings she was exciting.

"Oh, Charlie!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "come here, quick! Here is a snake!"

Charlie sprang to her assistance, killed the reptile, caught the half-fainting girl in his arms and endeavored to soothe her.

"Why, Fannie," said she, as she glanced at my face, "what is the matter? You look so pale."

"Nothing," I replied, making an effort to conceal the feeling that was almost breaking my heart, "only I am rather tired. Let us go home."

"Come, young ladies," said Charlie, "take my arm, and let me assist you, neither of you seem to be very well just now."

Carrie accepted the offered assistance, but I proceeded alone.

"Won't you take my arm, Fannie? You look tired," said Charlie, tenderly.

But it seemed to me that his tone conveyed more of pity than of love, and my pride rose against it. "No, I thank you," I replied, coldly, "I am quite able to take care of myself."

I was sure that Charlie's affection was transferred to Carrie, and bitterly I felt the disappointment. I had never before sought or expected any attention, and I had been contented with my lot; but now that love had been offered me and I had accepted it, and had returned it with all the warmth and ardor of which I was capable—then to have it thus suddenly snatched from me was almost more than I could endure. I was too proud, however, to resist my fate, and I resolved now to show my indifference.

I excused myself as frequently as possible from accompanying them on their walks, pleading the most trivial causes. At first they urged me to go with them, but finally they gave it up as useless.

"Come, Fannie," said Carrie, one morning, "go with us to walk, won't you?"

"I shall have to be excused," said I, "for I have such a severe headache."

"Then we will stay at home with you and try to amuse you," she returned.

"Oh! no," I replied, "not on my account. I think I shall lie down for awhile. I shall probably feel better when you return."

Charlie also proposed remaining at home, but I declined his offer coldly. I watched them from my window, as they departed; and presently I put on my bonnet, thinking that a short walk might benefit my head, and wandered mechanically to a grove where Charlie and I had spent many an hour together. I was seated in amongst the trees, when I heard the voices of my two companions. My first impulse was to leave, but I could not move without attracting their attention, which, of course, I was unwilling to do. I accordingly kept my seat, and with burning cheeks and an almost breaking heart I listened to their conversation.

"Will you let me love you, Carrie?"

"Yes, certainly," she replied, "you will be my adopted brother, will you not? For I have none of my own, you know, and Fannie must be my sister."

"It would not satisfy me at all to accept that relationship. I wish to be something more than a brother!"

Carrie started in unfeigned surprise, as she exclaimed, "Are you not engaged to Fannie? Aunt Hattie told me she thought you were."

A crimson flush overspread his face, as he replied,

"Aunt Hattie has made a mistake then, I never was engaged to any one. Can you not accept my love? I supposed you understood me all this time; I never imagined that you were flirting with me."

"Nor was I, Charlie. I thought you were engaged; I should have done differently had I not received that impression; but I thought I could love you as a brother."

The trees seemed to be whirling around me, and I lost all consciousness. When I opened my eyes again I was lying on the ground; I

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raised my head and looked around, but I was alone, and, summing up all my strength, I walked slowly home. Carrie stood in the window watching for me, and, running to meet me, she exclaimed,

"Where have you been, Fannie? I thought you were not well enough to walk; but how pale you look! What is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing," I replied, "only my head is aching very badly, and I thought a short walk might benefit it."

With a true woman's instinct Carrie understood me; but with womanly tact she said nothing. She merely put her arms around me, and, kissing me affectionately, she drew me into the house.

"Come and lie down and let me bathe your head, it may do you some good," said she.

I felt too weak to resist, and I surrendered myself into the hands of her who was the innocent cause of my misery. As those little soft hands were passed gently over my forehead, and the sweet, bright face was pressed against mine in loving sympathy, I felt that I could scarcely wonder that Charlie's fidelity had forsaken him in her presence.

In the course of a day or two Carrie left us, and our household seemed to go on very much as before, only that our long walks were given up; for I was too weak to make much exertion, and I was obliged to spend a great deal of my time reclining on the sofa, as the whirlwind of feeling that had agitated me for some weeks past had left me feeble and helpless. Charlie and I seemed to have exchanged places entirely; for now he would bring his books and read to me; and, when I tired of reading, he would seek to amuse me. I endured it all; but his efforts gave me no satisfaction. Before I had had a feeling of pride and pleasure in looking at his fine face lighting up with enthusiasm, and that deep, clear voice had been music that I loved to listen to; but now I sought to trace fickleness in the lineaments of his face, and deceit in the tones of his voice. I imagined that I had crushed all feeling of love for him, and that it had left merely disappointment and a void.

One day Charlie had been sitting beside me for some time without speaking. Presently he took my hand in his; but I withdrew it. He looked pained, I thought, as he remarked,

"You have changed, Fannie, since Carrie came here."

"I am not the only one that has changed," I returned, bitterly.

He looked slightly confused, as he continued, "My love seemed not unwelcome to you before; will you not accept it now?"

The scene that I had witnessed in the grove rose before me, and I replied, scornfully, "Is that a stereotyped proposition of yours, which you address to every young lady?"

He looked at me searchingly, as he inquired, "Did you ever hear of my addressing it to any other?"

"Yes," I replied. "I happened, unfortunately, to be a spectator to a little scene in a certain grove not far from here."

"Fannie," said he, "you have reason to be offended with me; but if you could know my heart, I think you would forgive me. I loved you before ever I saw Carrie; but her beauty, her confiding, childlike simplicity, for a time, drew me from you. But during the few weeks that have elapsed since she left us, I have become convinced that my feeling toward her was not love, but merely a passing fancy. But I love you deeply and truly! Can you not forgive and believe me?"

I almost yielded. But my pride rose against all better feelings, and persuaded me not to accept a love which had once been offered to another; and, with forced calmness, I told him that I was unwilling to trust such love that was not able to resist the sight of a pretty face.

He looked at me steadily, for a few moments, and then remarked, "You will repent of this, one of these days," and left me.

The summer had passed away now, and my mother sent for me to return home. A cold shake of the hands, and an apparently calm "Good-by," were all that passed between Charlie and myself, when I left him.

When I reached home, my overwrought feelings brought upon me a fit of illness, and I was confined to my room for a long time. I was not, however, made a victim to delirium, and, therefore, nothing was revealed. When I recovered, I returned to my old duties; but I could not feel that satisfaction in them which I had hitherto experienced.

I was, one day, sitting alone in my apartment, when the waiter brought me a letter directed in the well-known handwriting of my aunt Hattie. I knew that Charlie had left her shortly after I returned home, and, therefore, I expected to find nothing of any particular interest in her epistle. I broke the seal and read:

"Come to me, dear Fannie, as quick as you can. Charlie came to make me a little visit, about a week ago, and he is now very ill; and, in his delirium, he calls repeatedly for you."

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The whole tide of my pent-up feelings, that I supposed were buried, now rushed over me in almost overwhelming force. What, if Charlie should die before I could reach him? His prophetic words, "You will repent of this, one of these days," came again to my mind, and well-nigh staggered me. But I had no time to indulge my fears. My few preparations were quickly made, and in less than an hour I was on my way to my aunt's residence.

Noiselessly I was led up to the sick man's apartment. The darkened room, and the intense stillness that prevailed, sent a chill to my heart that well-nigh stopped my breath. "Fannie! Fannie, will you not come to a dying man?" Oh! how those words reproached me! I cursed the wicked pride that had kept me back, when I would have accepted the happiness that was offered me, and had caused me to bring misery upon myself, and, perhaps, death upon another. I glided to his bedside and laid my hand upon his burning forehead. "Charlie!" I whispered, "I am here! Do you not know me?" He turned upon me a wild, vacant look, but took my hand in his and seemed more quiet.

For days I watched beside him, waiting anxiously for the delirium to leave him. Finally the crisis came, and the doctor told us that when he waked he would be out of danger, or else past all hope. Anxiously we watched his breathing, and sought some sign of returning health. Presently he opened his eyes and recognized me. I turned eagerly to the doctor for a confirmation of my hopes; but I read there only disappointment.

"Fannie," said Charlie, "come near to me; I have something I wish to say to you."

I knelt beside him, with my hand clasped in his.

"Your conversation must be brief," whispered the doctor, pityingly, as he and aunt Hattie withdrew.

"Fannie, do you love me now?" said Charlie.

"Love you?" I exclaimed. "With my whole heart! Oh! Charlie, I always loved you! It was only my foolish, wicked pride that made me act as I did. Will you forgive me?"

He clasped me tightly in his arms, as he replied, "I do forgive you freely, as I hope to be forgiven by you. But, oh! Fannie, how much misery might have been saved us both! Had I known your feelings toward me, Fannie, I might have been well and happy now. But I feel that I cannot remain much longer with you. Kiss me, my darling, and we will be united in another world.

A little more conversation passed between us, and then Charlie had breathed his last.

Neither illness nor unconsciousness came to relieve my burdened heart; but, with a full knowledge of my crushing grief, I was obliged to bear it. I returned home sad and weary; for my heart was buried in Charlie's grave. I had refused to forgive him for having once yielded to temptation; how could I hope to be forgiven for yielding to a fault which had led to such fearful consequences? I began, then, to struggle earnestly to perform my duty, hoping that I might be fitted to join him when all earthly trials are over.

Now, reader, you have my story; and may it serve as a warning to you. May you profit by my experience, and not wreck the happiness of a lifetime by the foolish indulgence of wrong feelings.

THE ANGLER.

BY MATTIE D. BRITTS.

I sat by the side of a singing stream,
On a beautiful Summer day,
In many a gay and luxurious dream,
Idling the hours away;
Watching the sports of the tiny fish,
At play in the water beneath,
And the little ripples that followed them
With many a wavy wreath.

I could see the gleam of their silver scales,
When they turned them up to the sun;
And the little black spots on their shiny back,
As they darted about in fun.
They frolicked away in the bright sunshine,
And never appeared to know
That an angler sat, with his hook and line,
On the grassy bank below.

Poor little things! they went swimming along,
Right in the fisherman's way,
Where he sat on the bank and hummed a song,
Quietly waiting his prey.
I wanted to tell him to let them be,
And draw in his line and hook—
They were doing no harm that I could see,
Just playing there in the brook.

But that wouldn't do. So I just sat still,
And watched the fishes pass,
Till he drew in his line, and a speckled trout
Lay dying upon the grass.
He had scattered every fanciful dream—
So I slowly walked away,
And left him alone by the rippling stream,
To finish his cruel play.

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FLIRTATION AND TEMPTATION.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

I.

Just such a little parlor as we have all seen a hundred times—white curtains at the windows—a pair of *tete-a-tetes* facing each other orthodoxly from opposing corners—an open piano and a table, whereon lay a few pretty volumes, the gilt sides uppermost. To arrange this small apartment and bring it into the closest approximation to her own idea of perfection, was the daily work of Nelly Ray. She crocheted wonderful tidies for the back of the large arm-chair; she worked innumerable mats of beads or wool for the lamps and girandoles. She ornamented the corner-piece with wreaths in varnished leather; she made acorn or "popcorn" frames for the engravings. Above all, she swept and dusted with the utmost nicety; so that though an artist might not have found much to admire in the objects of *vertu* upon the what-not, and a denizen of the Avenue might have looked rather scornfully on the hair-cloth and black-walnut of the chairs, ordinary folks found it a very comfortable and pretty room. The young men of the village, particularly, knew no spot more desirable to spend an evening in. The papa Ray was a most benevolent old gentleman, always glad to see his friends, and too well entertained by his newspaper to make any painful demands on their attention; while Nelly, her white hands busy with some delicate work, and her bright eyes shedding a radiance that rivaled the Kerosene on the mantle-piece, was certainly as charming a companion as the most exacting could desire.

Such, at least, had always been the opinion of Harry Reynolds—and, sitting there through the enchanted evening, he could picture only one scene more agreeable. The good papa called out on business—Nelly flushing and confused—and not very far away another person drawing her on to all manner of delicious, unimaginable confessions!

But on the particular occasion when our story opens, this pleasing scene hardly appeared to be on the point of realization. The two were alone, indeed, but the young man stood with his hand on the door, a look of grief and displeasure on his face, while the little lady in the arm-chair was deep in an unmistakable "pout."

"If I go, Nelly," he said, "remember that I shall not return."

No reply whatever, and the downcast eyes continued to study assiduously the figures of the carpet.

He made a step toward her. "Nelly," he said, in a tone of deep feeling, "have you not one word for me?" That step and the emotion which he could not help betraying were a bad move. She had been very near yielding a moment before, but a fresh consciousness of power sustained her as she heard him.

"I do not think of anything further that I wish to say," she responded, coldly.

Harry gazed at her a moment, and then rushed from the room. "Cold-hearted, selfish girl!" he exclaimed, as he walked homeward in a state of mind that defies my feeble powers of description. "She isn't worthy the love of a true heart, and I cast her out of mine!"

For a few seconds after his departure, Nelly retained her indifferent position, but all her senses were alive to catch his lightest movement. She would have been a capital study for an artist who wished to paint the attitude of Chingachgook among the ruins of William Henry. Of course he would return; her influence was too great for him to leave her thus; and when he behaved properly and asked her pardon humbly and submissively he should have it; but to be lectured and schooled in that manner was more than she would bear! In vain, however, did she listen; the street door closed after him; an hour passed by, and, sick at heart, she went up to her own room and cried herself to sleep.

Far prettier girls than she ever attained to the position of a village belle. I don't mean that her features were faultless, or her form statuesque, or that she was, in any way, fitted to rival the heroines of poesy or romance. She was a nice, winning little creature, pink-cheeked, brown-eyed, and her smile as sweet as sunshine. She owned, too, a splendid "head" of soft dark hair, which she always knew how to arrange becomingly. When puffs were the mode, no puffs could equal hers; they stood out in a firm glossiness refreshing to witness, while half the other girls went about in a lamentably

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flat-headed condition, spite of every device in the way of combs and "filling." When braids were the rage, her braids were always smooth and shining, whereas those of many of her compeers bristled with an array of short hairs, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Her curls, too, always staid in a curl, though the Napoleon hair toilet had not dawned as yet upon the world. Notwithstanding these perfections, she had three freckles on her left cheek, and a small mole upon her chin, and I am sure no sculptor would ever dare to chisel his Venus, or any other of the mythologic tribe, in such a roly-poly shape. Her disposition was as removed from faultlessness as was her figure. To tell the truth, I have never myself encountered one of these lovely natures, without spot or flaw, joined to a person of the same description. I know there must be such, for I read about them so frequently, but my experience of society is limited, and they have never come within my "beat." Nelly was warm-hearted, quick-tempered, but easily appeased; passionately fond of admiration, and quite as much bent on having her own way as was good for her. These faults did not hinder half the village beaux from being at her disposal, and hitherto she had been nearly impartial in her treatment of them, having no mind to give up the general homage by fixing upon one. But latterly there had been a difference in her feelings. She had acknowledged that there was a charm in Harry Reynolds' attentions, such as she had never found in any other; a thrill, new and delicious, went through her heart when their eyes met, and she read in his the admiration he vainly endeavored to repress—for Harry was rather a grave, reserved young man. He had a high ideal of womanly excellence—intellect, nobility of character, and so on—which Nelly by no means came up to, and his judgment did not quite approve the choice his feelings could not resist. Perhaps she was conscious of the struggle in his mind, and it may have added a value to his regard. Spite of her occasional frivolities and his own misgivings, they were frequently together and fast verging toward an explanation, when that destiny, which appears to delight in the torments of lovers, introduced an element of discord into their happiness.

Mr. Clarence Dalton came up from New York on a visit to his uncle. He was a very well-looking young gentleman, agreeable, sufficiently intelligent, and noted, even in the city, for the careful elegance of his attire. Of course it was much more conspicuous in the country, and he was immediately regarded as the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." The girls were enchanted with him, and it was considered a great distinction to be his chosen companion in any of the rural excursions and enjoyments. Nelly alone regarded him with seeming indifference. She said to herself, with virtuous resolution, that she must be careful now. Harry might be wounded if she received attentions from such a lion. Happy for her if this prudent disposition had lasted; but the old spirit came up after awhile. She was entirely accustomed to queening it in her little world, and her vanity was piqued that Mr. Dalton did not seem at all struck by her charms. She bore it tolerably well, till one evening when there was a little "dance" got up by the young people, and the stranger, who was particularly splendid in the Lancers, never once asked the honor of her hand.

"How smitten Mr. Dalton is with Mary Hayes!" remarked Nelly's special friend, Kate Willis.

Mary Hayes, indeed! If it had only been one of the pretty girls, she could have borne it; but that turn-up nose and no more expression than a rabbit! To be slighted for them was rather too much! It was quite a Christian duty to give Mr. Dalton a lesson in good taste. So, by a few little feminine lures, such as a pretty girl so well knows how to practice, he was attracted to her side. Once there, he seemed exceedingly well-pleased to stay. The evening calls which Harry had been wont to find so delicious became a source of torment; Nelly could not resist the perilous pleasure of exciting his jealousy. Mr. Dalton was agreeable; had such a graceful way of paying compliments; his very manner was, in itself, a flattery. Poor Harry! he did not appear to advantage as he sat, silent and suspicious, while his handsome rival discoursed amiable nothings by the hour. At last he could endure it no longer, and in the interview, whose close we have portrayed, determined to "put his fortune to the touch; to win or lose it all." He had not begun wisely; he accused Nelly of trifling with his feelings, being indifferent to his regard, and betraying a blamable frivolity. Conscious of her power, indignant, with some justice, that he should assume to dictate her conduct when he had never openly declared his love, she had responded by a series of flippant, exasperating little speeches, which drove the young man almost to despair. She intended to relent in time; she never expected to let him go away in anger; but pride, vanity, and a certain triumph in knowing that this whole manly heart

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was hers to play with at her will, wrought sad mischief.

She rose the next morning very penitent and good, admitting to herself all Harry's excellent qualities, and anxious to atone for her misdeeds. She had no doubt that he would come in the evening, as usual, and all could easily be made right again. So she brushed the parlor carpet in a grave, yet not unhappy frame of mind; shook out the curtains and drew them down again into a state of orderly and becoming fullness; set the tidy straight upon the chair-back, and arranged corner-wise one or two small bits of furniture which had inadvertently been set back against the wall. She dusted thoroughly every part of every chair, and all the daguerreotype-cases that held the effigies of countless aunts, and cousins, and precious friends, in "groups" or pairs, or single specimens. She rearranged the card-basket, putting the freshest and choicest bits of pasteboard at the top; and encountering several "Clarence W. Daltons" in "old English," threw them in the fire. Going over the what-not, she found a large "gift" coffee-cup half-full of chocolate creams, an offering of the said "Clarence W.," and was about to consign them also to the destroying element, when she reflected that it was a pity to throw away anything so good, and carried them into the kitchen to Belinda Ann, the help. Having made these sacrifices to duty, she began to count the hours, and look, and long; as night drew on, arrayed herself in her prettiest and freshest garb, and awaited his coming. Every step on the sidewalk sent a blush to her cheeks, and when at last there came a ring at the door, her heart beat so violently that she was frightened. There was not the slightest occasion, however, for it was only Mr. Potter, an old gentleman who had come in to see her father about a mortgage. The short summer evening waned, but no Harry appeared. What could it mean? Surely he loved her—and if so, he *could not* stay away; it never would be that a few light, hasty words would alienate him utterly. She would wait patiently, since it was all that she could do. The next evening Mr. Dalton called, but Nelly sent down word that she had a violent headache and begged to be excused. Yet, as night after night went by, and Harry did not return, her submissive mood was changed. He was so lordly and defiant, was he? Perhaps expected her to send for him and beg to be taken into favor again! Indeed! She would show Mr. Harry Reynolds that she was not suffering from the withdrawal of his presence; there were other people quite as agreeable as he who did not lecture one upon frivolity and faults of character, but were more than satisfied with her as she was.

The next time that Mr. Dalton called she did not decline to see him, but came down and was as friendly and pleasant as could be desired. The young man noticed a something different in her manner; a more womanly thoughtfulness than he had hitherto observed, and wondered what might be the cause. Could it be that her interest in himself was becoming serious, and did that account for the shade of gravity so new and so becoming? Really, the idea was not an unwelcome one. It would be worth while to set that little heart beating for him in earnest. Curiosity upon the subject brought him again and again to Nelly's side; he became involved in intricate and dangerous speculations. What did a certain blush mean? That start when he entered, was it only surprise, or a deeper feeling? The solution of these problems was difficult but delightful, and he gave them almost undivided attention.

Poor Harry's state, meanwhile, was far from enviable. For the first twenty-four hours he maintained a fierce resentment. Nelly was an empty-hearted coquette. He had had a most fortunate escape; nothing could induce him to trust his happiness to the keeping of such a woman. During the next day he softened a little. She was faulty, fearfully so; vain, arrogant, presuming; yet she had some good qualities and—was most bewitchingly pretty. The third diurnal round beheld him excusing her failings, and magnifying her virtues; asking himself whether it were not possible that a firm, yet loving hand might guide her to be all that was noble and admirable. On the fourth day harsh sentiments had nearly vanished; and on the fifth he determined to seek Nelly and try to efface the memory of his previous sternness.

Toward sunset he wended his way to the well-known dwelling with the sweetest anticipations of reconcilement and affection. With every step she seemed to grow dearer, lovelier than before. He pictured her timid and penitent; himself tender, magnanimous, forgiving. It was the most delicious scene imaginable. But as he drew near the gate, a sight met his eyes which speedily cooled down the fervid tones of his fancy-painting. It was Mr. Dalton, assisting Nelly to dismount from her horse. She looked very gay and animated; the exercise of riding had brought a bright flush into her cheeks, and she was fairly dazzling. She perceived Harry in time to bestow on him a very distant bow, and then turned, with added *empressement*, to her

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companion. Harry changed his intentions at once, walked by the house in the most leisurely and indifferent manner, and proceeded to call upon that obnoxious Mary Hayes, whom Nelly regarded so superciliously. Now, Miss Hayes, though far from pretty, was a very nice, sensible girl. She played and sung much better than Harry's own adored, and she could talk cleverly on any topic that was going. But he found the evening insupportable. His call was a brief one, and the way home somehow led him past Nelly's door. A bright light shone in the little parlor, and through the open window he could hear the hum of voices. He would have given anything in the world to know who was there; but, after that distant bow, he could not bring himself to enter the house. There was nothing for it but to go to his own room, sit down, and let jealousy eat his heart up piecemeal.

II.

Mr. Dalton, meanwhile, found his affairs in a somewhat perplexing state. Flirtation had been, since his eleventh year, the element in which he delighted to exist. Indeed, had there been two consecutive days in which he did not experience a particular call toward some member of the fairer part of the creation, he would have felt himself quite lost, unable to recognize his own identity. His heart, a thousand times pierced, was always ready for new wounds; but he had never as yet looked on such matters as anything but an engaging pastime. Matrimony, with its cares and responsibilities, was to him the most distant of prospects; and, if he had ever thought of it at all, he had imagined a great many conditions as requisite to the sacrifice to his freedom. He must have fashion, family, and fortune, at the least, to induce him to surrender the ease and *insouciance* of bachelor life. Now, however, he began to feel himself very seriously interested in a person who had not one of those indispensable claims: a little, rosy country girl, who wore dresses of her own fitting, and made all the cake and pies that appeared upon her table. He said to himself that it was absurd; and, to convince himself of the absurdity, and prove, by "experimental knowledge," that it was nothing but a passing sentiment, such as he had known a hundred times before, he sought Nelly's company more frequently than ever. The most ridiculous part of the whole thing, he soliloquized, was that he should be so entirely in the dark about his own reception. Whether she really cared for him, or regarded him as a friend or simply as an admirer, he found it impossible to say.

Other people were not as slow in drawing their conclusions. Before three weeks were over, the village authorities in such cases declared that it would be a match; and poor Harry could not, in his heart, deny the reasonableness of their predictions. He had the grief of believing that his wishes, his hopes, his affections were nothing to her; she had forgotten him utterly. In vain did he say to himself, that a heart so light and trifling was no prize to any man; the serene satisfaction which such a belief should have induced was entirely wanting. The more hopelessly she withdrew beyond his reach, the dearer and lovelier she appeared. Every kind word, every shy, bewitching glance she had given him, gained added charms in the remembrance. Had he anything but his own harshness to blame for the change? How was it to be expected that a beautiful young creature, accustomed only to tenderness and homage, should endure such rude reproaches? He was miserable; but his own act had caused the misery.

The indulgence extended to Nelly was by no means meted out to his rival. The sight of the young man, handsome, happy, carelessly good-humored, woke in him a tempest of wrath and jealousy. He looked on him as a robber who had stolen his dearest treasure. His ease seemed insolent assumption, every smile betokened conscious triumph, his fastidious elegance was contemptible foppishness. When Harry met the two who were uppermost in his thoughts, when he saw the young stranger's air of friendly intimacy with her whom he dared not approach, feelings so black and bitter that they almost choked him took possession of his mind. You are not to suppose, however, that all these emotions betrayed themselves in his demeanor; that, like "Selim," he lay "beneath the weeping willow-tree," and bewailed the cruelty of his mistress, or that he stalked about in bandit fashion, hate and revenge gleaming fiercely from his cavernous eyes. He only became remarkably attentive to business, and spent his evenings in the office instead of in company—a change which all the girls bemoaned, but which quite delighted the old lawyer with whom he studied.

Mr. Dalton had a mother living, a stately lady of some forty years, exceedingly well-preserved, and inhabiting a four-story-brown-front in an eligible portion of the city. Clarence was her only boy, and the object of a great many ambitious dreams. The marriage, which looked to him so misty and far away, was to her a very near reality. She had selected three or four of the best matches in society for him to choose

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from, and made no doubt of his success in whatever direction he should please to try. She only awaited the "fall of the October leaves" for the commencement of the campaign, when, lo! there came a rumor that struck her and his three sisters to the heart. Could it be that Clarence was about to make a fool of himself? There certainly seemed to be danger of it, and maternal affection was immediately on the defensive. She could not leave Newport at the moment; for there was an exceedingly promising affair in train between Bell, her second daughter, and a young Philadelphian of fortune; and, as she said to herself, she must not set Clarence's interests before those of her other children. So the mother contented herself with writing a letter to her son, in which she expressed her perfect confidence in his discretion, and her assurance that he would do nothing foolish or imprudent, indeed, she might say ruinous; for so such a marriage must certainly be regarded. Yet it was well to remember that flirtations were hardly properly understood in the country, and these rustic belles had hearts. And she arranged, in her own mind, that, if the answer were not quite satisfactory, she would put Bell and the other girls into the hands of a chaperon, and depart at once to the seat of war.

Mr. Clarence's brow, as he read this maternal effusion, was clouded with thought. He was by no means sure that her confidence was well-placed, and he was really quite vexed by the assertion that such a marriage would be ruinous. Supposing, for the mere argument's sake, that he *should* propose, what, in the name of common sense, could there be in a marriage with such a charming girl to ruin him? Fortune? He had money enough of his own; he did not need to be a pensioner on his wife's. Family? What were the grandfathers of half the people in his set? Accomplishments? He was tired of being called on to admire performances that you could hear excelled any night at an opera or concert. And as for style, fashion, etc., why, they were not so very difficult for a pretty girl to acquire when once she had the opportunity. And as for the danger of her heart, he wished he were a little surer of it. He felt at that moment that his own was in much the more perilous position of the two.

Resolving these things, inwardly, he put on his hat and went for a stroll on the river-bank. But some mysterious magnetism drew him in the opposite direction, and, before he was aware, he found himself ringing the bell, as he had so often done before. Nelly was at home, and busy with her needle, as was her wont of a morning.

"Is there any news this morning, Mr. Dalton?" asked his fair companion, after a short silence between them.

"Nothing of public importance," he answered. "I have had a letter from my mother."

"She is well, I hope?" said Nelly, with civil interest.

"Oh! perfectly, and the girls, too. They are all enjoying themselves at Newport."

'How I should like to go there! Isn't it perfectly delightful?"

"Not half as delightful as it is here."

"That is very kind of you, but I can hardly credit it. I am afraid you are more gallant than accurate, Mr. Dalton."

A strong impulse seized that gentleman, and he obeyed it. "I mean," he said, earnestly, "that any place where *you* are will always be more delightful to me than any other, and that I wish——"

Unutterable vexation! The bell rang at that minute, and Belinda Ann ushered in three of the "girls," intent on some great project connected with a Fair or Festival they were to hold. In vain did Clarence lengthen his call in hopes of outstaying them; he was obliged to give it up for the present and take his departure.

As for Nelly, she would hardly have been human—at least, she would not have been *woman*, had not something of curiosity and interest been aroused in her mind by the interrupted sentence. She had heard about that handsome house on the avenue from more than one source; she knew what living in it would imply; what luxury and elegance in daily use; what brilliant winters; what summer glories at Newport and Saratoga—and Nelly had a most appreciating love for the pomps and vanities. She thought it all over, and then her heart turned with a sad, sudden yearning toward Harry, and she felt that one kind word from him would be dearer than anything that Mr. Clarence Dalton could possibly have said.

III.

As Harry walked, that afternoon, along the river bank in no very happy frame of mind, a faint shriek reached his ear, and, looking out on the water, he could just discern a sinking form. The first impulse was to plunge in and swim to the rescue; but an object caught his eye which made him hesitate.

A few yards off on the grass lay a heap of clothing, doubtless the garments of the drowning man, and surmounting them was a Panama

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hat with a broad black ribbon. Ah! how well he knew it! How thoroughly he recognized that light and tasteful summer suit in which he had seen young Dalton a few hours before! What call had *he* to interfere in his behalf; the sneering fop who had blighted all his hopes! Let him look out for himself——

Good and bad angels tugged at Harry's soul for one moment in mortal conflict—the next, he had plunged into the water, all forgotten but the safety of his perishing fellow-being. When, after terrible exertion, he laid his unconscious burden on the grass, he feared that it was all too late; "God forgive me," he cried, "that wicked, inhuman delay!"

With frantic haste he summoned aid, and all that skill and care could do was employed for the sufferer's restoration. Harry hung over him, pale, agonized, the accusing voice ever ringing in his ears.

At last, after long delay, signs of returning life were visible, and ere long the physicians assured the watchers around that all was hopeful. Rest and good nursing alone were needed. The little throng dispersed, and Harry, his mind relieved of an intolerable burden, sought the river-side again. He was in no mood for careless talk, or undeserved encomiums on his skill and courage. Sad reflections accompanied him in his walk; he felt that he had yielded to a temptation from below. True, it was but for a moment, yet it showed him his weakness. He did not excuse himself, but owned his fault humbly and penitently, striving to fortify himself with good resolves for the future.

Wandering thus, and quite forgetful of the outer world, he encountered a well known form—Nelly stood in his path, her cheeks pallid, her eyes swollen with weeping. She did not seek to avoid him, as she had often done of late, but seemed awaiting him to speak. He took her hand—she did not withdraw it; a great tenderness filled his heart. "Poor child!" he said, "how you must have suffered! But take courage, he is safe! All danger is over, we confidently trust."

A sudden glow illuminated her face. "And if he *is* safe," she cried, "I know to whose courage it is due."

Her tone, her look of enthusiasm were very sweet, but his conscience forbade him to accept the praise. "No, Nelly," he answered, sadly, "with you, if not to others, I must be wholly true. I deserve no credit; I almost turned to leave him, for hatred and jealousy had possession of me, and, if he had perished, I should have been his murderer!"

He felt that she shuddered. "Don't hate me for it!" he said, passionately. "It was for you! Because I loved you so! Say you forgive me, Nelly. For I have saved him only to render certain the destruction of my own life's happiness!"

Nelly looked up at him with brimming eyes. "I don't see why," she said, softly. "I am sure that—that nobody wishes—to make you unhappy."

Now I cannot say whether this statement appears to you particularly lucid, but Harry was clever enough to understand it instantly. All the trials, and troubles, and misgivings of the last few weeks dispersed like mists before the sun. Content took the place of wretchedness, and tender confidence drove out the last shadow of resentment. Fifth Avenue and Saratoga withdrew into the background, and a quiet home, full of duties and pleasures, supplied the vacancy.

Mr. Clarence Dalton made a very stylish and ornamental groomsman at the wedding of his preserver; and judging from his devoted manner to the second bridesmaid, his partner, we may pronounce that he did not suffer irremediably from his loss. As for his mother, I believe that she blesses to this day the friendly cramp that saved her darling from so terrible a *mesalliance*.

"AND HAGAR WEPT."

BY LUTHER GRANGER RIGGS.

THE bitter tear in Hagar's eye,
As o'er her dying child she knelt,
In speechless, silent agony,
Showed what the anxious mother felt.

And when she softly breathed a prayer—
Her sorrowing eye upraised to Heaven—
How plain the anguish pictured there,
Told how the parent's heart was riven!

But when those sweet accents fell,
That angel voice: "Thy son shall live!"
Could any tongue but seraph's tell
The joys that bade her heart revive?

Oh! there is something in the tear
That dims a mother's tender eye;
A charm so fraught with love, so dear,
We weep—we know not, care not why!

And if a spark was ever given
To mortals from the fires above;
If e'er a flower that bloomed in Heaven—
It is a mother's holy love!

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135.

CHAPTER XV.

Dougal Carr had fallen into a profound sleep immediately after the poison had been drawn from his wound. The fever that had consumed him died out with the virus that fed it, and, with a cool feeling of repose, the youth lay sweetly insensible of the heroic action that had saved him.

Flora Macdonald had risen from the swoon, produced partly from exhaustion, partly by the faintness left by contact with the poison, and went away to her own chamber so dizzy and languid that Luke was terrified by her condition. She had self-possession enough to forbid him summoning help, and went away wavering in her movements and almost blind.

There was a great deal of human compassion in Luke's face, as he watched this noble girl in her struggle to conquer the faintness that hung around her. He saw her go forth white as death, and with a pale purplish circle under her eyes, feeling a keen dread that she would never come back alive. But Flora had hardly been gone half an hour when the door opened and she glided in, her loose hair falling in thick waves on her shoulders, and the ornaments removed from her neck and arms.

Luke had drawn an easy-chair close to his brother's bed, and, from the shadow which fell over him from the curtains, kept faithful watch of the sleeper. The light had been removed to a distant corner of the room, and, but for the white linen that surrounded him, Dougal himself could scarcely have been recognized, the twilight in that portion of the room was so dim.

Flora came through the stillness, holding her breath. She drew close to the bed, and her sweet face drooped over that of the sick youth. She thought herself alone, poor girl! and he slept so quietly that no sound of the passing breath stirred the air. Her head drooped lower and lower, till her mouth touched the parted lips, through which a faint breath was floating. Thus satisfying herself that he was alive, Flora drew herself up, blushing at what she had done, and ready to hide herself in the darkness from that modest shame which a true woman feels, when alone and self-arraigned, keenly as when multitudes are looking on.

As she rose, her glance fell upon Luke, who sat huddled up in his chair, regarding her with his sharp eyes as a rattle-snake looks out from amid his coils. She saw nothing but the glimmer of a white face, but the eyes pierced her through and through.

"Why do you sit there staring at me so?" she cried, flushing with angry shame.

Luke uncoiled his limbs and sat upright.

"I was watching my brother," he said, with unusual humility.

"And me, sir? You were spying upon me."

"No, no! Heaven forgive you the thought; for it is a cruel one!"

"You saw how—how anxious I was. His breathing grew so faint, so very faint, that I was forced to stoop to—— Heaven forgive me!" she cried, all at once, stamping her foot on the floor, "Heaven forgive me for attempting to explain! You saw me, sirrah, and I hate you!"

Luke shrank away from the angry girl. Her words had wounded him, and her indignant beauty held him fascinated.

"Hate me! Well, that is what every one does. I think there is but one woman in the world that does not loathe me."

Flora's anger began to subside. There was a depth of pathos in his voice that touched her best sympathies.

"Forgive me; I was angry!" she cried, holding out her hand. "I—I could not bear—— Why, you are weeping!"

Luke had taken the hand which she gave with a touch of reverence that went to her heart. He lifted it to his lips; but, instead of kisses, tears fell upon it.

"You are weeping!" she repeated, softened with pity.

"Yes, I weep. This night has made a child of me. Oh! lady, if you knew how I have suffered!"

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"I—I do know."

"Not half—not a tithe! To suffer as I do, one must be crooked and hateful-warped, body and soul—a creature which nothing human can love."

"There is no such creature on earth. Young man, you should be happy, very happy—*he* loves you."

Flora pointed to the sleeping youth, and her face beamed with exquisite tenderness.

"He did, he did!" cried the dwarf, with a burst of anguish.

"And is not that enough? What more can any human soul want?"

"But his life has been in peril. He was all I had on earth."

"Yes, yes; that was trouble. No wonder you look pale and act so strangely. I could weep with you, remembering how he suffered. But, take hope! See, how softly he rests!"

"And who gave him the sleep? Was it my wit or my courage that saved him? Yet, who could match me in loving my brother?"

"Who? Ah! no one—no one, I dare say!"

Her face had kindled up at first. She was ready to contest the question, but modesty made her artful.

Luke smiled. When the bitter irony was out of his heart, his smile was beautiful. His whole nature was softened that night, and the expression of his face reminded her of Dougal.

"You are, indeed, his brother!" she said.

Luke kissed the hand which still lingered in his. Never in his life had those lips touched the snow of a woman's hand before. A shiver ran through his frame, his lips trembled. Creeping back to his chair, he sat down, covering his face, oppressed by a sense of his own audacity.

"Will you do me a kindness?" whispered Flora, drawing close to the chair.

"Will I? Yes; tell me how."

"Never tell your brother of the poison, or how it was extracted from his wound."

Luke looked up.

"Would you rob him of gratitude?"

"Gratitude is not needed. I would save myself."

"Why? Are you ashamed? Is it something to blush at that you have saved a life like that? No, lady, I will not save your pride."

"Not pride, oh! not my pride, but—but——"

"He is a poor laddie of the hills, unworthy of the touch of a born lady. I understand. You grudge him the happiness of knowing that a lady of the Isles can stoop to pick up his life."

"You wrong me," answered Flora, with gentle dignity. "I should not think it shame to save the humblest of God's creatures; and *his* life is something so precious!"

Luke sprang from the chair, and, throwing himself at her feet, seized the skirt of her dress.

"You love him! It was love that taught you this heroism! Say that, and I am dumb."

Flora bent over him, down, downward, by some invisible magnetism. Her face was without color, but it glowed with inward fire.

"Then be dumb!" she whispered.

He gathered the folds of her dress between his palms and kissed them; he groveled upon the floor, pressing his face upon her silken shoes, murmuring blessings upon her. She stooped down and in whispers besought him to be calm, lest he should wake the sleeper and betray her presence.

He obeyed her, shaking the hair back from his forehead, and regarding her with moistened eyes.

"You love him!" He spoke mournfully, a sad thought shook him; he remembered how passionately Dougal loved another.

Flora turned her eyes from his and looked wistfully on the sleeping man. Luke watched her glance and read its expression. A sigh, too faint for any ears but his, rose to her lips. Luke caught her dress again.

"When you are away I may tell him how his life was saved?"

Flora made no answer, but shrunk back annoyed that her thoughts had been read.

"Do not shrink from me—do not be offended. I am his brother, and love him better than any human being can," he pleaded.

"Oh! no, no!"

The poor girl broke off trembling with the impetuosity of her denial—a denial that proved so much.

"Do not tremble, do not turn so white. It is because you love him that I worship you," cried the hunchback, speaking more intensely because his voice was suppressed. "Did you think it was myself? No wonder you shudder. Oh! if he could only see you as I do!"

Flora struggled with herself. Her great pride was disturbed by the readiness with which Luke had read her heart.

"Why speak to me in this fashion? Must a single act of kindness be so presumptuously read?"

Luke started to his feet.

"Kindness! Only kindness! Then it is that proud young man, who calls himself a prince, whom you love? It is pity for Dougal, always that for him."

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The hunchback ground his strong teeth in rage, and drew back against his chair with a gesture of disdain. "Lady, forgive me, I was searching for true nobility, and thought it was here. But youth, comeliness, honor—what are these against the son of a king who learned to dance in the French court, and counts all his conquests among women? Fresh from the compliments of a prince, how could a high-born young lady be expected to cast her eyes on a poor laddie like that?"

Flora turned her eyes on the mocking face before her with vague wonder. How full of bitter energy it was! Everything loving and tender, that had made it more than beautiful a moment before, was changed. The hunchback was jealous for his brother.

There was a rebuke in Flora's eyes as she bent them upon those troubled features. She shook her head gently and turned away.

"Is it true that you love this Prince, and only pity *him?*" cried Luke, pointing to his brother with growing ferocity.

The young girl looked at him in silence. There was something so earnest in his rudeness that she could not be angry with him. His love for the sleeping youth redeemed everything in her eyes.

Luke stamped his foot.

"Answer!" he demanded, in a firm whisper. "He shall not be trifled with by any of you!"

"Is it of the Prince—Charles Edward, that you speak?" she said.

"Yes. I ask again. He stood with you in the window; he took your hand; I saw it all. Was that love?"

"No!"

The hunchback drew a deep breath and his face glowed. He crept close to Flora, and, standing on tip-toe, pointed toward Dougal with his finger, whispering,

"But Dougal, oh! tell me, is it him?"

A rosy flush that stole over Flora's face was visible even in the dim light. She held back a moment; but, conquered by the imploring eagerness in those eyes, answered scarcely above her breath,

"When he asks me I will tell him!"

Luke covered his face with both hands, unlocked them again; his countenance was eloquent with such tender composure as no human being had seen on it before.

"He will live, and you are his savior!"

Flora threw out her hands in dismay.

"Oh! hush, hush! He will awake!"

Luke subdued himself in a moment, took her hands and kissed them with fervor.

"I will be silent; I will be your slave, only be good to him. He is of the mountains; but no prince can equal him. In his thoughts he is a king! Look upon that face and say if it is not beautiful."

Flora looked upon the beloved face, and a sigh rose to her lips. Did the sleeper care that her heart was so full of him, or was he dreaming of Kate Fraser?

"Regard him as he deserves, and there is not a sheep-dog on the hills that could guard you as I will," continued the hunchback, passionately. "But never dare to scorn him for his birth—never curve those red lips with a scorn because of his lowly home. He might forgive it; but I never would!"

The hunchback said this with so much passion, that his voice broke out from its whispers and sounded hoarsely through the room. It disturbed the invalid even in the profound sleep into which he had fallen. He moved on the pillow and opened his eyes wide.

Flora glided behind Luke's chair with a finger on her lips. He gave her a reassuring glance, and, stooping over the bed, concealed her with his uncouth person.

"What is the matter, Luke? Why are you up so late? It is a bad habit."

The cool and pleasant way in which he spoke, thrilled the two hearts that listened with delight; it was in peaceful contrast with the feverish raving which had preceded his slumber.

"Don't mind me," said Luke. "I shall find rest enough. But how is it with yourself, Dougal?"

Dougal moved on the pillow and uttered a moan of pain.

"I am hurt. Who has done this? Something has wounded my shoulder. What does it mean?"

"Do not ask, Dougal," answered Luke; and drops wrung from some inward anguish started to his forehead. "It is nothing serious."

"Oh! I remember. The palace dance—that wild rush into the grounds. Some one shot me there!"

"Yes, Dougal, your shoulder was pierced by an arrow."

"Which I tore out. The blood is on my hands yet. But some one came to my help—a lady in her ball-dress—tell me if you can, Luke, who it was?"

"Nay, Dougal, it was fancy."

"Fancy, no! She had on a dress that outshone the roses. Her face—was it *her* face, Luke?"

Flora heard the question. The breath was

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checked on her lips; she listened from her heart. Did he mean Kate Fraser?

"Never mind these dreams," said Luke; "another time we will talk of them. Now sleep again——"

"But the Prince? Is he safe?"

"The Prince! Yes; now sleep. I will not speak again."

Dougal closed his eyes, and Flora Macdonald stole from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

For three days young Carr lay in Lady Clanranald's house, held a prisoner there by his wound. Once or twice, in that time, he heard the voice of Kate Fraser near the door, inquiring after his welfare of Luke, who scarcely left him day or night. But the high-born girl never came to his bedside, or in any way manifested more interest in him than common humanity dictated. Still her presence seemed to haunt him more than once; as it were flitting through his dreams he had seen a lithe young form in the room. With closed eyes he had listened to a footstep soft as thistle down; but if he stirred, or but allowed the lashes to unknit from over his eyes, she was gone. There was something very sweet in this unseen presence, that he loved to lie and ponder over, till his heart slowly drifted from its first love, and went out on a bright sea of conjecture. Was it indeed Kate Fraser who visited him in his sleep? He resolved to ask Luke about it; but the hunchback had been so curt and cold, when her name was mentioned, that he hesitated how to begin with him.

One day Luke sat in the great easy-chair, reading. Dougal was half-sitting up in bed, supported by pillows and a crimson cushion taken from Luke's chair.

"Luke!"

The hunchback laid the book open on his knees and looked gently around.

"Luke, tell me, that's a good bairn, have you and I been alone these long days and nights—quite alone?"

"Alone? yes. Why not?"

Luke resumed his book, not relishing the conversation.

"Don't read yet, brother. Either you have let the leech give me medicines that create fantasies, or some lady has been in the room more than once, day and night."

"Lady? tush! Nothing but dreams!"

"But I have heard a voice—whispers."

"Mine!"

"But the voice was soft and low."

"So is mine."

"Luke, this is ridiculous! I know some woman has been here. Once I heard her weeping."

"It was the charwoman, whose sweetheart is in Cope's army, perhaps."

"No, no!"

"Or Lady Clanranald, with queenly condescension, inquiring how her guest has slept," persisted Luke.

"No. I remember her visit, it was something too stately for easy forgetfulness. I know also that a person has inquired about me every morning, in the passage, when you went out."

"Yes, certainly, that was Mistress Fraser. She would have done as much for her grandfather's sick hound."

"Then she has not been inside this chamber?"

"Not once; that is, since we brought you here."

Dougal mused, with less pain than his brother suspected. His spirit was gratefully following the figure that had sought him in the palace grounds when he lay dying there; for he knew well that, in a little time, he must have bled to death. Then she followed into the dreams or realities of that sick chamber, hovering near him, shedding the balm of peaceful rest over his bed, and haunting him with pleasant images.

"Who could this person be? If not beautiful Kate Fraser, then—then—why did he hesitate to speak Flora Macdonald's name?"

Luke did not know that his heart was fluttering about that name, just as it had hovered around the name of Katharine Fraser only a month before. He only pitied his brother for a love that he believed unchangeable.

"Luke!"

"Well."

"Was it any one else?"

"Yes; I have told you about the charwoman."

Dougal petulantly took the cushion from under his arm and flung it across the bed.

"Always spiteful, always churlish!" he muttered.

"No, no; don't say that, brother. I would perish to give you an hour's happiness, and why not? What do I know of joy save as you feel it?"

"Then why not tell me who this lady is?"

Luke took up the volume from his lap and read with provoking diligence. Dougal crushed the pillow in a heap under his head and turned his face to the wall. After a few restless movements, he fell into repose and seemed to be

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sleeping soundly. Luke waited awhile, watching him over the top of his book, and then stole away. A few whispered words in the passage, and then a rustle of silk came across the room, the chair was cautiously wheeled back, throwing the bed curtains between it and the sleeper. Then the quick suppressed breathing of a person frightened by her own movements came to the sick man's ear. If he had been asleep at all, the slumber was so light that the first rustle of female garments had disturbed it. Through his half-closed lashes he saw that a female came close to his bed and sat down in Luke's chair. The color flew into his cheek, a smile crept over his mouth. He reached forth one hand drawing back the curtain.

Flora Macdonald sprang up with a cry and stood before him bathed in blushes. She was very beautiful with that shrinking look and downcast eyes, over which the lashes drooped and quivered till bright tears started through them.

Dougal rose upon his elbow and leaned toward her.

"I felt that some angel was watching me—now I know it!"

The voice was so tenderly respectful that Flora's heart swelled richly in her bosom, like a lake which lifts fragrant water-lilies on every wave.

"Your brother wished to go home, and—and—he was afraid to trust a servant to guard your slumber, so I came."

Dougal drew a deep breath, and, leaning back on his pillow, regarded her with grateful admiration.

"Oh! if I could find words—if I could but thank you as I feel!"

"It would be unkind," said Flora, trembling. "I do not like thanks."

"But you have been so good to me!" he said.

Flora was chilled by his gratitude. Her heart yearned for something more ardent than that commonplace word. She forgot how much the young man was beneath her—how humble his origin—how lofty her own. But in her the pride of womanhood was stronger than the pride of race; and she answered what seemed to her cold thanks with restraint.

"No," she said, "there is little goodness in being kind to a wounded guest. Do I not know how this wound was given? That you flung your life between the Prince and an enemy that has twice sought his destruction?"

A look of keen disappointment came over Dougal's face. He turned her eyes from her, sighing heavily.

"I had forgotten that," he said, at last. "It is true, for his sake you have been kind. I remember everything now."

"I will go now and send for your brother," said Flora, moving toward the door. "He but went out to seek Kate Fraser, with some message from the old lord."

Flora looked earnestly at the young man as she spoke Katharine's name. The jealous heart was troubled alike by his apparent coldness and its old suspicions. A shade came over his face. That name gave him no pleasure, she could discern that; but it threw him into silence.

Flora's hand still grasped the curtain as she had seized its folds in springing up; but it fell downward as she prepared to go. and she found it in his clasp. She snatched it away, and instantly the young man's face was crimson with a sensitive rush of blood.

"Forgive me!"

Flora had snatched her hand away, that he might not know how it quivered.

His plea for pardon troubled her.

"Forgive you?" she said. "And why?"

"That I dared so much."

A beautiful glow flashed over her face. She looked down at her hand, with shy wistfulness; then held it toward him.

He drew it eagerly toward his lips; then relaxed his clasp and dropped it.

She looked at him in pained surprise.

"You had forgotten who I am," he said. "Worse than that—I had forgotten it myself."

Flora understood him. Had there been presumption in his manner, perhaps the proud blood of her race might have revolted against it. But now all the true nobility of her character spoke out; for she was one of those, who, even in that age, could recognize what was grand in human nature, without the aid of kingly patents.

With a modest grace which no man living could have resisted, she held forth her hand again. The grave sweet smile on her mouth brought the mist into his eyes, and his lips quivered as they touched the snow of that little hand.

"Oh! if I were a prince!" he said, wistfully.

"What then?" she questioned.

"Then I might dare to ask a question which would be madness now."

"We forgive madness when it is involuntary," she answered, veiling her eyes with their thick lashes.

"And you will forgive mine?"

Flora smiled. The young man still held her

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hand; he grasped it tighter, and drew her face toward his.

"Sweet one, I was in doubt till now; but I know who it was that sought me in those wild grounds and saved my life—who calmed the anguish in this shoulder. I was not quite wild or insensible, but all was so dreamy! I—I thought it another person; but now—now—am I mad—am I sinning beyond forgiveness? If so, take your hand from mine, and I am punished; look on me in anger, and I am mute!"

The hand did struggle in his, but it was to weave the delicate fingers closer in that loving clasp. She did look upon him; but the glance that shot from underneath those thick lashes was like the flash of diamonds.

Then he spoke, in a voice that shook with passionate tenderness,

"Oh! I love you with my whole life and soul! I love you——"

He drew her down with one arm, and pressed these words on her lips.

All at once she grew timid as a fawn. Steps sounded in the passage. She wrenched her hand from his, clasped it, with its fellow, over her full heart, and fled to her own room.

Once there, she locked the door, and, throwing herself upon a couch all heavy with carved work and crimson that stood near it, lay there a full hour, while every breath she drew was an anguish of happiness, and every thought a fresh bliss.

Meantime Luke had requested an interview with Katharine Fraser, and sat with her in a tiny little bower-chamber which belonged to the suit of rooms occupied by herself and Flora. Katharine was pale, and traces of tears stained her face. She looked frightened, too, and was pleading with Luke.

"I ask you once again, lady—has the poor laddie no hope, even if my lord withdrew his opposition?"

"Do not ask me! Do not, I implore you, press this subject! Luke Carr, I tell you no one but yourself ever thought of it. The whole thing is impossible. Think who I am, who he is."

"Tush! woman; he is a man strong enough to cut his way to as high honors as any Fraser has won. You are a beautiful woman. What then? The love which springs up amid difficulties and differences like this is strong and high."

"But I do not love Dougal, and he—yes, I must say it—he dare not love me!"

"Why?" questioned Luke, with husky bitterness.

"Because it would be presumption, mad presumption!"

Luke smiled. He was a democrat, this hunchback, and sneered at her aristocratic pride.

"What if I tell you that my brother loves you, and what Dougal loves is honored."

"You say this to wound me, Luke. My grandfather, by his partiality, has given you the power to harass me; but he is a Fraser, and would be very angry were I to inform him of this."

"Angry! I know it. What then?"

"You have no fear of his anger, perhaps?"

"None."

Katharine smiled haughtily at an idea that passed through her mind.

"Indeed! Then, suppose you repeat this conversation to him—ask him to give his granddaughter to the son of Dame Carr as a bride."

"Perhaps I shall at the right time."

"That will never come!"

"We shall see. But tell me, lady—for I come to plead, not annoy, as you charge me—is there no kind feeling toward Dougal, no throb of the pulse, when he is near you? Is this pride or modesty? I am not likely to know how love expresses itself"—here the hunchback glanced down at his person—"but I would die at your feet to know that one pulse of that heart answered to the passion of his. Why, Dougal has been your slave since he was a little laddie, playing on the hill-side at Dounie. He never made a daisy-chain but it was to throw it in your path to be trod on; and if you but chanced to pick it up, the bairn was made happy for a week. He was well received at the castle. Lord Lovat, harsh to others, never frowned on him, and seldom on me, because of our kinship. He never rebuked you because Dougal was your play-fellow, or thought it dishonor when you came down the braes together, after he had crowned your pretty head with purple heath."

Katharine was smiling amid all her trouble.

"Oh! those were pleasant times!" she murmured. "I remember them well. Dougal was like a brother to me. You are right. My grandfather never considered him as a trouble in Dounie, and to me the laddie was always a pleasant play-fellow. But now——"

Luke interrupted her.

"But now you are older, prouder. A lady who dances with a prince of the blood royal, even though he is under the shade, cannot look with patience on the devotion of her old playmate."

"All this is nought," answered Kate, with haughty spirit. "Are the Frasers so mean a

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people that one of their daughters should flaunt herself because the Prince treads a measure with her? We are neither so high nor so low as you seem to think, good Luke."

"I spoke bitterly, rudely, if you will," said the hunchback, reining in his bitter spirit. "I came to plead for Dougal, my poor wounded brother, and end in reviling you. Have forbearance with me; I love him so much!"

"And he is worthy of this love!" said Kate, gently.

"So brave! so gentle! Oh! lady, if you could see him in his home!"

"I have seen him, remember, in Dounie, which my lord almost made a home for Dougal more than it was mine."

"Lord Lovat is not to be challenged for that!" cried Luke, sharply. "The best blood of Scotland never produced a man more noble or more perfect than my brother! Compare him, if you will, with the Prince you fair damsels are ready to fall down and worship, and say, truly, if he is not the better man!"

"We must not compare Charles Edward thus," answered Kate, smiling. "If we did, there might be others who——"

"Will," said Luke, who was listening sharply.

"Nay, I did but mean to point out the absurdity of comparing any one with the young Prince, who is so far lifted above us all that there is no matching him with common men without a shade of treason."

"She does not love him, at any rate," thought Luke; "her manner is too calm for that."

Then, thinking to try her still further, the hunchback said, abruptly,

"Lady, what if I tell you that Dougal is dying?"

Kate started and turned deadly pale.

"Oh! no, no, it cannot be!"

Luke saw how real her agitation was, and his hopes rose.

"A little time ago he was on the brink of death."

"But he is better now? Tell me of a certainty that he is better now. Poor Dougal! my dear, dear play-fellow, how cruel I have been!"

Luke's heart bounded in his bosom. He fell upon his knees at her feet, and kissed Kate Fraser's garments as if she had been a goddess.

"You will go to him? You will see him?"

"Yes," answered Kate, sorrowfully. "I have been very unkind to keep aloof. Why should I harden myself against him? Poor, poor laddie!"

"And you will go now?"

"Not yet."

"But soon?"

"Yes, very soon. Say this much to him."

Lady Clanranald came into the room while Luke was there. Her face was flushed, her manner excited.

"Go down to the bower-chamber, Kate," she said. "Some one is waiting for you there with news."

Kate guessed who it was and started up.

"Another time, say that another time I will surely come," she said, addressing Luke as she went out.

Lady Clanranald followed, forgetting a person so insignificant, in her estimation, as Luke, the hunchback, who stood thoughtfully in the room as they had left him.

"There is something true here. No maiden's cheek ever blanched so white without the cause lying down deep in her heart. But she is high and proud; she has learned to conceal feelings of which she is ashamed. It was not indifference that kept her from him in his danger, but consciousness. What a fool I have been not to see this! There has been no quarrel between them that she should have kept aloof. See now what a brute I have been to tear at her secret with my rough words; but then how should I learn gentle speech with women? Do they not shrink from me with loathing till the voice is choked in my throat? All except one, this queenly Macdonald, and she loves him too. I had no heart to tread down her hopes, and any love seemed so precious after Katharine Fraser's cruel neglect of him. How could I say he loves another after she had saved his life at the peril of her own? How can I ever tell it? She will hate and revolt against me after that as the rest have—she whose hand I have kissed while her lips smiled upon me. How my heart leaped —how my limbs shook! Great heavens! what ecstasy this love must bring to those who are not debarred from it. But I——"

The unhappy man sat down helplessly, and, looking his person over and over again, ended by dashing both hands against his face and bursting into tears—great bitter tears, that seemed wrung by torture from the depths of his life.

When Luke left that little bower-room, he passed his brother's door and went out into the open street. From thence he plunged into that wooded ravine, which cleaves through the city of Edinburgh to this day, and, tearing through the tangled undergrowth, wore the anguish and passion of his soul out with fierce action.

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Meantime Katharine Fraser had descended to Lady Clanranald's bower-chamber, and there she found young Clanranald waiting for her. He was excited, and walking restlessly up and down the room.

"I have news for you," he said, coming eagerly toward her. "Cope is landing at Dunbar with all his forces. In an hour's time we set forth to meet them."

Kate turned pale, but her eyes brightened.

"It will be to conquer them, I know. But where is my father?"

"Mustering his men; he sent his blessings by me—his blessings, and something else, which I am to give upon your lips, fair lady."

The lips were bright as roses and red as coral, on which more than one kiss was pressed.

"And now," said the beautiful creature, allowing herself to be gathered under the shelter of his arm, "tell me if there is great danger?"

"Danger! Nothing that a brave man would care to shun, or a fair maiden need tremble at."

"But remember I have a double stake in this army, my father, and—and——"

Clanranald looked down upon her, his face glowing with triumphant love, his tall form towering upward a model of manly strength.

"We shall come back, be sure of that. There is not a matchlock cruel enough to separate us two. Were I stretched stark upon the battle-field, that look would bring me to life again."

"It would be drowned in tears, and so fail!"

"Hush, love! that is not the language of a soldier's daughter, and of a Fraser. Why, Kate, you are trembling!"

"Alas! yes. I never, till now, realized what a battle was; till the heart aches with a sense of its horror we acknowledge only its glory and object. You will be there—my father will be there. I cannot see anything beyond that. King and country retreat into the distance. I look at you, standing by my side, and the very heart within my bosom turns coward."

"Coward! Sweet one—and a Fraser?"

Katharine uttered a little cry, and clung to him as if some great danger were at hand.

It was only the dash of a party of horsemen reining up before the house.

"They have come for you; they grudge us one little minute."

Clanranald went to the window.

"It is the Prince—it is Charles Edward. What madness!" he exclaimed.

Lady Clanranald also had heard the clatter of hoofs, and descended to the hall ready to receive her royal guest.

Charles Edward came in, flushed and full of animation. He approached the lady with that grace which was his peculiar charm, and took her hand.

"Lady, excuse this intrusion. We are on the eve of an engagement. Our forces are now moving, but there are feelings—there are debts which must not go unacknowledged. We have thanks to give, by your leave, and a farewell to take."

He spoke low and rapidly, and looked at Lady Clanranald as if the fate of his kingdom lay in her hands.

"Do I understand my Prince? Is there a person in my poor house who deserves the honor of this visit?"

"A man who owes his life to the valor of a woman, has no power to confer honor upon her, be he king or peasant," answered Charles, with gentle dignity. "If the young maiden, your kinswoman, will deign to accept the poor thanks of a man who has little else to give, may I crave her presence here?"

Lady Clanranald went herself to summon Flora, who still lay on that antique couch with both hands clasped over her heart, and a smile of exquisite happiness parting her lips.

"The Prince!" she cried, starting up, "and inquiring for me? How troublesome!"

Lady Clanranald could scarcely believe her ears. What, a niece of hers, a Macdonald from the Isles, receiving a visit from the royal Stuart with indifference. It was beyond credence.

Flora, with that feminine instinct which no amount of trouble can conquer, went up to the mirror and began to arrange the rich waves of her hair, twisting them back from her temples in a graceful coil, and lending new grace to her beauty in the very haste of her action. Lady Clanranald stood by astonished. The splendor of her beauty that day was something wonderful. Every movement of her person was superb. She left her room and descended to that in which Charles Edward waited for her.

At another time she might have blushed under the royal gaze, for it was full of animation; but her heart was too rich for paltry vanity of this kind, and in her happiness she only saw a bright face welcoming her, a friendly hand held out.

She forgot his royalty and met him as equal meets equal; then, recollecting herself, blushed crimson, and was bending her knee when he took both her hands, and, holding them close, prevented the motion.

"Not this—not at my feet, fair one; that is no place for you. Charles Edward comes to

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thank you once more for his life—to say how valueless it will be without——"

That moment Lady Clanranald entered the room; but, seeing the two engaged in conversation, retired to a little distance. Charles Edward sunk his voice and spoke rapidly. The color grew deeper and richer on Flora's cheek, till her face was one glow of crimson. She was about to speak, and drew her hands from his clasp with a little force. That instant Clanranald and Kate Fraser came in, and, with an air of suppressed annoyance, the Prince joined them.

This little scene had escaped Lady Clanranald, who had turned the other way. When her son entered, she saw that Flora was flushed and restless; but the honor of an interview with the Stuart was enough, in her mind, to account for far greater agitation; so it made little impression on her mind.

A few gracious words to the lady of the mansion, a hasty adieu to the fair girls who stood near her, and Charles Edward left the house.

When the sound of retreating hoofs convinced her that the Prince was quite gone, Flora stole to her little room again; but it was to walk restlessly up and down the floor in an agitated way. The rich composure of her happiness was broken up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEMORY'S SONG.

BY EVA DREAMER.

'Tis very late—the watching stars have set;
I'm weary, but in vain I try to sleep,
For memory sings sad songs I'd fain forget;
And while she sings, I weep.

To-night she sings to me of him who seemed
The fair embodiment of my ideal,
So noble, godlike, that I even dreamed
My fancyings had proved real.

I recognized in him my spirit-mate,
I loved—nay, worshiped him; and in my heart
I raised and beautified, in spite of fate,
A shrine for him apart.

Awhile his path and mine lay side by side,
And radiant and blessed I journeyed on,
Hoping that somewhere, on life's desert wide,
They would converge in one.

But cruel fate has torn him from my side!
I cannot comprehend life's mystery;
He loved me not, for him I could have died:
Oh, God! why must it be?

He knows not of my love, nor what it cost
To give him up—I ne'er shall love another;
I met him, not as one I loved and lost,
But only as a brother.

He loves me not! Life hath no joy for me,
And gladly would I lay the burden by,
With all its crushing weight of agony,
If I but dared to die!

But no, not yet; for, though I sigh for rest,
I dare not take it till my Father please;
Hard is the trial, but I'll bide the test,
And wait till He release.

There'll be a meeting on the far off shore,
Where hearts are never more with anguish riven,
I'm sure he'll love me then, if not before,
For all will love in Heaven!

Thank God for that! for though Hope's star has set,
And all is dark, I know 'tis not in vain
That I have loved; thank God that we e'er met—
That we may meet again!

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY FITZ JAMES MACKAY.

From the densely crowded cities,
From the busy haunts of men,
Oft my thoughts turn backward sadly
To the solitary glen—
To the wild, romantic valley
Where the falling waters foam,
To the woodlands—to the prairies,
To my childhood's lonely home.

Well I loved thee, yet I panted,
Longing evermore to flee
From thy portals, home of childhood,
Deeming there I was not free.

Then the world seemed fair before me—
Nothing bitter with the sweet—
For it then was veiled in shadow,
And I saw not its deceit.

But the shadows fled full early,
And the world's cold glance I met,
And my heart was filled forever
With the sorrows of regret!
But alas! how vain regretting!
For my feet henceforth must roam—
Never more may wake the echoes
In the quiet hall of home!

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THE SECOND TRIAL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was one of Mark Staunton's black days, in which nothing had any beauty to his eyes, nor enjoyment for his mind.

The sun shone pleasantly without, streamed through the open window and glorified the room, and the June wind sung any quantity of delicious songs, if he had chosen to listen; but he did not; neither the sunshine nor the breeze had the slightest power to brighten his thoughts when that demon of low spirits, which owns so many different names, had once fairly taken possession of him.

He certainly was somewhat ungrateful to insist upon being so persistently miserable, for he had enjoyed as reasonable a share of blessings as any one man has a right to expect; but, like all other mortals, he must needs have his days when he would not discern them, and in looking back upon his life and comparing it with what he had meant, ten years ago it should be, it seemed, after all, a sort of dull cheat.

Yet those ten years had been by no means wasted; he had done as much in them, as far as worldly advancement went, as was possible. He was only thirty now, prominent in his profession, had held several political offices of honor, and had lately come in possession of a comfortable fortune, which, added to the competency he had amassed in his profession, made him a rich man. But none of those things appeared of much consequence then; one was as empty and incapable of giving enjoyment as another.

If any of his friends had been there to read his thoughts, they would have been astonished at the turn which the worldly, ambitious man's reflections had taken.

But in a measure Mark was excusable. He was quite alone—neither near family relatives or wife, nor any prospect of one. Mark was growing a regular old bachelor in his ideas of young women; he found it impossible to satisfy his capricious fancy, and it looked very probable that he would go on through life without being able to make up his mind to the often contemplated step of matrimony.

Once Mark had been in love—yes, really in love; and, long ago as it was, recollections of that time would yet come up, and often brought him considerable bitterness.

It was when he was first setting out in the world. He was only twenty-one, starting as a poor young lawyer, with a singular mixture of romance and practical wisdom meeting somewhere between his head and heart, and making it a very uncomfortable battle-ground.

But only two years after that pleasant passage in their lives, which ended in the disquiet and trouble such things so often do, Katharine Anson had married, and in all those years their paths had never crossed.

It was very long since Mark had believed himself in love with her; but there were times, in looking over his somewhat solitary life, it occurred to him how different it might have been had that affair terminated as it ought to have done.

Probably at the bottom he had more feeling for the past than he knew himself; and more than once Katharine's image had come between him and some fancy he was trying to nurse into love, and the difference between that one real affection and the shallow delusions of the present would send him adrift again.

The striking of the clock roused him from his reverie, and woke him to the consciousness that while he was dreaming, his carpet-bag sat ready packed on the table, and he had only just time to reach the train.

He was going into the country to pass a week or two with a far off cousin, whose pleasant house and merry-hearted husband usually succeeded in driving away one of Mark's dissatisfied fits more rapidly than anything else.

An hour after he was in the train and speeding away up the river.

It was growing near sunset when they approached the station where Mark was to end his little journey.

He had been going on with that same half-melancholy, half-ill-humored train of thought all the way up, and the heat and dust had ended by giving the ill natured portion the preponderance. He had snubbed a talkative stranger in the most unmerciful manner; grumbled internally at a crying baby, wondering why it was always his lot to meet with more disagreeable adventures, during a journey, than ever fell to anybody else's share, and finally had grumbled himself quiet.

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With a fearful shrieking the train made another halt, and Mark, in his leisurely way, followed the little crowd that got off at Briarton.

He stopped on the platform to speak with an acquaintance, for Mark was in his native county now, and every Ulster man was proud to know him; then he stepped into the eating saloon to light his segar and consider whether he should ride or walk over to his cousin's place. When he came out, he passed by a carriage in which a lady was sitting—her veil was up, and, after the first moment of puzzled recollection, Mark recognized Katharine Anson.

It was only an instant, and the carriage had driven on; he was unable to tell whether she recognized him or not. That was the first time they had met in ten years.

That little incident decided Mark's actions, or rather it made him somewhat oblivious as to his movements. Carpet-bag in hand he walked down the street, puffing diligently at his segar, and turned into the cross-road, from which he would find a path through the fields and woods that would shorten the distance to his destination.

As it was, Mark had a walk of more than two miles before him, and ample time to digest the reflections to which that unexpected meeting gave rise.

She was very much altered, he thought—thin, and he believed somewhat sallow. She was in half-mourning, too—that was for her husband—he wondered how deeply she had grieved over him. In his misanthropical mood he said to himself, that she had not heart enough to be inconsolable about anything—he rather doubted if that was not the case with all women.

Mark's recollection of that past were not altogether pleasantly mournful. He never had felt that Katharine had been quite fair and honest with him. Their courtship had been rather a stormy season, at the best; for, at that time, they had both been high-spirited and impetuous, with a great dislike to yielding, as is the case with most young people before trouble has taught them to subdue the selfishness inherent in our natures.

Then Katharine had been living with a relative who never looked favorably upon Mark, owing to his poverty. He had wanted her to marry immediately in spite of all opposition, but that she had refused to do; he believed she did not love him well enough to encounter adversity for his sake. Out of his reproaches grew their last quarrel, and they parted.

Mark could see now that, in many respects, a wife would have been a drawback upon him during the struggle of these first years, but that did not incline him to forgive Katharine any the more.

Well, it was over long enough ago, that was certain; he was a fool to be troubling his head with those old memories! But he must wonder if she saw him, and if so, whether that meeting had any effect at all upon her. It was nothing to him—bah! he was not a boy any longer—there, the matter might as well be dropped, it was a sorry subject for thoughts in every way!

He passed through the woods and came out into his cousin's grounds. The place wore its freshest June look, and was very pleasant to Mark's eyes, for he had loved it as a boy.

He walked up one of the side paths that he might avoid the main entrance, lest he should encounter strange guests, if such there were in the house, before having cleared himself of dust and the last remnants of his spleen.

"Hallo, old fellow!" some one called out, and, looking up, he saw Tom Ford running down the verandah steps to meet him.

There was a hearty exchange of greetings, for the two had always been the best friends in the world, and a week in Tom's cheerful society never failed to send Mark back to his bustling life, elevated in spirits, and with pleasanter views of things in general.

"I am deuced glad you have come," said Tom; "you look quite fagged out, but a fortnight here will set you up. Come along into the house—Ellen will be charmed to see you—we were talking about you a little while ago, and wondering if you would get here to-night."

He stopped abruptly and looked a little queer, but Mark did not notice it.

"Ellen is well, of course?" he said, as they entered the hall.

"Oh! perfectly, fuller of fun than ever," returned Tom, looking odder every instant, as if he was internally struggling between some perplexing thought and a great desire to laugh. "I say, Mark, come right on up stairs, you may as well get the dust off a little."

He led the way up to the room Mark always occupied—a pleasant chamber that Ellen had fitted up with an eye to their cousin's peculiar fancies.

"Here we are," said Tom. "Now you can beautify yourself as much as you please; there's the trunk you sent up by express—I hope it's got your most dandified clothes in it."

"Why, have you visitors?" asked Mark. "I thought I should be sure to find you quite alone."

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"I expected so, too," returned Tom, coolly taking Mark's segar-case out of the linen duster he had just thrown down, and helping himself to a Havana. "But, the fact is, we had an arrival only half an hour ago."

"Who is it?—not women, I hope?"

"Only one woman," replied Tom, laconically, very much occupied in lighting his segar.

"That's a bore!" said Mark, with his *blaze* air. "I suppose it's Miss Gilmore."

"Well, no, it isn't," returned Tom, as if it was so near being her he was only surprised it was not.

"Then, who is it?" asked Mark, a little testily, the dust and his mood of the morning still having their effect upon him. "I suppose it's not an enchanted princess, or a mysterious sprite without any name?"

"The truth is," said Tom, sitting down in an easy-chair, and looking intently at the toe of his boot, "it's an old friend of yours, and Ellen and I were afraid the thing would be awkward; but there was no help for it. Katharine Warner is here, Mark," he added, abruptly; blurting out the secret he had meant to communicate with such care as a man is sure to do when he tries to be extra delicate.

Mark did not speak for a moment; then he saw, by Tom's face, that he was expecting him to be very much confused—and Mark at once determined he would not be.

"I saw her at the station," said he; "but I didn't dream she was coming here."

His voice was composed enough, but he was stooping over his carpet-bag, diligently trying to unlock it with the key of his trunk.

"The deuce is in this thing!" he exclaimed, wrenching it open without the least mercy. "There, I've ruined the lock; it won't bother me again—that's one consolation!"

"We didn't expect her any more than—than the man in the moon," said Tom, falling back on that familiar comparison for want of a better. "She has only just got here from Europe. She was Ellen's greatest friend, you know, and only a few hours ago we got a telegram from her, saying she should be here to-night. It was awkward. But what could we do? It wouldn't have done to put off her visit; and Ellen was wild to see her. They were like sisters and all that."

Honest Tom grew quite red in the face with the energy of his explanation; he expected nothing less than that Mark would fly out of the house to avoid her. But the honorable gentleman was wonderfully cool and collected, rather overdoing the matter in point of fact. But Tom was not a woman; so he did not observe that.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said Mark, in a stately way; "one female is about the same as another."

"That's the way to look at it!" cried Tom, quite delighted. "I was afraid you might be annoyed; and so was Ellen."

"Nonsense!" replied Mark, loftily. "You don't suppose I am a boy! My dear fellow, Mrs. Warner is no more to me than that segar you have in your hand."

"So you came in the same train?" said Tom. "Well, that was odd! I expect Ellen is just telling her who our other guest is. I wonder what she will think?"

"Nothing at all, probably," answered Mark. "But if you sit there chattering, I shall never be ready for tea."

"All right—I'm off!" replied careless Tom. "Come down as soon as you can; I've got such a pointer pup to show you!"

He walked out, whistling in defiance of all rules of etiquette; and Mark very energetically closed the door, which, with his usual heedlessness, Tom had left half-open.

Mark went on dressing himself carefully, humming a tune now and then, kicking unoffending boots, and looking daggers at his somewhat tired face in the mirror; but he was thoroughly convinced that he did not once think of Katharine Warner, or care in the least about this encounter.

The tea-bell rang before he had remembered to go down; then he hurried off at a great rate, and dashed down into the hall, where he met Ellen.

"I am so glad to see you!" she said, giving him the cousinly kiss with which he was accustomed to be greeted. "Dreadfully hot in town, I suppose? Oh! Mark, we have got such strawberries—and the darlingest calf! I think the country never was so delightful as it is this year!"

She had hold of his arm and was leading him into the library, chatting carelessly, and in the childish manner which was partly natural to her and a little exaggerated for the occasion.

Mark was in the room. There stood Tom, talking to a lady. He knew he walked toward her—heard Ellen say, "I need not introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Warner"—was conscious that he shook hands with her, and said all that was proper on the occasion; but—it must be owned—the room looked a little unsteady for a moment.

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However, he betrayed very little emotion outwardly; and Mrs. Warner appeared so perfectly self-possessed that it quieted him at once. Ellen was in her liveliest spirits, and talked incessantly. Tom determined to do his share, and put in all sorts of interruptions.

They went in to tea, and everything passed off as well as possible; for Ellen's tact perfectly covered up any little lapses there might otherwise have been. After that, Mark and Tom went out upon the lawn to smoke their segars; while Ellen and her friend walked up and down one of the verandahs, talking of old acquaintances, and Katharine's long journey, and all sorts of things of no consequence, as people always do.

When Mark got into his room, he was astonished to remember that he had not taken a fair look at his old acquaintance during the whole evening. He said to himself that her manners did not please him: she dressed too much; affected something between French frivolity and the statuesque; evidently a woman without any heart at all; and with that conviction Mark betook himself to bed.

The next morning, even looking with his jaundiced eyes, Mark was forced to acknowledge that, if those ten years had taken away something of the girlish look from her face, she was much handsomer than she ever had been—with her dazzling complexion, her beautiful brown eyes, and the rare smile, which, when she talked, lit up the sad expression of her face.

During the next two or three days, Mark and Tom were a great deal out of the house. There was a little business to be attended to, a great deal of trout-fishing to be done, and, altogether, the ladies were left very much to themselves.

Katharine comported herself admirably. She talked freely with Mark—sang Tom's favorite songs—was easy and unembarrassed; and for her pains. Mark, in his heart, denounced her as the most soulless creature that ever breathed! She never hesitated about alluding to her girlhood, treated him as she would have done any other old acquaintance from whom she had been so long separated that they had few interests left in common, and seemed to enjoy herself without any regard to him.

Now, Mark was accustomed to being spoiled by women; and, if Katharine had been a stranger, her manner would have piqued him into trying to change it; but as it was, he said to himself that he cared nothing at all about the matter, and could be quite as oblivious and careless of the past as she.

They got through a week, and Ellen was quite frantic at the stately way in which Mark treated her friend, and the graceful unconcern with which Katharine responded to it. She had set her heart upon a revival of the old romance; but she saw there was no chance of that, and she wondered at the folly of both.

Mark avowed to Ellen that he was quite heart-whole; and what Katharine thought she could only gather from her manner; for the woman was not of the confiding order. She would talk as freely as Ellen desired; expressed her opinions of Mark, when asked; put off allusions to the past so naturally, that Ellen, with all her tact, could not discover that she had the slightest feeling left in regard to it.

"She never could have loved him," said Tom, one night, when he and his wife were holding a confidential talk in their room. "I fancy she was a bit of a flirt."

"Nobody was ever farther from it!" returned Ellen, indignantly. "It's my opinion that Mark was as unjust as possible. You know how passionate he used to be, and Katharine was always the proudest creature that ever breathed!"

Ellen was right there. She was a very proud woman, one who would have died and made no sign sooner than have compromised her womanly feelings. Mark thought that he had been ill-treated; Katharine knew that she had.

Her relatives had shown her that she had no right to encumber his poverty and youth with a wife, and she had refused to marry because she believed it to be right; and when he left her, in a terrible passion, she had exhausted all the persuasions her pride would allow her to employ; and when he declared that they were parting forever, she could do nothing more.

She had married two years after, and her life had been a sufficiently pleasant one, spent mostly abroad; and during that time she had resolutely put out of her mind all thoughts of the past, as any conscientious, right-principled woman would have done.

She was sitting alone in the parlor, one evening, amusing herself at the piano, playing old melodies, and recalling half-forgotten songs, as one does, occasionally, when left in solitude, and has no fear in allowing feeling to have undisputed sway.

Ellen had gone out to visit a sick neighbor, and Mark she had seen wandering off toward the village, an hour before, so that she was left quite to herself.

But just then Mark was coming up the walk, and the tones of that low, sweet voice reached

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him through the stillness of the evening, and the song struck his heart like the echo of some half-forgotten language. It was an old, old melody she had often sung for him in that life, which, as he looked back on it, seemed as totally disconnected with the present as if he had gone into another stage of existence.

A moment after, he felt indignant with himself, and walked on up the verandah, where he seated himself, determined to listen with the most dignified indifference.

Katharine had not heard his step, and still sang on in the twilight; and as Mark listened, his mood again changed. He was so far subdued by the power of the music that he thought of her with less bitterness than he had done during the past few days.

He rose quietly, at length, and passed through the open window into the room where she was sitting. Katharine gave one start, as she saw his tall figure through the gloom; but it was so rapid, that even if he had been near her it would have escaped his notice.

She had just finished her song, and her fingers were still straying over the keys.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, sitting down near the piano.

"You came in so suddenly that I almost thought it was your wraith," she said, quietly. "I had just finished my song—a sweet old melody that my mother used to love."

He was vexed that she could speak so composedly of a thing that had stirred his heart like a wind from the past.

"I came in to practice some things from Verdi's new opera," she said; "but it was so pleasant that I had not the energy to ring for lights and go industriously to work."

"I detest Verdi!" he said, with rather more energy than the occasion required.

"I thought you shared Ellen's admiration for him," she replied; "I am sure you said so the other night."

"Did I?" he asked. "Upon my word, I forgot! You know, Ellen has a way of making one say whatever she pleases."

"I believe that is true," said Katharine, with her low, pleasant laugh. "She is always so earnest, even about trifles, that one really has not the heart to disagree with her."

Praise of Ellen was a very safe subject for the two to dwell upon, and it was some time before they exhausted it. It is astonishing how far the most unimportant subject can be made to go, when people are determined to keep up a conversation, and restrain it within certain limits!

"Will you sing me one of those Scotch songs I heard you singing to Ellen the other night?" Mark asked, as soon as a little pause showed that nothing more could be done with the topic which they had been discussing with such unnecessary animation.

Katharine complied at once. Perhaps she was as glad as Mark to have a little respite in a conversation, which, in spite of all their worldly knowledge and capability of getting through an embarrassing predicament, was a good deal of an effort, although neither had as yet shown it.

She sang him several songs, and then they fell into more familiar conversation than they had before done during all those days.

It was a full hour before Ellen came in, and there she found them, conversing as pleasantly as possible, with the new moon looking in at the window and casting its light upon Katharine's face, and softening its noble, almost severe, expression to the sweetest it ever wore.

Inwardly, Madam Ellen thought a great step had been gained; but she was innocent as a dove. Blundering Tom would have been certain to do something to make them conscious and uncomfortable, from his very effort to show that he did not consider it at all extraordinary to find them chatting in so free and unrestrained a manner.

Mark had a pleasanter night than he had spent for some time past. His feelings toward Katharine had changed; he did not feel that bitter, wronged feeling which had taken possession of him during several days back.

The next day Ellen arranged it so that Mark was obliged to go out riding with Katharine; and, as she saw them depart, stood on the verandah and nodded her head in sign of approbation.

Whatever scheme she may have had in her head, it was not particularly successful. They talked constantly. Mark exerted himself to be gay, in order to show her that he was as self-possessed and indifferent as she could possibly be. At last her very composure irritated him. He longed to prove if she had any feeling at all—to do something that would, at least, irritate her out of her self-possession. It was not a particularly successful effort. Concealed allusions to the past, delivered in an irritating way, were received with the utmost sweetness, or an apparent ignorance of their meaning, and replied to as if they had been merely the outgrowth of his natural misanthropy, delivered to an acquaintance who could have had no idea of their real origin.

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Then they fell into an argument concerning books and art, and Katharine talked so well that Mark was charmed, and fairly forgot the ill-humor which had at one time threatened to creep over him.

But once back in his room, a great many troublesome feelings came up, and Mark had to bestow a mental chastisement upon himself before he went down to dinner.

The next few days were very pleasantly spent. Mark forgot the promise he had made himself, to go away; and as for Katharine, having promised Ellen to remain a month, before she knew of Mark's arrival, there was no possible excuse for her leaving, save one that would have awakened suspicions she would not for the world have allowed to arise.

A few pleasant days, and then Mark was plunged into a whirl of trouble and disquiet which he could not escape, and which carried him back to the boyish impetuosity that he had believed himself far to have outlived.

He was first in love with Katharine over again; or rather the affection, subdued and silenced for a season, asserted its sway once more, and was as much more powerful as his nature had become stronger and more energetic.

What Katharine Warner thought, no mortal could have told. She was kind to him, but always mistress of herself, and often seemingly wrapped up in thoughts and interests in which those about her took no share.

She did not believe that Mark loved her; had she been watching two other people, her woman's keen-sightedness would at once have shown her the true state of the case; but, as it was, she retained the hopeless blindness people are very apt to be troubled with under such circumstances.

"She does not care for me!" Mark thought, indignantly. "Here am I, at my age, making as great a fool of myself about her as I did ten years ago, and she cares no more for it than if she were a stone! She has no heart at all—just a beautiful icicle!"

Then he vowed to remain there no longer. Still he staid, and with each day he alternated between hope and fear, in a way that was enough to drive him distracted.

He could stand it no longer, his pride and his impetuosity forbade that, and he was ready to embrace any opportunity that might enable him to throw off the thraldom to which he had again yielded himself.

The war had broken out, and his native county was getting up a regiment to do its share of duty. Mark was familiar with military affairs; had once been an officer in one of those very companies, and he now interested himself greatly in the matter.

He was the most popular man in the county, and, in this new source of general excitement, gained fresher laurels and more heartfelt admiration from his friends and neighbors.

He gave liberally to the regiment, and through his exertions it was much sooner got in readiness than it could otherwise have been.

Just then came the darkest and most miserable part of his life, when he was determined to end his troubles in one way or another, and get at least beyond the reach of their immediate influence.

He accepted the position of lieutenant-colonel in the regiment—he had made his decision at last!

Tom Ford took the news home, and entered the room where his wife and Katharine were sitting, to blurt it out after his usual hasty fashion.

"Mark's done it now," he said; "he's off in earnest."

"Gone!" exclaimed Ellen, in great astonishment. "Why, where? What has happened?"

"He's going with them, I say," retorted Tom. "Can't you understand English, Nell?"

"What do you mean?" cried she, thoroughly exasperated. "Why don't you tell me what it is?"

"He is going with the regiment as lieutenant-colonel. Don't look so, Nell. He'll come back all the rage. I wish I could go, too!"

Poor little Ellen made a dash upon him, and held him in her arms with a great burst of tears, as if to guard and keep him fast.

"Don't say that again," she sobbed, "or you'll kill me! Is Mark really going?"

"Of course he is; they are off for Albany tomorrow; the other fellow was scared or sick, and Mark jumped at the chance, you better believe."

Ellen sat down, quite stunned by the suddenness of the blow; and, in the eagerness of her questions and her bewilderment, it was several moments before she remembered that Katharine was in the room.

She looked toward her—Katharine was sitting in the shadow, pale, but perfectly calm.

"Isn't it awful?" cried Ellen. "Oh! Kate, can't we keep him?"

"We would not, if we could, Ellen," she answered, proudly, and the color came back to her cheek, and the bright flash of other days to her eye. "We would not, if we could. Don't

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let him see you crying, Ellen, it would only distress him."

"That's right, Nell!" said Tom. "See how Kate looks at it—that's quite right!"

"Mark isn't her cousin; it's easy to be calm when we don't care for people!" exclaimed Ellen, so indignant that she could not restrain herself.

While she was having her cry out on Tom's shoulder, Katharine softly quitted the room.

Alone in her chamber, with the door locked against the possibility of intrusion, she could be herself for once. Poor Katharine!

"And I have not even the right to be grieved," was the most painful thought of all; "not even that poor consolation. Oh! Mark, Mark!"

She heard the gallop of his horse up the avenue, and crept to the window to peer out from between the closed curtains.

There he was looking so pale and determined—there was no hope—no one tender feeling left in his heart.

She saw him dismount and fling the reins to a servant—saw Tom rush out to meet him, followed by Ellen, who threw her arms about his neck and blamed and praised him to her heart's content.

Katharine bore the sight as long as she was able; then she got away from the window as best she could, and lay upon the floor in a dreadful chill that had not even the blessing of insensibility.

Her life of self-control had developed all the energies of her nature; she aroused herself as a woman more accustomed to leaning upon others could not have done.

She must not remain up there alone—if any one should suspect—the thought was worse than death! He did not love her, and the bare idea of exposing herself to his pity smote her heart like a knife.

She heard Ellen call her, and, borne up by her indomitable will, she went down stairs and entered the library. She could not stop an instant lest she should give way. Straight she walked up to Mark Staunton, and, for the first time during those weeks, offered him her hand, while the very force she was exercising brought a feverish color to her cheeks.

"I congratulate you," she said.

He bowed coldly and let her hand drop.

"I thank you," he replied; "you must make Ellen have a little courage."

Katharine stood there unflinching and bore her spasm of agony without a sign. Tom and Ellen were talking eagerly; Mark, stately and cold, never once so much as looking toward Katharine, or seeming to include her among the friends a man relics upon at a time like that.

She knew that Ellen talked to her and that she answered; but all the while it seemed as if that chill at her heart was freezing her to ice. They got through the evening—people get through everything—and very early Mark went up to his room, as he had a good deal of writing to do before his hurried departure.

Katharine was free to betake herself to solitude at last. She only prayed for strength to live through the morrow, to bear that parting as she had borne all the other sorrows of her life, after that she did not think nor care—only strength to be cold and calm as he, and then she could creep away into her obscurity, and teach herself to make what she might of the poor broken fragments of her existence, unless God in His providence would release them from her keeping at once.

The next morning Katharine sat in the breakfast-room, assisting Ellen in such things as the little woman could think of, by way of showing her desire to serve him; while Mark and Tom walked up and down the halls, consulting upon certain matters which Mark wished to leave in his hands to settle after his departure.

Every now and then Mark's eyes wandered into the corner of the room where Katharine sat in her icy quiet, plying her needle as industriously as if she had no thought beyond the business of the moment.

The time came at last; the horse was led to the door, and Mark came into the room to say farewell, it having been decided that Ellen was not well enough to bear the excitement of accompanying them to the town.

She had shed her last tears upon her cousin's shoulder, and there Katharine stood clutching her hands in her long, loose sleeves, to keep back all outward sign of the agony that sight caused her.

Then Mark turned toward her—the very acuteness of her suffering kept her in possession of her senses. He had taken her hand—they both tried to speak—then she was conscious that he dropped it and turned away.

She stood there incapable of a movement—she knew that he was looking back at her from the door-way, and suddenly Ellen cried out in a voice full of wrath and misery,

"If you are human, Katharine, don't let him go so! Can't you see he loves you?"

At those words her false strength gave way—she heard his voice full of passionate tenderness calling,

"Katharine! Katharine!"

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She could not speak—she put out her hands blindly, and in that instant Mark read more clearly in her heart than he had done even in the old time.

"Katharine—my Katharine!"

She felt his arms fold themselves about her, and when she looked up they stood alone in the room—Ellen had taken Tom away blubbering like a great baby in spite of his six feet in height and his big whiskers.

There was no time for many words; but in those few moments that pair comprised happiness enough to have lived upon their memory for months.

It was not even the final parting. On the morrow Katharine and Tom would follow to Albany.

There was no time even to think of the long separation that would so soon follow—no time for anything but a consciousness of utter happiness; and, as Katharine watched him ride away, there was not even a fear at her heart. She felt that the greatness of her love must prove a shield even in the midst of all the dangers to which he was going, and she rested on that hope as upon some palpable assurance that would keep her heart strong during his absence.

SUMMER-TIME.

BY N. F. CARTER.

Mine eye is full of Summer sights,
Mine ear is full of Summer sounds;
The long array of circling heights,
A world of song and glory bounds!

Below, rich beauties spring to birth,
Above, the gold-fringed shadows fly.
The sky grows brighter for the earth,
The earth woos brightness from the sky!

The sunshine floods the blue serene,
And trims with joy the white-winged sail;
Long revels with the mantling green
To feast with sweets the passing gale.

Ten thousand living censers breathe
In one full offering incense balm,
And with their varied beauty wreathe
Garlands to woo perpetual calm.

The wide world seems a garden bower,
Arrayed in sumptuous gorgeousness,
The vision of an Eden hour
Returned awhile to cheer and bless!

It cheers me with its freight of bliss,
Its power to bid rude passions cease,
The sweetness of its morning kiss,
The glory of a world at peace!

The wild-birds rend the leafy wood
With one glad jubilee of song,
The willing anthem of the good
In praise of right, in blame of wrong!

The busy wild bees fill the air
With gentle murmurs all the day;
Zephyrs, like saintly lips at prayer,
With holy pæans charm their way!

I deem the earth a shining way,
Ringing with one triumphal hymn,
Beauty and song at morning gray,
Beauty and song at evening dim!

So beautiful the Summer-time,
Embalmed in glory and in song!
How radiant, then, the blessed clime,
Where Summer lasts the whole life long!

AT REST.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

So early dead!—so early blest!
For the last time her eyelids close;
Fold her white hands in long repose,
And let her rest!

Her face is passionless and still—
Since His voice bade the struggle cease,
No earthly pang can move her peace,
Nor joyous thrill!

It is best so; the lips we kiss,
In a mute agony of pain,
Would say that death itself is gain,
And Heaven bliss!

It was not hers to watch the light,
In eyes beloved, die out for aye;
To see, with breaking heart, their day
Closing in night.

Nor was it her sad fate to feel
Those hearts estranged and careless grown,
Whose love she once had thought her own,
Through woe and weal.

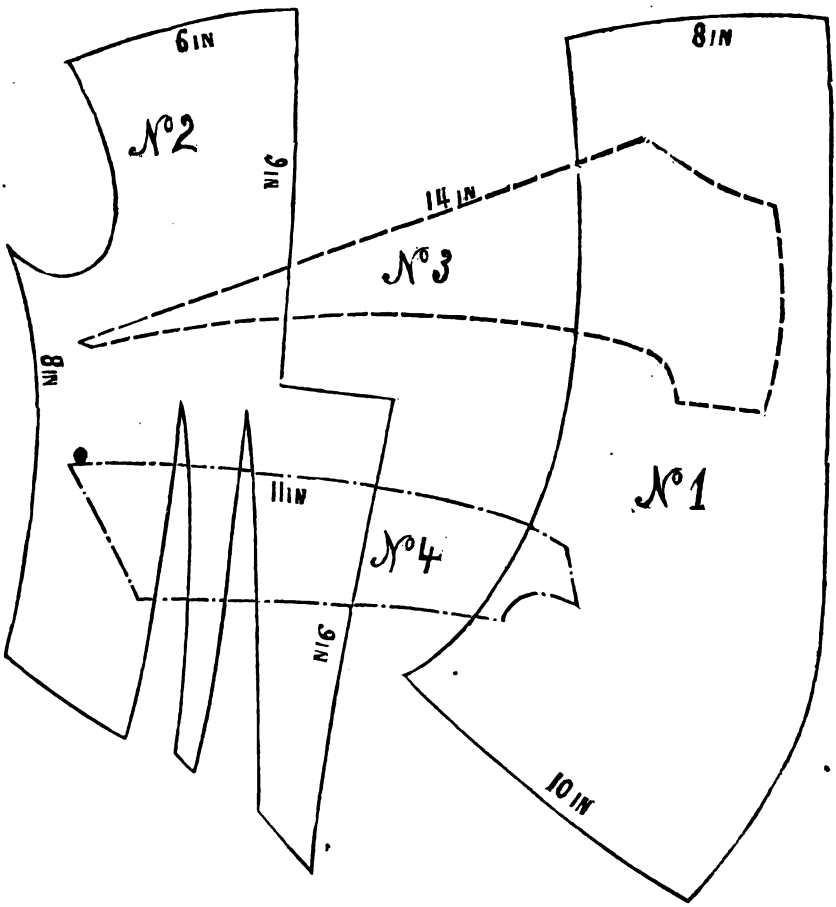
For her dear sake we should not weep;
She in the golden sunshine moved,
Rich in all blessings lived and loved,
Then sunk to sleep!

It is best so; lost one, for thee
The glory of this lower life;
'Twere meeter far that pain and strife
Our lot should be.

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MARQUISE DRESS BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



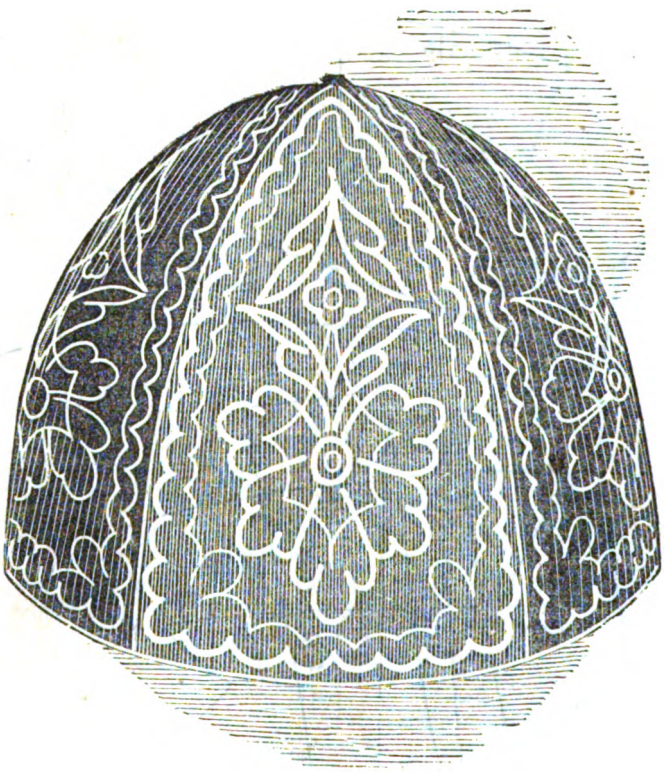
Our pattern, this month, is that of a dress body in the *Marquise* style, three-quarters high at the back and square in the front; this stylo is suitable for a dinner dress, where quite an evening dress is not required: the neck may be finished by a *ruche* of ribbon or lace. We give diagrams for the front, back, side-body, and sleeve.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.

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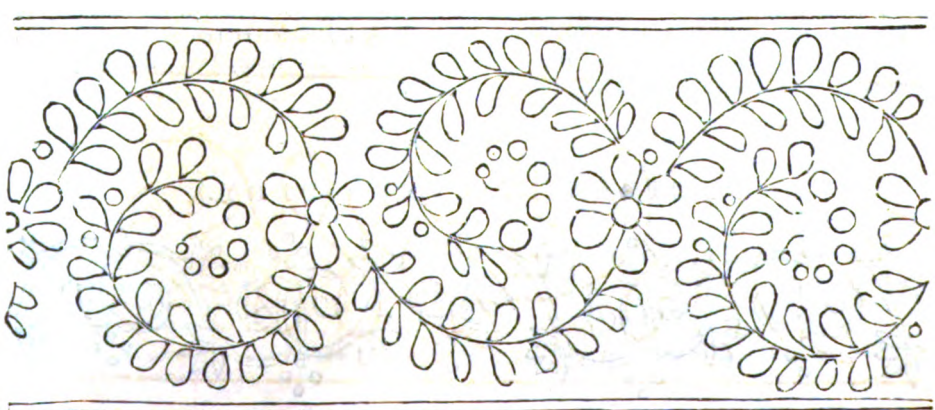
ALBERT SMOKING-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE Albert Smoking-Cap is worked on a rich royal purple velvet. It is formed of six divisions, each having the same design braided on it in narrow gold braid and gold thread. The two materials differing in width, produce together a very good effect. The illustration shows which parts of the pattern are worked in the braid, and which are in the thread. The braiding must be executed with the finest gold-color silk, care being taken that the stitches are not visible. The six portions are joined together, a lining of silk is inserted in the inside, and a strip of leather, three inches wide, is laid round the bottom of the cap. This not only preserves the velvet from injury, but renders the cap more convenient for putting on and off. A handsome tassel to match, completes the article.

INSERTION FOR SKIRTS.



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HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is a very pretty design, which is to be worked in the different kind of embroidery stitches. The name may be inserted, if preferred, in red or blue.

PATTERN IN BRAIDING.



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PIN-CUSHION IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For illustration see pattern, in colors, in front of the number.

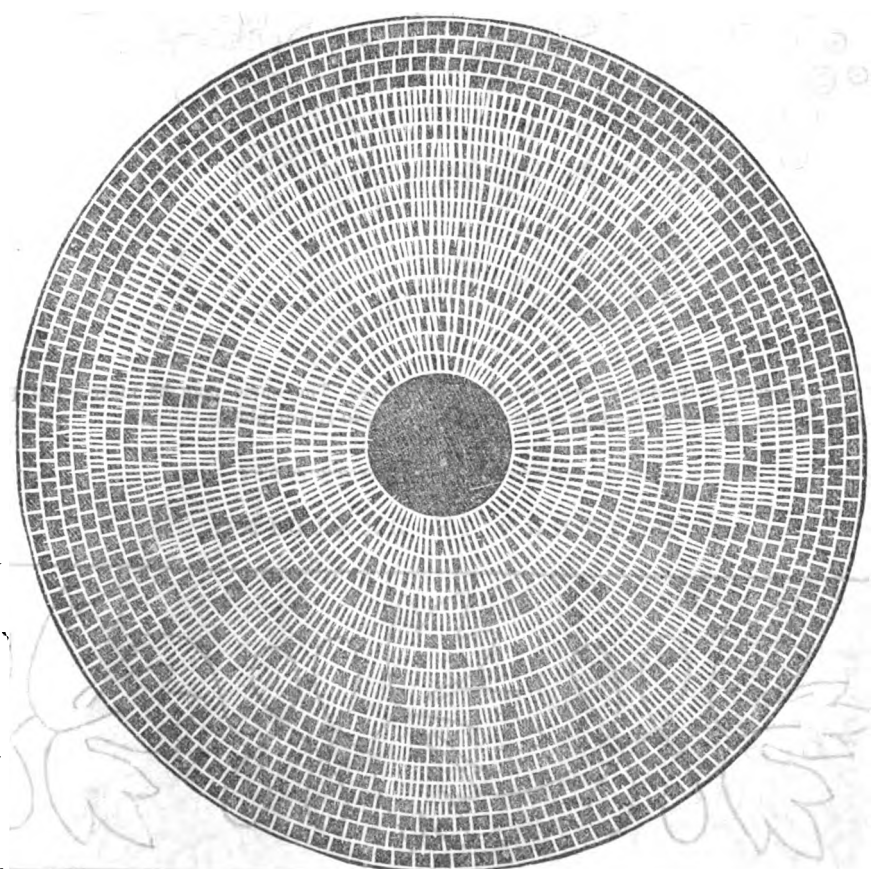
Materials.—¼ yard of blue silk; 1 bunch of white opaque beads; 1 bunch of jet beads; some pieces of blue, black, and white velvet.

Cut the upper side of the cushion out of the blue silk the proper size. The medallions are of black velvet, which must be cut very true, then slightly gummed on the under side, and then placed upon the silk at the corner, as seen in the design. The leaves in the center of the medallions are of blue velvet to be put on in the same way. The Maltese cross in the center of the cushion is of white velvet, or if preferred, it may be done in white beads. The edges of the medallions, leaves, and the spaces between, are finished by sewing alternately one jet and one white bead very closely together, so that all the raw edges of the velvet may be neatly covered. The cross, if made of velvet, must be finished in the same way, only omiting the jet beads. Finish the cushion with a loop fringe of white and black beads.

This design may be enlarged for a sofa cushion: any other combination of colors being substituted.

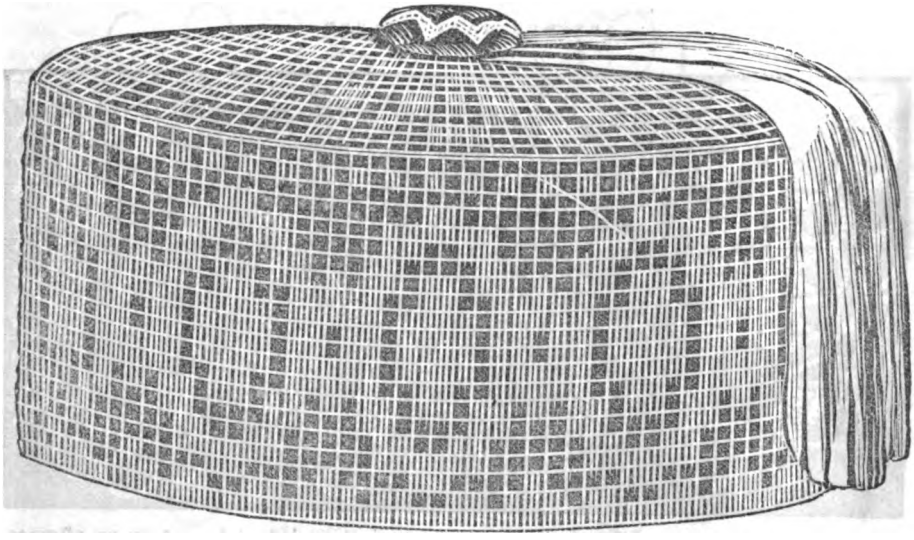
GREEK CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

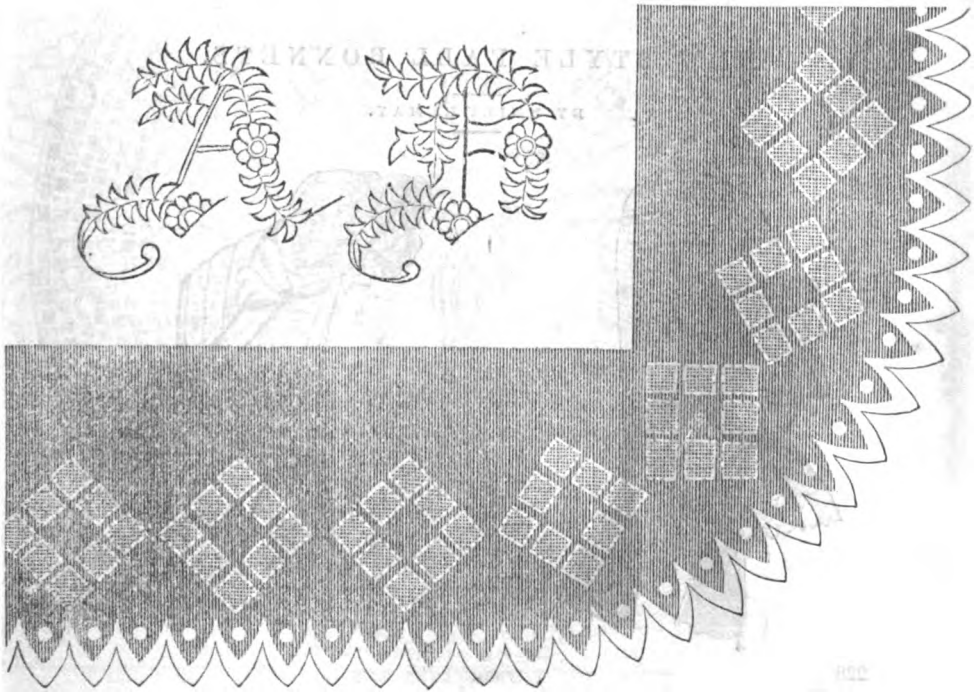


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This cap is made in open crochet, of purse silk of the same or two different colors. It is commenced in the center by starting a chain of stitches. Join them, and then follow the design. No. 1 is the crown; No. 2 the side. Finish with a large button and tassel. The crown will serve as a pattern for a toilet mat if an edge is added.



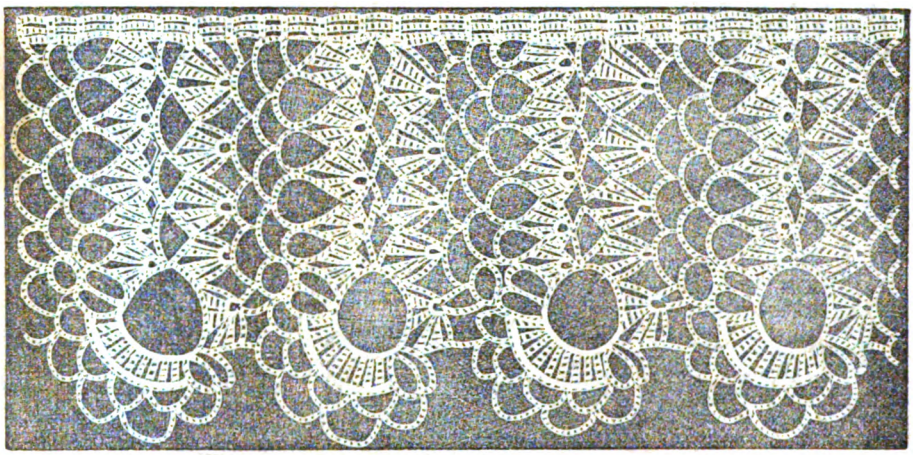
HANDKERCHIEF BORDER AND INITIALS.



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CROCHET LACE.

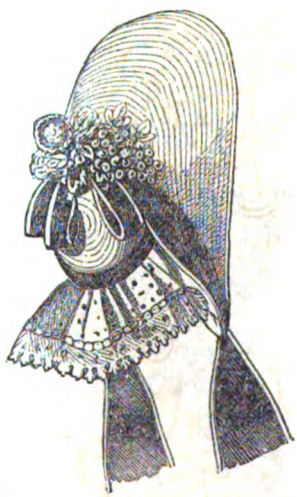
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS pattern requires no description; any person, familiar with crochet, can work from the engraving. These crochet laces are very convenient work to take out on an afternoon visit, or to pick up when a lady has a few moments of leisure.

NEW STYLE FALL BONNETS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

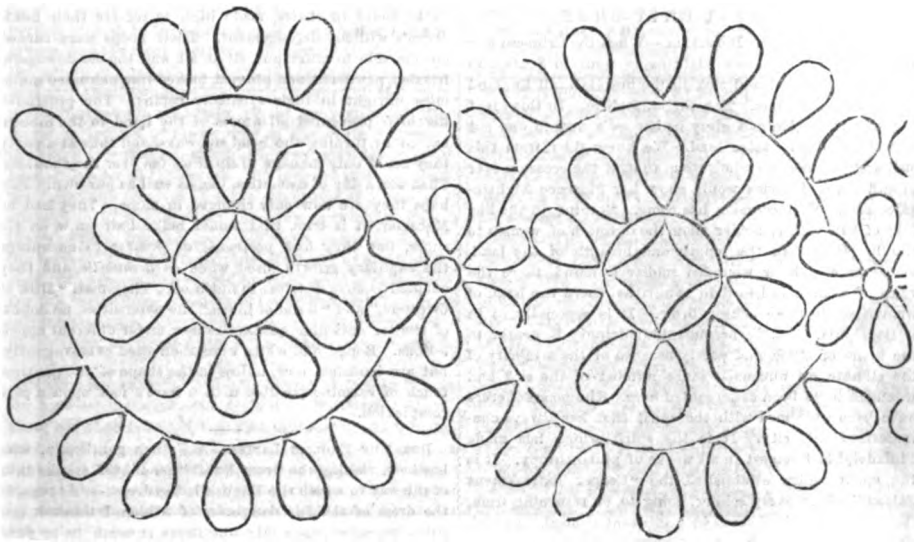




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PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



SILK EMBROIDERY IN FLANNEL.



SILK EMBROIDERY.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE LADIES AND THE HOSPITALS.—When the Crimean war broke out, and Florence Nightingale went to Scutari to nurse the wounded and sick in the hospitals, all England exulted at her name. Nor England alone. In this great republic the pride and glory in her as a woman was not less than in her native land. We knew then, from this outburst of generous admiration, that, if the occasion ever should arise, America would show her Florence Nightingales also. That occasion has come. Nothing, in the history of this war, is nobler than the devotion of women to the hospitals. In the length and breadth of the land, wherever a sick or wounded soldier is found, there the voice of woman is heard in sympathy, there the hand of woman soothes the aching brow. It is especially so in Philadelphia. Partly because Philadelphia is nearer to the scene of strife, and partly because of the salubrity of the climate, an unusually large number of the sick and wounded have been congregated here. The poor sufferers have been welcomed with the spirit that has always characterized this city. It is the spirit which has made Philadelphia foremost in all works of philanthropy. It is the spirit which established the "Cooper Refreshment Saloon," where every soldier, going to, or returning from, the seat of war, is cheered by a substantial meal. Indeed, the supply of luxuries, as well as necessaries, furnished to the hospitals here, has often exceeded the demand. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto ME."

We know one lady, who, for fourteen months, has devoted nine hours a day to the hospitals. We know many others, among them ladies of the highest wealth and position, who have taken home invalid soldiers to their own houses and nursed them there as brothers or sons. We know scores who have straitened themselves to purchase luxuries for the wounded. In every way the women of Philadelphia, rich and poor alike, have gone enthusiastically into this work. The dying hours of many a lonely soldier have been cheered by the kind hearts that received the last message and promised to execute the last wish. Future annalists, in writing the history of this sad war, will turn gladly from narratives of blood and strife, to dwell on things like these. What has happened in Philadelphia has happened everywhere else where hospitals have been established. We speak of our own city, particularly, because we have witnessed what woman has done here; but from all quarters the same noble testimony comes up to the sympathy and sacrifices of the sex. It has been the same, too, whether the wounded have been prisoners, or soldiers of the National army.

> "Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

HOOPS AND COSMETICS IN OUR GRANDMOTHERS' DAYS.—In some respects, hoops were better adapted to the costume of our grandmothers, than they are to the costume of to-day. When Mrs. Siddons was in the height of her popularity, George III. might be seen, on public occasions, in a suit of white velvet, with a rose-colored satin waistcoat, answering to his ruddy complexion somewhat oddly, on the whole very like a miller. The royal ladies, in huge towering head-dresses, were like so many priestesses of Cybele, turret-crowned. They then went to public places as to court in chairs, made high to receive their head-dresses without derangement. Their hoops were turned on one side to enter and sit at all, and the old dowagers, frizzled, powdered, and plumed, looked like exhumed mummies upright in their sycamore coffins. The protruded kerchiefs prevented all access of the hand to the mouth, except by turning the head sideways, and thus at a party they could only manage to sip their tea over the shoulder. That was a day of cosmetics, too, as well as our own. Perhaps they are now only changed in name. They had no Macassar, it is true, that would make hair grow on old shoes, but they had *pommade de graisse* to encourage the capillary growth, used when *en deshabille*, and they adopted *poudre d'Artois* to finish off. They used "Milk of Circassia," and "Balm of Lilies," the paternities, no doubt, of similar cuticular quackeries now under different appellations. Rouge and white were then used extravagantly, but are banished now, unless in the shape of the gentlest touch of carmine possible with a hare's foot upon a pale complexion.

DRESS OF ENGLISH LADIES.—A French gentleman, who has been visiting the Great Exhibition of 1862, speaks thus of the way in which the English ladies dress:—"As regards the dress of the fair daughters of Albion, I think it is a little improved since '51; but there is much to be done before they will approach the good taste which belongs especially to France. Englishwomen have no idea of the proper combination of colors. They do not purchase a bonnet, or a shawl, or a dress, calculating what will go well together; they do not study harmony of colors, or decided happy contrasts. They buy each portion of their toilet without design, study, or reference to articles of toilet already in their wardrobe. Another peculiarity is the practice of buying cheap chiffons, cheap silks, cheap finery: it is universal. Even a lady will put on sham lace, and sham India shawls, and sham furs. The more humble classes will not dress as such, but robe themselves in cheap silks, and wear cheap flowers in their bonnets. All women in England try to dress alike—cheap, showy toilets—always in bad taste. The English young lady does not walk or move about a salon with the ease and grace of our own countrywomen."

EXTINCTION OF FIRES.—The safety of the inhabitants being ascertained, the first object at a fire should be the exclusion of all fresh, and the confinement of all burnt air—*suffocate* the flames—remember that burnt air is as great, if not a greater enemy to combustion than even water; the one, till again mixed with oxygen, can never support flame; the other, especially if poured on heated metal, is converted into its elements, the one hydrogen, in itself most inflammable, the other oxygen, the food of fire. For both purposes, of excluding the one air and confining the other, all openings should be kept as carefully closed as possible. An attempt should always be made to stop up the chimney-pots; wet rags, blankets, or an old carpet, will serve this purpose, and thereby confine a considerable quantity of burnt air.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected articles, unless stamps, to pre-pay the postage, have been forwarded with the MS. Nor can we undertake to write *why* articles are rejected. If we did, we should have to employ an extra clerk, solely for this purpose. Contributors have no idea how valuable time is to an editor.

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SUMMER PRUNING OR STOPPING OF THE GRAPEVINE.—Our attention has been called, by Mr. Phin's admirable work on Grape Culture, to the great importance of proper summer care of the fruiting vines—in order to secure a full and satisfactory yield of luscious grapes—by stopping, by which is meant pinching off the ends of the shoots. "If the lateral shoot is allowed to grow unchecked, it will consume its portion of food, in the production of many leaves and some grapes, and the more there is of the former the less will be the weight of the latter. But if the shoot is stopped after having formed two leaves, all that quantity of food which would have been consumed in the production of other leaves, is applied to the increase of size in the grapes and the two leaves that are left, which are to give flavor, sweetness, and color to the grapes. By summer pruning, we do not mean the removal of large quantities of leaves, as is often done to the injury of the fruit, as it is well known that the finest bunches grow and ripen under the shade of the leaves. But what is required is simply to break off the ends of the shoots, this should be attended to at this season. For full instructions in this most important branch of grape culture, we would refer our readers to the Sixth Chapter of Phin's Open Air Grape Culture," noticed by us last month.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.—The name of Parson Brownlow has become a household word in the United States. Everybody has heard of the bold manner in which he upheld the Union cause in East Tennessee, and of the sufferings of himself and family in consequence. Since his expatriation to the North, he has written an account of his imprisonment, which has been published in a neat duodecimo volume, illustrated with engravings. No book, probably, ever had so great a sale, in the short time that has elapsed since its appearance. At the time we write, seventy thousand copies have been ordered; and the number will probably be doubled before this article is in print. G. W. Childs, Philadelphia, is the publisher of the work, to whom all orders must be addressed. Price, $1.25.

A NEW BAROMETER.—M. Sauvageon, of Valence, has studied the different phenomena which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into it, and the result of those observations transforms the coffee-cup into a barometer. "If, in sweetening your coffee," says M. Sauvageon, "you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the center of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the center."

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF MAKER.—There she is, unraveling her mother's crochet-work, and doing it as demurely as if there was no harm in the act. Isn't it a capital picture?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Morgesons. By Elizabeth Stoddard. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—It is not an exaggeration to say of this novel, as has been said of it by the publisher, that it exhibits much of the keen, subtle analysis of Balzac. What "The Miser's Daughter" is to other novels of provincial life in France, that "The Morgesons" is to other stories of our own New England. The granite coasts; the stubborn fields; the gossiping villagers; the hard materialism; the narrow social life; the false pride of blood; these, and other peculiarities of the land of the Puritans, are painted with the minute fidelity of a Pre-Raphaelite picture. Mrs. Somers, Temperance, Desmond, and many more of the characters of the story, are portraits that must have been drawn from the life. And yet, though an accurate picture so far as it goes, "The Morgesons" is hardly a true delineation of New England; for it brings the unlovely side of the Puritan life too much into the foreground, it fails to give the sunshine as well as the shade. Nearly all of the characters, to say the least, are unpleasing, and some are positively unnatural. We cannot regard the book, in any sense, as healthful in its influence. What is the matter with our late New England novelists? Even as a question of æsthetics, stories of this kind fall below the requirements of the highest art they affect—"Sir Rohan's Ghost," "The Morgesons," even "The Marble Faun," and "Elsie Venner." If writers cannot introduce tragic interest into their works, without making girls fall in love with other people's husbands, or men desire to marry their own daughters, if the heroine must be a snake, or the hero a satyr, then it is high time that books without tragic interest had the field to themselves. There are things in morals and taste so deformed that no true artist will select them. Our common humanity revolts at them. Another fault characterizes this school: it is an utter want of faith, not only in religious affairs, but, it seems to us, in everything else also. We rise from reading books, written under this influence, sad at heart. Surely, New England culture should bear better fruit. We know, indeed, that it does. Mrs. Stowe is a case in point; and we might mention others. If it was not for these, however, we should almost begin to fear that the New England heart and intellect had run to seed, and that we must look elsewhere, and to such writers as the author of "Margret Howth," for the true products of American culture. It is not especially in reference to "The Morgesons" that we make this remark: the subject has been long upon our mind; and, in justice to Mrs. Stoddard, her novel exhibits less of these obnoxious traits than others we might name. But "The Morgesons," nevertheless, belongs to a bad school. And the very talent in the book makes us regret this fact the more. Why is it that things which so many reverence are almost continually sneered at? Granted that the novelist does not believe in orthodoxy; granted that many "professors" seem to lead hard, dry lives:—is that any reason why others should hold them up to scorn—is that any justification for want of charity on our part? What we complain of in "The Morgesons" is not dullness: it is that nearly everybody is unlovely and unloving. A true picture of New England life? God forbid! It is, indeed, less cynical than Swift's novel; but it is a terrible satire—or else, what is New England? But enough of fault-finding. Let us say that the style in which "The Morgesons" is written is terse; that the descriptions of scenery are vivid; that the imagination of the poet envelopes the book in an atmosphere of its own; and that there is freshness and originality in almost every chapter. It is a remarkable book, especially for a woman; for few women have exhibited such analytical power. In some respects, no novel of New England life has ever surpassed it, if we except that extraordinary book, "Margaret." The volume is not particularly well printed. But, we suppose, the desire to sell it at a low price had something to do with this; for "The Morgesons," though a copy-right novel, is retailed at fifty cents.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East. By N. Pembroke Fetridge. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a guide through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Spain, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland. A map, embracing colored routes of travel in the countries described, accompanies the volume. The work is one of much research, and is unusually lucid and accurate. We should think it indispensable to persons about to travel in Europe.

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North America. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The writer of this work is the well-known novelist, author of "Dr. Thorne," "Barchester Towers," "Orley Farm," etc., etc. He is a son of that Mrs. Trollope, who, thirty years ago, published a somewhat abusive book of travels about the United States. Mr. Trollope arrived in this country in August, 1861, and remained six months, during which time he visited most of the principal cities in the northern states. Half a year is but a little time in which to study a great nation. But Mr. Trollope made the most of that time. He is comparatively accurate in his facts, liberal in his judgments, and not unfriendly in his sympathies. He is much less the slave of insular conventionalisms, we will not say prejudices, than most Englishmen. In parts of his book, he is severe; but it is not always an undeserved severity. There is a good deal of repetition, and not a few mistakes. It is evident that Mr. Trollope wishes to keep well with Americans, and that, therefore, he says as many agreeable things of us as he thinks he can. On the other hand, he is unable to divest himself entirely of his English self-sufficiency, so that it is often amusing to watch the struggle between his desire to praise, and his instinct to abuse. Of Philadelphia he saw but little, and of Pennsylvania less. Against the latter he brings up the stale old falsehood of repudiation. He considers New York the most American of our cities, when it is really that which the foreign element modifies the most. Still, in spite of these and other blunders, the book is fairer than we had expected, and, though it will not repay reading, will do to skim through on a summer afternoon.

Among the Pines. By E. Kirke. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: J. C. Gillmore.*—This is a narrative of a few weeks spent in the turpentine district of South Carolina, during the winter of 1860, '61. It can hardly be called a novel, for the characters are claimed to be real ones; but it is written with considerable dramatic power, and the story is not without interest. If a truthful account of the condition of society in the Carolinas, it is of great value, especially at this time; but if the author's political sentiments have colored his descriptions, of course the book, to the extent to which they are so colored, loses its chief merit. In general, however, Mr. Kirke agrees with Mr. Olmstead, who has usually been considered reliable. We have found the work exceedingly interesting.

The Flirt. By Mrs. Grey. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This lady is one of the most popular of the English female novelists. She is favorably known as the author of "The Gambler's Wife," "Duke and Cousin," "The Young Prima Donna," and numerous other fictions, all good, old-fashioned love-stories. "The Flirt" is equal to the best of these. Caroline Eversfield, the heroine, is especially well-drawn. But her character is not one that we can admire. Her sister, Geraldine, is properly introduced as a foil to this heartless flirt; and Linda is also very lovable. Justice is vindicated, however, in the sad fate of Caroline. "The Flirt" will be very popular. Price fifty cents in paper covers.

Les Miserables. Cosette. By Victor Hugo. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Carleton.*—This is the second part of "Les Miserables." The first part, being the story of "Fantine," we noticed last month. "Cosette" is the story of Fantine's daughter. What we said of the earlier volume, we repeat in reference to this: it is a book of vast talent, and is destined to exercise a great influence. We may speak more at length of "Cosette" next month.

John Doe and Richard Roe. By Edward S. Gould. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This novel appeared originally in the "Home Journal," a sufficient guarantee for its excellence and originality. The scene is laid in the city of New York.

Game Fish of the Northern States of America and British Provinces. By Barnwell. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—A capital book, full of valuable information graphically told. The hints concerning trout and salmon are especially useful. The author tells not only how to angle for these fish, but also where to angle for them. Numerous engravings illustrate the volume.

Marrying for Money. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—These enterprising publishers, in order to be in unison with the times, have commenced printing cheap editions of new and popular novels. The present work is one of these. It is an excellent story, just the thing for summer reading, and is published for the low price of fifty cents.

Robinson's Progressive Table Book. For young children. Edited by G. D. W. Fish, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.*—Intended to present the first principles of arithmetic in such a form as to interest and instruct pupils in primary schools. It is profusely illustrated with cuts. An excellent book of its kind.

The Yellow Mask. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A powerfully told story, by the author of "The Woman In White." Though a cheap edition, it is printed on good paper. Price twenty-five cents.

Sister Rose. Or The Ominous Marriage. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A story of the first French revolution, and told with great dramatic effect. Price twenty-five cents.

The Trail Hunter. By Gustave Aimard. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A stirring tale of frontier life in America, published in a cheap, yet neat style. Price fifty cents.

RECEIPTS FOR PICKLING.

Pickles should be made at home, as both cheaper and better than if bought at pickling establishments, where they are invariably made up with pyroligneous acid—a species of vinegar which, though very strong, has a disagreeable flavor. The pickles should be kept either in bottles, or in stone or *unglazed* jars, as the vinegar, or even soured vegetables, will corrode the glazing of the jars, which, being made from lead, is poisonous.

Rules to be observed with Pickles.—Avoid as much as possible the use of metal vessels in preparing them. Acids dissolve the lead that is in the tinning of saucepans, and corrode copper and brass; consequently, if kept in such for any length of time, they become highly poisonous. When it is necessary to boil vinegar, do it in a *stone* jar on a stove.

Use also *wooden* spoons and forks.

See that the pickles are always completely covered with vinegar; and if any symptoms appear of their becoming mouldy, boil the vinegar again, adding a little more spice. It is a good rule to have two-thirds of the jar filled with pickles and one-third with vinegar; keep them also close stopped, as exposure to the air makes the pickles soft.

In greening pickles, keep them closely covered, so that none of the steam of the vinegar in which they are boiled be allowed to evaporate; and boil them only for a few minutes, or it will take away their strength.

A very small quantity of alum will make them firm and crisp, but too much will spoil them.

To Pickle Walnuts.—Gather the walnuts about the middle of July, or before the shell is at all formed; prick each with a needle several times, and put them in salt and water; let them stand two or three days, changing the water every day. Make a brine of salt and water strong enough to bear an egg; boil and skim it; let it be quite cold before being used. To every hundred walnuts allow

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one gallon of water. Let the walnuts soak six days, then change the brine, and let them stand six more: then drain them, and expose them to the sun that they may turn black; pour over them, in a jar, a pickle of the best white-wine vinegar, with a good quantity of pepper, allspice, ginger, mace, cloves, mustard-seeds, and horseradish, all boiled together, but cold. To every hundred walnuts allow six spoonfuls of mustard-seed, with one ounce of whole black pepper, and two or three heads of garlic or shalot, but the latter is least strong; let them be quite covered with vinegar. This done, they will be good for several years, if closely covered. The air will soften them. They will not, however, be fit to eat under six months.

To Pickle Cauliflowers.—Cut them before they are too much blown, and upon a dry day; strip off the leaves, and quarter the stalk; scald them in salt and water, but do not allow them to boil; then lay them to cool, covering them that they may not lose their color; sprinkle them with salt and water; put them on a colander for twenty-four hours to drain. When dry, cut out the thick stalk, or, if it be large, divide it, give it a boil, and split the flower into eight or ten pieces; then put them carefully into jars, and cover them with cold vinegar which has been previously boiled with spices; or the cauliflowers may have one boil in salt and vinegar, and be taken out immediately, and put into cold vinegar previously boiled with spices—two ounces each of coriander-seed and turmeric, one ounce each of mustard-seed and ginger, with a half-ounce each of mace and nutmeg, or cinnamon, to every three quarts of vinegar; the spices may, however, be varied.

Brocoli and the tops of asparagus may be pickled in the same manner.

To Pickle Radish-Pods.—Gather the radish-pods when they are quite young, and put them into salt and water all night; then boil the salt and water, and pour it over the pods in jars, and cover them closely to keep in the steam. When the brine is cold boil it, and pour it hot upon the pods again, repeating the process until they are green; then put them in a sieve to drain, and make a pickle for them of white-wine vinegar, mace, ginger, long pepper, and horseradish; pour it boiling hot upon the pods, and when nearly cold boil it again, and pour it over them. When cold, tie down the jars.

Young Cucumbers.—Choose nice young gherkins, lay them upon dishes, sprinkle salt over them, let them lie a week, drain them off, and put them into stone jars; pour boiling white vinegar over them, place them near the fire, cover them well with vine leaves, and if not a good green, pour off the vinegar and boil it again; cover them with fresh vine leaves, and continue doing so until they are a good color. Use wooden spoons with holes to dish all pickles, keeping them always well covered, and free from air getting to them.

DESSERTS.

Rice Pancake.—Boil a half-pound of rice to a jelly, in a small quantity of water: when cold, mix it with a pint of cream, eight eggs, a bit of salt, and nutmeg; stir in eight ounces of butter just warmed, and add as much flour as will make the batter thick enough. Fry in as little lard or dripping as possible. *Or:*—Mix the yolks of two well-beaten eggs with a pint of cream, two ounces of sifted sugar, a little nutmeg, cinnamon, and mace, or a few drops of oil of almonds. Rub the pan with a bit of butter, and fry the pancakes thin.

Potato Cheesecakes.—Four ounces of butter, the same of pounded sugar, six ounces of potatoes boiled and floured through a sieve, the rind of one lemon, and half the juice, unless acid is desirable; mix these ingredients well together, with two eggs, and fill the tart-pan and bake it.

Arrowroot Pudding.—Simmer a pint of milk with a few whole allspice, coriander-seed, and half a stick of cinnamon, for ten or fifteen minutes; then sweeten it with sugar, and strain it through a hair sieve into a basin to one ounce and a half of arrowroot (about one and a half tablespoonful), previously mixed with a little cold water, stirring it all the time. When cold, or as soon as the scalding heat is gone, add three large or four small eggs, well beaten, and stir until the whole is perfectly blended. It may then be boiled in a well-buttered mould or basin, or baked in a dish, with a puff-paste crust round the edge, and grated nutmeg on the top. From half to three-quarters of an hour will be sufficient to boil or bake it. When boiled, serve it with wine-sauce. The flavor of the pudding may be occasionally varied, by using a few sweet and bitter almonds blanched and finely-pounded or chopped—about one ounce of sweet and half-ounce of bitter—or with brandy or rum, orange-flower water or vanilla. *Or:*—Mix one dessertspoonful of the powder in two of cold milk; pour upon it a pint of boiling milk, in which have been dissolved four ounces of butter and two of sugar, stirring all the time. Add a little nutmeg and five eggs. Bake half an hour in a dish lined with paste. Turn it out.

Preserved fruits of any kind, laid at the bottom, eat well. If to look clear, substitute water for milk.

Custard Pudding.—Flavor a pint of milk with the peel of one lemon, an inch of cinnamon, and a bay-leaf; when boiled sufficiently strain it, and sweeten to palate: break four eggs, beat them up, pour the milk to them; put it into a mould and boil for half an hour. Serve with wine-sauce. *Or:*—Mix one tablespoonful of flour into a pint of milk; add four eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of pounded loaf-sugar, and a little orange-flower water; put into a buttered basin, laying a paper over it before putting on the cloth; let it stand four minutes before turning it out. It should boil half an hour.

Lemon Cheesecakes.—Mix four ounces of sifted lump-sugar and four ounces of butter, and gently melt it; then add the yolks of two and the white of one egg, the rind of three lemons chopped fine, and the juice of one and a half, one Savoy biscuit, some blanched almonds pounded, three spoonfuls of brandy. *Or:*—Boil two large lemons, or three small ones, and after squeezing pound them well together in a mortar, taking out the inner skin; add four ounces of loaf-sugar, the yolks of six eggs, and eight ounces of fresh butter. Fill the pattypans half full.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Roast a Goose.—Scald four or six sage-leaves, according as they are fresh or dry, the fresh ones being the strongest; chop them fine; take one large or two small onions, chop them, and then pour boiling water over them to make them eat mild; mix the sage and onion with rather more than an equal quantity of fine bread-crumbs; season well with pepper and salt; put this inside the body of the goose; roast before a quick fire an hour or more, according to the size of the bird. In Ireland, geese are sometimes stuffed with potatoes, the whole body being filled with them either whole or mashed; but it absorbs so much of the gravy as to injure the richness of the bird. Apple-sauce and gravy are sent up with geese in separate tureens. *Green Geese* are roasted without any stuffing, being merely peppered on the inside. A lemon squeezed over a duck or a goose is a great improvement.

Sanders.—Mince beef or mutton small, with onion, pepper, and salt; add a little gravy, put it into scallop-shells or saucers, making them three parts full, and fill them up with potatoes mashed with a little cream; put a bit of butter on the top, and brown them in an oven, or before the fire, or with a salamander.

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Calves' Feet Fricasseed.—Boil the feet in water until the bones will come out, with an onion and a bunch of sweet herbs; take the bones out, and when the meat is cold stuff it nicely with a very fine *farce*, or forcemeat; make the pieces up into handsome shapes of an equal size; then take some of the stock in which the feet were boiled, removing the fat, and straining it when melted; make this into thick white sauce with cream and roux: warm up the calves' feet in it, and send it to table either plain or with a quantity of asparagus tops, previously boiled, and cut into small pieces. *Or:*—Boil tender two feet in a shallow pan, observing not to break them; throw them into cold water for an hour; divide, and lay them in a little weak veal broth, and simmer them half an hour, with a blade of mace and a bit of lemon-peel, which take out when you add half a teacupful of cream, and a bit of flour and butter.

Fried.—Take calves' feet which have been boiled until very tender, remove the bones, let them get cold, cut them into well-shaped pieces, season them with white pepper and salt, dip them into batter, fry them, and serve them up with a sharp sauce or garnish of pickles. Calves' feet may also be plainly boiled, and served with parsley and butter, or eaten cold with oil and vinegar.

To Roast a Ham.—Take a very fine ham (a Westphalia, if you can procure it), soak it in luke-warm water for a day or two, changing the water frequently. The day before you intend to cook it, take the ham out of the water, and, having removed the skin, trim it nicely, and pour over it a bottle of an inferior white wine; let it steep till next morning, frequently during the day washing the wine over it; put it in a cradle-spit in time to allow at least six hours for slowly roasting it; baste continually with hot water. When it is done, dredge it all over with fine bread-rasp-ings, shaken on through the top of the dredging-box, and set it before the fire to brown.

For Gravy.—Take the wine in which the ham was steeped, and add to it the essence or juice which flowed from the meat when taken from the spit; squeeze in the juice of two lemons, put it into a saucepan, and boil and skim it; send it to table in a boat. Cover the shank of the ham (which should have been sawed short) with bunches of double parsley, and ornament it with any garnish you may think proper.

Minced Beef with Cucumbers.—Take a rump-steak undressed, and with a sharp knife shred it very fine. Put it into a stewpan with a little clarified butter and some salt; stir it over a quick fire for a few minutes, then add half a pint of good beef gravy; let it boil gently till it becomes of a proper thickness. Cut two fine cucumbers in slices the thickness of a quarter of a dollar, and put them with an onion sliced in a stewpan with some clarified butter, a little vinegar, and a lump of sugar; fry them of a fine brown color; put them into a stewpan with some plain gravy; let it simmer gently till sufficiently done; then lay the mince in the dish, and pour the cucumbers over it; thicken the gravy with a little flour and butter; add the squeeze of a lemon just before serving.

To Dress a Leg of Mutton with Oysters.—Parboil some well-fed oysters, take off the beards and horny parts; put to them some parsley, minced onion, and sweet herbs, boiled and chopped fine, and the yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs. Mix all together, and cut five or six holes in the fleshy part of a leg of mutton, and put in the mixture; dress it in either of the following ways: Tie it up in a cloth, and let it boil gently two and a half or three hours, according to the size. *Or:*—Braise it, and serve with a pungent brown sauce.

Rose Jelly.—Make a clear apple jelly, color it with cochineal infused in double distilled rose-water, and just before the last boiling put in half a glass of the best double distilled rose-water.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Clean Wine Decanters.—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk-warm, into the decanters upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearl-ash; by well working this about the decanters, it will take off the crust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish. Where the decanters have been scratched, and the wine left to stand in them a long time, have a small cane with a bit of sponge tied tight at one end; by putting this into the decanter, any crust of the wine may be removed; when the decanters have been properly washed, let them be thoroughly dried, and turned down in a proper rack.

To Salt Butter.—Butter must be salted as fresh as possible, any delay being injurious. Having dried the salt in an oven, and pounded it fine, wash the butter, in several waters, till it no longer imparts a milky appearance to the water. Spread it out, and sprinkle over it the pounded salt, one ounce to every pound of butter; knead them well together, till the butter and salt are thoroughly incorporated. Press the butter into stone jars, perfectly sweet and dry, and let it stand seven or eight days, when it will be found to have separated from the sides of the pot. As this space admits the air, the butter would soon spoil if left in that state, and must, therefore, be further pressed till perfectly compact.

How to Destroy Snails and Slugs.—Salt and lime is a source of great annoyance to these intruders. A pinch of the former will very soon kill them, while a sprinkling of the latter, which they would not pass for a trifle, will keep them at a respectful distance. It is not an uncommon practice to sprinkle a little fresh lime over young crops, according to the old adage, "prevention is better than cure." It will, however, be necessary to repeat this operation two or three times a week, as, after it has been on the ground for a little time and become moist, it will lose all its properties, and the culprits would return and devour your plants with impunity.

Ginger Beer.—Take of ginger, bruised or sliced, an ounce and a half; cream of tartar, one ounce; loaf-sugar, one pound; one lemon sliced. Put them into a pan, and pour six quarts of boiling water upon them. When nearly cold, put in a little yeast, and stir it for about a minute. Let it stand till next day; then strain and bottle it. It is fit to drink in three days, but will not keep good longer than a fortnight. The corks should be tied down, and the bottles placed upright in a cool place.

To Make White Wax.—The white wax is nothing more than the yellow after it has passed through bleaching processes. This is done by allowing a thin stream of melted wax to flow into cold water, by means of which it gains a resemblance to thin wavy ribbons, which, being exposed to the joint action of water, air, and sunlight, gradually lose their yellow color, and, being remelted, at last assume the appearance of the bleached wax.

To Take the Stains out of Black Cloth.—Boil a large handful of fig-leaves in two quarts of water until reduced to a pint; squeeze the leaves quite dry, and put the liquor into a bottle for use. The article should be rubbed with a sponge dipped in the liquor. The word "poison" should be written on the bottle, to prevent accident.

Tooth Powder.—We know of no better than finely-powdered charcoal; it cleans the mouth mechanically and chemically. But as, alone, it is dusty, and not easily mixed with water, it may, for this purpose, be mixed with an equal weight of prepared chalk, and, if requisite, scented with a drop or two of oil of cloves.

Camphor Liniment.—The proportions for mixing a camphor liniment are one ounce of camphor dissolved in four ounces of olive oil. It is a safe and simple application.

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To Prevent Shoes from Creaking.—Rub a little olive oil well into the sole of the shoe, especially about the ball and middle of the sole. In boots intended for out-of-door wear it would be as well to avoid letting the oil get into the seams, as it might, by dissolving the wax on the thread, be the cause of leakage.

To Clean Carpets.—Take up the carpet; let it be well beaten; then laid down, and brush on both sides with a hand-brush; turn it the right side upward, and scour it with ox-gall and soap and water very clean, and dry it with linen cloths. Then lay it on grass, or hang it up to dry.

To Remove Smarting from Sunburn.—Pour boiling water over fresh sage, and bathe the parts with the tea.

VARIOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Make nice Diet Bread Cake.—Six pounds of flour, three and a half-pounds of butter, three and a half-pounds of sugar, three pints of milk, six eggs, four pounds of fruit, a half-pint of yeast, three gills of wine, four nutmegs, and one and a quarter ounce of mace citron. Stir the butter and sugar to a froth, boil the milk, and turn in the wine; put the curds and whey warm, but not hot, into the flour; then add the eggs and yeast, and only one-third of the beaten butter and sugar; let it rise until very light, and then add the remainder of the butter and sugar, and let it rise again; when light, put in the spices, fruit, etc.; bake it in a moderate oven till thoroughly done.

Elder Wine.—Pour a gallon of boiling water over every gallon of berries, let it stand twelve hours; then draw it off, and boil it up with three pounds and a half of sugar; when boiling, beat up some whites of eggs, and clarify it; skim it clear, then add half an ounce of pounded ginger to every gallon of the wine; boil it a little longer, before you put it in the tub; when cool, put in a toast rubbed in yeast; let it ferment a day or two, after which put it into a barrel previously rinsed with brandy. All wines should be luke-warm when the yeast is added to it.

Kidney Toast.—Take a cold veal kidney, with a part of the fat, cut it into very small pieces; pound the fat in a mortar with a little salt, white pepper, and an onion previously boiled. Bind all together with the beaten whites of eggs. Heap it upon toast, cover the whole with the yolks beaten, dredge with bread-crumbs, and bake in the oven.

Hog's Lard should be carefully melted in a jar put into a kettle of water and boiled: run it into bladders that have been extremely well cleaned. The smaller they are the better the lard keeps, as, after the air reaches it, it becomes rank. This being a most useful article for frying fish, it should be prepared with care. Mixed with butter, it makes fine crust for tarts.

Coloring, to Stain Jellies, Ices, etc.—For a beautiful *red*, boil fifteen grains of cochineal in the finest powder, with one and a half dram of cream of tartar, in a half-pint of water, very slowly for half an hour. Add in boiling a bit of alum the size of a pea. Or use beet-root sliced, and some liquor poured over.

Another.—Cochineal, one ounce, cream of tartar, two ounces, alum, quarter of an ounce. Boil the above in a pint of water until reduced one-third; then shake in one ounce of American ashes when off the fire; strain through a napkin, and bottle for use.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PURPLE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two fluted ruffles, headed by a band of silk braided with black. The body is very close, and is covered by a Spanish jacket of the same material as the dress, and together with the sleeves is also heavily braided with black. The pointed belt corresponds with the jacket. Bonnet of white crepe, trimmed with white ostrich plumes and black velvet.

FIG. II.—RIDING HABIT OF BLUE CASHMERE.—The skirt is three-eighths longer than an ordinary dress skirt. The body is made with a Hungarian basque. The sleeves are close to the wrist, but slashed about the middle of the arm, showing a white under-sleeve. Straw hat, trimmed with white and black plumes.

FIG. III.—POMPADOUR PELISSE, made of black silk. This garment consists of a flat shoulder piece to which the pelisse is sewed. On this piece are ruches of colored silk forming an almond. The ruche is braided with black. Another ruche, also of colored silk, borders the piece, the openings for the arms, and the edges of the pelisse. A braided design on the ruches. A deep lace forms a berthe. The two corners at bottom are braided.

FIG. IV.—LOUIS XV.—A silk pelisse trimmed with satined silk binding and guipure. This garment sits close in front and on the shoulders. It is fastened across the front with frogs. A plaiting of binding forms a scarf on the back, and in front a deep guipure accompanies it. This guipure is doubled on the back. On each side of the front there are a plaiting and a guipure which diverge a little as they descend. An opening for the arms is reserved under these plaitings.

FIG. V.—IRENE PALETOT.—The back of this paletot is only a deep basque, trimmed with a broad ruffle, and ornamented with a narrow lace put on in a Greek pattern. The front is cut in a sacque shape, and, with the sleeves, is trimmed to correspond with the back.

GENERAL REMARKS.—New varieties of color are being introduced daily, and one of the newest and prettiest for autumn wear is called, by the French, "*cuir*," on account of its resemblance to leather. A silk dress of this color is made with one very *deep* flounce, *not put on very full*, and this flounce is again trimmed with three narrow ones at the bottom, ornamented with black and white blonde alternately. The effect of the blonde on the pretty soft brown silk is exceedingly good. The body is pointed behind and before, and the sleeves are made very deep, lined with white, and ornamented with a quilling of ribbon.

Another dress, of black silk, which we have seen, was trimmed with three bands of a violet-color, placed at equal distances, and braided in a fretwork pattern with black. Violet braiding of the same kind was put on the black silk between the violet bands.

Also another dress, also of black silk, had a broad band of blue silk, decorated on each side with five or seven rows of black braid, and beyond the band were as many rows of blue braid. The body had lappels, and the sleeves had cuffs. Nearly all sleeves now are made something like those for men's coats, that is, they have elbows, whether open or close, and are bell-shaped at bottom.

BRAIDING is still in high favor. It is used on cloaks, dresses, and flounces. Light designs are best suited for this purpose, and those of the fret kind seem to be preferred. In some cases nothing more is done than putting numerous rows of braid one above the other as small velvets used to be formerly. A great many dresses and jackets made of white or buff quilting are braided with black. For juvenile costumes this style is very general.

TO DETERMINE WHAT STYLE OF SLEEVE is fashionable is really a difficult matter, as there are so many shapes now in vogue. For muslin dresses the simple bishop sleeve is very appropriate. The gigot sleeve still continues in favor, made in one piece, and trimmed up the elbow with a quilling. Closed sleeves, slashed in a pointed shape at the bottom, allowing the white sleeve to be pulled through, are very pretty for young ladies' light silk dresses; and for rich *robes*, such as moire antique or watered silk, the deep,

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hanging sleeve is certainly the most graceful and the most suitable shape to select. The sleeves *tight* to the elbow are now exploded, because there is no longer novelty in them. The demi-closed sleeves are likely to enjoy a degree of favor for some time, as they are suitable for almost any material; they are being made with a *seam at the elbow*, which gives a certain amount of style and shape to the garment.

We may here observe, that points are beginning to re-assert their sway, and that cointures and buckles have lost a little of the favor they enjoyed a short time ago.

A pretty new article of the Toilet consists of a broad band of white guipure lined with blue ribbon, which encircles the throat, and is then crossed in front; and after passing under the arms, the ends are linked together at the back of the waist. This is called the "Ceinture Diane," and it may be worn with any dress, or it may be made either of black or white guipure, and lined with any color. It has a very pretty effect.

The French ladies delight in inventing new combinations of color in their dress. The one that is now prevailing in Paris would, we think, never have been imagined by American ingenuity, being the union of dark blue with grass green. Allowing all due time for the traveling of the fashions, we shall expect by-and-by to see this curious mixture of colors in our store windows and on the streets.

In Embroideries we have observed several capes, fichus, pelerines, and under-sleeves of various kinds. Some of the new under-sleeves are shaped to the elbow, and slit up at the lower end. The opening made by the slit (which is on the outer part of the arm) is filled up by a puffing, enclosed on each side by a very narrow plaiting, with a heading of batiste. Sleeves of tarletane have been prepared for short-sleeved dresses, destined to be worn in the evening. They consist of three drooping puffs, separated one from another by a row of velvet, the velvet sitting closely to the arm. These sleeves are finished at the ends by frills of rich white lace.

The large Empress Collars (or capes we might almost call them) are appearing again, and, for stout figures, are very suitable and becoming. In this matter we appear to have gone from one extreme of fashion to the other, as the very tiny collars have been so much worn. Young ladies, however, will not give up the latter style very readily, as they are so much more appropriate for them than the huge collars reaching down to the shoulders.

We must not omit mentioning the tiny stand-up collars and cravats that are being worn with the short paletots or yachting jackets. They are being ornamented with beads and narrow lace, and are frequently made with gauntlets to match, mounted on stiff card-board. These gauntlets are very comfortable wear out-of-doors, as they lie close to the glove, and protect the wrist from the sun. They have, besides, another advantage, of not getting tumbled underneath a shawl or cloak, which white lace or muslin cuffs are so liable to do.

For Straw Bonnets, black ribbon continues to be very much used in combination with bright colors. In this particular the pertinacity of Fashion is remarkable. With regard to the shape of bonnets, we may safely predict that the projecting peak in front is not likely to continue much longer in favor. The Empress Eugenie, who is universally admitted to be the best-dressed woman in France, never allows herself to be betrayed into absurd exaggerations of fashion. A short time ago, when taking a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, her majesty wore a simple bonnet of white tulle, unadorned either by feathers or flowers. A few puffings of tulle, mixed with white ribbon, constituted the whole trimming But what was most of all remarkable, this bonnet had no point, and the front was very slightly raised. Again, at the *fete* of Trienou, the Empress, as well as the ladies in attendance, were dressed with exquisite taste, but with a strict avoidance of any of that exaggeration which so frequently mars the effect of the fashionable costume of the day. Black ribbon, as we have above stated, is much employed in trimming ordinary straw bonnets. For those of crin or any superior material, black lace is intermingled with the ribbon. This intermixture of black with colors is almost universal. It is also lavishly employed in trimming silk dresses, and it is always effective if tastefully arranged.

Straw Bonnets are also a good deal trimmed with flowers, and sometimes with a small tuft of curled feathers. A bonnet of white straw just received from Paris is ornamented with a blue feather, a bouquet of blue daisies and black lace. Another Parisian bonnet, composed of black and white crin, is trimmed with yellow roses and clusters of black grapes.

A Revolution in Shoes has just taken place in Paris. These articles have been so scrupulously plain of late years, that it will take some time to reconcile ourselves to the change, which as yet has not become very general. Shoes and boots of bronzed leather and lasting are recovering the vogue they formerly enjoyed, and, for in-doors, shoes of red, green, and violet morocco are worn. These shoes are accompanied by spotted stockings of the same color as the morocco, and satin or silk shoes by stockings with embroidered clocks.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—A little Girl of four or five, in a Blue Poplin Frock decorated with braid. The body is plain with a plait on each side; the back is cut with side-pieces. A bertha pointed both before and behind ornaments the body. The white puffed sleeve is surmounted by a pointed jockey. The skirt laps over from right to left under the bow of the sash. The small ruches on the body and skirt are made of silk ribbon.

Fig. II.—Child of three Years Old.—Frock of English quilting, embroidered with black worsted in *English stitch*. This embroidery presents pointed tabs on the body, an insertion at the neck, a fret ornament on the skirt, and insertions on the pockets and sleeves. These embroideries are enclosed between rows of black braid.

Fig. III.—A Boy of nine or ten.—A sailor's straw hat, an over-coat of light cassimere with embroideries and black braid.

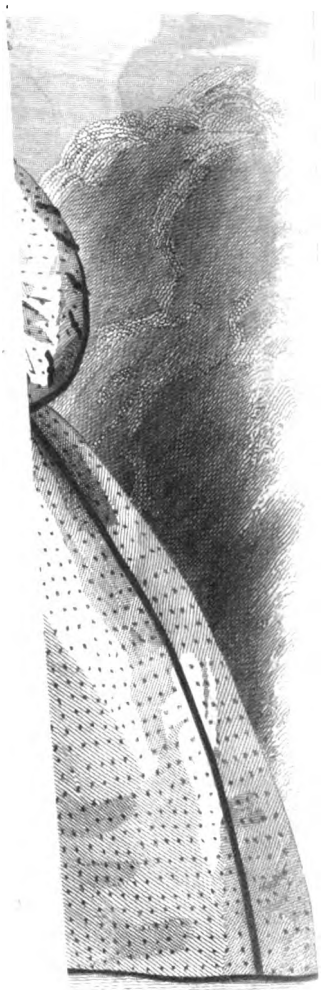
General Remarks.—No material change has of late occurred in children's fashions. For little boys under the age of six or seven, a loose jacket and trousers of the same material are in favor. They are most frequently composed of a light kind of cloth, gray being the fashionable hue. The sleeves of the jacket are rather tight, open at the lower part, and the ends rounded. Both jacket and trousers are elegantly trimmed with grelot buttons. The dresses of little girls are made pretty much in the same way as those of their mammas. The corsages are frequently cut square, and a few will be made full, especially if the dress consists of some light material. These little dresses are ornamented with narrow fluted quillings, ruches, or plain bands of silk, etc., passing round the skirt. The same trimming is very generally employed for mohair dresses. A dress just completed for a little girl of eight years of age is composed of white and brown mohair. On the lower part of the skirt are five rows of silk of graduated widths, of the same tint of brown as that on the dress. The corsage, low and square, is trimmed on each side, both in front and behind, with narrow rows of brown silk. The sleeves consist merely of an epaulet, falling over short under-sleeves of white muslin, bordered with Valenciennes; these under-sleeves are fixed to a chemisette worn under the corsage.

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CHILDREN NUT GATHERING.

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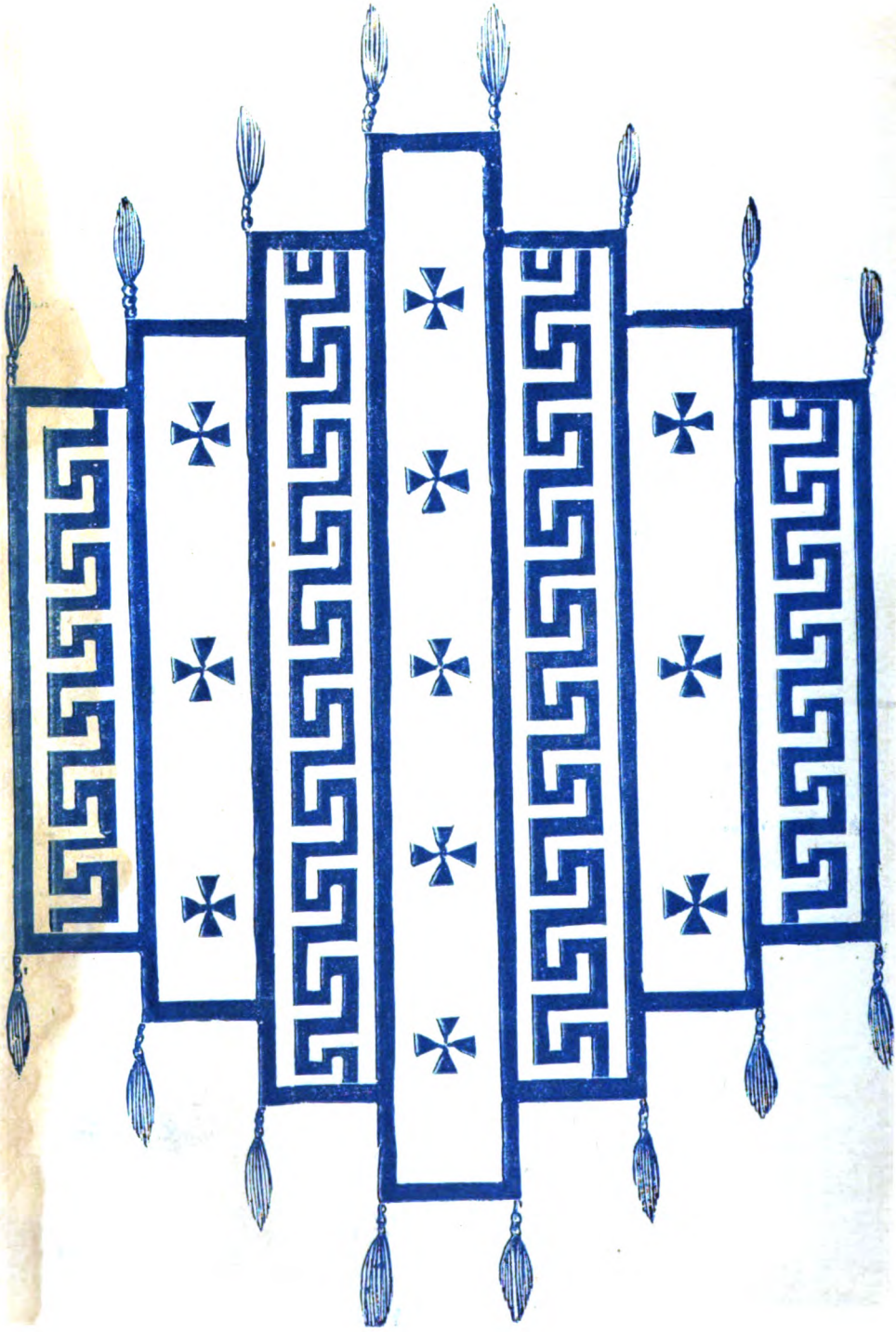
LES MODES PARISIENNES.

OCTOBER.

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TIDY, IN CROCHET.

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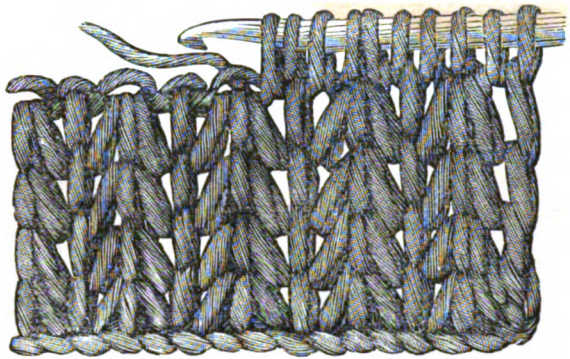


THE VILLAGE GREEN AT NIGHT.

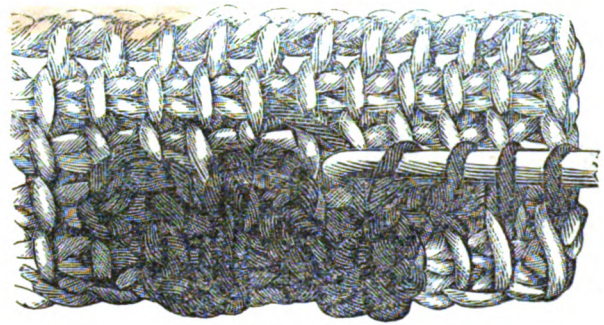
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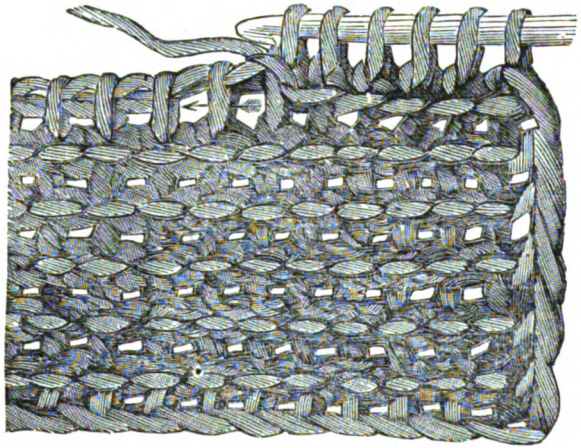
NEW STITCHES IN CROCHET.



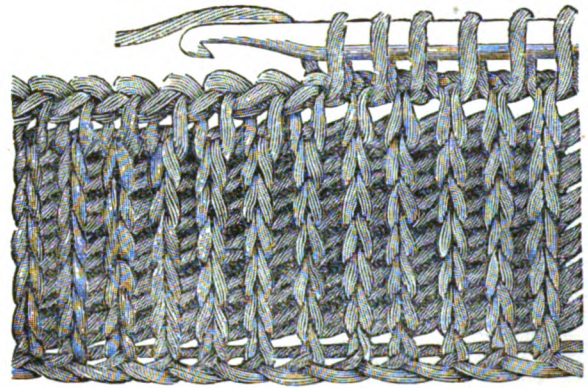
DOUBLE GOBELIN STITCH.



FUR STITCH.



WAVE STITCH.



SIMPLE RIB OR FOUNDATION STITCH.

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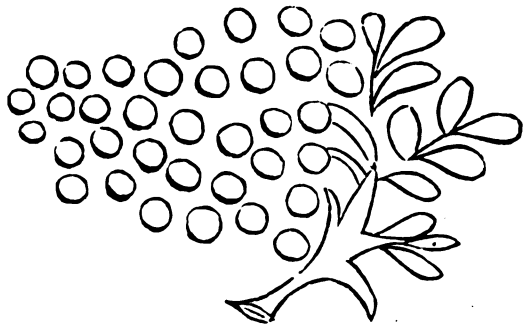


NAME FOR MARKING.



THE INDIANA.

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SPRIG FOR FLANNEL.

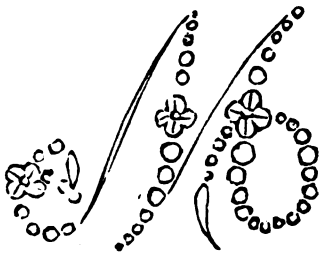


THE ILLINOIS.

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SHIRT FRONT.



LETTER FOR MARKING.



THE VERMONT.

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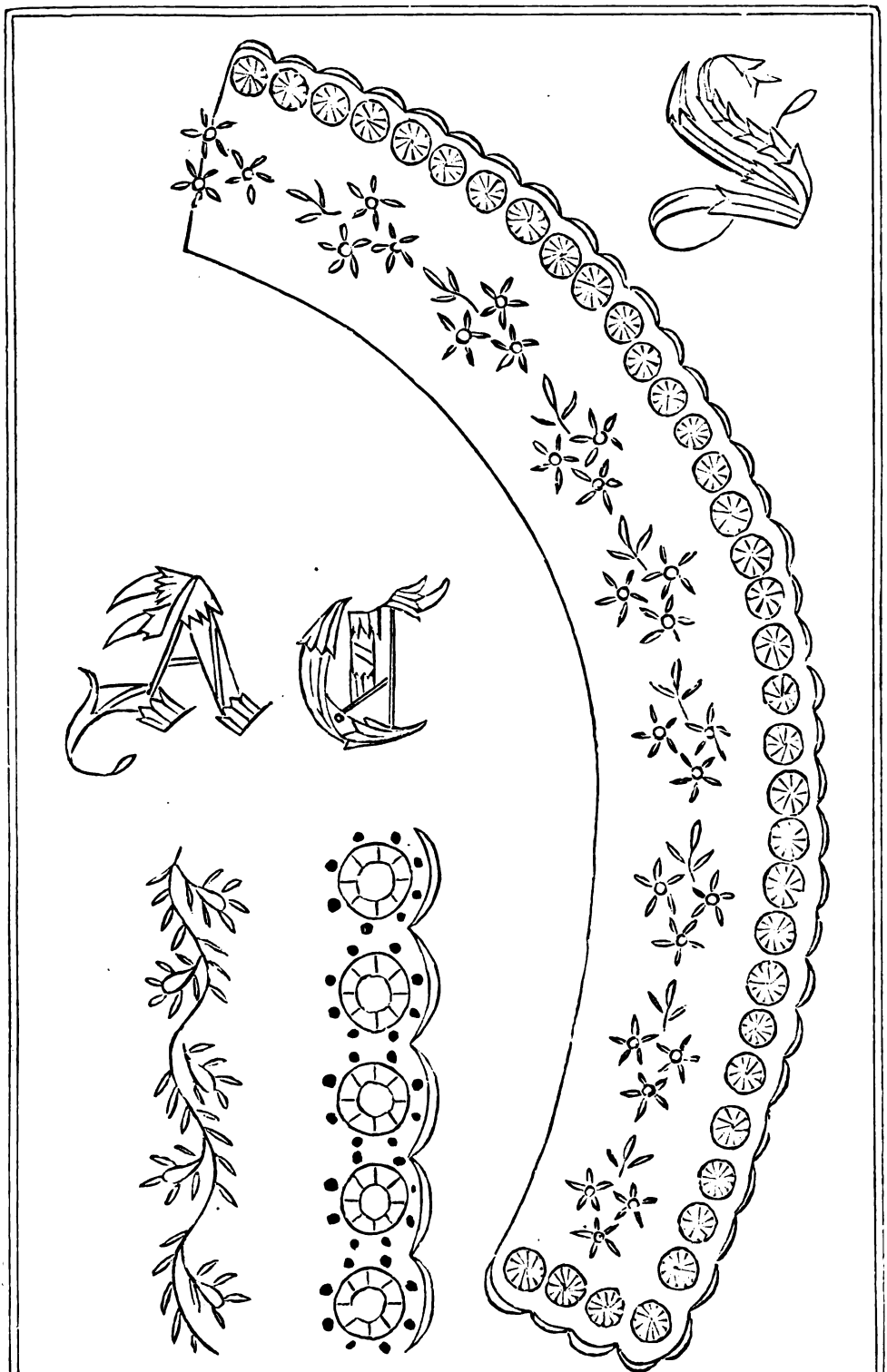


LETTER FOR MARKING.



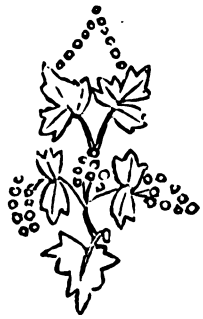
THE KENTUCKY-

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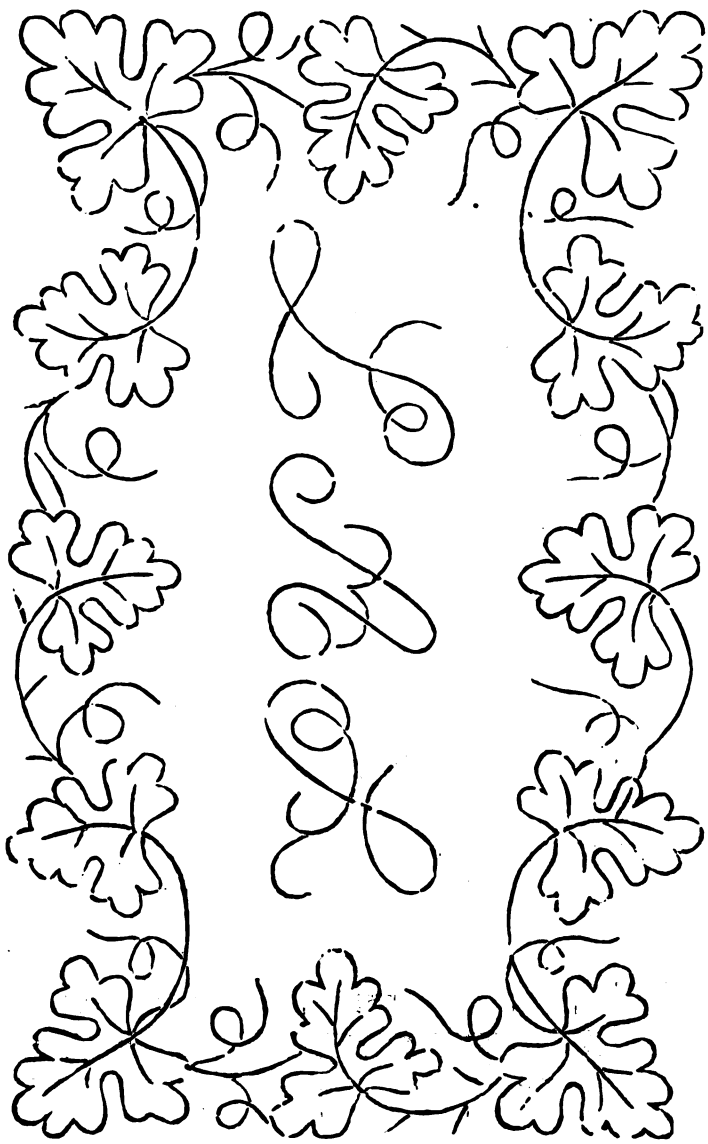
COLLAR; EDGING; AND INSERTING; AND INITIALS.

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SHIRT FRONTS.



DESIGN FOR HANDKERCHIEF CASE.
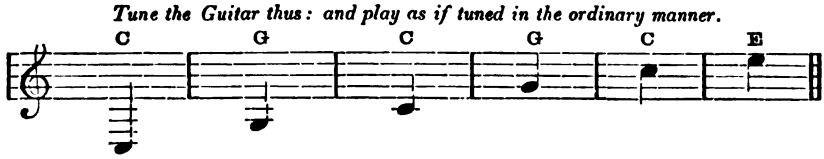
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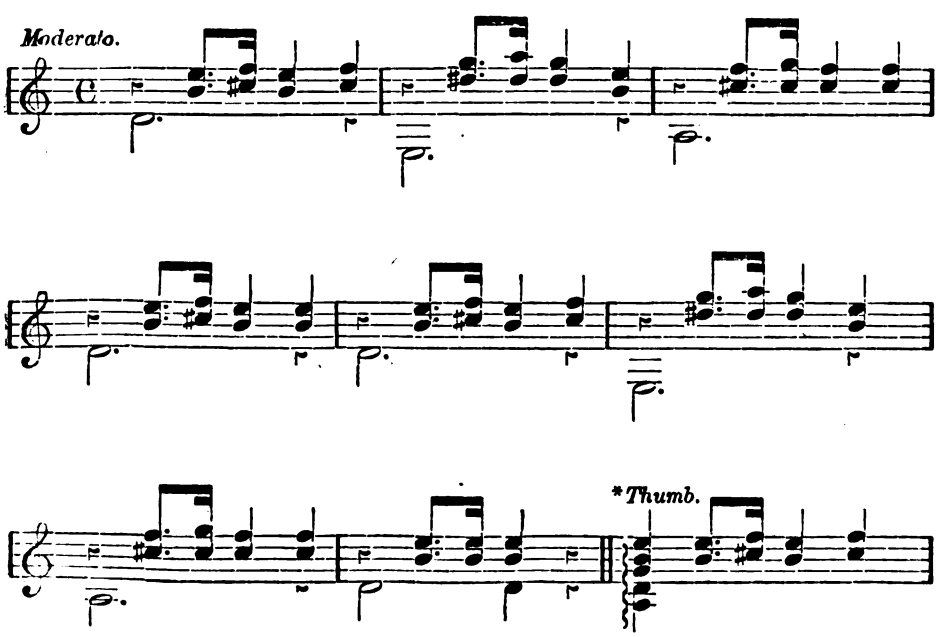
Spanish Grand March.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY SEP. WINNER.
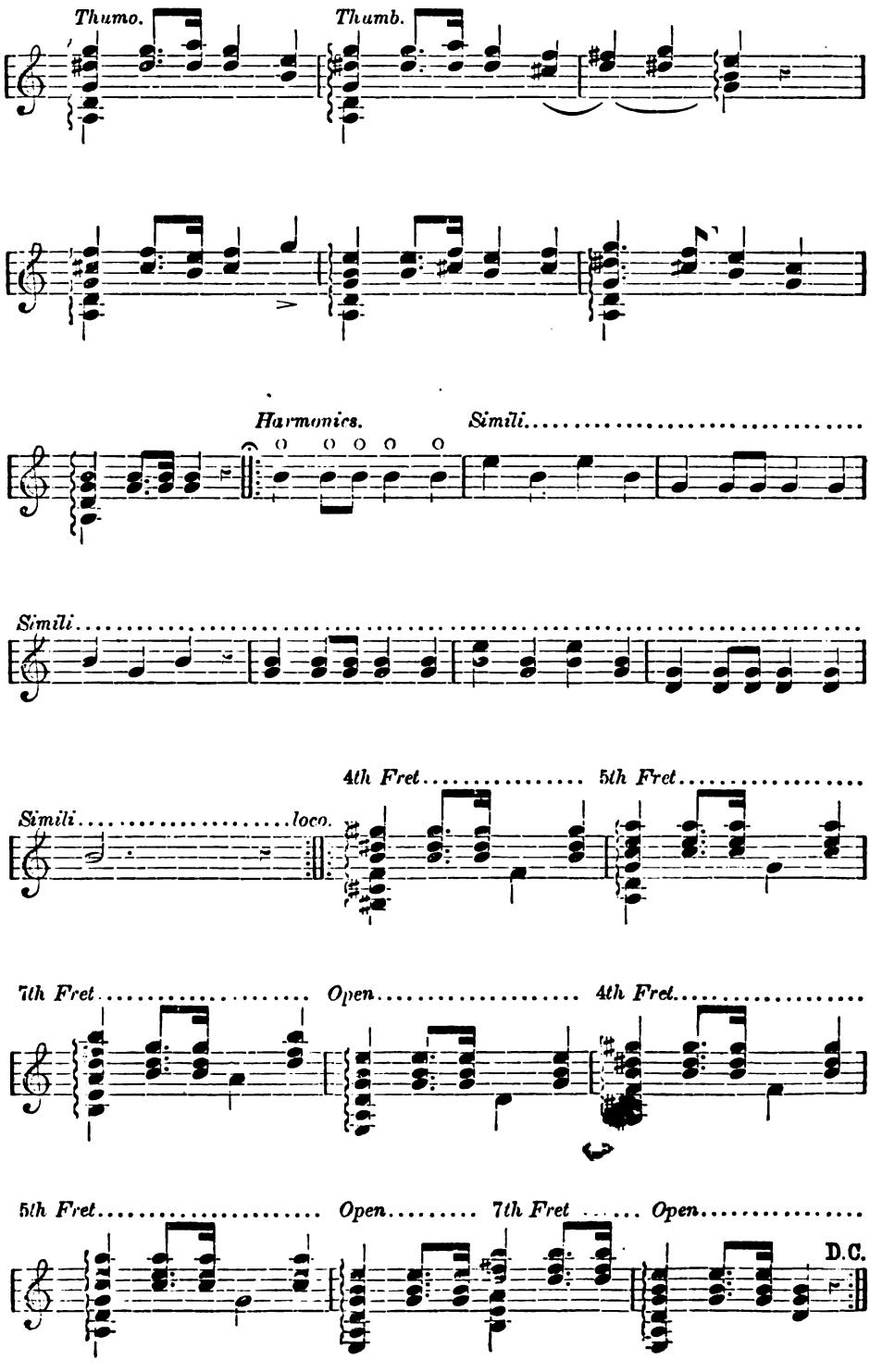
Tune the Guitar thus: and play as if tuned in the ordinary manner.



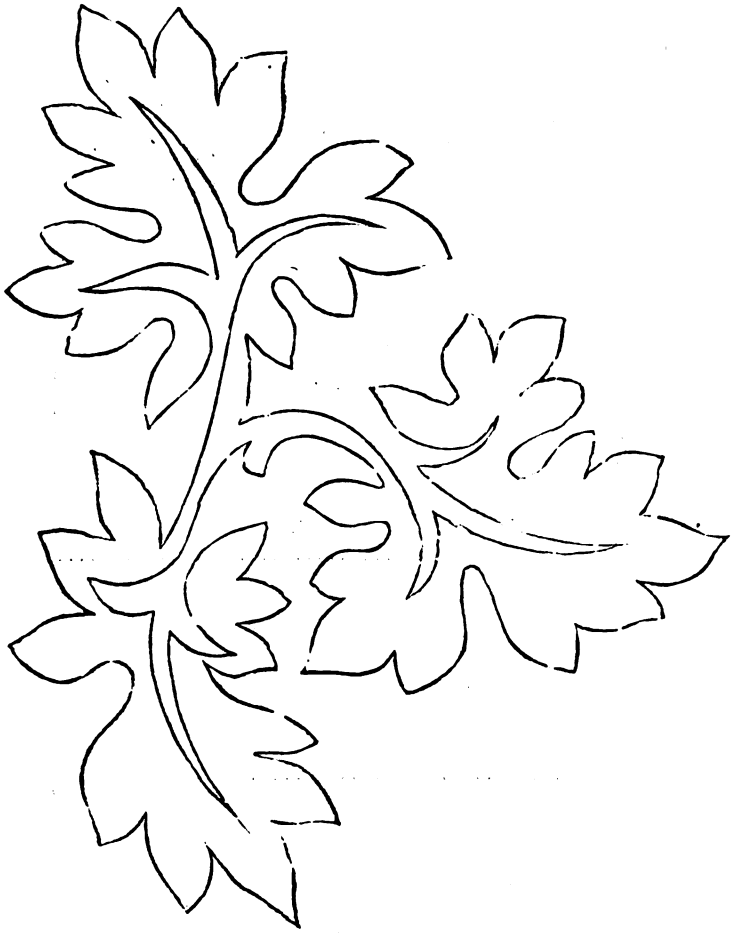


* Sweep the Thumb across the strings.

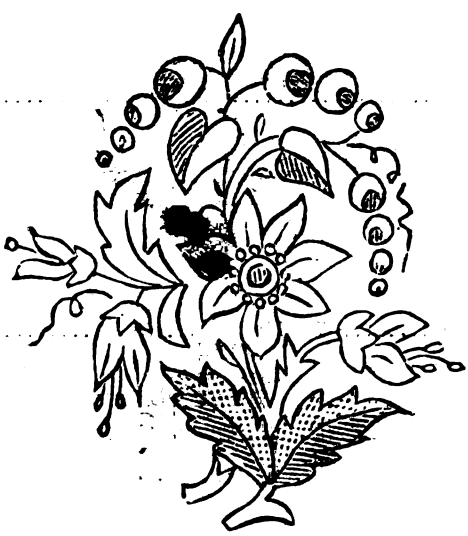
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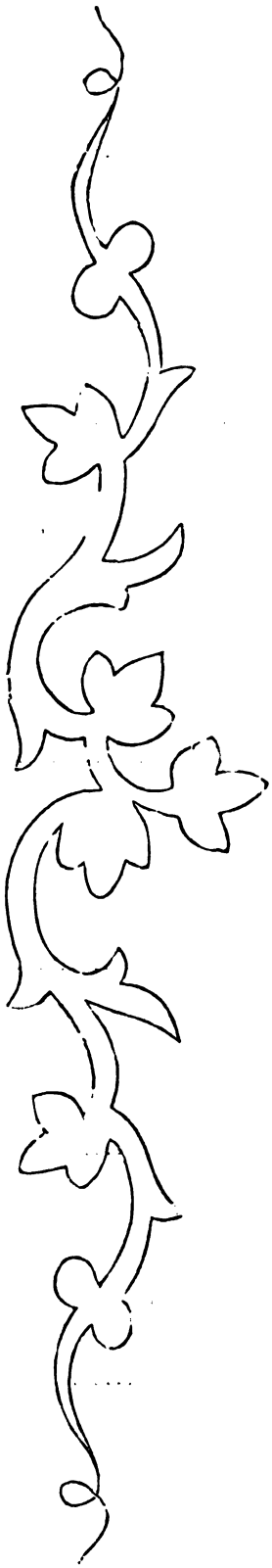
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BRAIDED SLIPPER: TOE.



EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDED SLIPPER: SIDE AND BACK.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1862. No. 4.

THAT HIDEOUS MAN.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

CHAPTER I.

"You know it is your father's wish, Luly."

"Only a wish, auntie, not a command, and I think it is cruel for you to try to force me to marry that hideous man!"

"He has been very ill, dear, and of course—he—that is——"

"You can't make an Adonis of him, auntie; so don't try. And if you could, he would not be much improved in my estimation. Such an uncouth mortal never crossed my path! If I speak to him, he colors to the hue of a boiled lobster, and fidgets his hands and feet as if he was afraid I wanted to run away with them; and his 'yes ma'am' and 'no ma'am' are as broad and constrained as if I were his grandmother."

"And yet your uncle says he is very accomplished."

"Oh, auntie!"

"Quite true, my dear. You must take into consideration his disadvantages. His mother, one of the loveliest women whom I ever knew, died when Lionel was but five years old; and his father, inconsolable, shut himself up in that out-of-the-way country place of his and never went into society again. Lionel's education has been his whole care, and, a profound scholar himself, he has probably spared no pains to make his son his equal. Still the entirely recluse life was calculated to make the boy shy and nervous, and the long, severe illness which followed his father's death accounts for his pallid face."

"I hope his trip to France will restore his health," said Luly, rather coldly.

"And you?"

"I cannot go with him," cried the young girl, passionately. "My father's will only requests us to look upon each other as the children of such life-long friends as he and Mr. Carleton should do. He hopes we may love each other well enough to marry happily; otherwise he does not even desire our union. I do not love him, and I cannot flatter myself with the idea that he even admires me, so we had best part as good friends, but no more."

At that instant the subject of the conversation entered the room. A few commonplace remarks passed between him and Mrs. Raymond, and then she pleaded some household engagement and left the room. The lovers, per contract, sat in silence for some moments, and a greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than the two presented.

Luly Hazleton was a blonde of the most exquisite type. Of medium size, her form was graceful and symmetrical, and her fair curls and large blue eyes suited the Grecian profile and fair, delicately-tinted complexion. An expression of animation and high intellect saved her face from insipidity; and as she bent now over her sewing, the rich color mantling her cheeks proved her embarrassment. She was but seventeen, and not at her ease with the lover whom she intended to discard.

And Lionel Carleton, raising his dark eyes from the floor, saw in the large mirror this perfect form and face, and his own figure. He was very tall, and his height was exaggerated by the attenuation of long illness. The large features, which would have been manly and handsome in health, were actually monstrous in the thin, sallow face; and his dark eyes looked hollow and unnatural with the black rims which suffering had [illegible]ed round them. They were weak, too, and the pink tinge of the lids, and a certain straining look did not improve their beauty. A close-fitting black skull-cap, which concealed the loss of hair sacrificed in his illness, added to the grotesque and gaunt appearance of the young man. He smiled sadly, as he studied the group in the mirror; and then with the nervous tremor of his voice, and fluttering

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of the fingers which betokened his bashfulness, he said, in a low tone,

"Miss Hazleton, I have come to you, at your uncle's request, to tell you that I leave to-morrow, to ask you if I may take with me the hope that the engagement which your father made with mine will be fulfilled when I return?"

He tried to speak calmly; yet, had Louisa studied his face, she could have read in every line the longing hope, the deep love which made his voice tremble and blanched his sallow cheek.

"I regret," she said, quietly, yet not raising her eyes, "that we were so strangely bound to each other before we were old enough to know what the contract imposed. You feel yourself obliged——"

"You mistake," he said, eagerly; "there was no obligation on either side. I—I——"

She had raised her eyes to his face questioningly, and, while he colored deeply, he stammered and let his voice die away in silence.

Something in the look he gave her, in the attitude he took, told the woman's heart his love. This lonely boy in his orphanhood suddenly brought, for the first time, into familiar intercourse with a beautiful girl, loved her with the passionate ardor of first love, intensified by his previous life. Touched with a feeling of pity, Luly arose and came to his side,

"We are both very young, Mr. Carleton, and it is better that we should be free for some years at least. I will speak frankly. I do not love you!" The ghastly whiteness of his face almost frightened her, but she was acting a noble, true part, and she continued, "I will not trifle with you; and when you have met others with more power to win your love than I possess, you will thank me for it. Let us part as good friends, and, believe me, you will carry my most earnest wishes for your speedy recovery and happiness."

"Stay—one moment," he gasped, catching her hand; "you love no one else?"

"No one! I have just left school; I scarcely know what love means," she said, blushing.

"Then," he said, earnestly, "will you let the engagement stand as it is for one year? I shall then return, and, trust me, if you still feel as you do now, no word of mine shall again urge you to alter your decision. We are, as you say, young, and two weeks is but a short time to make a decision which affects a whole life time. Let me write to you, as a friend only if you desire it, and perhaps in a year——"

He raised his eyes again with a pleading, almost childlike look, which moved her deeply. His love conquered his shy manner, and the hope of his whole heart was mirrored in his large dark eyes.

"Be it so," she said, gently. "I will answer your letters, and in a year we shall meet again. Only," she said, earnestly, "if my heart remains untouched, you must acquit me of any charge of coquetry."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"Believe me," he said, "no thought that is not born of love and respect can ever cross my mind regarding you," and rising, he left her alone.

CHAPTER II.

"And pray, uncle William, who is this irresistible Adonis? I quite long to meet him."

"Your desire will be granted then, for I have invited him to pass some weeks at Milton, and he has accepted my invitation. He will be here to-day or to-morrow. Take care of your heart, or poor Lionel will soon have cause to be jealous."

"Mr. Carleton has no right to be jealous," said Louisa Hazleton, quickly; "nor is my heart as susceptible as you insinuate. By the-way, it is now eighteen months since Lionel went abroad; and it is several weeks since he has written. Can he be coming home?"

"Not at all unlikely. He writes well, Luly!"

"Well! He writes the most charming letters I ever read. No published account of a European trip that I have ever read compares with his letters for interest, wit, or grace. His familiarity with the modern languages gives him an insight into the manners of each country; while his ready pen, his keen observation, and alternations of gravity and wit, make his letters perfect models of composition, interesting narrative, and graceful address."

"Well done, Lou!" cried her uncle, laughing.

She blushed a little, and then said,

"If he was not such a fright!"

"Well, you can't make that charge against the guest I expect to-morrow. He is one of the handsomest men I ever have seen. I am not very expert at portrait painting, Lou, but I can give you some idea of him. He is tall, with broad shoulders, full chest, and an erect, manly carriage. A symmetrical Hercules. His features are regular, and he has the most expressive dark eyes. His hair is very dark, almost black, and curls in thick, strong little curls all over his head, and his mouth and teeth are faultless. His smile is the most winning I ever saw."

"Mr. Murray, sir," said a servant, entering the drawing-room.

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"Ah! Show him in, James. He hoped to get here to-day, but was afraid he would be detained until to-morrow," he added, turning to Mrs. Raymond.

"We are glad to welcome him at any time," said that lady, smiling, and rising at the same moment to meet the stranger as he entered.

Louisa acknowledged that her uncle had not overdrawn the portrait, as she raised her eyes to return his graceful, courteous greeting.

"Well might uncle William warn me to guard my heart!" she said to herself, as the afternoon wore on. "I never saw such fascinating manners."

"Now, Luly, some music," said her uncle, as they returned to the drawing-room after tea.

"But, uncle——"

"Oh! Mr. Murray is a musician himself; so open the piano!"

"Permit me," said the gentleman, taking Louisa's place at the heavy lid of the grand piano.

"And now that it is open," she said, gayly, "let me hear you prove my uncle's assertion."

"Willingly! This is just the light for the dreamy German music which I prefer above all others. Have you ever heard this, Miss Hazleton?" and he began to play a waltz which exactly answered his description.

Louisa listened to it with crimson cheeks, for the air was one which she herself had often played for Lionel, and which he had always asked for, when the choice of the music lay with him.

Mr. Murray had not been many days at Milton, when Louisa perceived that the young gentleman was making love to her. There was not the slightest doubt about it. Every hour was filled with the thousand attentions which a lover offers to the fair lady whose heart he hopes to win; and the delicacy of his manner, his grace, and courtesy, and the mixture of devoted respect with manly protection, made every hour in his presence delightful; and Louisa whispered to herself, that, if her conjectures were true, and he loved her, he should be no despairing swain. She sighed sometimes when Lionel's letters came under her notice; but one thought of his face and manner brought the contrasting Mr. Murray, and she was glad, the year being over without his return, to feel that she was free.

They were in the library one morning, Mr. Murray reading aloud, while Louisa and her aunt were sewing, when Mr. Raymond came in.

"Luly, I have a letter here which I want copied, and I am very busy. Will you do it for me?"

"If I can be useful," said Mr. Murray, "pray command me."

"Thank you, my dear fellow. Louey, get Mr. Murray some paper."

She lingered a moment near him, as he commenced his task, and, as he wrote, she followed the motion of his hand as if fascinated. Her uncle and aunt both left the room; still he wrote and she watched him. The letter was a short one, and, as he wrote the last word, he pushed away the paper, and for the first time looked up.

"Miss Hazleton! I thought you went out with Mr. Raymond. You—I——"

She was looking at him earnestly, and he colored, hesitated, and finally stopped speaking. After a moment of silence, he raised his eyes again with a mute, imploring expression.

"I thought the handwriting was familiar," she said; "and now your eyes betray you. Yet you are much altered, Lionel!"

"Only inasmuch as I have regained my health and become more accustomed to society. Believe me, Louisa, my heart is unchanged, true always to you. You have discovered me. Your uncle and aunt knew who was their guest before he landed, and gave their consent to his trying to win his wife, unprejudiced by her old indifference or dislike. Louey, you know, you have long known, my love. Can you now give me, what you once refused, a word of hope?"

There, reader, you and I will leave, only reentering with Mrs. Raymond, an hour later, to find Louey, all smiles and blushes, the promised wife of THAT HIDEOUS MAN!

A SONNET.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

The snows were gone, and Spring had come again,
The ground was covered with a freshening sod;
May flowers bloomed along the sunny glen,
And there the sparrow hymned her prayers to God.
Then came the blossoms, redolent and bright,
Clustering their delicate pledges on the spray,
Till leaf by leaf, through day and tranquil night,
They dropped and perished on the breast of May!
Perished! for they were born alone to die,
And dying to replace the blight with bloom,
As souls we love grow radiant in the sky
When their pale clay glides softly to the tomb;
Like one who, when the blossoms on the turf decayed,
Closed her sweet being for a life in joy arrayed!

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ONE SHEAF FROM STEPHEN WEST'S HARVEST.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

I.

Grace Worden, aged twenty, pretty and winning as every Grace should be, went, the summer after her school life ended, to spend a couple of months with a childless uncle and aunt, who lived in a little village by the sea-side. Next door to Mr. Worden was the home of an old college friend, Hamilton, or more frequently Milton West. Mrs. West and Mrs. Worden were as inseparable as their liege lords, so little was done in one family without the knowledge and consent of the other. A brother of Mr. West, some twenty years his junior, was visiting in Uptonleigh when Grace arrived. He was a well-formed, well-looking man of twenty-eight or thirty, agreeable enough in conversation and manners, but in no respect overpowering.

Stephen West had heard Grace Worden's praises rung in his ears until he was tired of the name; nevertheless, immediately upon her appearance, he commenced a series of the most assiduous attentions. Grace rather liked him. At first he neither repelled nor attracted her very decidedly, but every day gained him something of her regard. In the face of a devotion so delicate yet earnest, any other result would have been unnatural.

They were together every day. In the morning riding or walking, in the evening reading, or perhaps with books thrown aside they talked, finding in conversation a keener, and to Grace, at least, a more dangerous pleasure.

Mrs. Worden and Mrs. West looked on complacently. Grace and Stephen were favorites with both ladies, and a union between them a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

So a couple of weeks went by, and unconsciously Grace was beginning to dream of Stephen West. She had learned to watch for his coming; his absence was marked by a sense of loneliness; his words were remembered and dwelt upon with strange pleasure. It was nothing very serious as yet; how soon it would be was another question.

One morning her uncle Worden brought her a letter. No one thought of associating with it the headache, which confined her to her room all day, nor her unusually quiet demeanor for a day or two subsequent, yet both might have been traced directly to its influence.

"You mention Stephen West," so wrote Charlotte Haskins, "little thinking, I suppose, that the name or its owner is known to me. I wish you had spoken more explicitly, for I do not half like your being thrown into his society. I know how it will be. Aunt Worden and sister West will put their heads together and decide that you and Stephen were made for each other. They will praise him to you and you to him in the endeavor to make each believe the other as near perfection as mortals usually come. Don't you believe them, Gracie. Stephen West is a vain, selfish man; heartless, I was on the point of calling him, but he is not quite that. At best, however, his love for any other is but the reflection of his self-love. To gratify that, he would sacrifice the most devoted affection. Do you doubt it? Let me tell you a thing or two concerning him. You have heard me mention a very dear friend, Margaret Lake that was, Mrs. Wayne that is now. Five years ago she was a young girl, beautiful, intellectual, and blest, so she conceived, above the ordinary lot of women, for she was betrothed to Stephen West. She was taken ill with erysipelas, which brought her to death's door, and when at last she recovered, the disease had somewhat disfigured her face. It marred without destroying her beauty. What did Stephen West? He broke his engagement with her, and in less than a month was deep in a flirtation with a little, black-eyed coquette, no more to be compared to Margaret Lake than a rush-light to the moon. Since then he can count his flirtations by the score. There is no excuse for him. His trifling is not even thoughtless. He is deliberately a flirt."

As I have intimated, this letter cost Grace a headache and low spirits for a day or two; but by the third she was ready for a ride in the morning with Mr. West, and in the evening she walked with him upon the beach, after which they read Tennyson; rather he read—Mr. West was a fine reader—and she listened.

Nevertheless, from this time Stephen West dated a change in Miss Worden's manner. No one else saw it; he could not explain in what it consisted, could not grapple with it. When he sought to do so, he found nothing, yet the change was there. The knowledge piqued him,

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and he redoubled his assiduities. Without success, however. She repelled his efforts at love making with a calm self-possession, which left him in doubt how far he was understood. Stephen West was perplexed. He remained away from Mr. Worden's three whole days, and each morning Grace saw him ride past, accompanied by a young lady whom she had met several times in the village. When he came back Grace received him as impassively as ever. Evidently it was nothing to her whether he went or stayed.

One warm evening in August they strolled out on the beach, walking idly along, laughing, jesting, tossing pebbles into the water, and turning once and again to watch the sunset clouds. Purple and gold faded at last from the western sky, and Grace's spirits, which had been at their highest, seemed suddenly to ebb away. She was to leave in the morning.

"The sunshine has all gone," Stephen West said, breaking a full five minutes' silence, "and," dropping his voice to a low key, almost a whisper, "I feel to-night that the sunshine is leaving my heart, too. I cannot tell you what these past two months have been to me. I did not dream, when I came in May, that the summer would bring me such happiness as I have found in your society. Grace," he added, "let me feel that you will think with pleasure of the hours we have passed together—that you will not quite forget me. Look up, Grace, and let me see it in your face."

Miss Worden's hat had effectually shaded her countenance from his gaze; but she lifted her eyes now brimful of merriment. Something in Stephen West's glance, deliberately sentimental that it was, overcame her self-control, and a burst of laughter, clear and ringing, broke on his astonished ears. Mr. West looked injured.

"I don't see anything very amusing," he said, rather sullenly, when Grace's merriment had partially subsided.

"Don't you?" she asked, mockingly, and laughed again until, if I must confess it, Stephen West was provoked enough to have given her a sound shaking.

"Pray excuse me," she said, when she found her breath. "You would make an excellent actor; but, after all, the sentimental is not your style; and, besides, I was quite unprepared for that affecting valedictory. Now forgive me, won't you? and tell me what I should reply. Had you given me notice what was coming, I could have written something neat and appropriate by way of answer."

Stephen West bit his lip angrily. What could the man say in answer to her ridicule? Yet it made him only the more determined that she should believe him. "I wish it were all a jest!" he said, mournfully; "you can go away and forget all the hours which have been so pleasant to me, while I——"

"Go on," interrupted Grace, "you improve."

Stephen West was thoroughly exasperated. "I had not expected this ridicule from you, Miss Worden. Has all our intercourse gained me none of your regard?"

"Why should it? We both wanted pleasure, and tried to find it. If we sought it for awhile together, it was for self's sake, and what more can you ask?"

"Much more. I want you to think of me as a friend—to have faith in me," he answered, warmed into earnestness by her indifference.

"I shall when you prove that the tide at its highest will not ebb."

"Heartless!"

Grace turned upon him with flashing eyes. "It is well for me if I *am* heartless," she retorted. "Two months of such intimate companionship as these have been would prove dangerous unless the parties met on equal terms. Mr. West," she continued, "you have been making love to me ever since I came here, not because you care the snap of your finger for me, but as other idlers hunt and fish—for sport. Few girls would not have been deceived by your attentions. God's mercy, not my discernment, saved *me*. Do you think such trifling is nothing? Never mind, the day will come when you will rue it." She had spoken vehemently, her face showing how deeply she felt. "Come," she added, by a powerful effort resuming her usual manner, "I must go in; the dew is falling."

They walked the few steps in silence. At the gate Grace stopped. "I shall not ask you to come in," she said, "for I am in no mood to make the time pleasant for you. I spoke plainly just now, and you will like me none the better for it; but if what I said was severe, it was the truth, and you brought it on yourself. Not a word," seeing him about to speak, "denials will be useless, and excuses additional insults."

Stephen West went home in a maze. Young ladies were not accustomed to talk to him in the style Grace Worden had used. He had experienced a new sensation, and if it was not altogether pleasurable, he had only himself to thank. His wounded vanity, however, was not sufficient to blind him to the memory, that Grace Worden had never looked so pretty as when giving him that spirited lecture, and had she

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but known it she had never so nearly touched his heart.

II.

Two years later.

"Ashby Station! Change cars for the East," shouted the conductor of an express train about the middle of a pleasant June afternoon. "What, sir?" bending his ear to an old gentleman who had attracted his attention. "Yes, you leave the train here for North Hanna. It is nine miles across the country; but you will find a stage in waiting at the other side of the depot."

Just at that moment the train came to a full stop, and the old gentleman rising went out of the car, followed by a lady closely veiled. They found the stage waiting as the conductor had said, and, after assisting the lady to a seat in it, and attending to various articles of luggage, all evidently appropriated to feminine belongings, the old gentleman bade her a hurried good-by, and went back to his place on the cars.

The stage had but one other occupant, a gentleman, who watched these proceedings rather critically, and looked at the close veil as if he desired to extend his observations. The lady saw nothing of this. Her eyes were fixed upon the empty space beyond the depot, and when the train came in sight, she bent forward drawing her veil aside. Some one waved a handkerchief from a window; she answered the salutation, and then leaning back, lifted her eyes for the first time to the face opposite.

A slight start, a mutual exclamation of surprise followed.

"Mr. West!"

"Miss Worden!"

"So you are going to North Hanna?" she asked, after they had shaken hands cordially.

He smiled. "I live there."

"Do you? Then perhaps you know my friend Mrs. Wilson?"

"Mrs. Wilson a friend of yours?" he asked, in evident astonishment.

"Indeed, yes. A very old friend, I assure you, but we have not met often of late. I have not seen her since——" Some consciousness prevented the conclusion of her remark. Since what? Mr. West lazily wondered.

The silence was becoming rather embarrassing. Grace broke it by introducing an all-absorbing subject—the war. They could talk well enough so long as the conversation was not on personal topics; and talk they did until about sunset the stage entered North Hanna.

"I met an old acquaintance to-day, Mary," Grace said to Mrs. Wilson, after the doctor had left the tea-table, being called away in haste on some professional business.

"Who was it?"

"Mr. West."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. West?"

"Precisely the tone in which he asked me this afternoon, 'Mrs. Wilson a friend of yours?' Of course I know him. Better than you do, I'll warrant."

That night, in Grace's room, Mrs. Wilson and she had a long and confidential talk, much after the fashion of their school-days.

"You will invite him then?" Grace asked, as Mrs. Wilson rose to go.

"Certainly. Won't George open his eyes when he hears it all?"

The next morning, Mr. West called to see if Miss Worden was sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of her journey to ride with him; but Grace pleaded pre-engagement as an excuse for not accepting his invitation. As some compensation for his disappointment, however, Mrs. Wilson asked him to spend the ensuing evening there. He did so, and every succeeding one found him in the doctor's parlor. Grace's visit was limited to a week. From North Hanna she was going to Harleyford. She had a friend there, Miss Haskins, as she mentioned casually in conversation with Mr. West.

An uneasy flush suffused his face. Had she ever been in Harleyford? If so, did she know the Lakes? He did not dare to ask, he had not the courage to make any remarks about her journey, though he was aching to know with whom she was acquainted, and whether she had heard of him there. Her frankness saved him all trouble.

"Were you ever in Harleyford, Mr. West?" she asked, in a tone of grave inquiry, and then went on without waiting for a reply. "It is a very pleasant place, and the society far better than you generally find in towns of its size. I spent several months there the winter after I was in Uptonleigh, and I shall never forget them. I have been happier ever since for having known the joy they brought me."

For some reason her thoughts and conversation recurred to Harleyford very frequently. They were out in the yard one evening, Mrs. Wilson, Stephen West, and Grace. The latter was standing by a bush covered with dark crimson, velvet-petaled roses.

"I always think of Mrs. Wayne when I see these, Mary," she said, speaking to Mrs. Wilson. "You remember how often Charlotte used to mention her; but she was only Margaret Lake then. Such a lovely woman as she is, and Mr.

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Wayne is quite worthy of her. It is very rare to see husband and wife so perfectly happy in their domestic relations. I am sure *you* would admire her, Mr. West."

Stephen West had not a word to say. The guilty flush on his face must have betrayed him; but Grace had bent her head toward the flowers, and Mrs. Wilson was apparently unobservant.

There is no accounting for the vagaries of human fancy. This man, who had been in Grace Worden's society daily for two months, who had sought to win her affection, just for sport, as she had told him, without one serious thought of making her his wife, now loved her deeply. He marveled at the blindness which had made him indifferent to her excellencies. Yet it did not seem to his heart that this love, which, for the time being, absorbed all other emotions, was of recent birth.

The germ was planted that evening by the sea-side. Since that interview, mortifying as it was, Grace had been something more and better than one among the many pretty girls he had met, flirted with, and forgotten. In silence and in darkness his love had grown, only revealing itself to his consciousness when he met her again.

There must surely have been the germ of better things in Stephen West's nature. A meaner soul, which had felt the sting of Grace Worden's brave, outspoken indignation, would have remembered her with a feeling of petty spite. Each wrong act is one step toward utter bankruptcy, and Stephen West realized it during that week.

Trifler as he had been before, and probably would be again, he was in earnest for once. Grace was more openly reserved with him than ever before. Was the omen good or bad? Had he quite sinned away his day of grace?

One evening, it was the last of her visit, Mrs. Wilson invited him to take tea with them. The doctor had not come in, and his wife was busy in the dining-room. Grace, for some reason best known to herself, was stationed by the window, her intent gaze upon the street, which, the yard being deep, was almost hidden from view by trees and shrubbery. Stephen West stood near her, leaning against the window-sill and looking down into her face with a glance, which, had it been able, would have read her very soul.

"So you go to-morrow?" he asked, at length, more to break the silence than because not fully assured of the fact.

"I suppose so." A mischievous impulse was upon her, and she obeyed its promptings, lifting a demure face to his. "Have you no valedictory to deliver?"

Mr. West's face crimsoned to his temples. "I was a fool!" he broke out, impetuously, "and did not discover it until it was too late. If I was trifling then, I am not now, for I love you, Grace Worden, with all my heart."

As if fascinated, she had watched him through this speech. She knew that he spoke the truth, but the idea was too painful. She would not ever seem to believe it.

"Don't talk nonsense to me," she answered, sharply. "You know I do not like it. I will not listen."

"You *shall* listen this once if never again. It is not *nonsense*. I do love you as I never loved another, as I never can——"

But Grace was gone. She had seen something, or some one, and flown out of the room and down the walk. Before Mr. West had recovered from his amazement at her sudden exit, she was half-way to the gate in the arms of a gentleman, whose bearded lips were covering her face with kisses. He saw it all from his station by the window, and could have gnashed his teeth with rage.

A moment after, Grace entered the room, leaning upon the arm of a fine-looking man, whose countenance, even in that first glance, seemed strangely familiar to him.

"Excuse me for leaving you so abruptly," she said, hurriedly, and Mr. West saw a look of pain underlying her blushes, "and permit me to introduce to your acquaintance my husband, Mr. Lake. You should not seem quite strangers, though you have never met before, for I believe you were once a friend of his sister Margaret."

A moment's pause, one full of meaning, and then, utterly confounded, Stephen West wheeled about and left the room, left the house, too, without even the ceremony of an adieu.

The surprise, of which Grace had conceived the idea immediately upon discovering that Mr. West was still in ignorance of her marriage, was more unpleasant than she had anticipated. She had not intended to manifest the slightest acquaintance with his previous history; but the painful avowal to which she had listened brought with it such anxiety to get him out of her sight, that she impulsively revealed the identity of each to the other.

Almost maddened by mortification and disappointment, Stephen West was never very certain how he reached home that night. In his bitter humiliation he wished that the earth

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would open and swallow him out of sight. His sin had found him out, and be you very sure, my reader, that no Scripture truth is more frequently verified by human experience than this, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

LUELLA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

A SAD refrain
Her mournful life, breathing and passing on. The prismal rain,
Bright as it falls through each unclouded ray,
Lost in the stagnant pool—such was her day.

And was she fair?
Go ask the fairy wind that lingered in her shadowy hair;
And called the fresh carnation to embrace
The delicate lily of her sweet young face!

The mystic lore
Of Nature's truths, as the Summer hours stole on, she pondered o'er,
Gleaning a purified light from their revealing,
The while a deathless gloom was o'er her stealing.

This was her grief;
Guiltless, she stood in the cold world, alone—the intrusive leaf
Of a vile weed—too pure to love her kin,
Yet could not rise—she was the child of sin.

The very name
Of home was shrouded in the haunts of infamy and shame;
Yet infamy, with all malicious art,
Unharmed the virtue of her innocent heart.

Ah! well did Eve
Unto her weary, sin-stained race, a path of rescue leave;
Who but the just, yet tortured Son of woe,
The living pain of that grieved one might know?

That blessed word
The gentle "Come," to many a child of earth-born hope unheard,
Was healing balm to her. she learned to rest
Her aching heart on Love's compassionate breast.

And when her eye
Grew dim from constant pain, and the fevered pulse moved languidly,
And coldness gathered on her solemn brow—
That holy, triumph-smile—I see it now.

Even as Death
Chilled the warm current in her veins; and her last waning breath
Welcomed the clasp of that dissolving hand,
Which, parting earth, unbarred the shining land!

In the lone vale
We lay her, pale as the star-flower. Angels might hear the tale
And weep o'er her dark life-path to that shore,
Where, glorified, she weepeth never more!

THE GROVE OF PINES.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

I KNOW of a grove of desolate pines,
Through whose gothic gloom the sun never shines;
Where the faint, muffled breeze complains all the day
Like a child that is sobbing its life away.

'Twas a terrible night in the hot July,
When the stars looked sick in the sultry sky,
And the red moon stared through the dark pine-wood
Like a beautiful face all stained with blood:

There was fire in my body, and fire in my soul,
And a madness possessed me I could not control:
I rushed to this grove for a breath of pure air—
Ah, God! what demon had tempted her there?

She had broken her vows in the days of old,
And bartered her love for pitiful gold;
She had blighted my manhood, and maddened my brain,
Then why should she darken my pathway again?

I spurned her, at first, as a venomous thing,
For the love she had crushed left a deadly sting;
But ah! there was that in her piteous gaze
Which awoke all the yearnings of happier days.

She said, that her life-fever soon would be past,
And her poor, broken heart would be quiet at last;
But, ere her long journey, she prayed God to see
One sweet look of love and forgiveness from me.

We had parted in anger, in sorrow, and pain,
And the thoughts of that parting still burned in her brain;
And when her poor soul from its body had flown,
My spirit would hang like a weight on her own!

Then she sank to the earth with a low moan of pain,
Which thawed all the ice from my heart and my brain!
I told her I pardoned her all she had done,
And I hoped that in Heaven our souls would be one.

Then a beautiful light gleamed out of her eye,
Like the loveliest tints in a soft Summer sky;
And she whispered so sweetly, ere yielding her breath,
She knew that our love would be stronger than death!

O'er her cold, marble form, through that terrible night,
I watched and wept till the morn's early light;
While the red moon stared through the dark pine-wood,
Like a beautiful face all stained with blood!

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MR. HOBSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

ONE day, mamma, aunt Lois, and I sat sewing and talking politics, when we suddenly heard a great pull at the door-bell, heard Biddy scrambling along the hall to let the person in, and, in a moment, saw Mr. Hobson standing in the door of our sitting-room, nodding, with considerable confusion, one way and another, handling his whipstock, and saying, "How d'do, Miss Hastin's? How d'do, all? Fine day! Where's the squire, if I may be ser bold as ter ask?"

I offered him a seat, offered to take the hat he had just pulled off.

"No, guess not, Juley. Guess can't stop ter-day, anyhow. Is yer father—yes, I see 'im comin'. How d'do, squire?"

I remember what a shake of the hand it was, in which pa's hand seemed trying to go up, whenever Mr. Hobson's was on its way down.

"Fine day, squire! Fine day!"

"Very fine! Be seated, Mr. Hobson." And, after having waited awhile, as if for the opening of Mr. Hobson's errand, "We've had fine weather all along," he added.

"Pooty fine. Ruther ketchin', though; most o' the time through hayin', ha'n't it been?"

"Well, rather, *perhaps*." Then there was another pause, which pa broke by asking, "Any news up your way, to-day?"

"Wal, not in pertikerler up *our* way. There's sunthin' somewhere, though, 't per'aps ye ha'n't heerd on," handling his cap, rubbing the end of his nose up, scratching his head.

Seeing his confusion, mamma and aunt Lois resumed their sewing and their conversation, which, as I said before, was upon politics; that is, upon political men. They were incidentally praising the honesty and decision of General Jackson's character. Having listened to them a moment to catch their low tones, Mr. Hobson began to laugh in a forced manner, to shake his head one way and another, and to say, "Ye must be a leetle carefle, mustn't ye, squire, how ye let *your* women-folks praise Gin'ral Jackson? Some o' our folks 're easy made s'picious, now-days, even 'f they don't hear nothin' but the women-folks of a family like yourn praisin' the big men o' t'other parties."

Pa, looking a little anxious, said,

"I suppose so; but——"

"Oh! we know *you're* sound, squire. I wa'n't adoubtin' that," tipping his chair against the wall, and, in other respects, disposing of himself comfortably. "No doubt yer women-folks air too; but there's ben such goin'-overs, from our side ter theirn, an' from theirn ter ourn, within a year er two, that, sometimes, there don't seem ter be any head ner tail *to* the parties, anyway. An' so we are carefle, some of us; we're obleeged ter be. An', perhaps, you ha'n't got a hint on't yet; but it's what I was thinkin' on when you asked me 'f there was any news up our way; it's what I was thinkin' on, an' wantin' ter be one o' the fust ter tell ye, when I come—it's that you're more likely 'n any other man we've got ter be our fust rep'sent'tive in a year from this time. Col. Chase 'n I were talkin' on't, no longer ago 'n yesterday, an' we both come ter the 'clusion that you stan' a better chance than any other man o' gittin' the nomination another year. We both 'cluded *we'd* go in for't, 'like a thousan' brick' 's they say."

Pa thanked him, told him to present his thanks to Col. Chase also, and invited him to go out and see how his hay looked now he had got it all into the barn.

Standing in the doorway, his body leaning against one side of the doorway, while his one hand was so stretched as to rest on the other side, Mr. Hobson paid mamma, aunt Lois, and me his parting compliments.

"I told my wife, Miss Hastin's, she'd better spruce up an' come down with me an' 'make a call,' as you women-folks say; but she 'bjected. You're ser much smarter 'n she knows *how* ter be. She's afeared, I believe; an' will be, pro'bly, 'f ye don't come up ter see her fust. So come up, some time," heavily dropping his hand. "We shall be takin' our honey, one hive on't, afore long. Ye shall have some ter eat and ter bring home, if ye'll come up. Bring 'em up, squire. It'll be a help ter ye, perhaps; for it'll show our farmers up there that ye put yerself on an equil with 'em; an' nawthin' suits 'em any better 'n that does. Come up!"

"Yes," replied pa, "we will certainly try to

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go up, some day, Mr. Hobson." His looks, in saying it, appealed to mamma.

"Certainly, Mr. Hobson," said mamma, dropping her eyes when they alighted upon his figure in the doorway. "If Mr. Hastings thinks it proper for me to make the first visit, that is."

"As Mr. Hastings does, Mr. Hobson, in this case, where such old friends are concerned," said pa, bowing and speaking with great politeness. Pa was elated with his prospects in politics, I saw. I saw that pa was almost ready to take, not only Mr. Hobson, but every Hobson, on his shoulders and carry them from that time —until the next election was over.

"An' I sh'd like ter have this beau o' yourn, Juley, Mr.—what's 'is name?—come up. Take yer car'yall, squire, an' bring 'em all up. Tell this Mr.—I never can think o' 'is name——"

"Mr Singleton," interposed pa.

"Tell him ter come. Tell 'im 'f 'e settles here, his turn'll come, by'm-by, ter be our rep'sent'tive. The colonel an' I spoke 'bout it yest'd'y. The colonel seems ter think *I* ought ter be sillikmen; but I laffed well, an' told 'im I guessed the' wouldn't anybody else besides he think o' that." He again laughed a forced laugh, and colored—colored more deeply when pa politely replied, "I don't know about that, Mr. Hobson. You've been faithful to the party, and the party knows it."

Yes, he knew he had, Mr. Hobson said; said, "Good arternunc, back there;" meaning back in the sitting-room where mamma, aunt Lois, and I were; for his head and shoulders were already out-of-doors. "Be sure an' come up, all." And then he went past the windows on his way to the barn with pa.

When we were at tea, and mamma was trying to describe Mr. Hobson to her brother, pa said, "Yes; but there was something in the man, after all. He was wealthy, shrewd in his way, very independent, and somehow had considerable—a good deal of influence, over a certain portion of the party—men that he hired, all or a part of the time, and farmers who lived still farther out than he did. It would be good policy to keep the right side of such a man, just then"—his looks appealing to mamma and Singleton.

Yes; mamma could understand that, she said; with no little hesitation adding, that perhaps we had better just drive up, some day, as the man wished. We could stop at the door, and go in if they insisted on it; but she really would not like to have it known in the village, that we started for the very purpose of calling on just such people as the Hobsons were.

No; well; nobody need know that we started for that, pa said—very well pleased with mamma, offering her more raspberries, more cream and sugar, more cake.

CHAPTER II.

We were talking about Apollo, I remember, when a loud knock came at the inner door; and before Biddy, with all her scrambling, could reach the door, it was opened from without, and Mr. Hobson's thin, brown face, brown frock, and big oaken whipstock were in the doorway.

"How d'do, squire?" said he, giving the front of his hat a shove that set it back farther into his neck. "No, no, squire! don't git up!" We were at tea. "Keep yer settin', all on ye, fer I can't stop long; I've left my hoss onhitched; but I come in ter let ye know 't I've took one hive o' my honey, an' it come out grand! Ride up Wednesday an' git some on't, can't ye?"

"Come in, Mr. Hobson," said pa, stuck fast in thoughts of the party mamma was to give the next Wednesday, of which not a word must be said, since, influential as Mr. Hobson was in some quarters, it was impossible that he and his family should be invited. "Yes; you're very kind, Mr. Hobson. I *wish* you'd walk in and be seated." He looked the table over, I remember, looked at mamma, as he concluded. Mamma seemed to understand his thoughts; for she also looked the table over; looked at that part of the table where Mr. Hobson's plate would go, if it were brought. Mr. Hobson was looking the table over, when we again directed our attention to him, to see if he was going to accept pa's invitation to enter.

"No; guess I won't stop. That is, not if ye can tell me, right off, whe'er ye'll come up a-Wednesday, er not."

"Come in and eat some supper with us, Mr. Hobson," said pa, beginning with doubt, but ending with a good degree of complacency, gathered from mamma's assenting looks. "Sit right down here with us, and have some supper! Biddy shall bring you a plate. Julia has already placed your chair, you see. That is right, Mr. Hobson; you've put your hat and whip in just the right place."

He had deposited them on our work-table, across mamma's fine needle-work.

Mr. Hobson's eyes went uneasily from one to another on his difficult way to the table. He seemed to tumble into his chair, at last, saying—as if ashamed still, although a little relieved—

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"There, I've got here! I'm pooty awk'ard 's ye'll have a chance ter find out 'f ye see me many times."

"Never mind that, Mr. Hobson. Let me help you to some of this nice beef that Julia has brought on purpose for you."

"No, squire! don't go fer ter passin' things ter me. I tell folks 'f they go ter bein' perlite ter me, 't nawthin' puts me out like perliteness. I tell 'em I can stan' anything else better'n I can stan' perliteness."

Meantime he was reaching out toward butter, bread; which, meantime, mamma and I were making haste to place, together with other dishes, in his immediate neighborhood, saying, "There, now you shall have the pleasure of helping yourself, Mr. Hobson."

"That's jest what I allers want ter do. When folks come ter my house, a-visitin', I say, 'Now, here's the victuals; you've got 'as long arms 's I've got; now jest help yerselves.'"

He looked to pa for pa's approval, and of course got it. "That was just the right thing to do, Mr. Hobson," pa assured him.

"*I* think 'tis, squire. 'Cordin' ter *my* notion 't don't belong ter *any* man here in this country that's dem'cratic an' 'publican too, (both on 'em!) ter wait an' tend 'pon 'nother man; I don't care *who* he is! If Gin'ral Jackson, now"—raising his right hand with his knife in it, and growing red in the face—"er Gin'ral Wash'n'ton 'imself was out here in the road, an' if 'e told me ter hold 'is hoss fer 'im, I'd lunge my han's down ter my laigs like this! an' speak right up afore 'im, an' say, 'If you'll hold my hoss, sir, I'll hold yourn, an' not a minute afore!' I'd do it, quicker'n I'd wink! *See* 'f I don't do it, squire, 'f I ever have a chanee to! Fer, as I look at it, the fact 's jest here; it don't belong ter a man, here in this country where we've all got the right ter be equil, an' air equil in the sight o' the lor an' the constitootion, ter bear one arbit'ary word from 'nother man; 'spccially 'f that man's got it into 'is head somehow that he's a leetle, perhaps consid'able, more 'n equil. He'n! I'd knock a man down fer thinkin' he wus more'n equil, afore I'd knock 'im down fer anythin' else under the sun! I would, *so*, squire!"

And I thought he looked as though he really would.

"Yes;" pa said, "yes;" and kept also nodding assent.

"An' what der *you* say, Mr.—Mr.—I allus furgit yer name——"

"Mr. Singleton"—suavely explained pa, smiling at that which Mr. Hobson was rather obstreperously laughing at—the start with which Singleton received his loud address. "What der ye say ter all men bein' equil in this country? Ye think they air, don't ye?"

Singleton, after some hesitation, answered that he thought all men had the right to be equal if they could.

"Some more of this cake, Mr. Hobson?" now interposed pa, just as the man was preparing, after a little puzzled thinking, to open his mouth.

After he was gone, pa said he purposely interrupted the conversation there, lest something should be said about education, or something of the sort. Mr. Hobson had no faith in education, he told mamma and Singleton; no patience if one spoke of it. He despised it, (or pretended to; he supposed he did really despise it,) just as he despised varnish on a carriage, a glossy coat on a horse, fine broadcloth on a man, silks on a woman; although, if the truth was known, pa added, Mr. Hobson was a great deal prouder of his homespun frock and cowhide boots, than the majority of men are of the finest cloth and handsomest boots they can find. He was, in fact, one of the proudest men in the world, although he was far enough from knowing it.

Mamma presumed so; hoped he wouldn't be angry when he found out why we could not go up the day he first mentioned. Pa thought we could make it all right when we went up Thursday. Looking a little anxiously out where Singleton was silently surveying—his pencil, pa hoped that *he* would feel like going.

"Jerome? you don't know him so well as I do," said mamma. "He'd go to Mount Carmel, (isn't it Carmel, Julia?) for a good eat of honey just out of the hive, any time. Julia—I wonder what Julia will go for?" looking at me with one of the smiles that daily were growing more friendly.

"She will go," replied pa, a little sternly, "because it is for my interest at this time, that, if there should be any feeling of dislike, or pride, or anything of the sort, to prevent her going, at another time, it must, for the present, be put aside. The Hobsons must at present be treated well."

I did not reply. He did not seem to expect me to; but, hunting after my sewing implements, which Mr. Hobson's hat and whip had scattered, I thought that *I* was not the one who then, or at any other time, was most likely to treat the Hobsons either with dislike or pride.

CHAPTER III.

"LAND! if they a'n't here! *so* soon!" we heard some one say, as we drove up toward Mr.

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Hobson's front door. Next, we heard a great running and hurrying; and, through the open doors and windows, saw flitting forms and flitting shadows. A little dog, whose hairs all looked as if they grew the wrong way, came rushing round the corner of the house, lifted his nose in the air and protested against us, altogether. A slow dog came so far that we could see his big, round head, but could see nothing more of him, and there he protested; sonorously. Two white geese came trotting to hiss us; another white goose took modest steps away from us, toward the corner of the garden, her head turned a little so as to look at us. Singleton told her she was a lady. A straggling company of hens were stepping about, pecking, before the kitchen door; each gave a light cackle and lifted one bright yellow claw to lay it against the feathers.

By this time, I mean by the time pa and Singleton had fastened the horses, and mamma and I had taken our stand upon the broad, flat doorstone, Mr. Hobson came bursting out upon us, saying, "How d'do, squire? how d'do all the rest on ye? Walk right in, squire! walk in, all! Bose!" tipping his head back almost into our faces, as he was leading us in, to speak to the head of the big dog. "Behave yerself, can't ye, Bose? when ye're afore folks, 'f ye don't any other time!"

Chuckling at what he had said, he gave us chairs, saying he "Guessed his woman wa'n't quite ready. He s'posed," kinking his eye in a queer way to look at the old clock in the corner, "he s'posed 'f the truth was told, she didn't 'xpect us quite ser airly, bein' we lived in the village, where he'd understood folks were ser perlite, they didn't *begin* ter go visitin' t'll 'bout the time when them that lived out o' the villages was puttin' their things on ter go home ter milkin'! If we'd make ourselves ter home, he'd go an' see 'f 'e could hunt 'er up."

Mrs. Hobson was a tired, sickly-looking person, like so many of our women! Her chest was thin, her form tall and stooping. Her head was small, handsomely shaped, and was farther improved by the abundance of black hair, brushed smoothly across her temples and put up in a knot behind. Her eyes were large, black, and as they rapidly surveyed our party, wore a simple look of uneasiness and dignified self-respect. Her accost was gentle, but her language, when she spoke, betrayed a lack of culture nearly equal to her husband's. She kept moving about awhile, to put things in place; then, at a motion of my hand, she came and seated herself near me. Her husband, meantime, was already engaged in telling pa that, "'Cordin' 's the sillikmen 'ad made out 'is taxes the last year, he had the valleybleest farm an' the valleybleest stock o' cattle, an' the most money out ter int'rest, of any man in town;" and pa, meantime, sat listening with assiduity, with assiduity nodding his admissions, and also saying, "Yes, Mr. Hobson! yes; we all know Mr. Hobson is one of our heaviest men."

"Wal," with a brisk inflexion upward, "I've worked hard enough ter git it; and when I've got a dollar, I've held on to 't. I've worked *hard*. I've screwed, an' twisted, an' pulled, an' shoved, airly an' late; an' I've done it with orl mer might. I ha'n't saved mer strength a mite, ner tried to; fer I found out 't this 's the only way ter git yer money—the only way ter keep it, arter ye've got it. An' what's the use o' gittin' on't, I sh'd like ter know, 'f ye don't keep it? Mr. Bell, up here, now, 's got 's good a farm 's mine is; I do' know but better, in the fust of it. I do' know but 'e works 's hard 's I do. He's a hard-workin' man, anyway. I do' know but Miss Bell works 's hard 's my woman doos; but 'e spen's every cent 'e gits 's 'e goes along, an' is *allus* behind-hand, allus! Can't hardly pay 'is taxes. An' he doos it tryin' ter edicate them two boys o' his; it's nawthin' else doos it—nawthin'! For they *live* a good deal prudenter 'n we do. I've seen their table when it didn't look 's though 't had *anything* on it compared with ourn. Fer I will have a good livin', an' the men that work fer me shall. I allus tell my woman ter git 'nough of it, an' that that's good 'nough. I tell 'er ter put a good lot o' short'nin' in her doughnuts, 'f *doos* make 'em soak up the fat. *She* don't 'xactly like the way 't takes the fat off. *I* tell 'er ter let it take it off, sence 't makes the nuts ser much better. It kind o' scares 'er, too, I reckon, arter she's ben an' cooked orl the forenune, ter see the victuals go off so. But I laugh. I like ter see 'em eat. I tell 'em ter lay to; an' the way they do lay to ain't slow, 'specially the youngsters that work fer me." He was looking at his wife, laughing to see her recoil from his picture of her hardships. "But, arter all this, I won't have no waste. If there's one thing under God's heaven I'm principled ag'in, it's ag'in waste, of orl kinds. If I was ter see ser much 's er kernel o' corn, er a pea, er a bean, layin' there on the floor, this minute, I sh'd leave right off, in the middle of talkin', an' go an' put it in the peck-measure in the shed afore I said any more ter any on ye; for waste 's sunthin' I never did have, an' never

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will, in the house where I'm marster! But I allus did approve o' folks eatin' what they wanted, an' 's much 's they wanted. Don't you say so, squire?"

"Well, that would do as a general rule," pa said.

"Yes, as a gin'ral thing; that's what I mean. Oh! there *is* folks, of course, that ha'n't got it, an' so can't eat it; but, as a gin'ral rool, I mean."

I remember that Mrs. Hobson, looking upon him, sighed, with an air of weariness and discouragement that went to my heart. Mr. Hobson himself seemed to see something of it, for he colored; and, coming to his feet in the abrupt manner peculiar to him, he told his wife—with a wink round on us all, I remember—that, "Perhaps, she'd better be fetchin' some o' that honey in, afore long;" and then, speaking to pa, said, "S'pose ye come out, squire, an' see my hay, while she's gittin' on't; you showed me yourn t'other day when I was down there. I s'pose Mr. What's-'is-name—fer I can't think o' nawthin' else ter call 'im by—'d ruther stay here pooty near Juley than ter go."

After we had partaken of the honey, and the nutty bread made from wheat of his own raising, in quantities "so light and unsat'sfactory" to Mr. Hobson, I remember that he gave orders to his wife to put up a two-quart pailful for us to bring home. And when we were ready to leave, he took us out to the vegetable garden to see his bees at work. I was walking beside him and his wife; and, when we were crossing the ample "green" surrounding his house on the front, and used, all of it, for a carriage-sweep, I said to them that they needed a yard there, with some shrubs, trees, and flowers in it.

"But you don't think o' the time it takes!" said he, evidently regarding the argument as what he would call "a clincher."

"Oh! but time! What was time given us fer?" I asked him.

"Wal, as ter that, 's near 's *he* could make out, a man that was a farmer, an' nawthin' else, like him, needed 'is time ter raise pervisions; an' the woman 't was a farmer's wife, an' wa'n't anythin' else, needed her time, pooty much, ter cook it, an' git on the table, an' clean it off ag'in. That was the way 't seemed ter him. How did it seem ter me?"

With the gravity I thought the subject demanded I replied, that to me it seemed that the man who was a farmer, and the woman who was a farmer's wife, had spirits as well as bodies. Their spirits were to live on and on forever and forever, near God or far off from Him, according as they were fit or unfit for His holy presence; and to me it seemed that a good deal of improvement and refreshment should be given to them; that their bodies should be taken excellent care of, to be sure; but it should be that kind of care which would best fit them to be the abodes of their spirits here in this life.

"That's what I've said to 'im!" said Mrs. Hobson, kindling before us. "Only I wa'n't capable of sayin' it in your way."

"That's it! that's jest it!" he replied. "But it was wuth jest 's much, I s'pose. I s'pose I ort ter 'tended to't, orl the same. She's ben a good woman, Juley, whatever *I've* ben. I sh'd 'a ben a good deal better 'n I am now, 'f I'd 'tended ter *orl* she's said."

When he was handing pa the reins, he said,

"Obleeged ter ye fer comin' *this* time. If ye come up ag'in, Juley, somewhere 'bout the fust o' Meay, another spring, p'r'aps ye'll find a yard here where we be now. I shouldn't wonder 'f ye did. Ride up, anyway; an' 'f there is a yard, my woman 'll like pooty well ter have ye tell 'er what kind o' posy seeds ter sow, I s'pose, an' how ter sow 'em; an' about her rutes, an' booshes. Will ye come?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Hobson. And I will bring a good many things from our own overfull garden."

And so, next summer, the poor man shall have a chance to hear what morning and evening lectures the flowers will deliver before him. She, poor woman! walking in their midst, shall sometimes feel as if she were walking with angels.

NEVER AGAIN.

Broken the golden cord,
Severed the silken tie;
Never again will the old days come,
Darling, to you and I.

Dead the beautiful past!
Why should we strive to win
One of the olden days to cheer
Our wretchedness and sin?

Memories? Fold them up—
Lay them sacred by.
What are dreams of the past to us?
The future for you and I!

The future hard and stern,
Dark as the day of doom!
Better we, with our olden faith,
Were slumbering in the tomb.

Broken the silken cord,
Severed the golden chain,
Linking us with the beautiful days
That never can come again!

M. A. K.

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JUST LIKE AN OLD FAIRY TALE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Oh, uncle Rolfe! dear, dear uncle Rolfe! How glad I am to see you! Sit down here by me and let me look at you. Not altered a bit in all this long three years. Oh! how glad I am that you have come home!" and Rosa Carter finished her warm welcome by a loving embrace.

Rolfe Henderson took the slight, graceful little figure very close to his breast, as he pressed a warm kiss on the upraised face, and there was a dimness in the full brown eye that rested on his niece.

"Why, Rosa, my darling, I can't echo your words," he said, after a few moments of most "eloquent silence," "you have altered. You are quite a young lady now."

"Eighteen next spring."

"Yes, yes. Poor Luly! how proud she would have been of you!"

"Am I like my mother, uncle Rolfe?"

"Very! The same soft brown hair and eyes; the same clear complexion and slender figure, and the same delicate, regular features; you are my darling sister restored to me again, Rosa. And now tell me about this marriage. Your letter was not very satisfactory, but as I was coming home so soon, I did not think it necessary to write for further particulars."

"I wrote all that I knew. I was still at boarding-school last August, when my father wrote to me to come home in October to meet my step-mother. He was to be married in Paris, and return by the steamer in September; and he wrote to aunt Rachel to open the house, and have everything ready for himself, my step-mother, and her two daughters. When I came home they were here."

"Well?"

"That is all. Father wished me to be introduced into society this winter; but my step-mother thinks I am too young."

"You do not call her mother?"

"I! uncle Rolfe! I call her mother!"

"Hush! Why, Rosa, I did not think you could speak so passionately;" his face darkened. "Is she unkind to you, little one?"

"No, not actively unkind; only entirely indifferent. I am as much alone here as if there were not a relative of mine in the house. Father, having been for eight years in Europe, has pretty much forgotten me, and I cannot find him alone much now. He is very proud of Josephine and Marian. They are like their mother, tall, handsome brunettes, one thirty, the other twenty-seven years old, very highly accomplished, and very demonstrative in their affection. I cannot fight the battle with them, so I have given way, hoping for brighter days. And they will come, now, for *you* are here. You love me, uncle."

The heavy frown that had come on Rolfe Henderson's face, broke up like a cloud before sunlight, as Rosa whispered her last sentence, and he turned to her a face full of loving light.

"Patience," he said. "If trouble comes, I will be here. I will not go away again."

"Not go away!" cried Rosa, in a joyful tone.

"No. I am a rich man now, and will give up traveling and settle down here. My old landlady will be glad enough to have me for a permanent boarder, so I can be always near you."

"They are coming. I hear the carriage!"

A moment later, three ladies came into the drawing-room, and Rosa advanced to meet them and introduce her uncle.

"My uncle, Mr. Henderson," she said, as he arose and bowed, "Mrs. Carter, Miss Lewison, and Miss Marian Lewison. The ladies acknowledged the introduction, and then a torrent of small talk took the place of the former confidential conversation. The weather, the new exhibition of pictures, the opera, and the last new novel, all came under discussion; and Mr. Henderson's fine, graceful figure, his handsome face and animated manner, were quite sufficient to make the young ladies exert their choicest powers of pleasing.

"We have been ordering dresses for the Opera House Ball," said Josephine. "You will be there, Mr. Henderson?"

"I have but just arrived from Chicago, and have not heard of the latest gayeties, Miss Lewison. When and where is it?"

"Three weeks from to day at the opera house. I met one of the Misses Gray at Stewart's in the depths of despair, because all the hair-dressers are engaged; we fortunately can trust to Lisette, mamma's French maid, who has exquisite taste. By-the-way, Rosa, how is she?"

"Better, this morning. Dr. Williams thinks she may sit up to-morrow."

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"She must be well by the seventeenth," said Josephine, positively.

"What are you going to wear to the ball?" said Mr. Henderson, turning to his niece.

"Rosa is too young to go to balls," said Mrs. Carter, rather sharply. "But you have probably a thousand things to discuss after your long separation," she added, more sweetly, "so we will not interrupt you any longer;" and with her two daughters following her, the lady sailed away.

"So you are not to go?" said Mr. Henderson.

"Not until the Misses Lewison are married, I believe. Oh! I should like to go! I never went to anything but a dancing-school ball in my life."

"Then why don't you speak to your father?"

"It would be useless, if I did. Besides, I am like Flora McFlimsey, with nothing to wear."

"Oh!"

"You see I have not come out, and I have not an evening dress in the world, except one white muslin."

"What was Miss Lewison asking about her maid, Rosa?"

"Oh! poor Lisette! she has been very ill. She was taken sick in my room, so I would not let them move her, and for nearly a fortnight she has had chills and fever; I put up a little cot for myself and took care of her. Poor child! she is so patient and grateful that it is a pleasure to wait upon her. She promised yesterday, in a violent attack of gratitude, to dress my hair fifty times a day when she gets well."

While Mr. Henderson and Rosa passed on to other topics, Mrs. Carter and her daughters went to the former lady's room.

"Girls," she said, throwing aside her heavy velvet cloak, "that is one of the best matches in Philadelphia."

"Who, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes; your step-father told me about him. He is the brother of the first Mrs. Carter; he is about forty-five, though, as you see, he looks ten years younger."

"And very handsome," said Josephine.

"He has been a civil engineer, and is very wealthy—immensely so, in fact, for his father left his money, in the English fashion, to his son. Now, he will be coming here constantly to see Rosa; and as Mr. Carter can't be expected to take care of you forever, you had better not let him slip through your fingers."

"Widower?" asked Marian.

"Yes; his wife died of heart disease four months after they were married, twenty or thirty years ago; so of course all the romance of that is over long ago."

Perhaps if Mrs. Carter could have seen the little gold locket, with its miniature picture and lock of golden hair, which rested night and day on Rolfe Henderson's heart, she might have changed her mind.

"Well, Josy, you are the eldest, you may make love to Mr. Henderson," said Marian; "for my part, I am determined to keep my heart free until I see this Mr. Lorimer that Mrs. Grey talks of so much."

"Mr. Grant's heir, the young millionaire, as Mrs. Grey calls him?"

"Yes; he has been in New Orleans for some years, but is expected here soon, and is to stay with Mrs. Grey; she hopes he will come in time for the ball."

The eventful seventeenth had come, and passed, until evening; Mr. and Mrs. Carter, with Josephine and Marian, had left the house, and Rosa was heroically trying to forget her longings in a book. Lisette, who had been in a state of great excitement all day, was fussing about the dressing-room, arranging pins, combs, and brushes, and finally spreading out a number of clothes on the bed.

"What are you doing, Lisette?" said Rosa.

"Only clearing away the room. Ah!" she cried, as a violent ring came at the door-bell, "at last!"

She flew down chairs, and soon returned with a large bandbox and a tiny note, directed,

"Miss Rosa Carter," and containing these words:

"My Pet—If uncle Rolfe is not too old an escort for such a little fairy, be dressed at ten o'clock, and he will call for you to go to the Opera House Ball."

"Dressed!" cried Rosa.

"*Mais! oui!*" said Lisette, opening the bandbox. "Monsieur Henderson did tell Lisette he want measure for dress, for slipper, for glove! Oh!" And the voluble little French woman poured forth her admiration in her own tongue, as she lifted from the box a dress of soft white lace made over blue silk, and exquisitely trimmed with lilies and forget-me-nots. A headdress of these flowers in its white box came next, and then the satin slippers, gloves, lace handkerchief, and even the costly fan to complete the dress. Nothing was wanting; even the delicate lace trimming of the gloves, the thousand little finishing touches which every dress receives, were all complete.

Lisette was rapid in her movements, and the long, silky brown hair was braided low on the rosy cheek, and arranged to accommodate the head-dress; the whole dress was put on artisti-

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cally in a short time, and Rosa stood blushing before the long glass, astonished at her own loveliness heightened by the becoming dress.

"May I come in?" cried Mr. Henderson's laughing voice at the door. "I have been hiding in the parlor ever since I sent up the finery."

The door flew open, and Rosa stood making a deep courtesy before him.

"Stand still!" he said, gently, and upon the snowy throat and round arms he clasped a set of pearls, and then presented a bouquet. From the depths of the bandbox Lisette fished out a long white merino opera cloak and hood, which she threw over the whole.

"Ah! Lisette, you are an able conspirator," said Mr. Henderson, laughing. "I should never have remembered half these things without your aid."

Lisette gave a merry little laugh that showed her pleasure, and then pointed to the clock.

"Nearly eleven!" cried Mr. Henderson. "Come, blue-bird!"

The gayety was at its height, and Marian Lewison was standing in one of the boxes, presenting Mr. Lorimer to her mother, when Josephine said suddenly,

"Who is that just entering with Mr. Henderson? It is Rosa!"

"Rosa!" cried her mother and sister, leaning forward.

"Mr. Henderson!" exclaimed Mr. Lorimer. "It is he. Excuse me, Miss Lewison," and with a bow he was off.

"Rolfe Henderson, my kind friend!"

"Wilfred Lorimer, the young pickle!" This was the greeting the gentlemen exchanged.

"Rosa, let me introduce Mr. Lorimer, one of my life torments," said Mr. Henderson. "Miss Carter, Will."

"Who hopes the unfavorable report will not prevent Miss Carter's honoring him with her hand for the next set."

"Bring her to me afterward, I will be in this box," and, turning from the floor, Mr. Henderson left them together.

"I know you so well from report, that I cannot feel that we are strangers," said Mr. Lorimer. "I was your uncle's pupil in engineering for five years in his New York office, and I heard of little Rosa very often."

"Not oftener than she did of you. Every one of uncle Rolfe's letters were full of his friend Will, his torment, his familiar, as he called you."

"I did bother him; but we were the best of friends. I shall find out his quarters to-morrow, and board in the next room that he may not forget me."

Such a ball! Rosa never thought she could be so happy. Mr. Henderson was well known, and his friends were not any more backward in claiming his notice, when they saw the lovely girl on his arm. Lorimer was first, and the most attentive; but others claimed the fair hand for many sets, and the time glided away rapidly. A few words from uncle Rolfe disarmed Mr. Carter's anger, and the ladies of his party were too polite to display ill-temper in a ball-room.

Like other earthly pleasures it came to an end at last; and a very sleepy little Rosa kissed her uncle at the door and ran up stairs to bed.

Wilfred Lorimer could not get the fair face out of his mind. He had read many of her letters to his friend, and had often wished for an affectionate, intelligent sister, like Rosa; but now, somehow, his ideas changed, and he began to wish for a beautiful, witty, graceful wife, but still, like Rosa. But for uncle Rolfe the wooing would have fared ill, for Marian would think it was she whom Mr. Lorimer came to see, and appropriated his bouquets without remorse; but uncle Rolfe watched quietly and effectively. It was amazing how many times, when Rosa and Mr. Henderson drove out, they met Mr. Lorimer; and not an evening did they spend together at concert, theatre, or in his own cosy parlor, but Mr. Wilfred's handsome face and tall figure made the couple a trio. So at last Mr. Carter received a call, and was informed that his consent alone was wanting to make a wedding party, and he gave it.

"Rosa, it is just like an old fairy tale," said uncle Rolfe, "there is the step-mother with the two handsome daughters, and the poor Cinderella who can't go to the ball. Suddenly appeared the fairy god-mother, in the form of an old uncle, who, with the wand of a bank-note, produces dress, jewels, and equipage, and takes the poor child to the ball, where she meets the prince——"

"Who," interrupted Wilfred, "falls desperately in love, and kneels now for the favor of the fair Cinderella!"

As he spoke, he bent on one knee before Rosa, who, with a bright blush, placed her little hand in his.

"Captured and chained!" cried the wooer, gaily, as he slipped a ring upon her finger. "Uncle Rolfe!"

But uncle Rolfe had vanished, and Wilfred was left alone with Rosa.

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UNDER THE SHADOW.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

CHAPTER I.

My father having died when I was quite young, the property he left me was placed in the hands of my guardian, and accumulated considerably before I attained my majority. I had been practicing law for several years in the town of W——; and, though my clients were few, I had, by dint of prudence and economy, eked out a sufficient income. My wants never exceeded my means; and, having little or no fondness for society, that clamorous maiden made but little demand on my purse or person.

But the old routine became monotonous. I felt the need of change; and, while I was musing one day, I happened to think of a use to which I might put my patrimony. I immediately wrote to my former guardian, for whom I still retained a sincere friendship, stating my wishes, and, in due time, received the following answer to my communication:—

"Dear Dudley—Your letter came in the 'nick of time.' A little cottage, just out of our village, has been for some time to let. The ominous shingle has been waving in the wind for several months. I bought it at a bargain; and, as you gave me *carte blanche*, I have also secured the services of a housekeeper, and a maid of all work, who have been duly installed and are awaiting your arrival. Hoping to see you soon, I am, as ever, yours,

Preston Lee."

I had such confidence in my guardian that I felt sure he had done the best he could, and all that was necessary. He had ever looked upon me as his son, having had none of his own; and, though I had seldom visited him, I felt certain that the house which held him was a home for me, if ever I was in need. I determined to leave W—— the day after the receipt of his letter, and take immediate possession of of my home.

The idea of having a house of my own! Master of an establishment! I already began to feel the dignity of my position, and was as consequential as it is possible for a modest lawyer to be.

Having packed up and despatched the small stock of furniture I possessed, with the addition of a few necessary articles, and bid my landlady "Good-by," I turned my back on the town of W—— and took the cars for Stanhope Village. I stopped at my guardian's, to inquire the way, and then followed the direction to the cottage, in order to superintend the arrival of my household goods.

The place took me by surprise. I had expected to find the grounds, if there were any, in a neglected state: the walks strewn with the *debris* of summer foliage, and the house itself wearing a look of desolation. Instead of this, autumn flowers were blooming gaily; the walks, though not extensive, were smoothly swept and graveled; even the windows of the house were open, and over all was an air of comfort and cheerfulness.

I thought there must be some mistake. But while I stood in a state of doubt, who should come forward but Mr. Lee, the good man, to welcome the bachelor to his home?

"It's all right, Dudley," he said. "The girls have been at work. Miss Allen, the housekeeper, has a good deal of taste in such matters, and, between them, they have quite transformed the place. Come in, come in!" he added, without waiting for me to speak; and I am sure I could not have spoken just then. "The girls are only waiting to see the proprietor, and we must travel home."

We entered the house together, and, in the room which was to be especially my own, and where the familiar look of things made me feel quite at home, I found two females, rather advanced in years to be termed "girls," but real sensible, and real good-hearted, as I had ample reason to confess.

I saw nothing of Miss Allen, however; but, as the opportunity for doing so would necessarily be frequent, I concluded to say nothing about her.

Well, the deeds were made over to me, and the surplus fund—which was more than I anticipated—was deposited in the bank to my credit.

I met Miss Allen, for the first time, at supper. She was rather younger than I expected; and if I had been a susceptible man, I might have

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blushed to the roots of my hair. But I did nothing of the kind.

She was one of those cold, quiet individuals that you sometimes meet with, and she actually imparted a chill to every mouthful I ate. I overcame the feeling after awhile, and attempted to draw her into conversation; but as her replies were mostly in monosyllables, I soon grew discouraged. I went twice a week to W——; for I did not intend, by any means, giving up my practice—and it was so pleasant to come home in the evenings and find a light burning and some one waiting for my return. The house being small, there were many hours when Miss Allen was free to sit down with her needlework, which she did every afternoon, in the dining-room, opposite my "sanctum." I thought it strange that I never heard her singing at her work; always the same stern, dignified composure. She knew her position, however, and I had no fault to find. But human icicles are not very pleasant company; and the more she chilled me, the more I felt determined to thaw her out.

I was busy at my desk, one morning in October. The waving of the vines that were festooned about the window made flickering shadows over the manuscript I was copying. I looked toward the dining-room. It was warm and cheerful in comparison. Gathering up the articles I was using, I moved toward that apartment and transferred them to a convenient place by the vacant window.

I could see Miss Allen's hand flutter over her seam; otherwise she manifested no concern.

"I found the light extremely unpleasant in the west room," I merely remarked, as I seated myself, pen in hand, to resume my copying.

I could see that she felt the awkwardness of her position; and the more embarrassed she grew, the more determined I became. She was preparing for a move. Feigning irritation over some intricate portion of my work, I "pshawed" every now and then. This decided her, and she arose.

"Ah! Miss Allen," I said, as she was about passing me, "I am sorry to trouble you, or call you off from any of your duties. But, would you mind lending me your assistance?" She halted. I handed her the manuscript, with the request that she would dictate while I wrote. She could not well refuse, so drew her chair near and commenced reading. Her voice was very sweet, though mournful, and wavered considerably at first. But as she continued, it grew firmer, and we succeeded admirably. I thanked her.

"I am glad to be useful," she said, and resumed her sewing.

I grew to looking forward, with pleased anticipation, to this time; for it became a regular duty with us; and as the evenings lengthened, I read aloud to her, while she sewed. I never thought there was any danger in this way of living.

About mid-winter, a case came on of unusual interest. The best legal talent of the state was engaged, and my mind was so absorbed by it that I gave but little thought to anything else. In fact, I was absent from home much oftener than usual.

The prisoner was a noted counterfeiter. For years he had eluded the vigilance of the authorities; but now he was arrested on a charge of forgery, so boldly and yet so skillfully accomplished that one could not but admire the genius of the man, while condemning his principles.

I was called on to assist in the proceedings under lawyer Harvey, and had, of course, much writing to do. At first I had not felt the necessity of asking Miss Allen; but time was pressing, and, my duties becoming arduous, I summoned her to my assistance.

She began reading, at first slowly, and with distinct enunciation; then, as she proceeded, her voice grew husky, her breath came short and quick.

In the midst there came a dead silence. I did not look up, merely nodding to her to continue; but there was no sound. I glanced at her. She had turned to marble, I thought; her eyes were fixed and glaring, her arms rigid, her hands clenched.

I called Jane, the cook, from her work; for I was frightened, and could not think of a single restorative.

"Poor thing!" said Jane, coming in quietly, but flushed from her exertions over the fire. "Poor thing! She's a bit feeble, Mr. Evans, and she can't stand much."

That was a cruel stab! But I forgave Jane when she went vigorously to work, and, by certain manipulations, the efficacy of which I might appreciate, though I could not understand, she brought the sufferer back to consciousness. After the first bewilderment of surprise, Miss Allen fixed her eyes on me, with an expression I shall never forget, glanced at the paper from which she had been reading, shuddered, gasped, and, avoiding Jane's look of anxiety, and mine of inquiry, hurriedly left the room.

"Well," I muttered, as I resumed my pen, with nerves somewhat unsteady, "she has feeling, I perceive; so there is hope of her."

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Perhaps the attack was the effect of sympathy; and the more I thought of it, the more I felt convinced that such was the case.

I knew nothing of her history. And yet, from her manners and appearance, I felt justified in supposing her the victim of a heart-sorrow that had crushed out the sweets of her existence.

I left home the next morning shortly after sunrise; for the trial came on early in the afternoon. As I passed through the garden, turning my eyes in the direction of the large elm-tree, which stood in one corner of the ground, I fancied I saw a gray-looking object. Miss Allen's dresses were of neutral tints, and it flashed across my mind that it was she, lying prone on the bench at the foot of the noble elm.

I went toward her; for I did not know how long she had been there, and common humanity required that I should have a little interest in her health. Nothing more, I assured myself. The noise of my coming aroused her, and she sat upright.

Her hair had fallen around her face and was damp with dew.

"Are you ill?" I inquired.

"Ill?" she said, pushing the hair from her white forehead, as though to bring back recollection. "Oh! no."

"You are in trouble, Miss Allen. If you do not care to give me your confidence, I hope you will, at least, consider me your friend."

She rose; her composure returned, her lips parted, but I heard no sound, and she looked, not at me, but far, far beyond. Though I knew this suppressed emotion was killing her, I felt I must not meddle with her grief; so, after giving her a few necessary orders, I left her. The memory of that white face, the calm, despairing look, haunted me during the days the trial continued.

The very features of the prisoner possessed for me a sort of fascination.

When the excitement seemed at its height, and the counsel, on either side, were about to crush the other by a weight of evidence too powerful to be resisted, there came a sudden pause, like the lull in a mighty tempest.

The prisoner was dead!

He had, with his own hand, defeated the ends of justice, and with an adroitness that had characterized every action of his life.

The trial was over. There was no longer any criminal in court; only a dead body! We had brought him before the bar where even-handed justice was supposed to preside; he had voluntarily sought a higher tribunal, and a Judge who "seeth not as man seeth."

CHAPTER II.

I INVITED my friend, Dexter, home with me, for I wanted some one to talk with; I could talk *to* Miss Allen, but just now, after the excitement, I felt unequal to more than my share of conversation.

He was glad of the chance to breathe the fresh air, and, being excellent company, as well as a first-rate lawyer, I felt rather proud of the acquisition to my little circle.

"Well," said George, with a sigh of relief, during the evening of our return home, "I can't say I'm sorry Elworthy killed himself; I should have hated to have that man hung."

"What a wreck he was!" I responded. "With his talents properly applied he would have been an ornament to any society. How often we see men brought to the gallows by perverted genius!"

"Too true," said George; "and, having no particular fancy for such an elevated sphere, I shall remain a blockhead!"

I noticed how cheerful Miss Allen became after this trifling conversation. There was a perceptible flush in her cheek, and a color in her lips. I attributed it to the charm of Dexter's manner. He was full of life and animation; I was rather quiet and reserved by nature. The contrast was striking, and especially annoying to me.

Since that morning in the garden, I had felt a new interest in my housekeeper, which absence from her had rather increased than diminished. I was a little jealous that a stranger could exert over her such an influence. Dexter actually warmed her into life; gave her the society she needed, directed her taste for horticulture, and, during the week he remained, made her very happy, and me very miserable. I was glad when he took his departure; and was not surprised, but pained somewhat, when two days after, Miss Allen came to tell me she must resign her position in my household.

I could not question her concerning her resolve, I could not ask her to reconsider it; she was at liberty to act her own pleasure. I did ask her to give me a week's time to supply her place.

Supply her place! Just as we had become used to each other's ways. How provoking!

There shot through my heart the consciousness of how necessary she was to my existence. I felt too much interested in her to give her up

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entirely; a sense of delicacy prevented my offering her increased wages, a sense of honor forbade my interfering with any of her plans. And yet to think that she must go! But I had a week's grace; seven whole days! and then——

Three days passed; most of which were spent at my office in town, with George Dexter as my frequent companion. On the afternoon of the fourth day, George dashed into my office, rather unceremoniously, his usual way, however, and, seating himself in the only vacant chair, blew clouds of fragrant smoke from a well colored "meerschaum."

I knew by the way he puffed that he had something to communicate. So I put myself in convenient attitude, by turning round and resting my elbows on the desk behind me, prepared to listen.

"You know, Dudley, that I took an unaccountable interest in that Elworthy who escaped us so nicely; I have been for some time trying to find out who he was, and where he came from. I tracked him after awhile, however, and imagine my surprise at ascertaining that he was once an influential citizen; and within a few years the owner and occupant of the very cottage in which you dwell."

"Singular coincidence!" I remarked.

"Rather," said George; "but, I further learned that he had but one daughter, a very attractive and finely educated young girl. Her father becoming more and more deeply involved in his nefarious schemes, and, fearful of being traced to his den, suddenly absconded. The property had been heavily mortgaged, and no interest paid to the holders. So the poor daughter was left without a home; and, in fact, without friends, for who would associate with the child of a fugitive from justice?"

"What has become of the girl? Did you find out that? The man's dead, so we can do nothing with him. It would be a charity to find the girl, and restore her to society. She may be in abject want."

"I have a suspicion of her whereabouts, not yet fully confirmed; I am waiting for you to invite me home with you."

"Come; and right welcome," I said, beginning to make preparations for an instant departure; "my old guardian is well acquainted in the village, and the barber, I am sure, is posted in all the ancient records."

"Indeed!" he sententiously remarked.

It was night when we arrived at the cottage; and Miss Allen, not anticipating my arrival, had retired early. There was not a light in any window. I opened the door, and we entered noiselessly. Groping my way to the dining-room, I struck a match and lit the lamp. On the table stood Miss Allen's work-basket, into which George began immediately to poke, disarranging everything. I urged him to desist, it seemed a profanation. He paid no attention to my entreaties; merely remarking that he had a "taste for the useful," and continuing his objectless manipulations.

Presently I was started by the exclamation,

"By Jove! the very thing; proof positive."

"What is it, George? You've no right to meddle with such things."

"But I'm sure Providence directed my steps toward this identical work-basket. Look at this;" and he placed in my hand a small miniature set in gold.

"How familiar!" I started. "Elworthy, the forger!"

"And in her work-basket! Man alive! don't you see the resemblance? Miss Allen, your housekeeper——"

"Is Elworthy's daughter."

The mystery was solved. Poor thing! No wonder she was cold and reserved. The world had pointed its finger of scorn at her, and the sins of the father had been visited too cruelly on the child. My sympathy for her bade fair to stir up a warmer passion; and all that night I was devising plans for her comfort and assistance. I arose early, leaving George in an unmistakable state of somnolency and descended the stairs. I met Miss Allen at the door of the dining-room. She started at seeing me, and her face flushed—whether with surprise or joy, I could not tell.

"I have a few words to say to you, Miss Allen; will you oblige me?" and I led the way back into the room.

"You spoke of leaving me," I began, not without some trepidation, "and I had fully intended you should do so without being embarrassed by any questions from me; well knowing you must have good reasons for taking such a step."

She bent her head low over her hands.

"Yesterday I heard that which has induced me to urge you to prolong your stay in the house which was once your home, and which has been a shelter for you for the past few months."

She did not seem surprised that I knew her sorrow, but she covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through her fingers. They were the first I had ever seen her shed, and they softened my heart so that I could easily have wept with her.

She grew calm, but was still determined. "I

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must go," she said; "I could not resist leaving my hiding-place when I heard that a housekeeper was wanted. The old home had attractions for me. I had wandered about from one place to another, but some prying eye would discover me and bring my secret to the light. Here I was among friends; the trees, the flowers, the very walls were familiar. It has been an asylum for a wretched outcast; I have endeavored to do my duty—you have been very kind."

"Show me that you appreciate my kindness by continuing your duties as heretofore."

"It may not be," she said, sadly; "the dread of meeting one, whose existence has been a curse to me, is over. Those who reviled the living, will surely hold sacred the memory of the dead."

CHAPTER III.

THE leaves may be closely folded over the heart of the rose, but let the warm sunshine diffuse its regenerating influence, and lo! the change.

You will not suppose that, having felt the effect of love's delicious sunshine, I was willing to return to the loneliness of my former life, and without a sigh relinquish all my hopes of happiness.

No. Edith left me; and, though she had not deemed it necessary to let me know her whereabouts, she was often in my thoughts. "*Nil desperandum*," was my motto, and I waited in hope.

The summer vacation was rapidly approaching, and I had made up my mind to visit the White Mountains, and revel in the enjoyment of all that was beautiful in nature. It is characteristic of me that whatever affects me most deeply is the subject least spoken of. Love, with me, was a solemn thing—a passion, deep, and enduring; so you will not wonder that I had no confidant in this "*affaire du cœur*." I think, from my very silence, George mistrusted how matters stood; but wisely kept his own counsel.

The day the sessions closed he came to my room, and, rather authoritatively, demanded that I should accompany him home. I was very tractable just then. I knew it would be much pleasanter for me to be in George's society, than wandering off alone in search of amusement or adventure. So I readily yielded acquiescence.

I have endeavored quite often to recall my first impressions on entering the town where George resided. I have a vague recollection of the place, and am confident his home was the abode of contentment and happiness.

After leaving the cars, we walked through a broad street, plentifully shaded with trees. Cottages stood back from the road; and court-yards, rich with the wealth of summer, diffused their fragrance and beauty to charm the passers by.

George and I sauntered along, enjoying all; the sunshine, the delicious air, the quiet, which could only be truly apprcciated by those who, like us, sought and required mental relaxation.

The country was nothing new to us; but what we most enjoyed, was the prospect before us of perfect freedom of mind and body.

Presently we came to a row of cottages so exactly similar in every respect, that it was difficult to distinguish the dividing line between them.

As I walked along, taking in everything in a general way, my attention was attracted to a female form bending among the flowers in one of the gardens. As we came opposite to her she arose; and, dropping the gardening tool she had in her hand, stood transfixed.

It was Edith.

I was thoroughly bewildered; George looked innocently unconscious.

There was a gate, and a few feet of ground between Edith and myself; a moment's delay, and I was by her side. George leaned nonchalantly over the railing; not with the air of a Tantalus, however, but as one perfectly satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and quite willing to be excluded from any participation therein. I began to be a little suspicious of him; though the idea of his having been an agent in working out my destiny, had never occurred to me before.

What I said to Edith matters not.

I learned from George that she was a companion for a widow lady in comfortable circumstances, and had all the comforts of a home. But there was a lingering trace of the shadow around her yet. Should I ever have power to dispel it!

I saw her frequently during my stay in the place; and I think she gave me more of her confidence than I had ever imagined she would. Under genial influences her nature was gradually expanding into a warmth and tenderness which had formerly seemed foreign to it. She was so impenetrable, however, that with all my astuteness I could not determine how I stood in her regard. I determined to make a bold stroke and so decide my fate.

"Give me the right to shelter and protect you," I urged, "the right of a husband, Edith. Is it too much?"

A thrill passed through her frame; a moment's

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hesitation, and she raised her face to mine. There was a world of meaning in the glance she gave me, though no word was spoken. My hope would not prove a delusion!

I suspect that Mr. Lee anticipated this denouement from the first. He seems delighted with the idea, and has promised to give the bride away.

George has claimed the honor of being first groomsman. So, by a hand which I trust will never fail in kindness to her, I led my Edith from under the shadow of a great grief out into the broad sunlight of love and happiness.

Nor do I care what the world will say if I marry my housekeeper.

WORD-PORTRAIT.

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

She seems as one to whom the stars
  Some softer charm have given,
Or one who had, with upturned brow,
  Stood gazing into Heaven,
Till, flashing from the pearly gates,
  The radiance had rifted
The shadows through, until it fell
  Upon her face uplifted;
And from her brow, and lip, and eye
  The pearly gleam had never
Gone out again, but lingered there,
  In lines of light, forever;
Or but the fair unfolding of
  Some angel-tended blossom;
And guarding seraphs keep secure
  The portals of her bosom,
That into its most holy place
  Naught, save the pure, may enter,
Where all of thought's most beautiful,
  And feeling's best do center.
She hath such dignity and grace,
  Such majesty and sweetness—
The blending of each earthly charm,
  With more of Heaven's completeness;
Enough to rev'rence of divine,
  Enough to clasp of human;
An angel in her purity,
  Yet in her loving—woman!
Her life 's one blest evangel full
  Of tenderness and beauty,
Wherein are writ the sweetest lines
  That ever called to duty;
And meekness, wisdom, love, and truth
  Illumine it forever;
And, reading, we grow strong like her,
  For every high endeavor.
When we, in all of woman-kind,
  May find such Heavenly teachers
To call us back to virtue's ways,
  We'll have less need of preachers—
Less need of bolts and prison-bars;
  The haunts of vice and passion
Will be less crowded, and the songs
  Of folly and of fashion
Will silent grow, as loving lips,
  Beside each fire-side altar,
Take up the hymn, and through its length
  Of rhythmed sweetness falter.
Man, aiding still to make it such,
  Will seek his home, and find it
The port of peace, the type of Heaven—
  Which God Himself designed it.

WHERE IS NOW THE QUEENLY BEAUTY?

BY ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

Where is now the queenly beauty
  That I loved in youth's dear day,
Whose bright smile of joy and sunshine
  Chased my clouds of gloom away?
Where is now the eye whose lustre
  Shed o'er life a radiant gleam,
Like the glorious Summer sunlight
  Dancing on the crystal stream?
Where is now the voice whose sweetness
  Gently o'er my spirit stole,
And could lull each rising passion
  With a fairy-like control?
Where is now the snow-white forehead
  Which lay pillowed on my breast—
And the heart which beat so gladly
  When unto my bosom pressed?
    Lost, lost in Lethe's stream!
    Fled, fled like a sweet dream!
Yes, the cheek hath lost its freshness,
  In the cold and cheerless tomb—
And the eye hath lost its brilliance,
  In the murky shades of gloom;
Yes, the heart hath ceased its throbbings,
  And the brow is marble cold—
And the voice no longer warbles
  Unto others, as of old.
Yet, I hear it sweetly singing,
  In a soft and liquid tone,
Like the harp-sounds that come floating
  From the mermaid's emerald throne;
And her form is ling'ring round me—
  Ling'ring round me night and day;
And she whispers, whispers gently,
  Of a land that's far away:
    Calling me to come and rest
    In that clime forever blest!

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THE HAUNTED WELL.

BY KATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

I.

It was no spring round which the fairies danced their midnight measure; no Lady of Avenel flitted about its waters in robe of snow and gleaming cincture; nor nymph nor naiad had her home therein. It was an old well, far away in the fields, and used for no more romantic purpose than to water the cattle which were housed at night in the barn near by. How it came to be the subject of my story, you will presently discern.

Fifty years ago, Deacon Ransom was one of the richest farmers of the midland counties. A stern old man to whom the irreverent did not fail to point, when they argued how little good religion did its possessors, and one whom his fellow Christians, perhaps, regarded as likely to be saved, if saved at all, as it were, "by fire." Never actually putting himself within the grasp of the law, he wandered so frequently in the border-land that lies between honesty and roguery that few could be found who did not consider that he had at some time overstepped the limits. An adept in that neat work of surgery, removing the cuticle from flints; apt in compressing sixpences till they cried out in remonstrance. By means of such proficiency, by strict parsimony in his family expenses, and by a long run of that sort of secular Providence which we denominate "luck," he had joined house to house, and field to field, and was now, in his hale old age, the largest landholder and the most "forehanded" resident of his native town of Bridgwater.

But if the deacon were universally regarded with dislike, not to say execration; if he heard, at town-meeting and the general election, such frank allusion to many circumstances in his past career, and such candid characterization of them that, at times, he was fain to forego the privilege of a freeman and remain at home instead of voting; if his dog, his horse, his "shay" endured a kind of village infamy as belonging to him—still he had one possession toward which malice never directed her shafts, nor the most graceless urchin his pebbles; which all the girls admired and liked, and all the rustic beaux adored—his daughter.

Clarissa—or, as she was more commonly called, Clary—Ransom was the prettiest girl in Bridgwater. It is difficult to make the airy little flirts of the present day believe that any one could have been handsome fifty years ago, or that the kindly old faces they are in the habit of seeing beneath wide cap-borders, and the eyes that look out on them through spectacles, were once blooming and bright, and, perhaps, far more lovely than their own. But it is true, nevertheless, and, moreover, theirs were native graces, How much do you owe, Miss Minnie, to your mantua-maker and your crinoline? or you, Lenora, to your silken robes and sparkling jewels? Your grandmothers had none of these. Their dresses, made, by their own fingers, of coarse material and simple fashion, imparted no fictitious beauty to their forms; if the shape were good, it so revealed itself; if faulty, no skillful device repaired or concealed the fact. Fortunately a plain diet, and active, healthy habits did so much in their behalf that they could better afford to trust to nature than many a modern belle.

Clary Ransom's best dress was a plaided flannel, such as old people will remember; it was made without fringe, or ribbon, or fancy button; and her sole decoration was the string of gold beads wherewith her mother had adorned her own neck in former years, and which, mother-like, the good lady had made over to Clary, as better suited to her period of youth and bloom. But she had the ornaments that are never out of fashion: ripe lips, brown, clustering curls and smiling eyes, and a plump little form that filled out the plaided flannel most bewitchingly. She had few accomplishments, I must own. She could make sweet bread, and golden butter; could get you a dinner in the shortest time and nicest manner; could spin and brew, and keep a house in perfect order; but of all that modern dames call education she was totally, lamentably ignorant. She sang a good deal, however, and with a very sweet and pleasant voice, the music that was prevalent in her day: old church tunes and tender Scottish airs that touched the heart and sometimes brought tears to the eyes of the listeners. And it was to promote her advancement in this branch of harmony that she went one winter to the singing-school. The deacon

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remonstrated against the proceeding as useless and extravagant, seeing that Clary sang already as clear as a bob-o-link in strawberry time; but the maiden was "wild" to go, and she had her mother to back her. To such combined forces the deacon was obliged to yield.

Can the young people of the present day imagine what the singing-school was to rustic neighborhoods in those times? There were the newest and smartest clothes exhibited; there tender or coquettish glances interchanged, and flirtations carried on with greatest spice and vigor; there did love-affairs of all kinds, from the incipient sentiment to the full-grown passion, thrive luxuriantly. During the recess, when even the master unbent his brow severe, and held with the older pupils converse dignified, yet urbane; when the youth of both sexes, divided hitherto by the width of the room and the engrossing practice of their *fa, sol, la*, met around the stove, or sat or stood in more secluded corners; where apples were eaten, nuts and "pop-corn" passed about, and lively sallies interchanged; there did Cupid hold his special court. What a field for graceful acquiescence or coquettish coolness was there when, the school dismissed, ensued the choice of a companion home! how triumphantly did the successful querist march away with his prize! how crest-fallen did he who "got the mitten" stand aside! And those rides from singing-school! when the air was crisp with frost, the moon shone bright, and the young hearts beat a measure lively as the chime of the jingling bells! Many a hand-pressure was there ere the farm-yard gate was reached; sometimes even a kiss snatched by the bolder spirits; and often and often did the sweet, but dreadful question, delayed before by doubt and shamefacedness, make its way and receive its answer, as the good steed sped over the sparkling snow. No wonder that singing-school was a combination of Almack's and the Opera to the young of those days.

Clary was soon the best "air" singer of her set, and had the greatest number of rustic beaux at her command, all eager for the privilege of escorting her homeward. But it was not long ere they began to move off and leave the field clear to a tall, handsome youth; and it might be observed that Clary's frank, innocent gaze became downcast as he approached her, and her clear tones so low that he must have been puzzled to understand whether she accepted or refused his company. These and many kindred symptoms soon marked it as a settled case, and many were the comments thereon; many the surmises as to what the deacon would say when he knew that George Delong was making love to his daughter. For between old Jacob Delong and Deacon Ransom existed a terrible feud of many years standing; beginning in some horse-trade, where, the former alleged, he had been outrageously cheated by his thrifty neighbor, and maintained by a series of injuries and affronts on both sides, which had proved a source of great gossip in the neighborhood and great scandal in the church. Every one believed the deacon in fault; not only that he was generally disliked, but because they knew how great a trial a horse-trade is to even brighter Christian graces than he had ever boasted. In consequence of these difficulties Jacob Delong had forsaken the Presbyterian church, of which, though not a member, he had been a constant attendant and liberal "supporter," and worshiped with the Baptists from that time forward; and for the same reason all intercourse between the families was suspended.

It was certainly very unlucky that, among all the pretty girls of his acquaintance, George Delong must needs fix on Clary as the only one whom, by any possibility, he could ever fancy; equally unfortunate that she should find no attentions so pleasing as those of her father's hereditary foe. But love, since the days of the Montagues and Capulets, (and perhaps before that time,) has laughed at traditionary enmities and scorned to yield to ancient prejudice; and our young people loved each other fondly and faithfully as did Romeo and Juliet, though well aware that their parents' hatred was cordial as their own affection. Clary was both timid and prudent; she confided to her mother the secret of her attachment, and the twain endeavored to concert schemes for bringing the deacon around; but George had never been allowed to enter the house, nor did she dare even hint to her father the name of her attendant at all the youthful gatherings.

But one Saturday afternoon when the deacon had been, as usual, to the post-office, he heard the news, and, coming home, his face dark with wrath, summoned his offending child before him. Clary came, trembling, frightened, yet with a certain firm resolution in her heart never to give up George, never to marry anybody else, let her father say what he might.

And then there was a scene! Quite as stormy as when the stern parent in a novel of the first water threatens the beauteous heroine with curses and disinheritance, if she does not at once renounce all thought of that generous, gallant lover who has won her heart, and plight

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her troth to the hateful earl or baron of his choice. Clary's resolution, if not frightened out of her, did not venture to declare itself; she stood mute and pale before the deacon's fury.

"Mind what I say, Miss!" were his concluding words; "don't let me hear of that young whelp coming about the place or speaking to you, no matter where you meet him. If he does, I'll thrash him within an inch of his life—and you too for that matter. I'll show you that I'm master in my own house, and not to be conquered whenever a little hussy that I could shake to pieces with one hand chooses to set up her will against me!"

Such was the fierceness of the deacon's wrath, that even his good wife, who in a quiet, subtle way that even Count Cavour might have taken a lesson from, often governed him, unsuspecting, dared not interpose a word, and Clary sobbed herself to sleep that night in the most approved state of misery and despair. Nor were George's feelings much less poignant when, in some unrecorded fashion, he learned of the decree the deacon had promulged. To be sure, he indulged in a little scornful mirth at the idea of the contemplated "thrashing," so far as it concerned his own person; but he was by no means sure that Clary would be equally able to defend herself, should her father attempt to chastise her for disobedience. Various wild ideas of assaulting the house and carrying her off by main force entered his mind, and were dismissed as impracticable; then he planned to meet her by stealth, persuade her to go at once before a magistrate, and thenceforth defy the deacon's wrath. But such a meeting was impossible. If Clary ever ventured beyond the door-yard, she was sure to have a companion, either in the person of her father or Timothy Yates, the hired man, armed with the stoutest of cudgels. However George might trust to his powers of putting the enemy *hors de combat*, he felt that such a conflict would not be a favorable preliminary to an interview with the fair mistress of his heart. So time passed wearily on to the divided lovers, till at last a small ray of hope penetrated their gloom and cheered their souls within them.

II.

The luminous body whence this ray proceeded was generally thought to have fellowship with the works of darkness rather than of light. He was a good-looking, harum-scarum, graceless youth, set down in the baptismal register as Joseph Bloomfield, but hailed as "Jo" by the lips of all who knew him. Practical jokes he delighted in, as well as every species of mischief and "deviltry." He was feared and detested by that portion of the community which imagines wisdom to consist in sour looks and sober movements; adored by the girls, and well liked by one of the best conducted youths in that section of country: to wit, our young friend George Delong. He was, moreover, an excellent dancer, played the violin fairly, and was possessed of a considerable property, among which was the field containing the Haunted Well of our story.

One Sunday night in June, as the deacon's household was about retiring to rest, two young men rushed in, pale with excitement and alarm. They had set out on the usual Sunday evening expedition of "sparking," and were proceeding leisurely across the fields, conversing as they went. It was a cloudy night, and darkness had fallen unusually early, but they were too familiar with the country to have any difficulty in finding their way. They had gone half-through Jo Bloomfield's pasture-land, when they were startled by groans of the most terrible description, proceeding, as it seemed, from one in the extreme of agony. Thinking at first that a person badly injured, or taken with sudden and violent illness, lay somewhere near them, they called again and again without receiving any reply, save the continuance of the fearful sounds. Guided by these, they gradually neared the old well, and found that the groans proceeded from within it. They shouted once or twice, conjuring the person, whoever he might be, to say how they could help him, but got no answer; only the groans grew deeper and more appalling than ever. Then sudden and overmastering fear came upon them, and they fled as for their lives, staying not till they reached the friendly shelter of the deacon's roof. Here they told their story, and no one laughed at it; those were the days when ghosts and witches, and all other supernatural doings still kept a hold upon the popular faith, and the deacon's household listened to the narration with wonder, not unmixed with awe.

"And now," said Sim Brown, the elder of the two youths, "I've told all there is to tell. You can't scare me with anything living; but them sounds was awful! No critter in his senses could have fallen into that well; and if he did, and had strength left to hold on to the sides and groan like that, he would have answered when we spoke to him. What is your opinion, deacon?"

'There's nobody can have but one opinion, Simeon," solemnly returned the worthy man.

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"There's been some dreadful wickedness done in secret, and this is the Lord's way of bringing it to light. I've always mistrusted Joseph Bloomfield; he's always withstood religion and cast a slight on professors. It's my mind that he and his evil companions will soon be brought to shame." Everybody shuddered at the thought.

The next day there were plenty of curious people about the field, and well eager to see if there were any trace of the last night's singular occurrence. Nothing was visible; all remained quiet and undisturbed, and the well, when searched, exhibited nothing more alarming than its usual contents of mossy stones and cool, clear water. Meanwhile the story of a supernatural visitation spread far and wide; the whole country was aroused, and multitudes flocked to the scene. By Tuesday evening hundreds were on the ground, awaiting the fall of night and the sound of the mysterious groans. A few, indeed, made light of the matter, and called Sim Brown and his companion fools and cowards. Conspicuous among them was a certain Major Jones, a swelling, pompous individual, who conceived that his militia honors entitled him to lay down the law to all about him. He spoke very bravely of the absurdity of a belief in ghosts; the whole thing was a hoax, or a fancy of Sim Brown's; *he* wasn't afraid; if there *was* a ghost, he'd fight him, etc., etc. His boasts were received with enthusiasm by a few kindred spirits; but the majority shuddered at this reckless defiance of powers that might even then be gathering around. And all looked with that intense, yet horrified interest which the supernatural awakens for the first sound from the Haunted Well.

The sun had been down an hour; darkness settled on the face of nature. A few pine knots cast their lurid, flaring light over the assembly, revealing to each other the faces of friends and neighbors. Conspicuous amid the throng was the deacon's family; Clary, as usual, under the protection of her parents and the stout cudgel. In a distant part of the field stood George Delong; poor fellow! he dared not approach the fair object of his affections.

Suddenly, from the very bottom of the well, arose a groan—and at the sound a thrill went through every bosom. Fast they came, and faster, as of one suffering the extremest limit of mortal anguish. The whole multitude stood as if petrified; the unusual scene, the strange noises breaking on the stillness of night, and the strong belief in invisible powers about them chilled all hearts with horror. Even the boastful major and his friends grew pale; but when, after a minute or two, the groans ceased, he recovered his spirits.

"It's all a trick," he cried, derisively; "there's some one hidden among the willows, and speaking through the logs to frighten a pack of fools and old women. If any of you have got the pluck to come with me, we'll soon ferret him out."

Nobody felt very anxious for the expedition; but two or three at last were found. They explored the little clump of willows, but no intruder was discovered; they essayed to speak through the logs and counterfeit the groans, but their voices were inaudible to the throng around the well. Discomfited and alarmed, they returned to their friends—and no sooner had they resumed their places than the sounds were renewed with terrific violence.

New fear fell upon all save the valiant major—but he was determined to maintain the position to the end. "I tell you what, boys," he cried, "do you let me down into the well, and I'll soon rout your ghost for you!"

Exclamations of horror arose from all sides. The men declared that it was a "tempting of Providence;" and the women raised a universal chorus of, "Oh! Major, don't! Don't Major!" But the dauntless major, not a whit deterred by their lamentations, proceeded to the well, and, grasping the chain, was about to descend into the darkness below, when such sounds arose—such horrible, unearthly noises—that even his stout heart gave way and he receded trembling from the brink; no jeers passed around at the failure of his courage; all sympathized in his feelings too thoroughly to deride them.

A deep and solemn stillness now pervaded the assembly. It was broken by Father Mack, an aged minister, whose hair had been whitened by eighty winters.

"My friends," he said, in a tremulous, but impressive voice, "the Lord has called us together to make manifest by His power some dark and cruel deed. At such a time it is fitting that we should implore His blessing and guidance. Let us pray."

He knelt, and the multitude with him—earnestly imploring the divine aid in the work before him; and that this testimony that the eyes of the Lord are in every place, and that He will bring hidden things to light, might be the means of convincing and saving many who had hitherto resisted His authority. Prayer ended, all rose from their knees, and Father Mack, approaching the well, said in solemn tones, "In the name of God, who are you?"

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At this the groans, which, during the prayer, had been of the most terrific description, ceased entirely; and a moment after a voice, low and muffled, as if speaking from deep within the earth, responded, "Israel Chapin."

Exclamations of horror broke from the crowd. Israel Chapin was well known to many of the older people, and all had heard his name, and the gloomy suspicions connected with it. He had been a thriving pedler twenty years before and had suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither. The circumstance of his leaving many debts uncollected among the country people, led to the belief that he had been "made away with;" and a dissolute vagabond, who disappeared about the same time, was universally suspected as the cause of his death. But nothing had ever been known with certainty about the matter, and in the course of twenty years it had been almost forgotten. Now, however, the memory of the missing man revived; all who had once been familiar with him seemed to behold him again before them, and listened with breathless anxiety for his words.

"How came you in this place?" was the next query of the aged Father Mack.

"Nat Herrick murdered me and put me here," was the reply.

Another thrill amid the throng! Nat Herrick was the very man long since suspected of the crime!

In answer to further questioning, the spirit of the murdered man declared that he had been attacked and killed by Herrick near the clump of willow trees; he had been struck from behind, as his skull would show when disinterred. The first blow had proved fatal, and the murderer had then proceeded to rifle his person and pack of money and portable articles of value. He had then buried the body near at hand and made his way to the coast, where he took passage for England; but a storm coming up the ship was destroyed, and he had sunk with his ill-gotten treasure beneath the waves. This recital, considerably amplified, was listened to with eager interest by the horrified crowd.

"And now what is it that you wish?" again demanded Father Mack; "and why have you troubled the peace of this neighborhood?"

"I wish," replied the spirit, "that my bones may be taken up and receive Christian burial. If that is done, I shall trouble you no more."

The voice ceased, nor did further questions meet with any notice.

After tarrying awhile to return thanks for this marvelous exposure of the hidden works of darkness, and to converse on the strange and solemn incident of being brought, as it were, face to face with the invisible world, the crowd separated, agreeing to come together on the following day and dig for the remains of the unfortunate pedler. They were then to be placed in a suitable coffin and interred with appropriate ceremonies in the nearest burying-ground. Some impatient spirits were for beginning the work at once, but it was decided that it would be better to wait till the morrow —and full of eager anticipation the throng dispersed. So occupied were the deacon and his spouse in discussing the events of the night, that they did not once perceive that one of their party was missing. It was not till the good steed paused at their own door and Mrs. Ransom had alighted, that she exclaimed with a sudden start of recollection,

"My senses, deacon! *Where's Clary?*"

Where indeed? No one had thought of her, so engrossed were all minds with the great event of the evening; and now it was midnight, and they knew not where to look.

"Perhaps she went home with Sairey Jones or Belindy Smith," said the mother; "yet I should think she would ha' spoke to me about it. It's very strange; I can't account for it no way."

Neither could the deacon, though he rode from house to house, despite the lateness of the hour, inquiring everywhere for his missing child. Nobody had seen her; nobody could give him any news.

But we are happily better informed. About the time of Father Mack's prayer, when all heads were bowed in silent devotion, two dark figures might have been seen to separate themselves from the crowd and glide stealthily along beyond the willows, where they were met by a third.

"The horses are hitched just outside the bars," said this last, in a low voice; the parson is ready, and you can have the whole thing over in five minutes when once you are there. Ride for your lives, and I'll keep the folks entertained for an hour or two longer."

He was as good as his word, and George and Clary had been man and wife for the space of full forty minutes ere Jo Bloomfield deserted the ground, and, mounting his black horse Bouncer, made his way to Brighton, where the ceremony had been performed. Clary had to receive a bridal kiss and numerous congratulations. It seemed, poor child! that she stood in need of them. She felt sadly frightened at the daring step they had taken, and at the possibility that the deacon might refuse to forgive

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them. Jo thought to cheer her by referring to the details of his ruse.

"Didn't I do it well?" he inquired, exultingly. "It wasn't so much the first night; the fellows were soon frightened and took to their heels. They didn't stop long to investigate. But this time it was worse. The major had real pluck; I thought it was all over with me when he and his aids came down to the logs. I had scant time to poke in my bundle of tow and scramble up a tree before they were down on me."

"A bundle of tow? What was that for?" said Clary.

"To stop the sound of their voices, so they should think it wasn't possible that any one should be heard through the logs. But, poor old father Mack! how serious he took it all! I thought I should die laughing, as I lay there and groaned at him, sinner that I am! But, all is fair in love and war, you know. Now, Miss Clary," he continued, "or Mrs. Delong, I *should* say, don't look so downhearted; don't make George think you are sorry he has got you."

"It is not that, indeed!" said Clary, turning a beaming glance on the handsome youth at her side. "But I feel bad to think of my father. He was always good to me; at least till lately; and he'll grieve so to think I've disobeyed him. Perhaps he'll never forgive me!" And the tears broke forth.

"Don't you fear for that," said Jo, in a cheery tone. "When the deacon finds it's done with, he'll take it all well enough, and thank you for giving him such a son, even if he did not particularly want him. Besides, you know what your mother said." Perhaps this last remark justified a belief that subsequently prevailed in the neighborhood—that Mrs. Ransom knew more of her daughter's plans than she chose to divulge, and had encouraged her in them.

It was not long ere the story of the hoax and its consequences spread through Bridgwater and the adjoining towns. The diggers for the remains of the late unfortunate Mr. Chapin threw down their spades in disgust and hastened homeward, and the funeral ceremonies were indefinitely postponed.

The deacon in time forgave his erring children, and, not long after the birth of the first grandchild, he and old Jacob Delong shook hands and buried the hatchet. This event did not, however, restore Mr. Delong's patronage to the Presbyterians. He remarked, confidentially, to his wife, that he would have nothing to do with a church that "fellowshiped" a man that would cheat in a horse-trade. His personal animosity was overcome; but his sense of right, you see, remained unaltered.

George and Clary were happy and prosperous. Jo Bloomfield was their firm friend through life, trotting on his knee many juvenile Delongs, and bequeathing his substance to them, when, in the fiftieth year of his jovial bachelorhood, he bade farewell to this lower world.

LABOR IS HONORABLE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. B. DAVIS.

CHILD of toil, why hang thy head,
Ashamed to labor for thy bread?
Toil brings honor—heed this truth—
Joy comes not to the idle youth:
Busy hands, and busy brains
Do sow and reap the golden grains!

Envy not the child of ease,
Seeking his darling self to please;
His dark hours must come at last,
And bring regrets for moments past—
When his course of life is run,
He dies—and has no honor won.

Merchants in the busy mart,
Scholar proud, with beating heart;
Statesmen in the senate-hall,
Gathered there at freedom's call—
Know, the world your deeds will bless;
Ye have your spheres of usefulness.

House-wife, weary with thy cares,
Mark the fond smile thy husband wears,
When, his daily toil now o'er,
He seeks his well-known cottage-door—
Read the story it will tell!
For labor thou art honored well.

Maiden, at thy busy loom,
Toiling hard, in noisy room,
Think, when weary grows thy hand,
Thy labors each will bless the land,
Clothe the monarch and the slave,
From products brought o'er land and wave!

Seamstress, bending o'er thy toil,
Earning bread by midnight oil;
Poorly clad and poorly fed,
Pressing thy weary, aching head—
Know, the world thy efforts need,
And thy toil its wants doth feed!

Child of labor, raise thy head,
Blush not to earn thy daily bread;
In the Spring-time of thy youth
Seek labor's walks or halls of truth;
Sloth will lead to vice and crime—
Labor and toil to deeds sublime!

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE tramp of armed men filled the streets of Edinburgh with war tumult. The clash of firelocks—the ringing of iron hoofs upon rough stones—the shrill cry of bagpipes rendered the town a scene of wild commotion. Never was a town evacuated with more warlike clangor—never did troops go forth with greater enthusiasm.

Katharine Fraser heard it in her chamber, where she had fled to weep after her separation from Clanranald. Flora Macdonald heard it as she paced up and down her pretty bower-chamber, bewildered by the love of two passionate hearts that had been poured forth so unexpectedly upon her that morning. Lady Clanranald heard it as she knelt in her oratory with her mother, and prayed for the noble son she might never see again. But the martial sound penetrated even farther than this: it reached Dougal Carr in his sick-chamber. In vain had Luke closed the heavy shutters, and dropped the heavy curtains over them, hoping to shut out the sound. In vain he had striven to distract his brother's attention by reading aloud, and recounting wild adventures gathered from his previous research in Lord Lovat's library. The bagpipes were too numerous and shrill for these attempts to avail anything. With the first united outburst, Dougal sprang from his bed, half-dressed, as had seemed most comfortable for his progressing convalescence, and, with scarlet cheeks and eyes eagerly bright, called for his sword.

"Be quick, be quick!" he cried. "It is the Frasers passing by. Here comes Lochiel—here—be quick, good brother; bring forth my arme."

Luke stood up aghast and laid hands on his brother, striving to check the dangerous ardor; but Dougal shook him off, and, seizing his garments, proceeded to complete his dress.

"Do not speak to me, Luke. I charge you, be silent!" he cried. "It is our country, our Prince—and, oh! Luke, a battle-field lies near on which knighthood is to be won. Be quick, be quick! I feel the spurs on my heel even now! If ever mortal man won a woman from her high estate, I will win this beautiful maiden before another sun dawns!"

"But you are ill; the wound is scarcely healed. It will be your death!"

"Death! What then? She will weep for me——"

"No, no!"

"No? I tell you she will; for she loves me!"

"Oh! Dougal, this is self-deception. She never did—never will love you!"

Dougal was untangling the leathern thongs attached to his sword. He paused quickly, and looked at the distressed face of his brother with a puzzled smile.

"You are mistaken, Luke."

"No, no; there is certainty. She will come and see you—she will be humane; but her heart is cold as ice."

"You have not seen her with the glow of roses on her cheek, with the love-light in her eyes, Luke, to call her cold! Out upon you, laddie, she is an angel!"

Luke lost his patience. The task of undeceiving his brother was a bitter one, and he writhed under a dread of the pain he must inflict. This made him curt and rude, like a surgeon that chides the patient he would die to save.

"I tell you she is proud as Lucifer, hard as rock."

"How churlish!" said Dougal. "I thought better of you, laddie. But then, what can you know about it?"

"I know that she does not care the value of an oat-straw for you or any other person."

"Nay, nay, Luke. You are well-read in books; but when it comes to a fair lady——"

"Then I am blind—a mole—a blind house-dog. Well, be it so. But when a fair lady says, with her own lips, "I do not love the laddie Dougal Carr, the son of Dame Carr, and will not forgive his presumption in dreaming the thing possible—why, then I believe her."

"And has she said this to you?"

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"Even to me, bat and mole as I am."

Dougal laid down his sword and stood looking at his brother in wild bewilderment.

"She said this to you?"

"Yes; ask again and I shall make the same answer."

"But when and where?"

"Not an hour ago."

"Oh!"

"When Mistress Flora Macdonald was watching by you here."

Dougal sat down on the bed, drew a deep, deep breath, and looked on his brother with one of the brightest smiles that ever lighted a human face.

Luke opened his black eyes wide and wildly.

"Why, you seem pleased. I thought it would wound you worse than the arrow."

"You are speaking of Mistress Fraser," answered Dougal. "I know well enough she never cared for me, except when, like a dog, I joined in her sports; but I do not grieve about that; perhaps, Luke, I have found out that—that I did not so much love her as the fancies she awoke."

"Then you are reconciled? You will not break your heart, or fall on that sword?"

"Not so long as a brighter and more beautiful being than she——"

"Oh! ha, you know it—you have read all. Flora Macdonald! You love her and not this proud Fraser. Dougal, Dougal, I shall go wild. This joy strengthens me into a comely man. Truly, truly she loves you. I have known it from the first. It was her lips that——"

Luke broke off, remembering his promise.

"Her lips, her dear lips! Well, Luke, tell me what it was?"

"Not now. Let her tell you herself. The rosy shame will be beautiful to look upon."

"Luke, dear Luke, tell me what she said. Not that she loved me, and to you?" cried Dougal, flushed and eager with a craving for deeper confirmation that he was beloved.

"Tush! Did I want words to teach me that?"

"Then she never told you anything?"

"Dougal, how can you ask? Truly, she never did; but when I hinted it, only bade me be dumb as I will be."

"Pick up my sword, Luke."

"Then you are determined? You will go?"

"Go? Are battle-fields so plenty that a young churl who has lifted his eyes to a high-born lady can afford to pass them by? That is well. Thank heaven it was not my right shoulder the arrow mangled! Bring me the little mirror yonder that I may see how like a ghost I am—ha! this is better than I thought. Now, Luke, order my horse, or bring me another fleet and fresh. It will be a sharp ride before I come up with the clan."

"But, Dougal——"

"Do not attempt to stay me. Men before this hour founded mighty names on a single battle-field. Our Lady gave me the opportunity. It is all I ask."

Luke's face kindled as he listened to these words.

"By my soul!" he said, ardently, "if a right kingly spirit can work out greatness it will be yours! I did not think to stop you, Dougal, though the wound in your shoulder is unhealed. But will you not see this fairy lady before you go?"

"When I come back with the spur on my heel, not before. Then even the Macdonalds of the Isles may not blush to own me as something worthy of attention."

Luke was about to urge the subject further, but a slight footstep in the outer passage warned him of a more potent presence, and he went out through a side door.

Flora Macdonald entered young Carr's chamber in a panic. She had heard the clank of arms within, and knew that the tumult which filled the streets must have reached the invalid. The apprehension these thoughts created made her bold. She passed through the door in haste and found the young man arrayed for the battle-field, and girding on his sword with hands that trembled both from want of strength and eagerness.

"You are going?" she exclaimed, crossing her hands and regarding him with pallid earnestness—"you are going? So feeble, so helpless. Yet you would not stay though I knelt to ask you."

"I could not, fairest lady; that would be to resign everything that my heart pants for. One battle, dear lady, and Dougal Carr will earn a right to say how much he loves you!"

Flora did not blush, for all the warm scarlet blood that might have dyed those cheeks had fallen back upon her heart; but a proud gleam came to her face, and, drawing close to his side, she fastened the buckle of his sword-belt with her own hands, panting for breath as she performed the task.

"It is only that I thought you feeble," she said.

"Your love has made me strong."

He stooped down and kissed her forehead, the excitement of the moment rendered this act an impulse. It seemed as if he had loved

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her forever, and no one could dispute the right to express affection after this tender fashion. Even this brought no crimson to her face; but she clung to him with both white arms around his neck and wept passionately.

"You will return? You will not rush into needless danger?" she pleaded.

"No danger is needless that wins my own love," he whispered, smoothing back her hair with his hand; "but Our Lady will keep me safe for your sweet sake!"

"Ah! how I pray for it!" she sighed.

"Now farewell! I hear the ring of hoofs on the pavement. Luke has sent my horse."

"Not yet—oh! not yet!"

"I must—I must. Every moment is a grain of gold."

"But you tremble so!"

"It is because I feel your heart fluttering like a wounded bird against mine."

"Does that make you weak? Forgive me."

Flora drew a deep breath and stood up firmly, resting one hand on his shoulder. He looked at her steadily, striving to gather strength from her courage; then his arms opened and she fell upon his bosom. A moment after she was alone, standing in the center of that dim old room. She heard his steps, less firm than a young warrior's should have been, descending the stories; then the sharp clatter of hoofs, softened into a regular beat on the stones, and he was gone.

Flora crept into the great easy-chair which Luke had occupied near his brother's pillow, and, laying her pale cheek against its cushions, wept in piteous silence. So, when the young soldiers of that household went forth to the battle of Preston Pans, every soul under Lady Clanranald's roof was given up to prayers or weeping.

Luke Carr had taken leave of his brother at Lady Clanranald's door. He made no pretence of following the young soldier, but turned abruptly away from his thanks, and went at once to Lord Lovat's mansion. The old man was not in his library or bed chamber, and at this Luke chafed angrily, for he was in haste. As he stood within the sleeping chamber, sitting upon the great bed under the vast shadows of its purple draperies, waiting for the old man to come in, the library door opened, and his own mother entered. She was dressed more richly than he had ever seen her before, and her presence was almost princely as she walked across the oaken floor.

Luke did not speak or move, at first, her sudden presence startled him; then his quick intellect began to question the reason of her coming to that place from the humble mountain home. There was something about his mother which Luke had never understood. If he waited, the mystery might be explained; for she had evidently come to see Lord Lovat.

The woman did not seat herself, but began pacing slowly up and down the room, pausing now and then on the rich square of Persian carpet that lay in the center of the floor, and looking down upon it in deep thought, as if striving to untangle the intricacies of its arabesque pattern in her mind.

Luke watched her searchingly. He could not but observe with what effect her presence mingled with the sumptuous surroundings of the room. In her mountain home she had never seemed in place, even to him; but here in the large room, under the richly-tinted light that streamed through the curtains, she was the one figure of a complete and sumptuous picture, matching the heavy furniture and tapestry hangings as if they had been her birth-right.

On entering the room, widow Carr had flung back her hood of dark silk, and its crimson lining gave color to her complexion, which had not yet faded from its depth of color or expressive outline. The brunette tints of her face were still enriched with a warm color on the cheeks, and her great black eyes had a glow of fire in them that Luke saw with astonishment: to him they had always been velvety and brooding till now. The hunchback observed this as she lifted her eyes, and turned them upon the door when some noise outside excited her expectation. Then, the light from a neighboring window streaming in upon her black garments, with the waves of crimson, thrown into relief by the picturesque way in which she had flung back the hood from her face, and the mantalette from her person, even her own son was lost in astonishment.

The door opened, and Lord Lovat came in. He stood a moment, looking upon the woman with a half-cynical expression of the face.

"Then it is you who wish to speak with me? What brings you so far from Dounie?"

"I come to inquire after my son. Why did you lure him away from me?"

"I lure him? Why, the bairn left Dounie without so much as saying by your leave of any one."

"Where is he now?" demanded the woman.

"With that reprobate son of mine. That is, he was in his train the last I heard of him."

"And he is under arms—his life is in peril?"

"The laddie is brave as a lion, and sharp as

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a goshawk. Have no fear about him. Besides, I think this rebellion will be at an end before much danger can reach Dougal."

"And Luke—what of him?"

"Ah! Luke is doing his duty well. Before long we shall have a good account of the crooked laddie; he has but one aim in life."

"And what is that?"

"His brother. Luke has no soul, no wish, no life which does not begin and end in Dougal. He is a sharp dog, this laddie Luke."

"You like him then, my lord?"

"Like him? Why, I tell you there is not the equal of that sharp imp in the world! Only show him how to help his handsome brother, and he would take a tiger by the throat without flinching. But the Macdonalds were always brave!"

"My lord, my lord! Why do you speak that name at this late day?"

"Tush! woman. What is there in a name that should make you look so wild?"

"You forget——"

Lord Lovat interrupted her with a laugh.

"No, I am not likely to forget. The fellow cost me trouble enough, I am sure!"

The woman's eyes flashed fire.

"He was noble and good. The time may come when even his proud father will admit that."

Lord Lovat laughed again.

"You know little of old Boisdale if you fancy him a man to relent, especially when you bring him this crooked laddie as the heir of his house."

"Alas! I cannot prove that he is the heir," said the woman, plaintively, "more than the other——"

"Hush! woman, hush! I thought you more discreet. Do not speak of the other—nor of her!"

"How can I help it? Have I not the charge of her child?"

"I thought both the trust and its reward came from me," said Lord Lovat, carelessly.

"From you? Yes, everything that I have came from you—even my isolation and my misery."

"How, madam?"

"Forgive me! But it was hard to withhold the evidence I wanted to establish the rights of that poor child. My husband told me that the papers were left with you."

"Your husband was—well, well, no matter. Do not fix your blazing eyes on me. I say nothing against him, except that he gave way to a dangerous fancy when you became his wife."

"It was dangerous—it was fatal!" said the woman, mournfully.

"An exile, and penniless—what had he to gain by love fancies? It was bad enough for me, who did manage to get something from my estates, and who had self-control enough to keep me from the priest."

"Stop, my lord, stop! This is too heartless!"

The woman stamped her foot in imperious anger.

"What would you have? Nay, be quiet; this rage was becoming years ago. But nothing spoils a face that has lost its first freshness like anger. Besides, it is needless. You cannot regret more than I do the perverse fate that kept me from giving Dougal a legal mother. But for that, I might hope to see the line perpetuated by one who is not hateful to me after I become Duke of Fraser."

"The Duke of Fraser! Did you say that, my lord?"

"Yes. But think it unsaid, and keep the proud heart down in your bosom. I know that you love my son as if he were your own—better, perhaps; for Luke has a bitter tongue, at times. Am I right?"

"I love the boy better than my own life—better than my own soul!" cried the woman, passionately pressing both hands to her heart.

"I know it," said the old man, triumphantly. "And no wonder his mother was a beautiful woman."

"My sister! my unhappy sister!" moaned the woman. "Yes, she was beautiful even in her death, when I took this child from her cold bosom, and promised to keep it safe from harm, safe from the temptations of rank and wealth, safe from its own father, who had abandoned it and her."

"Nay, it was not my fault. The Prince would have me near him, and you know well the exiles of '15 had a sorry time of it. Macdonald himself, loving husband as he was, could not always stay with you in that pretty, vine-covered cottage, where we first saw you and that fair sister, sitting, at your lace-making, by the open lattice. That was a pretty picture, Mistress Carr."

"Do not call me by that name! I will not hear it from you!" cried the woman, passionately. "For my child's sake—for her child's sake I have borne it; but not from your lips shall the hated sound come!"

"Nay, nay, this is folly, woman. Remember that a noble of Scotland carries no dishonor into a peasant's cottage, though it is in fair Italy. Carr is a good name."

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"But I have a right to that other which you unjustly withhold from me."

"I withhold it?" The old man laughed till the great easy-chair upon which he had seated himself shook under its sumptuous cushions.

"I withhold it! Why, mistress, what had I to do with Hugh Macdonald's marriage?"

"You witnessed it, Lord Lovat."

"Did I? Well, it is possible. I remember a pretty chapel in the hills, overrun with ivy, and with gleams of painted glass in the windows; and I remember a beautiful girl, proud as an empress, and cold as stone—too proud for generous love such as her sister gave that vagabond exile, Lord Lovat; and——"

"Hold, my lord! Insult me, if you will; but do not speak of her in that voice, or with that look—it drives me mad!"

"No matter; there is something very piquant in that stormy look of the eye. It reminds me of her when she got into a queenly humor, which sometimes happened, you know."

"I know that she was good, beautiful, and loving; cruelly wronged, sacrificed in the bloom of her youth."

"Do not speak with such force, my dear Mistress Carr. If your sister suffered some wrong, have I not atoned for it, both to your child and hers? Is not Luke wise and shrewd as the most learned man in Scotland? And where can you find a match for Dougal?"

"But he is only known as a churl."

"Have patience. Wait till I work out the web of events here. The Master of Lovat is with the Prince. He may be shot, or, failing that, stands a fair chance of losing his head in the tower, some fine day; then your sister's son may claim his father's name, and carry forward the honors your sharp laddie will help me win."

"But how? He has no legal name!" exclaimed the woman, greatly excited.

Lord Lovat stooped forward, clasping his white hands together, and dropping them between his knees.

"Listen," he said. "There are services so great that a powerful king may reward them even by removing the bar-sinister from the escutcheon of a noble house. The act which makes me Duke of Fraser, will place your sister's son fairly in the line of succession. In a few days, if your son fails me not, all this will be accomplished."

The widow Carr stood in the middle of the room, gazing on the old lord with a doubtful and perplexed look. Something troubled her thoughts, and she walked up and down the room in great agitation. While her face was turned away, Luke stole out from his concealment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COME TO ME, DARLING.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

Come to me, darling, sit close by my side,
Lay your soft hands in my thin, wasted palm;
Oh! little one, do you know how I've tried,
To flood your life only with sunshine and calm?

Push back the curls that fall over your face,
Let me look down in the blue of your eye;
As the years bring to you beauty and grace,
Will the good seed in that heart of yours die?

I read the resolve in your sweet, earnest eyes:
You'll grow to be gentle, and trustful, and true;
You think that one can do the right if she tries—
None shall endeavor more truly than you.

Darling, I know that just this is your thought;
But, if your path should be thorny with care,
Your life with sore trial and suffering fraught—
Weeds may be growing ere you are aware.

Ah! Could I linger to watch over your way!
Oft, with the dear God, I've striven and prayed.
You will remember to watch and to pray,
Go to the weak and the lonely for aid.

Nearer, my darling, lie down by my side,
Nestle your head on the pillow with mine.
Father, have I, in my yearning and pride,
Loving the mortal, forgot the Divine?

Give her of human love, else will her way
Tearful, and lonely, and comfortless be;
Guide her young feet that they never may stray,
Crown her with blessings and lead her to Thee.

Softly, bright sunbeams, look in at the pane!
What come ye down from the far hills to see?
Cease, oh! ye murmuring winds, to complain!
Hush your glad music, ye birds in the tree!

Hurried the footsteps that enter the door,
Bowed are the forms that are filling the room.
Birds, ye have charmed, but will charm her no more!
Sunbeams, ye never can lighten the gloom!

The sound of low weeping is heard for the dead.
Dear little one! they will rouse you to pain!
Sleep has been hovering over the bed—
One shall awaken, ah! never again!

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MIRIAM GRANT.

BY MRS. SARAH LINDLEY WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

"I CANNOT meet you as a stranger, Miriam. Let the past be forgotten, and tell me, how have you been all these long years?"

"Well, and happy."

"I am very glad to hear you say that; but as for me, I am a lonely old bachelor."

"What! Are you not married yet, Richard?"

"No; nor do not think I ever shall be. I made up my mind to that four years ago."

She remembers vividly, and with some sorrow, the time to which he alludes. She has not forgotten the sudden faintness that came upon her, the morning after her wedding, when she read Richard Dean's name in the list of passengers who had sailed that day for South America, and she knew full well *who* was the cause of his going.

Not but what she loved him. Oh! no; to be the wife of Richard Dean had been the one hope of her life. Looking up to him now, as he stands by her side, brings back the scene of four years ago as if it were but yesterday, when walking on the beach, with the great ocean sobbing and moaning at their feet, Richard Dean had told her of his love, and what a great joy it would to be to him if she would be his wife.

She was too happy to answer at first; but when he bent over and looked in her face to see if he could read his answer there, and drew her fondly to him, she whispered, "I love you, Richard!"

They sat there a long time after that; and he pictured to her the happy home that should be hers; and how fondly he would cherish her through all the years that God should give them to live together. His voice had a low, musical tone as he said this; and it sounded as sweet to her ear as the musical anthems of the sea.

And she remembers what an unusual pallor was on the face of her invalid sister May, as she entered her room that night, and, sinking on a low ottoman at her feet, says, "Miriam, do you love Richard Dean?"

She clasped her arms around the neck of her sister.

"Oh! May——"

"There, there! I need not have asked you; I might have known you did. Oh! Miriam, it will kill me."

"Why, May, darling, what is the matter? Do you not think he is worthy of me?"

"Oh! not that, Miriam! there, let me hide my face in your lap, and I will tell you. I, too, love Richard; I have loved him for many years; and it is this that is wearing my life out, for he does not love me; it is *you*, Miriam, he would have for his wife; but promise me you will never marry him. Oh! how could you, knowing it would be my death blow; for it surely would!"

Even now there comes a slight shudder over her at the recollection of that hour.

How the love for Richard kept pleading in her heart; and how her sister's voice kept pleading, "Promise me! promise me!"

"Oh! I cannot, May!" she said, at last, or almost groaned, for there was a terrible struggle going on in her heart.

Then the pale face of May grew even more pallid; and the thin white hands that had grasped hers so nervously in her excitement, loosened their hold; and, with a low cry, she sank fainting to the floor.

Then there arose in Miriam's heart a prayer for strength; and when at last the half-lifeless girl came slowly back to consciousness, she whispered to her, "I promise, May!" but the words pierced her heart like a sharp sword. And so it was she accepted the hand of Nicholas Grant. But first she told Richard Dean that she could never be his wife; and when he urged her to tell him the reason, the happiness of her sister overpowered maiden delicacy; and she told him all. And then, when every word seemed to palsy her tongue, entreated him to make her his wife.

"Never! Miriam. I do not, nor cannot love your sister!"

"But for *my* sake, then, Richard, if not for hers; do it for my sake!"

"Oh! Miriam, it will be a dreadful sacrifice!"

"But you will, Richard; say that you will."

"Yes!"

Then she hastened to gladden the heart of May by telling her she should be Richard's wife. But she was too late; for May had heard

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all; heard from his own lips that he did not love her. It was too much for the poor girl in her feeble state of health; she dragged herself to her chamber there to die.

And when Miriam came in, she raised herself by a feeble effort, and there was a wild look in her eyes as she said, "You need not tell me, Miriam; I heard it all; Richard does not love me. I knew it before; but, somehow, there has always been a hope in my heart that he would some time. But it is all gone now; the hope, I mean, and you may take back that promise, Miriam, for I am dying!"

"Oh! May, you must not die; live, live to be Richard's wife, for I cannot; my hand is promised to another." And so May died.

The tears are coming into Miriam Grant's eyes now, just as they did then; and Richard, noticing her emotion, leads her away from the crowded rooms.

"It grieves me to see those tears, Miriam!" and he clasped the little, soft white hand that was resting on his arm with all a lover's tenderness.

"Please don't, Richard!"

"Pardon me, Miriam; I had forgotten, for the moment, that you was Mrs. Nicholas Grant. Do you know I start for Europe to-morrow?"

"Is it possible? Then I shall not see you again?" There was a touch of sadness in the tone.

"No! I suppose not."

"Your stay is very short, Richard!"

"Yes. I have no business to keep me."

"But you have friends!"

"I trust I have a *friend*, Miriam!"

"Yes; and one who will always be your friend."

"Thank you for this sweet assurance. I once thought—but there, I am forgetting myself again."

CHAPTER II.

TIME passed, and Miriam Grant was a widow. She had loved her husband; noble, and good, always so tender with her, how could she help it? And her terrible grief at his death was no mockery, although a good many envious tongues whispered that she only married Nicholas Grant for his wealth. People thought him wealthy; and so he had been; but it was the time of the great commercial crisis, and old established houses were falling one after another, and among them was Nicholas Grant's.

This no doubt hastened his death, for he could not tell the sad news to his young wife; and so, after the sod had been covered over him, and she had come back, weary and heart-broken, to her splendid home, strangers told her it must be sold to pay the creditors, and that she was left penniless. But one week longer would she have a home there, and in the meantime she must seek employment.

"I am very sorry for you, dear," and the fashionable Mrs. Reeves lifted her cambric handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away an imaginary tear.

Mrs. Reeves had been her warmest friend in her days of prosperity.

"I did not know but you might want a music-teacher for Emily; I am trying to get a class." And Miriam's lips quivered, in spite of herself, for it was something so strange and disagreeable to her to think of earning her own living, and no one to care for her, no one to love her.

"I do not think I shall let Emily take lessons this year; she is too delicate. But why do you not sew for a living?"

"I am not used to sewing, madam; I have no taste that way; I never could make a living by my needle. Good-morning." And Miriam Grant, drawing the black veil over her pale face, joins once more the busy throng that are threading the streets of the great city.

The steamer from California had just arrived. Pushing his way among the crowd of passengers, porters, and hackmen, was a fine-looking gentleman, about forty years old.

"This way, sir," said a hackman, and as the traveler settled himself back in the carriage, he wondered if his little pet niece, as he always called her, would recognize him. "Ten years make great changes; but my little Miriam, I should know her among a thousand." Yet, when, a moment after, he was shown into the splendid reception-room, and Miriam Grant entered, looking so pale and care-worn, he would scarcely have known her; but she sprang forward with a glad cry, and he clasped her in his arms.

"Miriam, my little Miriam, what is the meaning of this?" and he touched her sable robes lightly.

"Oh! uncle John, I am a widow now."

"Poor child! you have suffered so much," and he stroked the soft brown hair tenderly.

"And so you are going to earn your own living, Miriam?"

He said this after she had told him of her troubles and misfortune.

"Yes, uncle John; I must do something."

"We'll see about that; we'll see."

And Miriam did see, when, a day or two after, he gave her a deed of the house.

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"Oh! uncle John!" And Miriam's arms were around his neck, and her eyes were filled with tears; but not of sorrow, as they had been so much of late, but joy, joy such as only they can feel who have been about to be cast out in the cold world friendless and penniless, and suddenly find themselves in possession of a good home and a true friend.

"We will travel for awhile, Miriam. I must see the roses coming back to your cheek once more."

They had been in Paris but a day, when a visitor was announced, and Richard Dean entered.

"At last!" he whispered, as he clasped the lovely form of Miriam Grant to his bosom. "I have waited long and patiently, darling; and you will be mine now, mine own!"

There beat not two happier hearts, that night, than those of Richard Dean and Miriam Grant; and uncle John looked on and smiled, for he was happy too.

MY TREASURES.

BY MRS. MATTIE D. BRITTS.

Here's a song that he used to sing,
  There a jewel she used to wear;
This is a curl, a tiny thing,
  Cut from a wreath of golden hair.
Dear little head! it's buried now,
And the curls have withered upon its brow!

This is a book that we often read,
  See the marks he left for me there;
Here is a lock from a long-loved head,
  Look, how soft the raven hair!
That is a letter, dim with age,
She's in Heaven who traced the page.

That little box holds a faded rose.
  "This," he said, "I leave to you;
Watch the bud, and, if it grows,
  'Tis a sign I am ever true."
I watched the flower, it drooped its head.
They brought a letter—he was dead!

Here's another cherished thing,
  See how careful I have kept it here!
Only a little broken ring,
  A parting-gift from a sister dear!
What's in this paper? Oh! they are flowers,
They speak to me of happy hours.

Here's a book, with a written name—
  Ah! I know who wrote it there;
Here's a note, the hand's the same—
  Guarded tokens, kept with care.
This old chain of fine-wrought gold,
My mother wore in days of old.

That is a piece of a wedding-dress;
  How we loved that fair young bride!
Here's a glossy auburn tress,
  I cut it off when Fanny died.
Shut the drawer and come away,
We cannot look at all to-day.

Curls, and rings, and tresses of hair,
  Notes and flowers, books they have read;
Gems and things I have seen them wear,
  Songs they've sung, and prayers they have said:
'Tis a sacred place to me,
Where my guarded treasures be!

THE WANDERER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The stars are climbing up the sky,
  The twilight's fading fast;
And sombre are the shadows which
  Are now around me cast.
Oh! would that sleep would visit me,
  And give my spirit rest;
And quench the flame of other years
  That's burning in my breast.

Once more I'm by my mother's side,
  Within a darkened room,
Where tears, and prayers, and stifled sighs
  Are mingled with the gloom;
Once more her hands mine own entwine,
  Once more my tears do roll;
Once more her dying eyes meet mine,
  And seem to pierce my soul!

Oh, God! oh, God! I promised then,
  Upon my bended knee,
To shun the haunts of vice and crime,
  And from the tempter flee!
But my weak soul the iron chain
  Could not tear from its hold;
And now my misspent days and nights
  Have made me harsh and cold.

The morning sun his golden rays
  Throws upon earth and sea;
And some will herald day with joy,
  But there's no peace for me;
For while they greet it with deep bliss,
  And unalloyed delight,
I turn away my weeping eyes
  And wish again for night.

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GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

A TALL lady with very wide-awake eyes, a pretty girl, and an immensely fat man, stepped out of a carriage upon the piazza of the hotel at Lebanon Springs.

A mountain of trunks that might have contained the small needs of half a dozen Flora McFlimsies, were duly hauled down amid the audible execrations of the porters and the irrepressible excitement of the fat man, who could not be persuaded to move in spite of the whispers and pushes of the elder of the two ladies.

He was rubbing his forehead vigorously with a red pocket-handkerchief and fairly steaming at every pore, till, between the effects of the heat and his agitation concerning the baggage, he really was quite a spectacle; although he appeared to afford more amusement than pity to the loungers upon the colonnade, judging from the smiles and glances that were exchanged.

The wide-awake eyes were not slow to discover the curiosity they were exciting; and when a hat-box was allowed to fall upon the ground, and the fat man could no longer contain himself, but forgetful of all the rules of polite society, with which he had been industriously endeavoring, for a long time past, to enamel native ignorance, called out loudly,

"Darn it all, don't smash the things to flinders, you butter-fingered Paddy——"

It was impossible for human nature to endure more. The lady gave him a pinch that made him jump like an apoplectic frog, and put the finishing touch to his misery and anger.

"Darn it, Polly!" he muttered, "you'll make me black and blue as a piece of spilt veal!"

A look very full of menace recalled him, in a measure, to himself; but at that instant she caught sight of the red handkerchief fluttering like a piratical flag in his hand.

"That rag!" she muttered, in a tragic whisper.

The poor man started, tried to crowd it in his pocket, dropped a satchel he held upon his arm, and out rolled a miscellaneous collection of articles such as ladies carry in traveling, together with a sandwich and two hard-boiled eggs, which the fat man had privately inserted therein for his own consolation, but had quite forgotten during the heat and perplexity of the day's journey.

Ten years before, the ejaculation which died in the lady's throat would have been heartier and more expressive; but whatever the word was that choked her—judging from the look in her face it must have been a large one—she strangled it very effectually.

For an instant she glanced hopelessly about, although she was not a woman easily disconcerted; but the young girl came to her rescue with a face divided between blushes and laughter, and the pair arranged to get the old gentleman into the hall, still muttering anathemas against the careless Celt and his own particular ill-luck.

"I wonder who they are?" proceeded from the group at the other end of the piazza, two or three of the young ladies giving way to a little languid laughter when the party were safely out of sight.

"Somebody might look in the register," suggested Howard Thornton, at last, leaning more comfortably back in his chair, apparently considering that he had done his part in making the brilliant proposal.

Somebody did go and look in a few moments, and brought back the names as they stood on the book.

Mrs. Rushman.
Miss Dyson.
J. V. L. Copcutt.

"Bless me, Howard!" exclaimed a young man, starting forward in his chair with more animation than he had shown during the whole day; "didn't we meet those people somewhere, last year?"

"I haven't the slightest recollection, I am sure," he replied. "Can't say that I have the honor of their acquaintance."

"I know where we saw them," pursued Winston, after a moment's thought; "it was near Chamouni—the old gentleman had just got upset in the snow—I knew the widow made a dead set at both of us—talked of princess this and marquis that."

"Why they are the people," said Thornton, rousing himself, "that our courier called 'the

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blunderers.' The old fellow was always getting them into scrapes—if they wanted to go in one direction, they were sure to get started in the other."

"Dreadful people!" said Winston; "the woman pushing and indomitable."

"Fearfully vulgar!" added Mrs. Delancy, "one can see that."

"No," returned Winston, "you can't call the woman that. She dresses well, too much, perhaps, and only has lapses of vulgarity—a sort of bringing up of old reminiscences. As for the girl, she's quite pretty."

"Oh, Mr. Winston!" exclaimed all the young ladies at once. "How can you say so? Such a red face!"

"I think anybody would be to have a whole nest of eggs roll out of their belongings in that sort of style," returned Winston. "I assure you, that woman is quite a general—she never came here without some plan in her hand—society is her hobby."

"Be on your guard, ladies!" said Mrs. Delancy, warningly.

"Too bad they should have come," sighed somebody; "we had such a pleasant party before."

Winston recalled new stories of the family; of their being taken for spies in Venice; of the old gentleman being introduced to his holiness, and saying, "How do you, Pope;" of their mistaking the grand duke's ball at Florence for a fancy dress affair, and appearing in Turkish costumes, to the bewilderment of his highness and everybody else; of the old gentleman's incessant fights with postillions and hotel people, and so on through a long catalogue of absurdities, which he probably embellished to the extent of his imagination when he saw the amusement they excited.

The end of it was, that a cabal was formed against Mrs. Rushman and her party before the group separated.

The hotel was filled with a party of fashionables, who had settled down there for a few weeks before trying Saratoga, and as it had been kept a very secret and select affair, it was extremely tiresome to have such people, as Mrs. Delancy called them, thrust in amongst the number.

It was decided to send the whole set to Coventry in the most decided manner. Perhaps Mrs. Delancy was more firm as she recollected Miss Dyson's pretty face.

"I'll wager anything!" exclaimed Winston, "that your plans don't succeed—Rushman is more than a match for two women and ten men. I assure you, Mrs. Delancy, she is vastly entertaining, really talks well; and, as for old Copcutt, he is deliciously ridiculous."

"The fashion of keeping jesters has gone by," returned Mrs. Delancy, drawing herself up with so much dignity, that Winston internally wondered whether, in spite of her position and fortune, it had never happened to Mrs. Delancy to be laughed at; but he applauded her sentiment and kept his real thought to himself, as well-bred people are taught to do.

While their conversation went on, the newly arrived party were safely installed in the apartments which had been secured for them in advance, at the suggestion of that wise general in petticoats who headed the group.

Uncle Copcutt was clearing himself of dust, and solacing himself with a brandy smash in the privacy of his own apartment; while the two ladies sat in their room resting after their fatigues, and consoling each other for their misadventures before beginning the important duties of the toilet.

"Such a *contretum!*" exclaimed Mrs. Rushman, trying to keep up her elegance even in the midst of her distress.

"*Contretemps,*" suggested Miss Jenny, correcting her sister's French, as she had been requested always to do.

"It's no time to stop for correct speaking," retorted Mrs. Rushman, in her natural voice. "I declare, I don't know whether I stand on my heel or my head—and all those people to see us—I know that was Mrs. Delancy."

"I am sure I saw Andrew Winston," said Jenny. "I am sorry he is here; for he is a terrible quiz."

"Don't employ such terms," returned Mrs. Rushman, gliding back into her polished manner at once. "We cannot be too circumspect, as I have often told you. It requires a great deal to carry off that man's odious vulgarity."

"But uncle is so good-hearted!" added Jenny.

"Don't talk of hearts as if you were a schoolgirl," said Mrs. Rushman. "Do unpack that big trunk," she snapped, a moment after; "I expect to find everything a perfect smash."

She caught at the words gaspingly; but it was too late. Uncle Copcutt's vulgarity always infected her in spite of herself.

"Such a shame to make a beginning like this!" she went on, while her sister was obeying her directions. "After all my manœuvring to get here with this party, having that letter for old Mrs. Leslie and all—it's always the way. Now, if we can only get in with this set, we are

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established in New York for the winter. Mrs. Delancy has everything her own way."

"But she is so proud," sighed Jenny, "so unapproachable!"

"Do you think I'm not a match for her?" retorted Mrs. Rushman, threateningly. "Didn't I get to Prince Torlonia's ball without any invitation? Haven't I managed things no other woman could? Don't be prowo—provoking," she added, hastily. "I declare, uncle Copcutt troubles me so with his w's that I use them myself!"

She sighed audibly and went on:

"Only to think of that tiresome maid's leaving us just when we wanted her most, and being here without any! It's all uncle Copcutt's fault!"

She was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the perverse individual in question entered, in his shirt sleeves, through the door that connected their rooms, scrubbing his head vigorously with a towel, and gulping over the last taste of the smash left in his mouth.

Mrs. Rushman sat quite aghast at the spectacle, and hastily pulled down the window-shade nearest him, as if she thought somebody could look through the closed blinds.

"Well, chickabiddies, how do you get on?" he asked, pausing in his manipulations.

"Do go and dress!" sighed Mrs. Rushman. "Really, uncle, you do the oddest things!"

"It's hard teaching an old dog new tricks," he said, good-naturedly.

"Oh! I've heard 'what's bred in the bone can't be beat out of the flesh!'" she exclaimed, exasperated into returning his proverb, and then ready to bite her tongue off for having been goaded into imitating his vulgarity.

"I thought you said proverbs were vulgar," he said, rather enjoying her distress. "Why, Polly, I'm astonished at you!"

"How many times must I tell you that my name is not Polly!" she cried, in a louder tone than she often employed, even in her most forgetful moments. "Do say, 'my niece,' or 'Pauline.'"

"Wal, wal, 'niece Pollyanny,' if you like that better," he replied, soothingly.

Mrs. Rushman only fell back in her chair and groaned.

"Oh! uncle," she said, as soon as she could speak; "do be more cautious—do not use such language!"

"A feller must talk, sometimes," he said. "But I'm as keerful—no, careful—as I can be."

Mrs. Rushman gave a shrug of the shoulders she had acquired in France, and a sigh she had heard practiced by Florentine ladies, but said never a word.

"Wal, Jane, how do you get on?" asked the old gentleman, turning to his younger niece.

"Do call her Jenny!" pleaded Mrs. Rushman, roused into speech again. "Oh! uncle, you get more and more careless!"

"It makes no difference when we are alone," interposed Jenny, good-naturedly.

"Oh! let Polly have her 'druther," said the old gentleman, placidly; "I'll do my best to remember."

Mrs. Rushman had reached the highest pitch of exasperation; but she had learned, from experience, that, though usually her uncle submitted quietly to her iron will, there was a point beyond which she could not go; and just at that moment she feared to trust her tongue lest that unruly member should betray her into some provocation which would render the old gentleman hopelessly obstinate during their whole visit.

"I should like to dress," she sighed, plaintively.

"I never thought of that," he said, turning to go out at once. "'Tain't like old times, niece Pollyanny, when your mother could hang up a sheet and rig herself behind it—no, indeed!"

Mrs. Rushman had taken a hair-brush from her carpet-bag. It must have required great resolution not to have thrown it; but she remained still, although her fingers settled over the handle with such force that they were red for half an hour after.

Fortunately the worthy man retired and left his niece to compose herself once more. A weaker woman would have cried; but Mrs. Rushman did not indulge in tears readily. The effect of her uncle's example was still strong upon her.

"The old mud turtle!" she ejaculated, when the door had closed; then resolutely shut her lips and did not speak for a whole hour—not until, with the gorgeousness of her dinner-dress, she was able to call back the varnish and foreign manners she had labored so faithfully to acquire.

The dinner hour arrived, and down the party sailed, uncle Copcutt looking quite presentable, thanks to the finishing touches Jenny had given his toilet.

More guests—not friends of the Delancy set—had arrived. The house and cottages were full, and the table presented an array so brilliant

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that Mrs. Rushman felt her spirits rise to the importance of the occasion.

Uncle Copcutt was discreetly quiet. She made Jenny talk to her in French, replying in monosyllables, as she was too wise to trust her own powers too far in that direction, surveyed the company carelessly through her eye-glass, and really managed admirably.

She was too much dressed, but so were three-quarters of the women. She had fine eyes in spite of the restless expression years of such constant watchfulness had given them; and, though she had to go almost dinnerless to subdue the color which eating would always bring into her face, she bore that pain with the Spartan firmness which characterized her.

She had uncle Copcutt between herself and her sister. She trod on his foot when he forgot her instructions and smacked his lips over his wine, and artfully snatched out of his hand the red handkerchief, which he was thoughtlessly lifting to his mouth instead of his napkin.

Jenny looked pretty, well-dressed, and timid. So they ought to have passed muster in spite of uncle Copcutt; and so they might have done if Mrs. Delancy had not resolutely set her face against them.

After dinner she waylaid Andrew Winston on the piazza. It was admirably done. She dropped her fan just at his feet. Of course, he restored it to her; she looked in his face, started, murmured "*ciel!*" and exclaimed:

"I almost think I must be dreaming and back in dear Florence! Again I have to thank Mr. Winston for a favor! Do you remember rescuing me from a beggar in *bella Fuenza*—aiding dear uncle at Chamouni? I have never had an opportunity of thanking you, but I am so happy to do so now. I think you know my uncle, Mr. Copcutt, and my sister, Miss Dyson?"

It was so glibly and rapidly done that Winston found himself bowing and smiling before he was aware of it; and, being a good-natured man, and a gentleman to boot, he would not mortify the woman to please Mrs. Delancy or any of her set.

They were all looking at him—scores of reproachful eyes. But what could the man do? The widow never stopped talking long enough to give him time to run away. She recalled European recollections—strung titled people like pearls upon her speech—asked after persons as if they had been dear friends, and all the while managed to make her conversation audible to those about without once raising her voice beyond the pitch of propriety.

Winston was heartily amused, and could not resist lending himself to her plot if it was only to annoy his friends. Mrs. Delancy sent his cousin to rescue him, and along swept Mrs. Doshamer. But the widow was too quick for her.

"That is your cousin, is it not?" she asked, with a nonchalance that would have done credit to a duchess. "Pray introduce me to her. I shall depend upon you to make me acquainted with the people one ought to know."

All this in a tone as if she were perfectly certain of her position, but did not wish to presume upon it.

She managed to draw him toward his cousin, and before the astonished Mrs. Doshamer could at all realize it, she was actually introduced and forced to listen to the widow, while Mrs. Delancy glared down from her stately distance and shivered with cold rage.

"So happy to meet you!" cooed the widow. "We knew a dear friend of yours abroad—Lady Froersham. She could talk of no one but her 'sweet American lily,' as she always called you. I have among my boxes a little memento she requested me to give you when we met; but we flit about so constantly that until now I have never had the opportunity."

So far true that she had met the lady in question at some ball, where she had found admittance, and had conversed with her unintroduced, on the plea of knowing well her dear American friend. Of course, the "memento" sent by her was a myth; but the invention did the widow credit. She had not been for weeks past studying the plan of her campaign without being in on the high-road to success. More than that: she succeeded in presenting Jenny; and though Jenny would not lie, she looked so pretty that it might have softened a dragon; and, in spite of Mrs. Doshamer's anger, she could not be quite rude to a woman who brought with her a gift from a friend to be presented at the earliest opportunity.

By hook and by crook—I hope that is not vulgar—before the evening was over, Mrs. Rushman had obtained a goodly number of introductions; and Jenny had partners, and her waltzing went far toward gaining her the good graces of the men, and new aversion from the young ladies.

"If any one presents that woman to me," exclaimed Mrs. Delancy, as she stood in the ball-room, watching Jenny dance with the very man she meant to be her daughter's partner, "I shall no longer consider that person as belonging to my acquaintance!" And she set her lips so firmly together that her satellites trembled.

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The widow was watching her from a corner, where she was holding a flirtation with an old *roue* whom everybody run after on account of his money, his family, and his vices; and she knew, by the expression of face, and the glance toward her, what Mrs. Delancy's words had been as if she had heard them spoken.

"It's a long lane that has no turn," thought the widow; then, shocked even at the mental vulgarity, she changed it in her thoughts to a French phrase, all the while listening and smiling at Mr. Livermore in a way that quite struck his dissipated old fancy.

She went up to her room that night exulting at her success, and, in the seclusion of her apartment, held a cabinet council with her sister and uncle Copcutt.

"You are a wonderful woman!" exclaimed the old gentleman, slapping his knee violently. "I never see your beat."

She smiled complacently; but he destroyed the effect of his compliment by adding,

"A body'd sooner think you'd been raised in a palace than in Dan Copcutt's old tavern."

She rushed at him to check the words; but they were out, and he retreated quite in time before her looks.

"Don't eat me up!" he faltered. "I kind o' forgot."

"A pretty dose you'd make!" she retorted, immediately under the influence of his coarseness, as much as if the fine lady who had fluttered below stairs were another person. Then she recollected herself, sank back in her chair, and gasped, "Don't ever mention that word again! You make me shudder!"

"Oh! dear me!" sighed Jenny; "I am so sick of this constant restraint! I should like to tell the truth once more! I am tired of courting people; I would like to be quiet."

The simile of a tigress is trite; but, really, as the widow turned upon her sister, it was what she resembled. Her ten fingers were extended, and the word that died upon her lips—I am sorry to write it—was:

"Hussy!"

Uncle Copcutt looked at Jenny.

"Are you in real earnest?" he asked. "If you be——"

"Of course she is not!" interrupted Mrs. Rushman. "She adores society—she could not live without it—she is tired to-night."

She got her uncle out of the room with all speed, and then did she turn upon her sister.

"Oh! you minx! After my slaving, and working, and all for you! You deserve to be whipped! You're a real Copcutt—there's none of my father's blood in you."

She was fairly launched, and what Jenny had to endure for an hour after it is by no means necessary to relate. If the flowers of speech which Mrs. Rushman flung at the girl were not so elegant as those she had employed below stairs, they were to the full as forcible, and plainly proved, that, however much she might abhor the recollection, damp airs from Dyson's old tavern did still occasionally cast a mildew upon her acquired state.

For it was true: somewhere in the interior of Pennsylvania, in one of those old tumble-down taverns which never knew paint nor plaster, had Polly Dyson seen the light for the first time, squabbled through her first years of infancy, and acquired her mother-tongue, embellished with all the incomprehensible terms of the Pennsylvania vernacular.

You see where and what she is now, and must acknowledge that she deserved success in her aims; for no world-famed conqueror of old ever fought such battles as she had done.

Susan Copcutt and her husband, James Dyson, were as shambling, inefficient a pair as ever got together. She was lazy and dirty, and he was lazy and endowed with a vast idea of his own importance. It was a fact that he was in some way connected with a good family, and, though the fact never gave him energy to get out of the slough in which he lived, it made him disagreeable and arrogant.

They were neither of them very ignorant; both great readers, and would sit over old worn-out novels instead of attending to their guests or their farm, indulging year after year in baseless expectations instead of going to work more than was necessary to keep the tumble-down old house over their heads.

Into such an existence Polly Dyson was born, and spent her early years, as pretty as her mother had been before her, with all her father's idea of self-importance, and an energy and will beyond belief.

She hated her life, and she did what she could to make it better. She could harness a horse, or plough a field; she studied hard, and, at twelve years old, was the wonder of the township, and the idol of her father's heart.

She was married at sixteen to a young engineer, one of a corps who were astonishing the Pennsylvania woods by surveying a railroad through them. Her husband was a clever, dashing fellow, well-reared and educated; and, during the next four years of wandering and seeing the world, there was such a change in

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Polly—she was Pauline then—that none of the neighbors recognized her when she returned home on a visit.

She found a little sister born to an existence such as hers had been in the beginning, and Polly could have cursed fate as she looked at her. But she did a wiser thing. When Jenny was ten years old, the father and mother died, and Polly sent at once for the child, and thus broke off all connection with the tavern and her old life.

Her husband was established in a flourishing town, where Polly reigned supreme, although she had by no means fulfilled the destiny she had laid out for herself.

Mr. Rushman died, leaving her more property than she could ever have hoped to possess, but not by any means what she desired; for Polly had seen the world, and had looked forward to being a Senator's wife at least—and, if such a person had come in her way, his wife she would have been in spite of him or fate.

While in the first months of her widowhood, Pauline—let us gratify her in the small matter of a name—was training Jenny, and debating whether she should open a school or go on the stage, home from California came uncle Copcutt, with a considerable fortune of his own, and almost as many exaggerated ideas as Polly herself.

He was very fond of his nieces, and in a week was completely the slave of the widow. He promised that if she would go back to California and stay five years with him, he would take herself and Jenny to Europe, and give them all the money they could wish.

There were not two answers to a proposal like that. Jenny was placed in a good boarding-school, charged to forget completely her early life, and the ambitious Polly sailed for San Francisco.

Never mind her life there—neither you nor I would like ours too closely inspected. She helped uncle Copcutt get richer yet—she got a goodly share of his property into her own hands, and before the bloom had all worn off her cheeks she was back in the Atlantic states, had resumed possession of Jenny, and in a short time, with the little girl and the old uncle in her train, had sailed for Europe.

Jenny was now eighteen, much more humble-minded than her sister, but full of admiration for her, and closing her eyes to many of the ways which Polly employed for getting into society. Her ambition had all centered on that now, and this trip to Lebanon had been undertaken as the grand stepping stone.

She knew, wise woman! that she stood a better chance than in beginning in the whirl of Saratoga where she would be completely lost. She meant to go there with Mrs. Delancy's party; she had privately registered a vow to that effect, and Polly's vows were not empty wind.

She had hitherto made many missteps; and, I am sorry to say, that the party were occasionally laughed at, owing to her determination to be of consequence and uncle Copcutt's peculiarities, and so much money had been spent that the old gentleman was terrified. But Polly held him fast—Jenny was to make a rich marriage, then they would spend less—so it went on, and there she was at the Springs.

Several days passed, and although Mrs. Delancy swept by her as if she had been dust beneath her feet, and most of the ladies were barely civil to her, the widow managed to keep the foothold she had gained. She persisted in being friendly with Mrs. Doshamer; although she was shocked to find she had left "the memento" in New York, and was so obliging and thoughtful to all who would permit her society, that she got on.

As for the men, they really liked the widow. She had picked up a good deal of life here and there; with the few who would not betray her, she would drive a horse and smoke a cigarette; and, as for Jenny, nobody but a mother with grown-up daughters could have helped liking her.

"I am near success," said the widow, triumphantly.

"It's costing a mint of money," sighed uncle Copcutt.

"I thought you loved Jenny," she cried.

"So I do; if she wants it, why it must go; but," and he made a rueful face, "Jane don't have to pay the fiddler."

"A pretty jackass dance she'd have of it if she went your way," she said, sharply, in the old time voice; and then nearly bit her tongue off to keep it still.

It was a strange thing, and only to be accounted for by some inexplicable law of magnetism, but the moment uncle Copcutt began to be natural and indulge in coarse proverbs, that instant the widow felt irresistibly impelled to follow his lead.

Often and often in society she nearly choked herself to keep back words that came to her lips; and more than once she caught herself tripping in a way that made people stare, it was so unlike her usual languid, attempted foreign air. The knowledge that such was the case,

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and the close watch she had to keep over her uncle left her without rest, and she began, in spite of her paint, to look a little worn.

But Mrs. Delancy was not yet won—that was the grand point. The widow meditated upon it night and day, but found no means of getting over the stumbling block of the great lady's pride. She insisted upon considering them a party of adventurers; scouted the idea which had spread abroad that Jenny was an heiress, which fact made even uncle Copcutt's vulgarity more endurable; and the widow gazed in vain up at the pinnacle of her grandeur, and broke what little heart she had to atoms upon the sharp rocks at its base.

It was odd, but uncle Copcutt was the one to show her the way to undermine the rocks she had been trying to climb.

"Delancy, Delancy," he said, one night, when the widow had been discussing the matter. "Lord bless you! I know that name—sure as a gun I do."

"You haven't fired anything very sharp now," retorted the widow; "I should think you might after hearing it every day for a week."

"No; but I've heard it somewhere else. Where the dickens was it?" he soliloquized. "While we was on that Eu-*ro*pean tour?" he continued, emphasizing the second syllable of the first word, and pronouncing *tour* as if it was a square Norman structure. "'Twan't there—no! Lord, it's all higgledy-piggledy in my mind; but I know I've heard it—I can feel it a crawling about in my head now."

"More likely a maggot!" cried Polly, quite out of patience.

"Californy, that's where it was!" exclaimed uncle Copcutt, with a big oath, and slapping the table with his fist.

The widow jumped, not at the wicked word, but at a thought which came into her mind.

"What is it?" she questioned eagerly. "Tell me—quick."

"Why, it was a fellow named Tom Delancy, a roarer of a young chap. When I kept a place in Maysville he used to come there, and I s'pose they played high—'twan't my business——"

"Hush!" interrupted the widow. "Wasn't that Jenny?"

She crept to the door to be certain that her sister was not there, and returned to her chair.

"Well?" she asked. "Do go on!"

"Why, he got into a muss one night and broke things, and I got out a warrant against him; but he settled up handsome and I let him alone. I've got the warrant now and one or two other papers."

The widow sprang to her feet.

"Can you lay hands on them?"

"Of course I can; you know how partic'lar I am! They're in that little trunk of mine."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" she questioned, while she laid her plans in the twinkling of an eye.

"'Cause I never thought about it," he replied.

"That man is her son," said Polly. "I heard Winston speak of him the other day. He is in Europe now. Get me those papers, uncle—I want them to-morrow morning. Not a word before Jenny—remember that."

"You've got something in your noddle," he said, for uncle Copcutt admired her genius. "I don't know what it is; but I see it in your eye."

"It won't be in my eye long," she retorted; then, vexed with herself, sent him off to bed, while she went down stairs to finish her flirtation with Livermore.

Mrs. Delancy was passing through the saloon as she entered. She held her head loftily, and, as usual, was oblivious of the widow's presence.

Polly compressed her lips and looked after her from under her eyelashes.

"You won't do that this time to-morrow," she thought. "Ugh! you old Jezebel, how I hate you!"

Then, easy and graceful, she swam along toward Livermore, twirling her fan as near as possible in the manner she had seen Spanish women, and looking as foreign as she could manage with the help of a black lace mantilla.

The next morning early, Mistress Polly was on the watch. It was a habit with Mrs. Delancy to spend an hour or two, after breakfast, down in an arbor at a distance from the house. She rather looked upon it as her private property, and made other people too; so nobody ever intruded there at that time, except such persons as in the magnitude of her condescension she saw fit to invite.

The widow was sitting on the piazza, seemingly careless, but watchful as a fox. She had pinned Mrs. Doshamer in a corner, and was talking Europe to her at a furious rate; and the lady was more willing to stay, from the fact that Andrew Winston was bending over Jenny's chair close by, and his cousin had no intention of leaving him to the tender mercies either of the widow or her sister.

Out upon the piazza came Mrs. Delancy—down the steps she passed; and, having some letters to read, took her way to the summer-house, unattended by any of the satellites who were happy to bear her company upon such occasions.

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Not very long after, the widow paused in the review of great names she was airing for Mrs. Doshamer's benefit, looked about to see that Jenny was well employed, then gathered up her white dress, and moved daintily down the steps and through the grounds.

Polly knew where she stood. It was all firm under her feet now.

Tom Delancy was engaged to Emily Mansfield, a young heiress at Lebanon, under his mother's charge; and the widow knew that the old lady would be terribly frightened at her hearing the story. Whatever other people might think of drinking and gaming, Miss Mansfield's opinions were very decided. Polly had heard her express them, and she knew that the girl would break her engagement at once if the tale reached her ears.

Looking up from her letters, Mrs. Delancy perceived some one approaching her retreat. She saw that it was not Emily—for Emily was in pink that morning—and she frowned at the impertinence of the intruder.

She raised her eye-glass and beheld the detested widow—dropped it in horror and wrath; for, instead of passing on, she entered the arbor, smelling at a bunch of flowers and looking as unconcerned as possible.

"You have a lovely retreat here," said Polly, looking sweetly in her face.

"Madam," returned the great lady, with all her pride in the words, "if it pleases you so much that you wish to stay, I will leave it."

"Oh! dear, no!" said Polly, with delightful simplicity. "There is quite room for two, I am sure."

"There you are mistaken," replied Mrs. Delancy. "There is not room for you and me."

Polly had been seized with a fit of coughing, and probably did not hear; for all she said was,

"Such a lovely morning! When did you hear from your son, Mrs. Delancy?"

"Are you going to claim acquaintance with him now?" she asked, quite beside herself.

"My uncle knew him—in California, you know. Such a dear, wild fellow he must have been! I have seen the warrant somebody got out against him—a gambling quarrel. Young men will be wild. For my part, I adore them for it."

Mrs. Delancy knew enough of the circumstances to be certain that the woman spoke the truth. She sat white and speechless, the letter rattling in her nerveless hand.

"We won't mention the matter to Miss Mansfield," said the widow. "She is very strict, you know, and might not pass the thing over as you and I can do."

Actually coupling their names! Mrs. Delancy was not sure whether she was awake or dreaming.

"Madam," she began, but literally had not the power to utter another syllable.

"I think she is rather more strict than necessary," pursued Polly, not noticing the observation. "But you know there is nothing so useless as combating prejudices."

Mrs. Delancy gathered up her pride and out of it made answer:

"I do not know you, madam; I do not understand why you come here and talk to me about my son and his betrothed wife."

The widow looked full in her face, smiling still, but with a dagger in each eye that stabbed home. Mrs. Delancy actually quailed before her as she had never done before any mortal. She knew all her son's follies and vices. He had half-ruined her by them. Her only hope was in that marriage with Emily Mansfield. She had kept the girl by her; Tom was to return in the fall, and the wedding would take place immediately after. Now had come that horrible woman with a disgraceful report, which Mrs. Delancy believed unknown in the Atlantic States, and smote her to the heart with it.

"We will talk of something else," said the widow, not once averting her eyes, while the poor lady stared at her as if fascinated. "A charming bride she will make, and it would be a shocking thing if any malicious person heard this story and broke it off."

Mrs. Delancy gave a shiver and a sort of sob.

"Fortunately nobody is likely to hear of it," continued Polly, lightly. "Even my sister does not dream of it—my Jenny, I mean. You have noticed her, perhaps?"

Mrs. Delancy had to speak. She knew it. Once having spoken, she had proclaimed a truce with her foe; and yet she felt that upon those terms alone could she find mercy.

"Very frequently," she answered, as if the words hurt her. "She dances beautifully."

"I thank you so much for saying so," said the widow. "Praise from Mrs. Delancy is indeed precious. Shall I have the honor of presenting her to you and Miss Mansfield?"

The storm in Mrs. Delancy's mind was really tragic. But what could she do?

"I shall be pleased to know her," she answered, feeling sick and faint.

She put her letters in her pocket and rose. The widow made way for her to pass, then

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walked by her side. The proud old woman trembled so with anger and trouble that she could hardly walk. Once she hit her foot against a stone and nearly fell. Polly helped her up, slipped an arm through hers, and so they walked up the piazza, to the intense astonishment of all assembled there.

"Mrs. Delancy fell and hurt herself," the widow explained, glibly. "Luckily I was passing, and saved her; but I really had to help her home. Jenny dear, bring a glass of water."

They crowded about her with eager inquiries; but she declared that she was not hurt, took the goblet from Jenny, and said,

"Thank you, Miss Dyson."

People were transfixed with wonder as Mrs. Delancy took Emily Mansfield's arm and moved away, bestowing a polite bow upon the widow, who stood in their midst, outwardly cool and calm, but so dizzy with triumph that she could hardly stand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PASSING.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

The days glide in, and the days glide out,
Like spectral shadows in the house of dreams;
Stilly the great world turns herself about,
Sunning her face o' her lord's fiery beams.

Atween the days the Circean night doth run,
Dropping her drowsy spell upon our eyes,
The while she writeth softly, one by one,
Her starry mysteries in the changing skies.

But do we live? And are we marching on?
Is there no rest upon this mortal shore?
Our vanished days—are they forever gone?
Will they come back to sit with us no more?

No more! no more! Our hearts, like ocean shells,
Chant the same hymn wherever they are cast;
The mournful chime of memory's vesper-bells
Rings through the dim cathedrals of the past.

We feel the giddy rolling of the years,
We hear the rush, and whirl, and roar of time;
And, in a softly falling rain of tears,
We sail away from South's sweet Summer clime.

We sleep and wake, and sleep and wake again:
We hope, and grieve, and toil, and dream—for what?
The world swings round, the dizzy souls of men
Reel out of life—and live no more in thought.

Shall we so perish? We who live, and love,
And joy, and suffer? Will no tears be shed?
Will no one bow, in prayerful grief, above
Our last sad resting-place, when we are dead?

Will not love's shining face fall in eclipse?
Will not love's voice call us from death's white sleep?
Shall we not rise, and, with warm, human lips,
Kiss love's wet eyes, and woo them not to weep?

Will all be over when the man of God
Says, "Dust to dust!" and shuts our prison door?
The dear old earth-ways which our feet have trod—
Shall we come back to them in dreams no more?

As the Lord wills. Haply we would not come
To gather up again our old time woes;
It may be, that, in our eternal home,
The past is blotted out. Who knows? who knows?

There comes no answer through the hurrying days,
From risen saint or shining seraphim;
Dear Son of God, He leadeth us in ways
Whose ends we know not. We will trust in Him.

THE MOSS-GROWN GRAVE.

BY DANIEL W. TELLER.

Their work is done, the contest's past,
The clang of battle now is o'er;
No more they hear the clarion blast,
No more the booming cannon's roar.
They died their peaceful homes to save,
Those heroes of the moss-grown grave.

Their country's liberty was all
That nerved the arm, that gave them strength;
They knew to gain it they must fall—
Freedom would surely come at length.
No other honors did they crave,
Those worthies of the moss-grown grave.

No laurel wreath entwines the brow,
No monument to tell their worth;
No fence—the furrow of the plow
Maps out the place upon the earth.
No willow-trees in beauty wave
Above the old, the moss-grown grave.

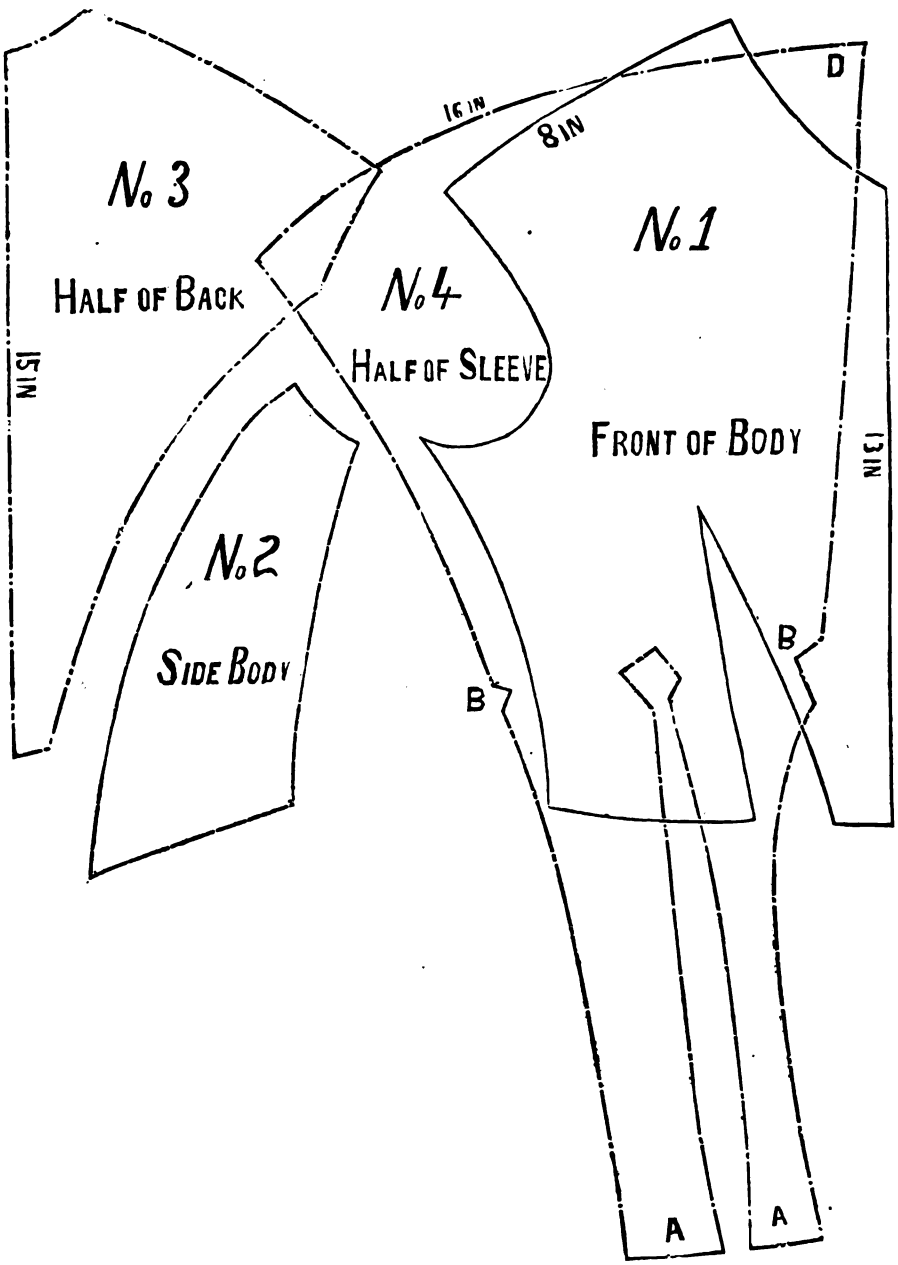
But there, beneath that hallowed spot,
Each hero now in silence lies;
Though steps intrude, they heed them not—
So deep their sleep, so closed their eyes.
And tempests oft in fury rave
Unheeded o'er the moss-grown grave.

Long have they slept in silence there,
Away from kindred, friends, and home;
Their bosoms now are free from care,
Where they are gone it cannot come.
In peace they sleep, the good, the brave,
Within one common moss-grown grave.

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THE ILLINOIS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



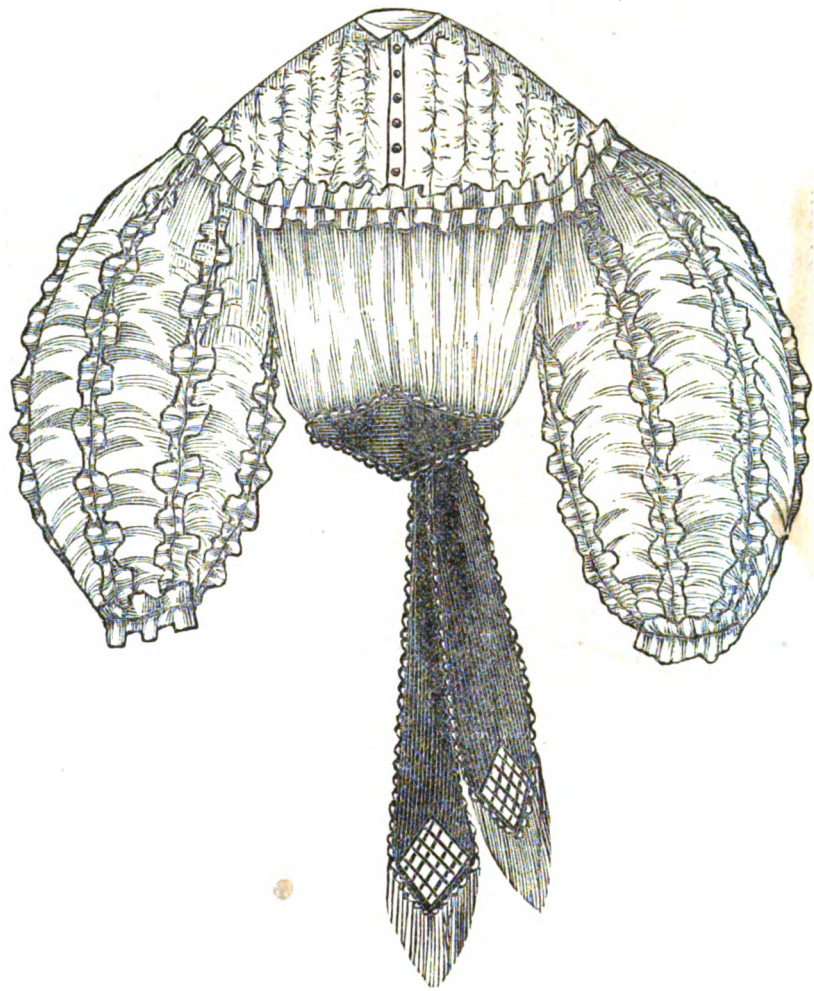
In the front of the number, we give a full length engraving of a new style of walking-dress, which is destined to be very fashionable this fall. It is called The Illinois. We also give, here, a diagram by which to cut it out.

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No. 1. FRONT.
No. 2. SIDE-PIECE.
No. 3. BACK.
No. 4. SLEEVE.

The sleeve (of which we give half only) has the leg of mutton shape at top and is gathered under the shoulder-piece. At the mark B, several gathers are made. The bottom of this sleeve is cut from six to seven inches longer than the arm, and this excess of length is drawn in small gathers in the interval of the pinkings.

MUSLIN BODY, WITH PUFFED YOKE.



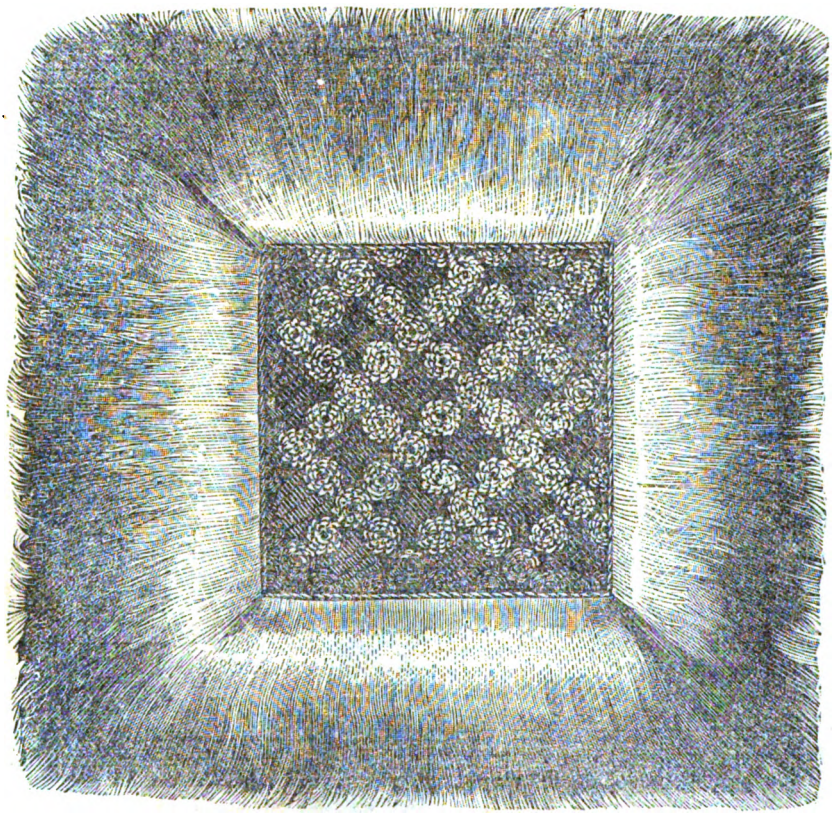
EDGING.



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LAMP-MAT, WITH FRINGE BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Canvas, No. 4 or 5; 1½ or 2 oz. crystal beads, size suitable for the canvas; ¼ oz. single zephyr, light brown; 1 oz. double white zephyr; 4 shades of green double zephyr; ½ oz. of each of the three darkest shades, and nine skeins of the lightest.

Cut the canvas square. Work the broken squares, also the two stitches at the end (designated by the black in the design No. 2), with the light brown zephyr in gobelin stitch, which stitch is straight up and down. The one single cross stitch is done with the black wool, and the crystal beads are to be worked around it between the squares. This forms the pattern of the center of the mat.

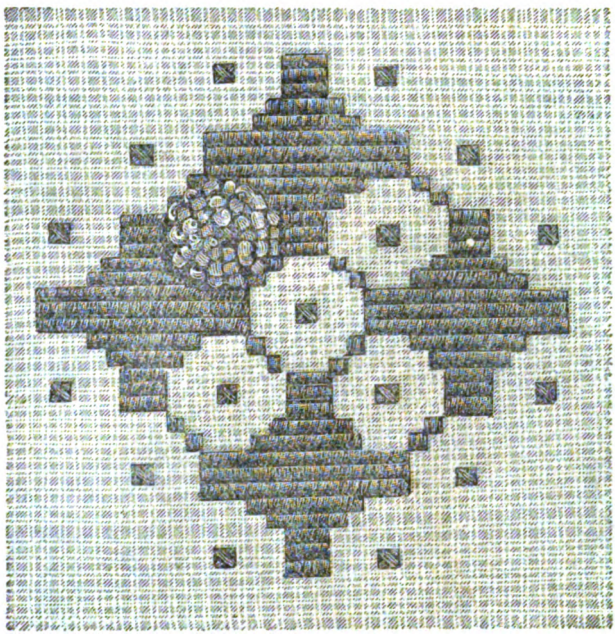
FOR THE BORDER.—The foundation of the border is worked in single crochet stitch, using the white zephyr. Make a ch the size of the outside of the center of the mat, work in sc, keeping the work perfectly flat, widening at the corners. Work six rows. This completes the foundation of border. Be careful to have this border just as flat as the center of the mat.

FOR THE FRINGE.—You must have four pieces of wood, one 1¾ inches wide, one 2¾, and one 3¾. Take the smallest piece first, hold it on to the mat on the first row of crochet, then with the hook draw the wool (which is the lightest shade of green) through the stitch and over the wood. Repeat all around the mat. If one stitch does not cover the wood, make two stitches here and there.

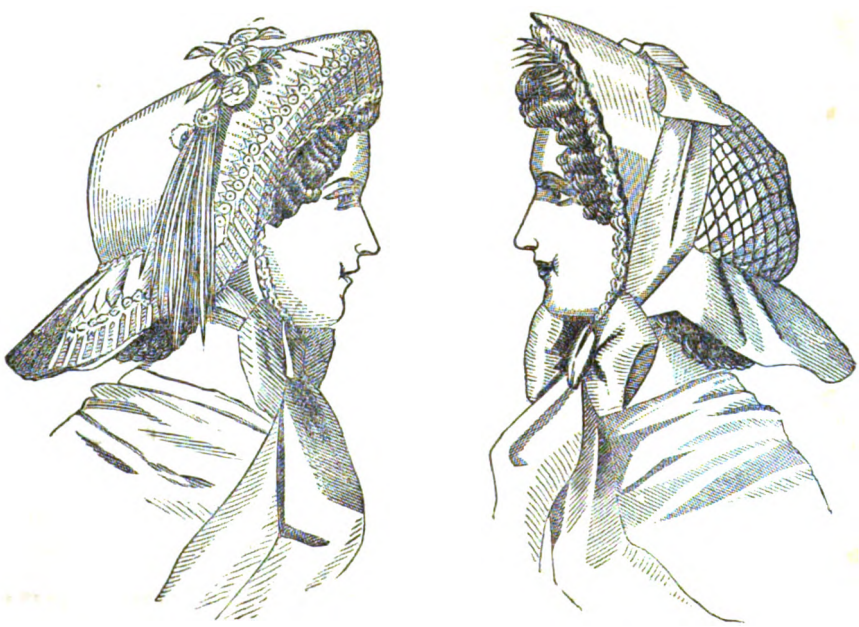
2nd Row.—Use the next shade of green and

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the 2⅓ inch piece of wood. Work as in the preceding row. Repeat all the shades in this manner, using the pieces of wood in order. Cut every row as you finish it, taking out the wood. Finish with gold braid or cord between the border and the center of the mat.



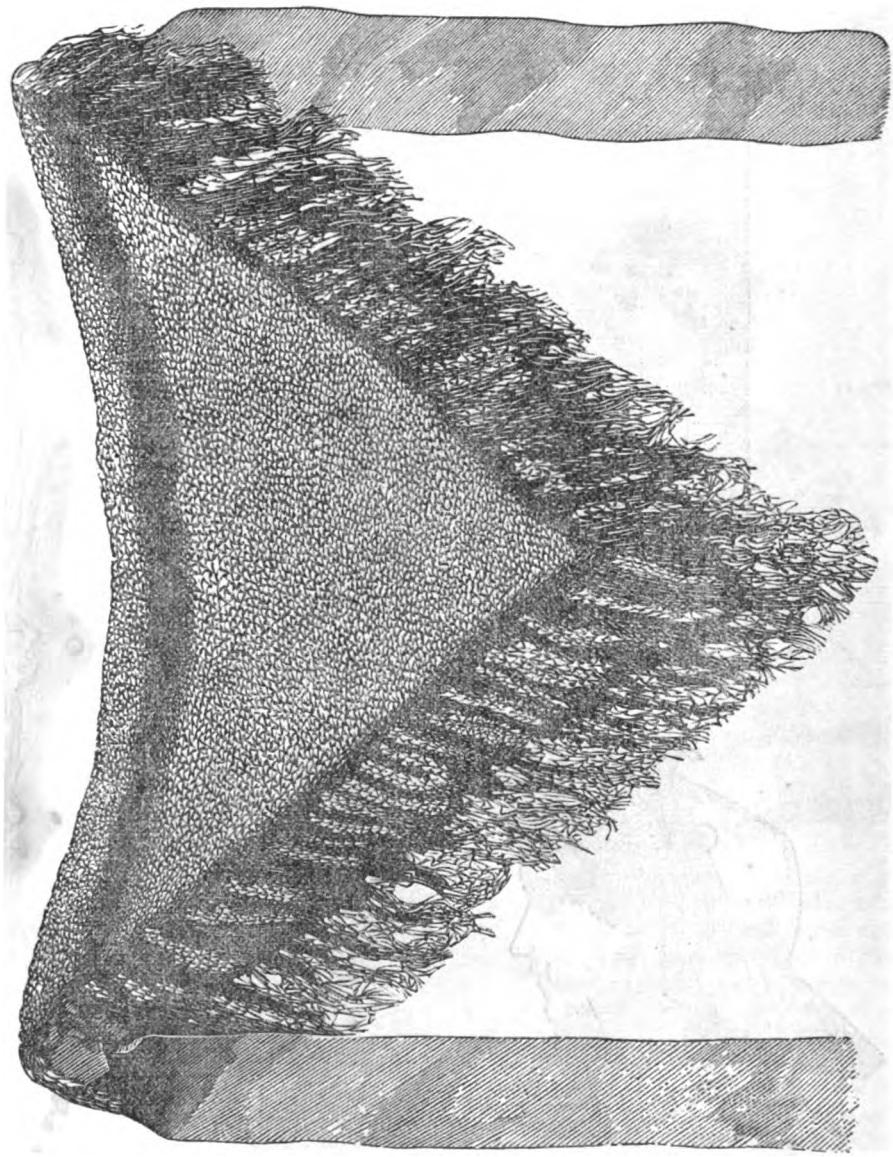
NEW STYLES OF FALL BONNETS.



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KNITTED UNDER SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS REQUIRED.—¾ pounds of four-thread fleecy wool, pretty shade of claret; one yard of ribbon the same color; pair of large size box-wood knitting pins.

It is entirely made of plain knitting, and from there being scarcely any counting it is very quickly done. The edge should be finished by a double row of fringe made of wool, and an end of ribbon fastened at each corner. It is to be worn crossed over the chest and tied behind.

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The shawl is commenced with one stitch, and widened by beginning every row by putting the thread forward over the needle; continue until the half square is the required size. The bottom edge should then be ornamented with a fringe made of the wool cut in lengths, looped in at intervals, each loop requiring four lengths of wool, or it may be finished with a simple crochet edge. Nothing prettier, nor more useful, has come out this season.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

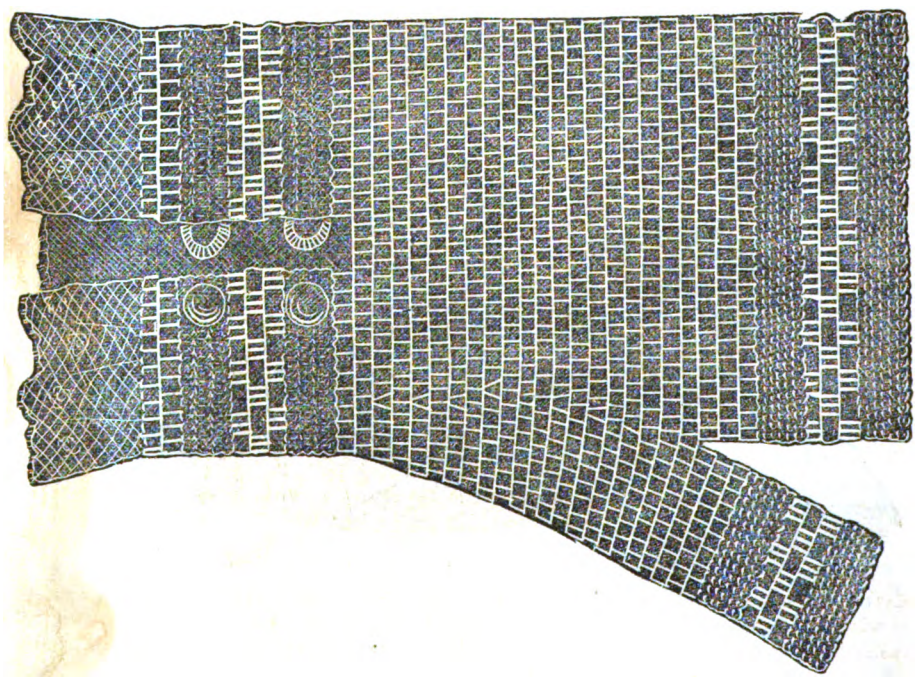


INSERTION.

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CROCHETED MITTEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Black purse twist; fine steel hook.

Make a ch according to the size of the hand. Work 4 rows sc, then 3 rows dc, three stitches in a group with 3 ch stitches between each group, 4 rows of sc, after which work 4 rows in dc. Then commence the thumb separately, working the same as the top of the hand; then join to the hand and work in the same way 19 rows, running along the thumb as seen in the design. The 20th row leave 3 stitches in the center of the inside of the hand for the opening, then 3 rows in sc same as the top of the mitten, 3 rows dc, 3 rows sc, 2 rows dc like the center of the mitten. Finish with two buttons, two loops, and some black lace at the wrist. This mitten may be made of wool, if intended for winter wear.

DESIGN FOR SHIRT FRONT.



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SOFA CUSHION IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

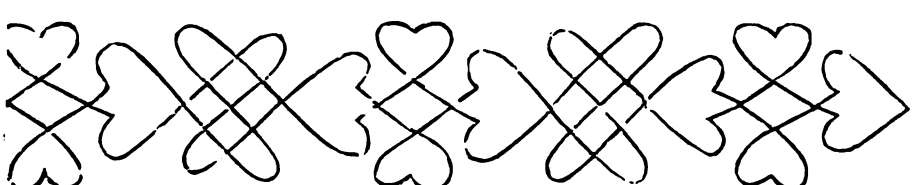


MATERIALS.—6 oz. bright rose, single zephyr; 6 oz. white; 1 oz. shaded green; 2 oz. black· 1 oz. partridge; long crochet hook.

This Cushion is to be worked in the Princess Royal Stitch, of which we have given a description in a former number.

With the rose colored wool make a ch of 3. Widen one stitch at the beginning and end of every row, until you have twenty-nine stitches on the needle; then narrow one stitch at the beginning and end of every row, until you have narrowed down to three. This completes one block. Repeat until you have worked five blocks. Then work one half block; do the same on the other end of the stripe. Five stripes of the rose color and four stripes of white are enough for an ordinary sized cushion. The white ones are to be worked in the same manner as the colored ones, observing to make only four solid blocks instead of five in the length of stripe. Crochet one row of black all round every stripe in sc. Join then with the partridge wool. Work half blocks to fill in the sides, making the piece of work square. The white blocks are to be embroidered with a small green leaf, using the shaded wool for that purpose; a rose-bud is even prettier. Finish the cushion with cord and tassels to match. Cover the under side with worsted damask to correspond.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE WATER GARDEN.—Many of our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with that interesting botanical experiment of growing an acorn in water, which has been christened "the acorn tree." In country places these delicate little sprouting oaks are very favorite parlor ornaments, but we rarely catch a glimpse of them in town apartments, where their presence would be particularly desirable. An acorn tree can be grown in a common wide-mouthed phial, but more conveniently in a white hyacinth glass, which may be procured from a florist for a few cents. In order to form one of these trees, take a ripe acorn, and, having removed its cup, steep it for a day or two in rain water, or let it lie among some damp moss. Then tie a thread round it, and suspend it in the hyacinth glass from a piece of cork or cardboard, which must be made to fit the mouth of the glass so tightly as to exclude the air. The acorn should hang about a quarter of an inch above the surface of the rain water, with which the glass is to be half-filled. In a few weeks the acorn will begin to sprout, and the whole process of its germination may be observed through the transparent sides of the glass vessel. As soon as the leaves reach the cork, another arrangement must be adopted. The hole through which the thread passed must be widened, in order that the leaves may be pushed through it. The young plant must then be raised and resuspended, so that its rootlets just touch the water. The tree will continue to grow, and will flourish for three or four years if proper care be taken to cleanse its roots from fungi, and to change the water whenever it becomes slimy or turbid. A horse-chestnut may be grown in a similar manner.

We have often thought that this mode of growing plants in water might be carried out on a much larger scale with every chance of success, and that a host of flowers might be added to the hyacinths and crocuses, which now form almost the sole ornaments of our water garden. We have repeatedly grown tulips, snow-drops, and other bulbous plants in saucers filled with damp moss, and have thus procured some charming ornaments for the sideboard and breakfast-table; but we have never yet attempted to cultivate plants with fibrous roots in this manner.

TIDY IN CROCHET.—The tidy in crochet, a colored engraving of which we give in the front of this number, may, for some persons, require a description. Accordingly, we offer one here.

MATERIALS.—1¼ lbs. of tidy cotton, No. 6; 1½ oz. of maroon single zephyr; long hook for the Princess Royal stitch. With the cotton make a ch of 15 stitches. Work in Princess Royal stitch 150 rows. This is for the center stripe.

With the same number of stitches work two stripes 20 rows less in length; then two stripes 20 rows less than the last two; also two more stripes decreasing in the same way. Crochet one row in sc all round each stripe with the colored wool; embroider as seen in the design. Join the stripes with one row sc, using the white cotton. Finish off with a tassel (of cotton and zephyr mixed) at every point.

CHILDREN NUTTING.—Our steel engraving, this month, is quite appropriate. Ah! who does not remember, in the golden, golden days of October, many a happy hour spent, when a child, in gathering nuts in the woods?

EDUCATION AND TRAINING OF WOMAN.—Much has been done to improve the education and training of woman, but much, alas! remains to be done. Girls, too often, are taught little else than flashy, flimsy accomplishments, of no greater use than to enable their possessors to exhibit them now and then at select parties, along with the last new fashion of evening attire. Indeed, accomplishments vary as do the changes in dress. At one period a certain amount of dexterity of fingers may be in request; at another may be demanded flexibility of voice; again, a word-knowledge of some favorite language may be deemed indispensable; or a parrot-like acquaintance with scientific terms is expected from all young girls of liberal education; and thus is a false system persisted in. Those habits of mind productive of thought, of earnestness, and of judgment, are scarcely noticed, far less insisted upon, in the training of girls. Neither does it fare much better with their physical development; and their finely-organized bodies, from inertness and want of proper exercise in the open air, become almost as useless and as diseased as their non-exerted minds. Hysteria, nervousness, weakness, and apathy, are the direful fruits of this error. Medical men have long spoken against the cause of these evils; yet, except in rare cases, where parents have insisted on natural laws being respected and obeyed in the education of their daughters, as well as in that of their sons, girls are still subjected to a baneful method of up-bringing. The higher ranks in England show great care and wisdom in the physical education of their daughters. By them a portion of the year, often the greater portion, is passed in the country, and driving, riding, boating, fishing, botanizing, afford abundant outdoor exercise. The girls of the lower classes go into service, or obtain employment. America, which ought to set an example to others, is behind all. It is true that the physical culture of woman is better attended to, of late years, than it formerly was. But much remains to be done.

WARM CLOTHING.—Winter is approaching. To young mothers, especially, we would say that warm clothing is especially necessary to health in young children and growing persons of all ages. Many people have an idea that exposure to cold hardens the constitution of the child, and renders it healthy; but this old-fashioned notion is rapidly being dispelled, and we are gradually arriving at the sensible conclusion that we should ourselves be the worse for the exposure of our arms and legs to the severity of the weather, so children are likely to feel it much more, and to suffer in a greater degree.

A PRETTY SUN-BONNET.—Pretty and comfortable sun-bonnets may be made cheaply after the following fashion:—Cut in pasteboard the pattern of the front of any bonnet that pleases; cover it with silk, print *a pique*, and form a crown either with a bit of the same silk lined with stiff muslin, or with a little handkerchief hanging over the back of the head. Finish up with strings and a deep full curtain. Simple head-gear of this kind may be varied at pleasure, and will be found convenient and handy.

CLUBS FOR 1863.—Now is the time to begin getting up clubs for next year. You cannot commence too soon. Every year ladies write to us that they could have had larger clubs, if they had only begun a little sooner. Do not make that mistake this year. Nobody will refuse to subscribe to "Peterson" if applied to soon enough.

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A Fine Poem.—We copy the following poem, entitled "Peschiera," from a volume just published by Ticknor & Fields. The author, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at the comparatively early age of forty-two, was well-known for an admirable translation of Plutarch, as well as for various poems of merit.

What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
"'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor—a trampled rag—
Lies dirt and dust; the lines I track
By sentries' boxes, yellow, black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts;
The eagle with his black wing flouts
The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
Oh, men of Brescia! on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said: "Since it is so, good-by,
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!'"

You said (there shall be answer fit):
"And if our children must obey,
They must, but thinking on this day,
'Twill less debase than to submit."

You said, (oh! not in vain you said):
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day,
While blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause,
You did what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands:
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost:
"'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

Varnish for Coarse Woodwork.—Grind any quantity of tar with as much Spanish brown as it will bear without becoming too thick to be used as a paint or varnish; then spread it on the wood with a large brush. It soon hardens by keeping. The work should be kept as free from dust and insects as possible, till the varnish is thoroughly dry. The color may be made a grayish instead of a glossy brown, by mixing a small proportion of white lead, or of whiting and ivory black, with the Spanish brown.

To Clean Shells.—The most simple way to clean shells is as follows:—Let them soak in rather warm water for some hours, brush them with a hard brush, using plenty of soap. When well dried, pour over them a little vegetable oil which develops their natural colors; leave them for a few days; when again dry, rub them well with a wash leather. If the outer covering of the shell requires removing, a little muriatic acid in water will be necessary previous to the other processes.

How to Make a Camera Obscura.—The simplest form for constructing this apparatus is to darken a room, permitting no light to enter except by a small hole in the window-shutter. A double convex glass may then be fixed in the hole, and the images of external objects, in their native colors, will be seen on the wall, on a white screen placed so as to receive the light from the opening; but the picture is most distinctly seen when the image is formed on the back of a silverized mirror.

Not Very Gallant. But is it not True?—Anthony Trollope, in his late book on America, has the following strictures on American ladies. But, though the remarks are too severe, is there not a foundation of truth in them? "I confess that in the States I have sometimes been driven to think that chivalry has been carried too far—that there is an attempt to make women think more of the rights of their womanhood than is needful. There are ladies' doors at hotels, and ladies' drawing-rooms, ladies' sides on the ferry-boats, and ladies' windows at the post-office for the delivery of letters—which, by-the-by, is an atrocious institution, as anybody may learn who will look at the advertisements called *personal* in some of the New York papers. Why should not young ladies have their letters sent to their houses, instead of getting them at a private window? The post-office clerks can tell stories about those ladies' windows. But at every turn it is necessary to make separate provision for ladies. From all this it comes to pass that the baker's daughter looks down from a great height on her papa, and by no means thinks her brother good enough for her associate. Nature, the great restorer, comes in and teaches her to fall in love with the butcher's son. Thus the evil is mitigated; but I cannot but wish that the young woman should not see herself denominated a lady so often, and should receive fewer lessons as to the extent of her privileges. I would save her if I could from working at the oven; I would give to her bread and meat earned by her father's care and her brother's sweat; but when she has received these good things, I would have her proud of the one, and by no means ashamed of the other."

An Extra Copy for a Premium.—We shall renew, for next year only, the offer of this year, viz: a premium copy of "Peterson" to every person who shall send us a club. The club terms, remember, are three copies for $5.00; five copies for $7.50; or eight copies for $10.00. Whoever will get up either of these clubs, will receive, either an extra copy gratis, or any other of our advertised premiums, *as they may prefer*.

Save a Dollar.—Remember that the price of this Magazine is only two dollars, while others of the same rank are three dollars. That is, everything which a lady wants in a magazine, can be had in "Peterson" for *one third less* than in any other first-class magazine. Tell this to persons you ask to subscribe.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS:

The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough. With a memoir by Charles Eliot Norton. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—We had thought, long ago, that Ticknor and Fields had reached the perfection of book-printing. Their "Household Edition of Waverley," their "Selections from Sir Thomas Browne," and other publications, seemed to be as beautiful as it was possible for books to be. But here, in another line, is a volume as elegant as the most elegant of its predecessors; and we understand it is to be followed by others, also in blue and gold, and among them the poems of Dr. Holmes. Of Mr. Clough's writings, so gracefully edited in this pretty book, we have not, we regret to say, space, at present, to speak. But we give, in another column, one of his minor poems, as a specimen of his genius. The volume would make a very desirable addition to a center-table or boudoir.

Lucy Golding. By Willa West. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Chicago: A. B. Myers.*—This is a story designed to show the evil effects of gambling. The author considers that even professed Christians have encouraged this vice, by permitting it to be practiced in their houses in miniature form. The volume is neatly printed and bound.

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The New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children. With a translation of Professor Kloss's dumb-bell instructor, and Professor Schreber's Pangymnastikon. By Dio Lewis, M. D. With three hundred illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—In another column we have indulged in some remarks concerning the physical education of woman; and this volume, which is a treatise on gymnastics, comes in very opportunely to second our strictures. Dr. Lewis is the proprietor of a well-known gymnasium in Boston, and is, in every way, qualified to discuss the subject of physical training. We cannot better follow up our own remarks, in the adjoining chit-chat department, than by advising every person interested in the subject to purchase this book. We think it the best work of its kind which has yet appeared. No one, boy or girl, man or woman, can follow its teachings without improving health and spirits alike. The old Greeks owed much of their pre-eminent physical beauty to their gymnasiums.

Les Miserables. Marius. By Victor Hugo. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Carleton.*—This is the third novel of the series "Les Miserables," and is not inferior to either "Fantine" or "Cosette." Its concluding chapters, on the contrary, are more absorbing than those in either of its predecessors. What we said in noticing "Fantine," we now repeat: it would be unjust to Victor Hugo to consider these works as merely fictions. They are more than that: they are earnest protests against social wrong. Yet, even as stories, they rank in the first class. The narrative never flags. The interest in the characters never ceases. The descriptions are always vivid. The plot is artistic. We await impatiently the two succeeding volumes.

The Fly-ing Dutchman; or, The Wrath of Herr Vonstopplenoze. By John G. Saxe. With sixteen comic illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—The Herr Vonstopplenoze is an honest Dutchman, whose after-dinner nap is invaded by a pestilent fly; and the verses before us sing of his adventures and misadventures in pursuing and destroying the insect. The illustrations, like the verses, are broadly comic. We think Saxe has done better things, however; but, perhaps, we are more captious than correct. So the reader had better buy the book, when he can decide for himself or herself. We can, at any rate, promise the purchaser more than one hearty laugh.

Out of His Head. A Romance. By T. B. Aldrich. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This volume contains the story of "Out of His Head," which occupies about one hundred and fifty pages, besides several smaller sketches, among which we recognize that exquisitely told legend, "Pere Antoine's Date Palm." Mr. Aldrich is most generally known as a poet of delicate fancy and graceful workmanship. But he is not less meritorious as a prose-writer. Few writers of prose, indeed, are as careful and finished. "Out of His Head" is an eccentric, but capital story. We hope to see this writer more often in print.

Agnes Stanhope. By Miss Martha Kenrick. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: James M. Usher.*—This is a story of English life, written, we believe, by a new aspirant for literary honors. The tale is agreeably told, and will interest a large circle of readers. The volume is handsomely printed.

COOKERY FOR CHILDREN.

Fruits for Children.—That fruits are naturally healthy in their season, if rightly taken, no one, who believes that the Creator is a kind and beneficent Being, can doubt. And yet the use of summer fruits appears often to cause most fatal diseases, especially in children. Why is this? Because we do not conform to the natural laws in using this kind of diet. These laws are very simple and easy to understand. Let the fruit be ripe when you eat it; and eat when you require food. Fruits that have seeds are much healthier than the stone-fruits; but all fruits are better, for very young children, if baked or cooked in some manner, and eaten with bread. The French always eat bread with raw fruit. Apples and winter pears are very excellent food for children, indeed, for almost any person in health; but they are best when eaten at breakfast or dinner. If taken late in the evening, fruit often proves injurious. The old saying, that apples are "gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night," is pretty near the truth. Both apples and pears are often good and nutritious, when baked or stewed, for those delicate constitutions that cannot bear raw fruit. Much of the fruit gathered when unripe might be rendered fit for food by preserving in sugar.

Blackberry Jam.—Gather the fruit in dry weather; allow half a pound of good brown sugar to every pound of fruit; boil the whole together gently for an hour, or till the blackberries are soft, stirring and mashing them well. Preserve it like any other jam, and it will be found very useful in families, particularly for children—regulating their bowels, and enabling you to dispense with cathartics. It may be spread on bread, or on puddings, instead of butter; and even when the blackberries are bought, it is cheaper than butter. In the country, every family should preserve, at least, half a peck of blackberries.

Vegetables for Children, Eggs, etc.—Their rice ought to be cooked in no more water than is necessary to swell it; their apples roasted, or stewed with no more water than is necessary to steam them; their vegetables so well cooked as to make them require little butter, and less digestion; their eggs boiled slow and soft. The boiling of their milk ought to be directed by the state of their bowels; if flatulent or bilious, a very little curry-powder may be given in their vegetables with good effect—such as turmeric and the warm seeds (not hot peppers) are particularly useful in such cases.

Potatoes and Peas.—Potatoes, particularly some kinds, are not easily digested by children; but this is easily remedied by mashing them very fine, and seasoning them with sugar and a little milk. When peas are dressed for children, let them be seasoned with mint and sugar, which will take off the flatulency. If they are old, let them be pulped, as the skins are perfectly indigestible by children's or weak stomachs. Never give them vegetables less stewed than would pulp through a cullender.

To Prepare Fruit for Children.—A far more wholesome way than in pies or puddings, is to put apples sliced, or plums, currants, gooseberries, etc., into a stone jar, and sprinkle among them as much sugar as necessary. Set the jar in an oven, or on a hearth, with a teacupful of water to prevent the fruit from burning: or put the jar into a saucepan of water until its contents be perfectly done. Slices of bread, or some rice, may be put into the jar, to eat with the fruit.

Thickened Milk for Infants when Six Months old.—Take one pint of milk, one pint of water, boil it, and add one tablespoonful of flour. Dissolve the flour first in half a teacupful of water; it must be strained in gradually, and boiled hard twenty minutes. As the child grows older, one-third water. If properly made, it is the most nutritious, at the same time the most delicate food that can be given to young children.

A Nice Apple-Cake for Children.—Grate some stale bread, and slice about double the quantity of apples; butter a mould, and line it with sugar-paste, and strew in some crumbs, mixed with a little sugar; then lay in apples, with a few bits of butter over them, and so continue till the dish is full; cover it with crumbs, or prepared rice; season with cinnamon and sugar. Bake it well.

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Food for a Young Infant.—Take of fresh cow's milk, one tablespoonful, and mix with two tablespoonfuls of hot water; sweeten with loaf-sugar, as much as may be agreeable. This quantity is sufficient for once feeding a new-born infant; and the same quantity may be given every two or three hours, not oftener, till the mother's breast affords the natural nourishment.

Milk Porridge.—Stir four tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, smoothly, into a quart of milk, then stir it quickly into a quart of boiling water, and boil up a few minutes, till it is thickened; sweeten with sugar. Oatmeal, where it is found to agree with the stomach, is much better for children, being a fine opener as well as cleanser; fine flour, in every shape, is the reverse.

Meats for Children.—Mutton, lamb, and poultry, are the best. Birds, and the white meat of fowls, are the most delicate food of this kind that can be given. These meats should be slowly cooked, and no gravy, if made rich with butter, should be eaten by a young child. Never give children hard, tough, half-worked meats of any kind.

Rice and Apples.—Core as many nice apples as will fill the dish; boil them in light syrup; prepare a quarter of a pound of rice in milk, with sugar and salt; put some of the rice in the dish, and put in the apples; then fill up the intervals with rice, and bake it in the oven till it is a fine color.

Rice-Pudding with Fruit.—In a pint of new milk put two large spoonfuls of rice well washed; then add two apples pared and quartered, or a few currants or raisins. Simmer slowly till the rice is very soft; then add one egg, beaten, to bind it. Serve with cream and sugar.

Milk, fresh from the cow, with a very little loaf-sugar, is good and safe food for young children. From three years old to seven, pure milk, into which is crumbled stale bread, is the best breakfast and supper for a child.

For a Child's Luncheon.—Good sweet butter, with stale bread, is one of the most nutritious, at the same time the most wholesome articles of food, that can be given children after they are weaned.

Puddings and Pancakes for Children.—Sugar and egg browned before the fire, or dropped as fritters into a hot fryingpan, without fat, will make them a nourishing meal.

Ripe Currants are excellent food for children. Mash the fruit, sprinkle with sugar and with good bread; let them eat of this fruit freely.

Broth, made of lamb or chicken, with stale bread, toasted and broken in, is safe and healthy for dinners of children, when first weaned.

ARCHERY.

ARCHERY is an amusement very much in fashion at the present time, and most justly so, being the only out-of-door pastime in which ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, may join, and being, at the same time, a very innocent and inexpensive amusement, and one capable of being enjoyed by any number of persons.

DIRECTIONS.—Never let a person who is inexperienced attempt to string your bow. While you are learning to shoot, do not permit any one to stand in front of you, in case of an accident, such as the bow breaking, in which case the arrow may unexpectedly glide from the string. The bow has a flat side and a round side; when strung, the flat side must be invariably outside, or the bow will certainly break.

In stringing the bow, hold the handle firmly in your right hand, pressing your wrist to your side. Let the small horn of the bow into the hollow of your right foot, press the upper part of the bow with your left wrist, and with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand slide the string up into its place, taking care not to let your other fingers get under the string, or they will be severely pinched. The top of the left hand should be level with the handle of the bow, the left arm quite straight, with the wrist turned inward; hold the bow perpendicularly.

In drawing, bring the neck of the arrow up to your ear. Be particular, in shooting, not to hold out the forefinger of the left hand, or the arrow may unexpectedly penetrate it. In shooting, do not stand fronting the target, but sideways, with your face looking over your left shoulder.

Do not let the bow remain too long on the stretch, or it will become weak, and in time break.

BOWS.—The very best bows are made of yew, others are of lemon-wood; lance-wood bows are the least expensive, and are quite as useful to young persons as either yew or lemon-wood. The bow should always be as nearly as possible the height of the person who is to use it.

STRINGS.—Flemish strings are the best, and last the longest. Do not be persuaded to purchase an inferior string; it is always worth your while to pay the extra price of a good string. A string breaking is inconvenient, and sometimes proves dangerous to those standing near, because if the string were to break just as you have drawn the arrow up to the point, it would probably dart aside. Be careful to have an extra string with you in case of such accidents.

ARROWS.—The length of arrow is to be regulated in the following way:—Twenty-eight inches for a bow six feet in length, twenty-four inches for a five feet bow, twenty inches for a four foot six inch bow, and so on. They should have three feathers, two of which are alike; the other is called the cock-feather, which, when the arrow is placed on the bow, should be outward. Do not leave your arrows long on the grass, as they will burst, should they get damp. Take great care of your arrows when not in use, because, were the feathers to get injured, the flight of the arrow would not be true.

Also provide yourself with an archery-glove, which protects the three fingers that you shoot with (viz: the forefinger, the middle finger, and the ring finger) from the friction of the string.

With ladies (and sometimes with gentlemen) a shield is necessary; for, as the string glides past the left arm, it sometimes catches in the sleeve. After a shower of rain, a tassel becomes requisite, which is suspended from the waist, to wipe the points of the arrows, after having drawn them from the wet ground.

In ordinary shooting, every arrow that hits, that is, sticks into the target, counts as follows:—Gold, nine; red, seven; blue, five; black, three; and white, one. All these are added up, and the person who has the greatest numbers in a certain number of shots wins the game. If an arrow hits the target, and sticks between two colors, the higher number is counted.

With a pointed instrument, then, you prick a hole in a circle on the card, corresponding with the circle that you have hit on the target.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Preserving Butter.—Make a dry mixture of one-third saltpetre, one-third common salt, one-third best loaf-sugar, mix one ounce of the above with one pound of butter, which must be made perfectly free from butter-milk, and to have been put into water as little as possible. Work the ingredients well in, and put into a stone crock. Sprinkle the mixture at the top of each layer of butter you add, and when the crock is full, fasten down tightly and exclude the air. When required for table, wash and make up into pats as fresh butter. It is better not to crock winter butter until July or August.

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Lemon Pickle.—Peel six large lemons; cut them in quarters, lay them on a dish, and strew over them a half-pound of salt, turning them every day for a week. Then put them into a stone jar; add six large cloves of garlic, two ounces of horseradish shred very thin; of cloves, mace, nutmeg, and cayenne each a quarter ounce; two ounces of mustard-seeds, bruised and tied up in a bit of thin muslin, and two quarts of the best vinegar. Cover the jar and set it in a pan of boiling water; let it boil ten minutes, then set it in the oven, or anywhere that it may simmer gently, for two hours. Keep the jar closely covered, stirring it every day for six weeks, and when settled strain it and bottle for use. Another quart of vinegar may be added to the ingredients, and boiled up, which will make a very good pickle for common purposes, or the lemons may be added to any mixed pickles.

To Keep Game.—If there be any danger of birds not keeping, pick and draw them, wash them well in water, and rub them with salt. Plunge them singly into a large saucepan of boiling water, draw them up and down by the legs to let the water pass through them. After they have been in the water for five minutes, hang them up to dry in a cold place, sprinkle them with pepper, and salt well inside. Before dressing them, they must be again washed. By this means the most delicate birds may be preserved, with the exception of those which live by suction, as they are never drawn; but they may be kept a long time by putting lumps of charcoal, or placing a small quantity of mould, in muslin bags, in their insides.

Ginger Wine.—Take nine gallons of cold water; dissolve twenty-seven pounds of good, light, raw sugar; put the mixture into a boiler, then add eighteen ounces of the best ginger, bruised, and the rind of eighteen lemons; boil it half an hour, skim it well, and let it stand in a cooler until blood-warm. Put it in a cask with nine pounds of raisins chopped. Stir all these ingredients together, add a tablespoonful of yeast, and stir every day for ten days. Then add two and a half ounces of isinglass, dissolved in some of the liquor and a quart of the best brandy. Cork it close, and draw off as wanted.

To Give to Boards a Beautiful Appearance.—After washing them very nicely with soda and water, by means of a brush, wash them with a very large sponge and clean water. Both times observe to leave no spot untouched, and clean straight up and down, not crossing from board to board; then dry with clean cloths, rubbed hard up and down in the same way. The floors should not be often wetted, but very thoroughly when done, and once a week dry-rubbed with hot sand and a heavy brush, the right way of the boards.

Varnish to make Wood look like Ivory.—Take half an ounce of isinglass, boiled gently in half a pint of water till dissolved; then strain it, and add flake white powder till it becomes as white as cream. Give the box or carved wood three or four coats of this, letting each coat dry before the other is put on; then smooth it with a bit of damp rag. It has quite the appearance of ivory. If, when mixed, it looks too white, a few grains of either carmine-white, or else chrome-yellow, will give it a pink look. Either of these colors improves it.

Bandoline for the Hair.—Take half an ounce dried quince pips, pour on them one pint of boiling water, and strain when cold. Should it not be sufficiently glutinous, boil it again, and pour over the pips a second time. Scent with rose, bergamot, or any other scent. It should be remembered that bandoline is only intended to make the hair lie smoothly, and is not to be used as a pomade.

An Excellent Furniture Polish.—Put into a bottle one pint of linseed oil, half a quartern of spirits of wine, half a quartern of vinegar, and one ounce of butter of antimony. Mix all together, and shake the bottle well before using it.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Blackberry Wine.—Let the berries be gathered when fully ripe, and on a dry day. Put them into a tub or cask, with the head out, and with a tap fitted near the bottom; pour on them as much boiling water as will cover them, or to six measures of blackberries one of water may be used. As soon as the heat will permit, mash the berries with your hands until they are well broken, and let them stand covered till the pulp rises to the top and forms a crust, which it will do in three or four days. Then draw off the fluid into another vessel, and to every gallon add one pound of sugar, mix it well, and put it into a cask to work for a week or ten days, and throw off any remaining lees, keeping the cask well filled, particularly at the commencement. When the working has ceased, bung it down, and after six or twelve months it may be bottled.

Two Ways of Using Cold Boiled Fish.—1. Take two pounds of cold fish, cut it into very small pieces, scald one pint of milk in a saucepan, mix in enough flour to make a paste, and half a pound of butter; season with pepper and salt, and then whip in the yolks of four eggs, one by one; butter a dish, lay in first a layer of fish, then of the paste, and so on to fill the dish. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. 2. Cut up a fish in convenient pieces, and put in a jar a layer of fish, and then spices (pepper, cloves, allspice, and mace to taste), until the jar is filled; then put in vinegar enough to cover thoroughly. Tie a paper tightly over the jar; then spread a paste of flour and water over the paper, set it in the oven for eight hours. If rightly done, the bones will be entirely absorbed. It is excellent.

Carrot Soup.—To seven pints of soft water put one pound of lean beef cut thin, half a pint of split peas, one large carrot cut into pieces, one or two turnips, some celery, and a large onion. Boil all together until the liquor is reduced to one-half the quantity, then strain it through a coarse hair sieve. Have ready three or four large carrots (half-boiled and then grated fine), put this into the soup; boil it with pepper and salt to your taste. Just before it gets to the last boil, take a little fresh butter (about the size of a walnut) rubbed in flour, and put it into the soup. Serve it up with fried bread. If more soup is wanted, all the ingredients must be doubled, with the exception of the grated carrots; and, if they are large, six will be found sufficient for a good-sized tureen.

An Economical Dish—And if well-cooked, a pleasant one. Take three sheeps' tongues; let them lie in cold water for two hours, until all the blood has left them; then throw them into boiling water for a minute, one by one, until you can remove the hard skin that covers them. Place them in a saucepan of lukewarm water; stew them gently for three hours, with three small carrots, two laurel leaves, cloves, a small onion or two, pepper, and salt; cut them in two lengthways, remove the roots, and serve with a *sauce piquante.*

To Mince Beef.—Mince the underdone part fine, with some of the fat; put into a stewpan a small quantity of onion, a little water, pepper, and salt; boil it till the onion is quite soft; then put in a little gravy and the mince. A few minutes will dress it, but do not let it boil. Have a small hot dish with sippets of bread toasted ready, and pour the mince into it. If a little acidity is liked, a tablespoonful of shalot vinegar may be used instead of the raw onion.

Mutton Sausages.—Take one pound of underdone leg of mutton, six oz. of beef suet, one pint of oysters, two anchovies, and some sweet herbs. Chop all these ingredients fine, and season with mace, pepper, and salt; add one-quarter pound of grated bread and two well-beaten eggs; mix it well and pot it. Use it by rolling into balls a sausage shape, and fry them.

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Knuckle of Veal stewed.—Place your knuckle of veal in a stewpan; if the knuckle is a very large one, it may be divided into two or three pieces for the sake of convenience; put in the pan with it a few blades of mace, a little thyme, an onion, some whole pepper, a burnt crust of bread, and cover with three to four pints of water; cover down close, and boil; when it has boiled, place it by the side of the fire, and let it simmer for at least two hours; keep it hot while you strain its liquor; then pour the gravy over it, and send it to table with a lemon garnish. *Or:*—Let the knuckle boil slowly in sufficient water till it is tender; make a sauce of butter and flour, with parsley in it chopped fine; then slice a lemon, and garnish the dish with it.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. I.—House Dress of Azuline-blue Silk.—Around the bottom is a fluting of black ribbon. The body and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress of black velvet and lace.

Fig. II.—House-Dress of Gray Silk, spotted with Black.—A heavy black velvet cording passes down the two breadths on each side, as well as around the bottom. The sleeves are also corded with black velvet, and, like the body, are trimmed with narrow black velvet bows, with a steel buckle in the center of each bow.

Fig. III.—The Indiana, a dress of the new bright fawn-colored foulard silk. It is trimmed around the bottom with three ruffles of the silk; and above the ruffles are six rows of dark brown braid. The sleeves, sash, and berthe body correspond with the trimming on the skirt.

Fig. IV.—The Illinois.—We give a diagram of this dress in this number, page 300. The dress is made of black silk, and is trimmed with violet velvet and narrow black guipure lace. The body, high and plain, has bands of violet velvet around the neck, with tabs of the same on the shoulders, the front, and the back. These tabs are trimmed with a narrow lace and fastened down at the ends by a rather large velvet button. The sleeve, almost tight at the shoulder and wide at the elbow, terminates in a *cornet* at the wrist. A shoulder-piece, of velvet, comes down the side of the arm in a point; it is bordered with guipure and fastened by a large velvet button. The end of the sleeve is cut in points, and these are interlaced with the points of a velvet wristband turned the opposite way. The velvet points reach up on the silk, and those of silk come down on the velvet. These points are bordered with a narrow black guipure, and each of them is fastened down by a velvet button. The silk skirt is cut in points at bottom, as shown in the engraving, and as we have explained for the sleeve. A band of violet velvet is cut out in the contrary sense, and the points interlace, bordered with guipure and fastened down by buttons at each point. The bottom of this velvet band is cut in vandykes as seen in the plate. Below this band are three narrow flounces of black silk, fluted and bordered with guipure. A silk sash round the waist, with long ends hanging down, each of which is trimmed with velvet to match the rest of the dress.

Fig. V.—The Vermont.—Dress of dark blue silk. The skirt is trimmed with a series of ruffles put on in half-scallops. The scarf mantilla of the same silk is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

Fig. VI.—The Kentucky.—A dress of gray silk, trimmed with narrow black velvet, put on in diamond shape. Body and sleeves are finished to match the skirt.

General Remarks.—Alpaca is now made in a variety of hues, and no material is now more generally adopted in plain out-door costume. Dresses of alpaca and foulard are very simply trimmed, frequently with nothing more than a braid placed just above the hem, and at every half-breadth carried up in a fanciful design. The braid should be of a color harmonizing with that of the dress, and the effect will be much improved if edged at each side by narrow black velvet, or by black braid or soutache. A small sacque or mantilla of the same material as the dress should be trimmed in corresponding style.

Many of the new silks are of solid colors, that is, without flowers, check, or stripe, though there are also some of the latter description. The new shade of blue, called the azuline, the various shades of fawn, varying from a yellow brown to the lightest shade, new purples and grays, are all fashionable.

Among the checks, the *Hortense robe* is the newest. This robe consists of a narrow black check on a solid color, such as green, gray, purple, or blue, with six narrow bands, not over an inch wide, around the bottom and woven in the material.

We have to record something like a tendency to greater simplicity in the ornamentation of ladies' dresses: flounces for light fancy dresses are much less abundant, and, when worn, limited to two or three. Ribbon trimmings, fluted, frilled, and vandyked, are extremely fashionable. The skirts of the dresses are still worn long, are very wide, and are sometimes made to train a little behind.

Braiding seems to be the favorite trimming, not only for washed dresses, but also for plain alpacas, foulards, muslin delains, merinos, and even rich silks. Sometimes the braiding design is carried rather high up the skirt, to imitate a *double skirt;* sometimes up the front *en tablier;* and, again, a pretty scroll just above the hem. However, braiding is now so fashionable that it matters little how the device be arranged, but the paletot, or *saute-en-barque*, that is worn with it, must always be ornamented to correspond.

Pique dresses, in buff or white, are being made with short cut-away jackets, little waistcoats, and plain braided skirts. For out-door wear this costume is completed by a scarf, braided to correspond, or by a short paletot.

The Greek pattern still continues one of the favorite designs for braiding. Rings interlaced also form a very pretty and effective, and quickly-executed, braiding pattern; use, in these cases, broad braid for the purpose.

Several Dresses have been made this season with round pelerines in the form of capes. A very elegant dress with one of these cape pelerines has been trimmed in a very novel style with narrow black lace edging set on flat and in a foliage design. The edge and front of the skirt, the pelerine and ends of the sleeves, were all ornamented in this style; and the effect on the green silk is indescribably rich and beautiful. Another dress of violet-colored Irish poplin has been ornamented in a similar style, but with black silk braid instead of black edging.

Nearly all Dress Sleeves this season are made with a seam at the elbow, and a turned-back cuff, projecting an inch or two beyond the seam of the sleeve at the bottom. Black lace and lace rosettes are very much used as a sleeve trimming for silk and grenadine dresses, and silk ruches are much in favor for the purpose.

Self-colored *mousseline-de-laine*, such as lavender, gray, drab, or azuline blue, is being much worn for ladies' and children's dresses. This material is now dyed in such beautiful shades, so pure and bright, that, for morning dresses, it has become very popular. It is nice cool wear, and is inexpensive.

The prettiest and most suitable way of making these dresses is with a plain or *slightly* full body (according to the figure), the new bishop sleeve, closed at the wrist, trimmed with rows of silk ruches, and a pleating of silk ribbon, one and a half to two inches wide, *placed quite at the bottom of the skirt, below the braid.* A pointed silk band in front, and two ends of pinked silk worn behind, give a pretty finish to the dress.

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The garment we saw made in this style was of a pretty warm shade of fawn or gray, with the quilling rushes, sash, and buttons down the front of the body in silk matching *exactly* the shade of the dress.

A New Dress of pale green glace silk has just been made with nine tiny flounces at the bottom of the skirt, put on in three series. Each of the flounces was braided in a small Greek pattern, in narrow black silk braid; and between every series of flounces a larger Greek design in broader braid was arranged. This skirt is new, and extremely stylish. The sleeves were cut with a seam down the back, and were open to the elbow. Two rows of braided frilling were carried round the sleeve and up the opening; and the third row was continued quite to the top of the sleeve, where it was put in the armhole. Two long ends of silk, also braided, were worn behind, secured to a braided band, made slightly pointed in front, like the Medici ceintures.

One of the Prettiest Wedding Dresses of the season is composed of white tarletane, and has nine narrow flounces, notched at the edges, and set on in groups of three together. Each group is separated by a puffing of tarletane, with a running of white ribbon under it, the ribbon being tied on one side in a large bow. The corsage of the dress is low, and has a berthe formed of puffing and three frills. A plaited chemisette of tarletane, finished at the throat by a ruche, gives to the corsage the same effect as if it were high, and the dress may be converted into one suitable for ball costume by the removal of the berthe and long sleeves. The coiffure worn with this dress consisted of bouquets tastefully disposed in the hair, and formed of orange blossom intermingled with clematis and jasmine.

The Short Paletot or Sacque is no longer worn, except for traveling or to walk in, in the country. A deep, round kind of cloak, called the *Camail*, and long jackets shaped to the waist, are the most fashionable. Braiding is very much used for these articles. The India cashmere, with its rich combinations of color, whether in variegated stripes or in fantastic palmettes and arabesques, is an object of imperishable favor, and is never out of season or out of fashion. Shawls of other kinds, however, continue to hold their place in fashionable favor. Among them may be named those of black cashmere, ornamented with silk embroidery, trimmed with black guipure or edged with broad bands of velvet, moire, or quilted silk. Shawls of black or violet cashmere, without embroidery, and edged with a band of quilted silk, are very generally adopted in Paris for plain walking dress. Many ladies are likewise seen with shawls of black silk lined and quilted, and edged with velvet or guipure. It is scarcely necessary to observe that these are merely half-shawls, or, as the French term them, pointes.

Bonnets are varying in the shape and style of trimming; they are not so high, but will be worn more bent down in the front, and we have seen some from Paris trimmed at the sides instead of the top. Some very stylish-looking straw bonnets have only a *very broad* ribbon crossing plainly over the crown, the ribbon being edged with a *very narrow* ribbon quilled on each side. Feathers are also a great deal worn on straw bonnets. Trimming is less abundant than it has been.

Head-Dresses are, to a certain extent, disappearing, unless for *full evening toilet*, and combs, secured in massive plaits behind, seem to have taken their place. These combs are now made in such variety that no lady will find any difficulty in getting one to suit the color of her hair. Combs, with tortoise-shell knobs, and elaborate steel, gilt, and silver tops, are amongst the most fashionable kinds; and these tops are now made with a hinge on one side, so that they may be pressed closely against the plait, or stand out a little, whichever the wearer may prefer.

Wreaths for the Hair are now seldom or rarely seen; flowers are placed in tiny bunches here and there, and, when the hair is much frizzed, have a much prettier appearance than the large heavy wreaths which have so long continued in favor.

Long Sprays of Flowers, falling on one side, are also fashionable; but we are happy to say that the variety of dressing the hair is so great, that no lady need have her head-dress unbecoming, in order to be in the fashion.

Bright Colors are now being very much worn for under garments, in the shape of *Ladies' Knickerbockers, Flannel Petticoats*, and *Petticoat Bodies*, all of which articles are composed of the most brilliant scarlet flannel. The knickerbockers are admirably adapted for the cold weather, as they are confined just below the knee by a piece of elastic run in the hem, and, consequently, are an extremely comfortable and warm article of clothing. Those of our readers who are fond of gardening, and *standing about* in the open air, will find these most judicious things to wear. The scarlet flannel petticoats, which we have just mentioned, are usually scalloped at the bottom with white wool or white purse silk. The silk has the prettiest effect before being washed, but the wool is the most durable, as it does not discolor in the process of washing.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—A little Girl's Dress of Black and White Plaid Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with a broad band of Magenta-colored silk, and is edged with a quilling of black velvet. The body and sleeves correspond with the skirt in trimming. Thin muslin under-sleeves and chemisette. Straw hat trimmed with black velvet, and black and white plumes.

Fig. II.—A little Girl's Dress of Blue Silk.—*Paletot* or coat of gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet. Tudor hat bound with blue velvet, and trimmed with blue velvet and white feathers.

General Remarks.—A dress intended for a little girl about nine years of age is composed of gray foulard. The skirt is ornamented with three narrow flounces set on in plaits, and each headed by a narrow row of black velvet. The corsage, plain and square, has a berthe edged with a frill. This berthe is in the form of a fichu, having long ends crossed in front, and then passed under the arms, and are linked one in the other at the back of the waist. Sleeves short, and finished at the lower part of the arm by two narrow frills. Chemisette and long under-sleeves of white muslin plaited *a la Suisse*. The under-sleeves, which are finished at the ends by a quilling of white muslin and a narrow band of black velvet, are sufficiently wide for the hand to pass through. A narrow band of black velvet on the upper edge of the chemisette passes round the throat. Another little dress of violet silk has, near the edge of the skirt, a band of black velvet. The corsage, plain, low, and square, is edged with a band of black velvet, and a ceinture of velvet, with long flowing ends, is fastened behind. The sleeves are demi-long. They are open at the ends, and have revers edged with velvet. Swiss chemisette and under-sleeves, both of white muslin.

Some of the fashionable costumes for little boys consist of a loose jacket and trousers of pique trimmed with braid, or of cashmere or cloth of some light kind trimmed with grelots. A costume prepared for a little boy of three is formed of a short skirt of mohair figured with very narrow black stripes, and a Garibaldi shirt of cerise-color cashmere. On the lower part of the skirt there are two bands of cerise-color cashmere, one broader than the other, the broad band being ornamented with black braid set on in the *Grecque* pattern. White trousers reaching a little below the skirt are edged with a plaited frill.

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Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Engraved & Printed by Simon Brothers

A HAPPY "PUSS."

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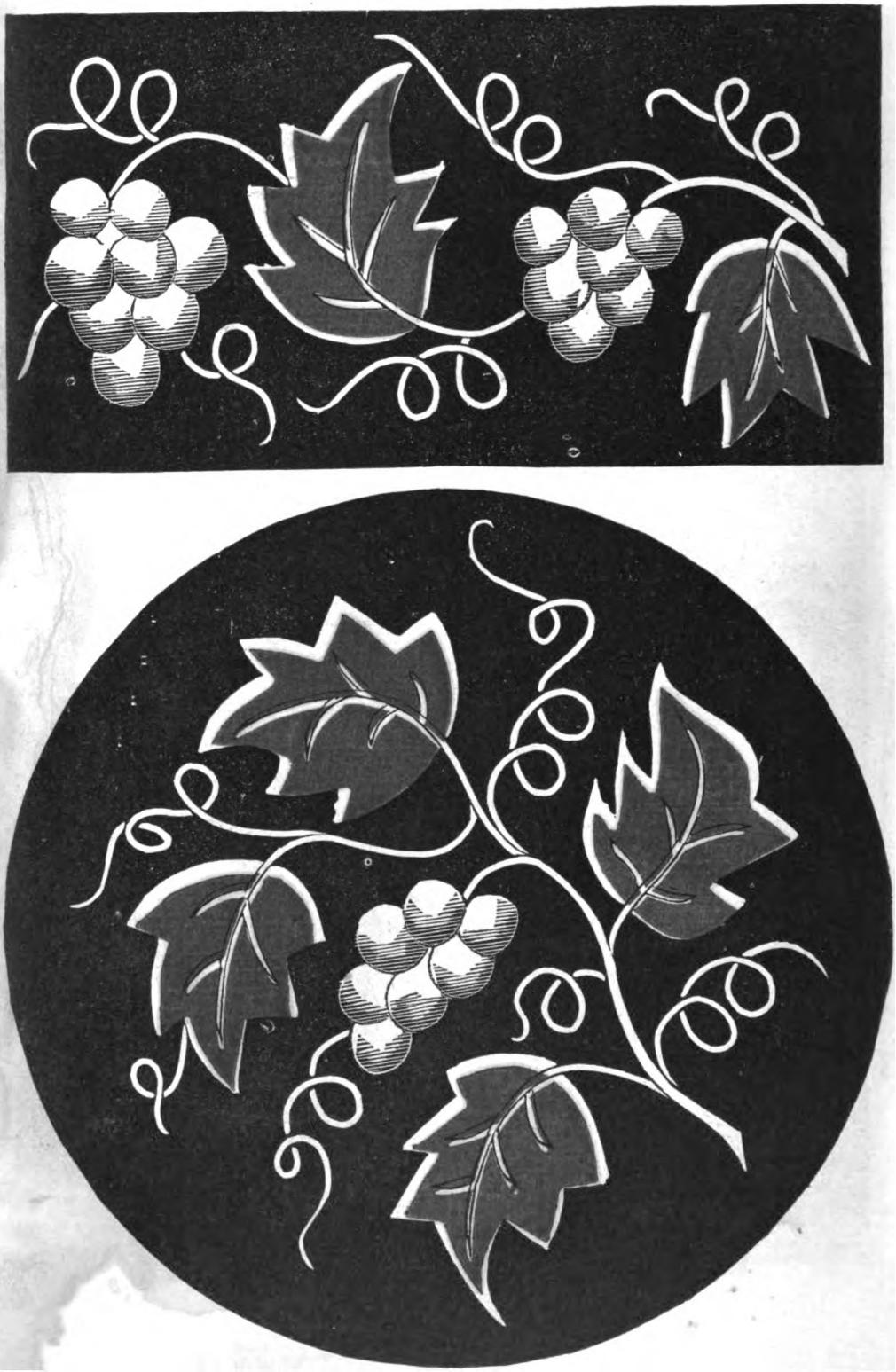


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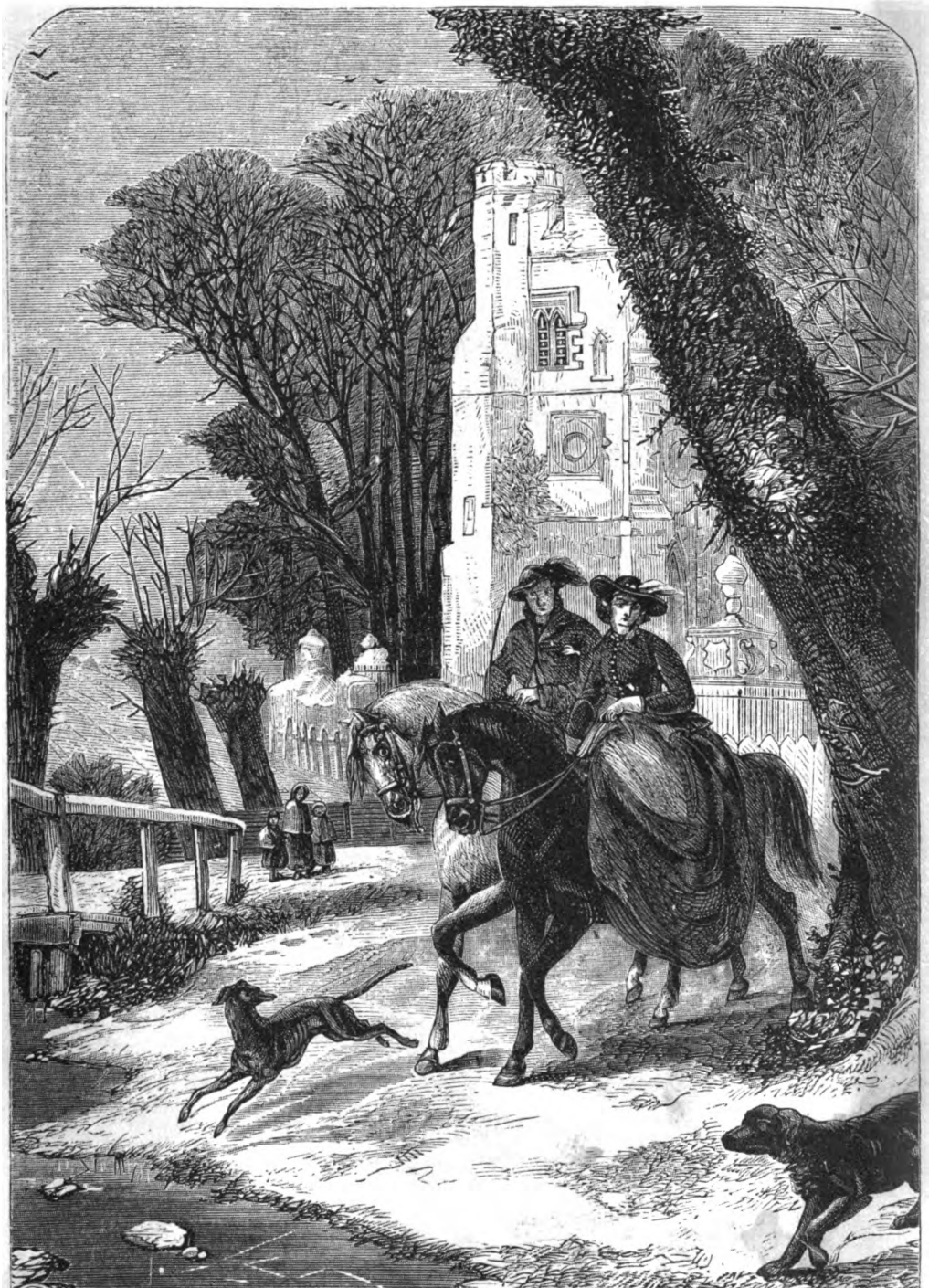


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SMOKING CAP—IN APPLIQUE.

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THE MORNING RIDE.

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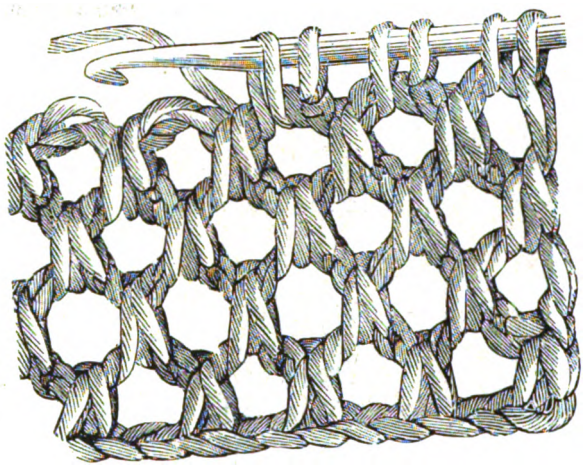
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INSERTIONS AND EDGINGS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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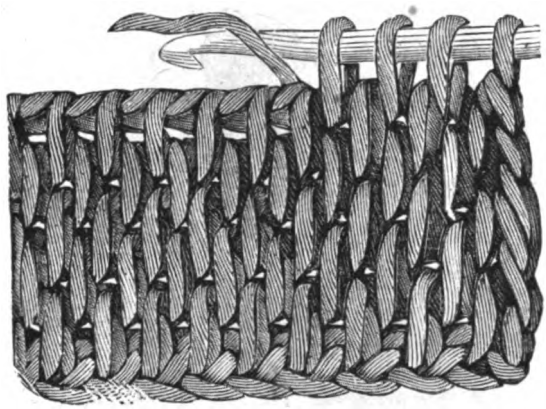


NEW STITCH IN CROCHET: THE NET STITCH.



CHILD'S DRESS.

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NEW STITCH IN CROCHET: SINGLE GOBELIN.



CHILD'S DRESS.

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THE CAROLINE.

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THE ISABELLA.

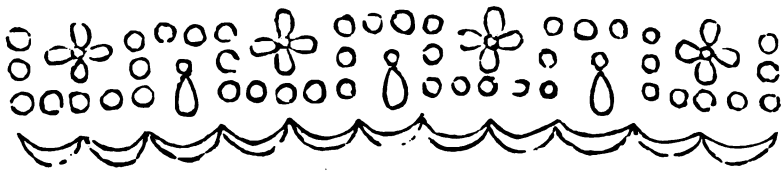
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EDGING.



THE FRANCESCA.

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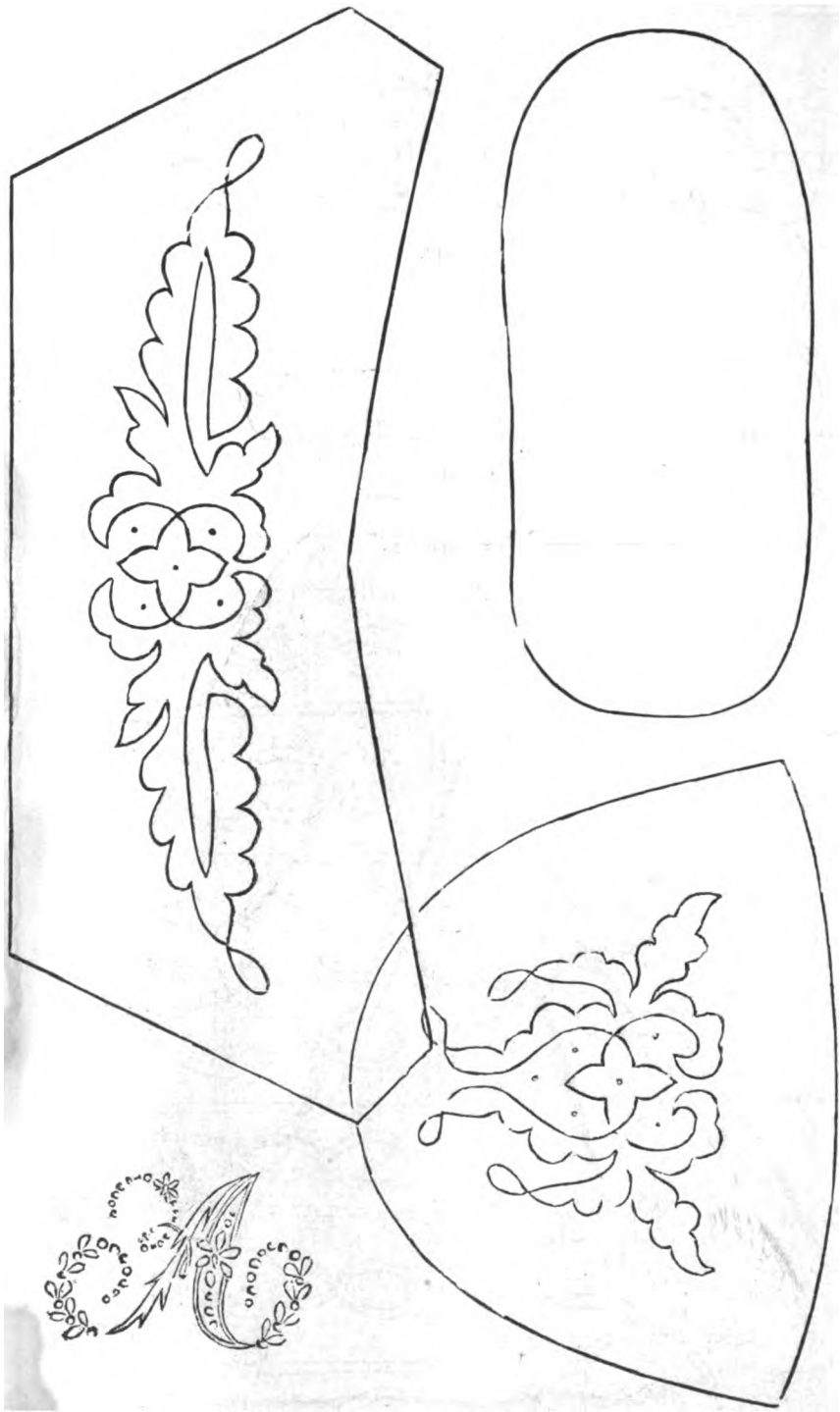


EDGING.



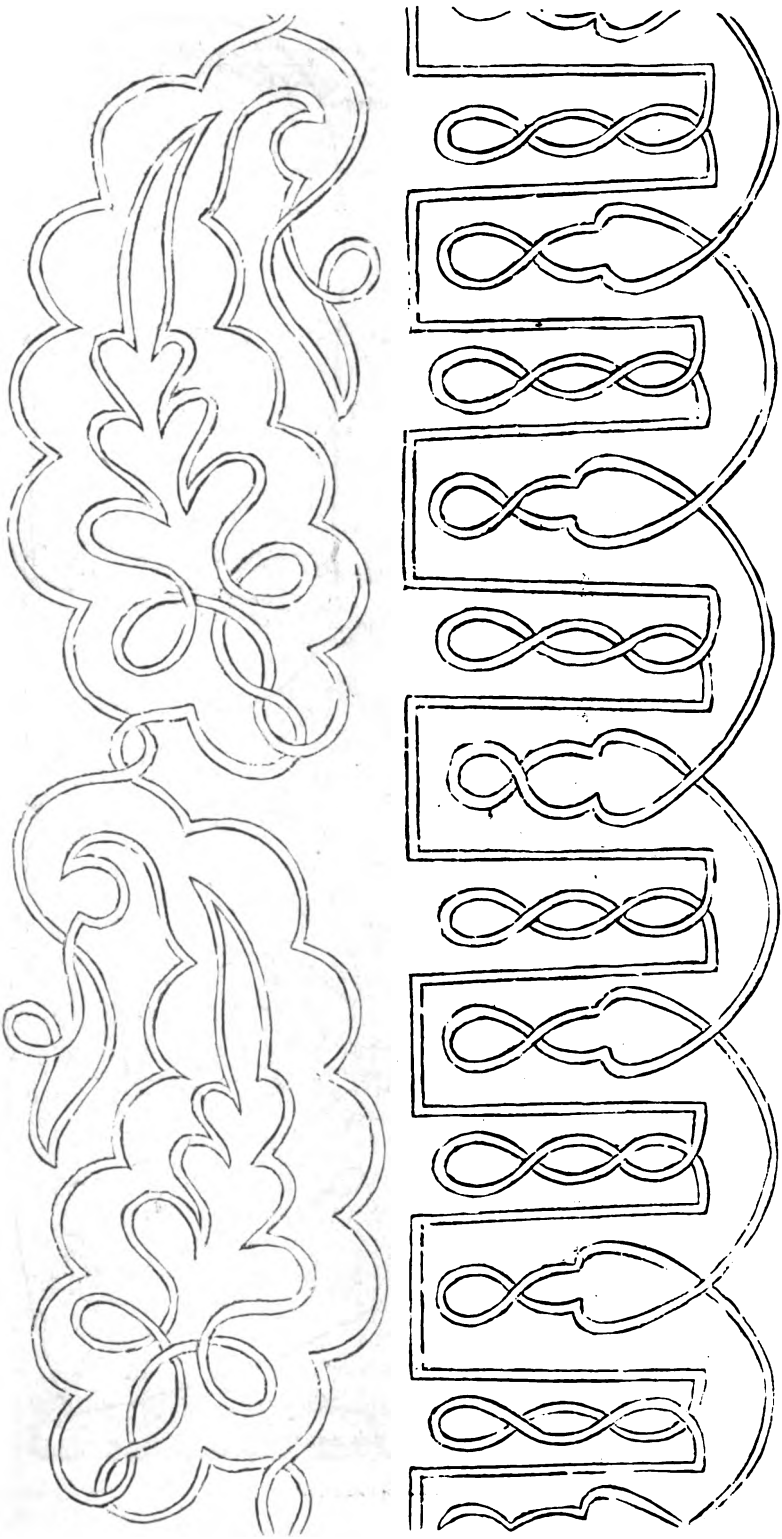
THE MARIANA.

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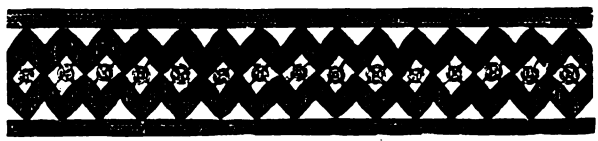
BABY'S SHOE: LETTERS FOR MARKING.

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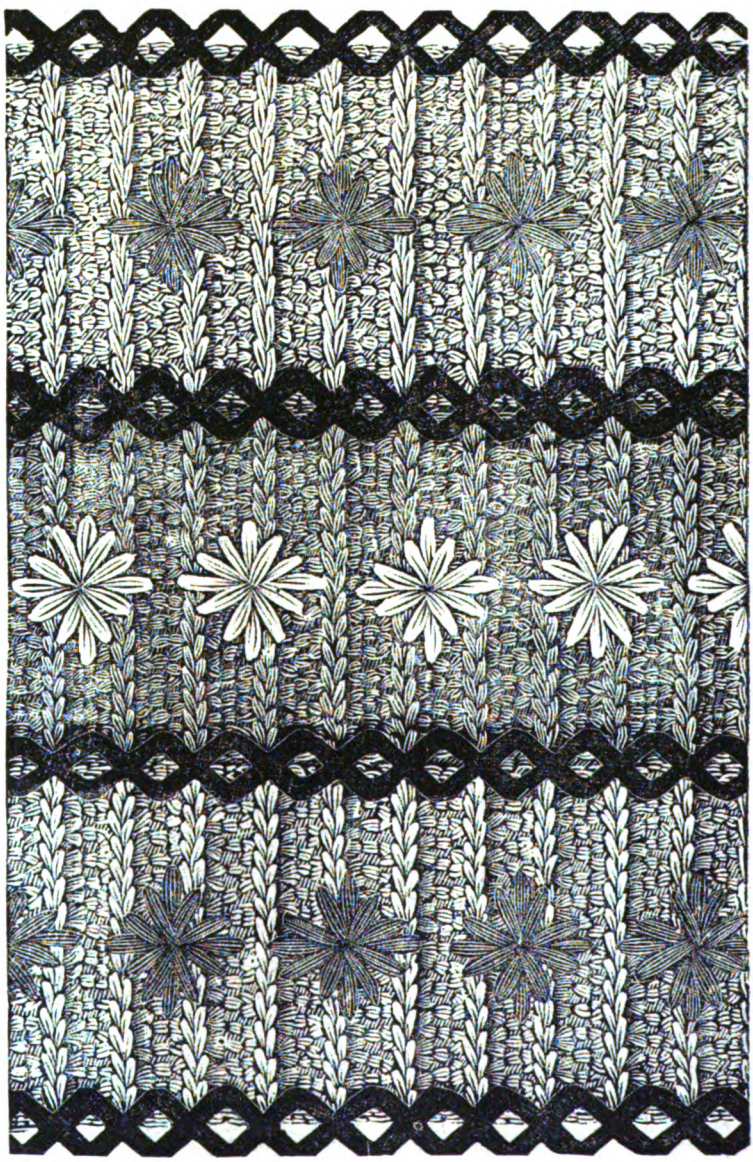


DESIGNS FOR BRAIDING.

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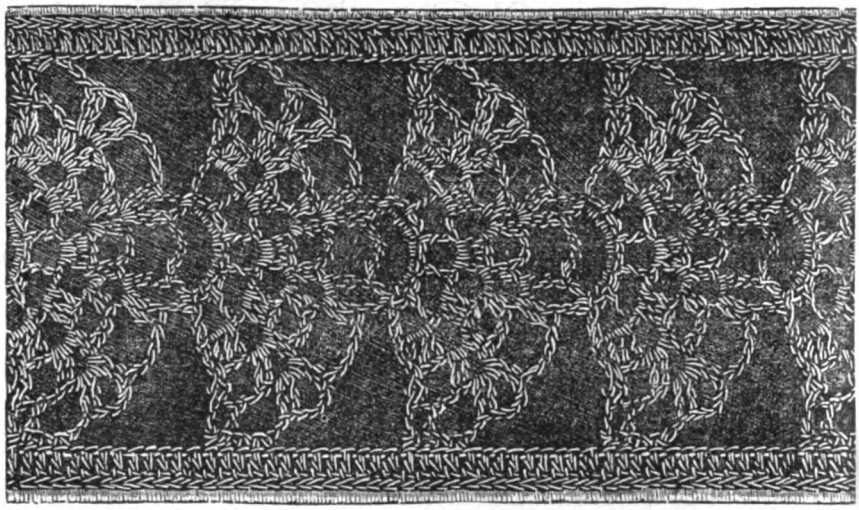


BRAIDING EMBROIDRRY.

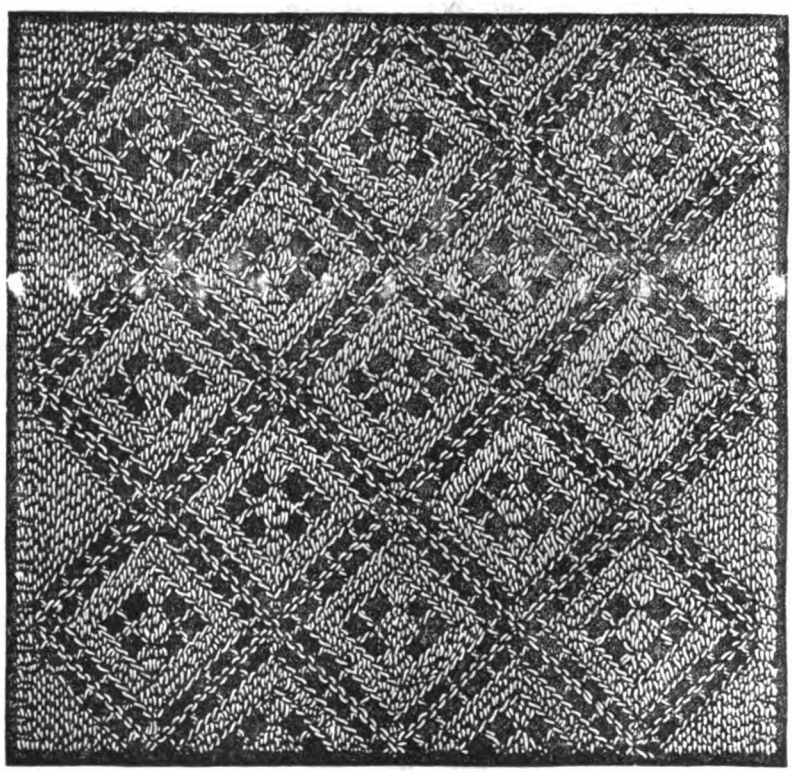


CARRIAGE WRAPPER.

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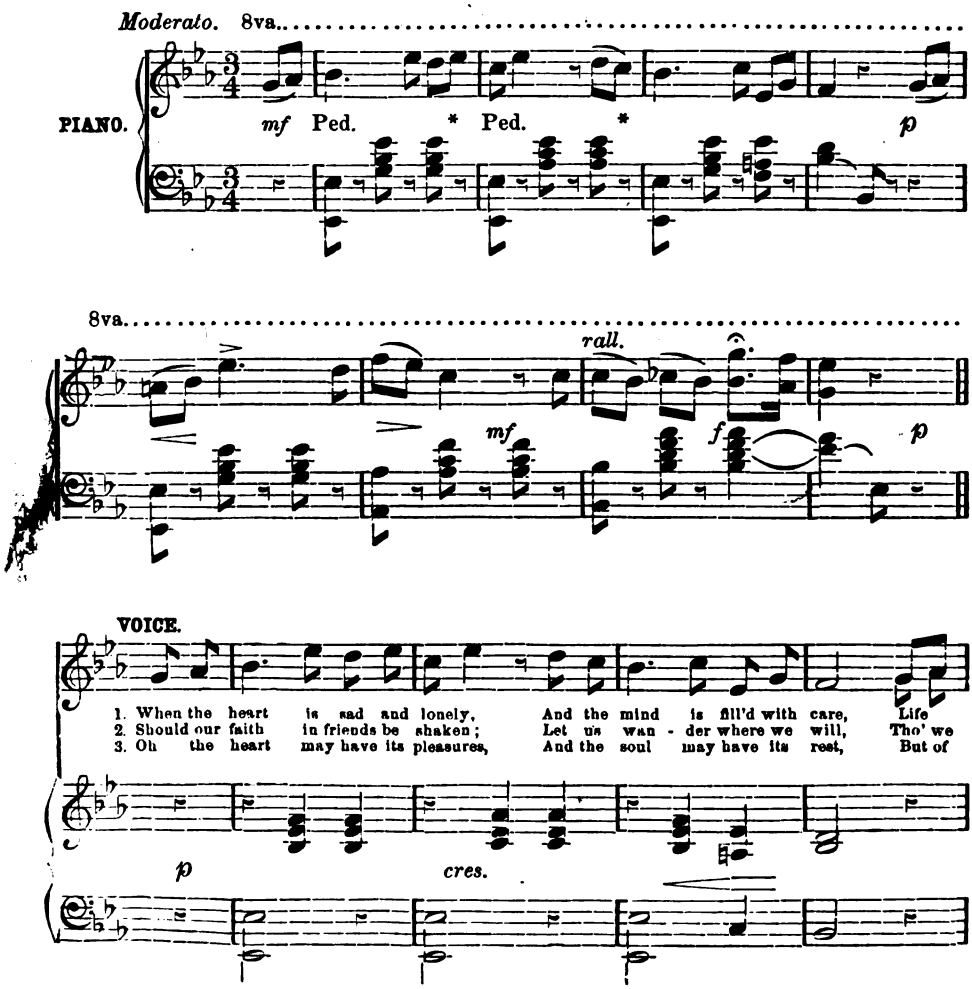


KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

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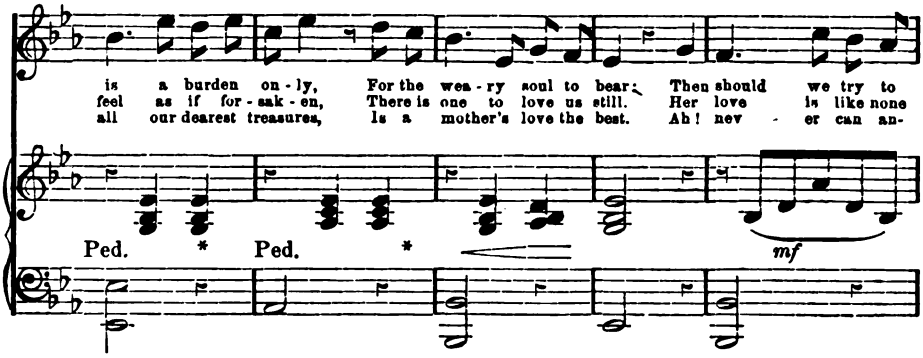
THERE IS NO ONE LIKE A MOTHER.
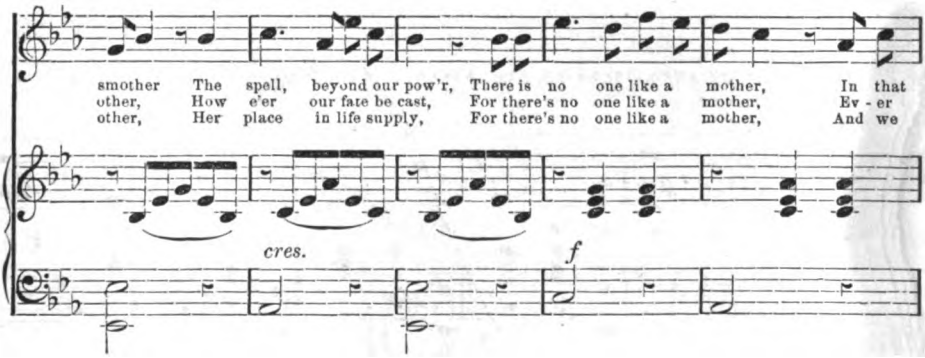
BY SEP. WINNER.
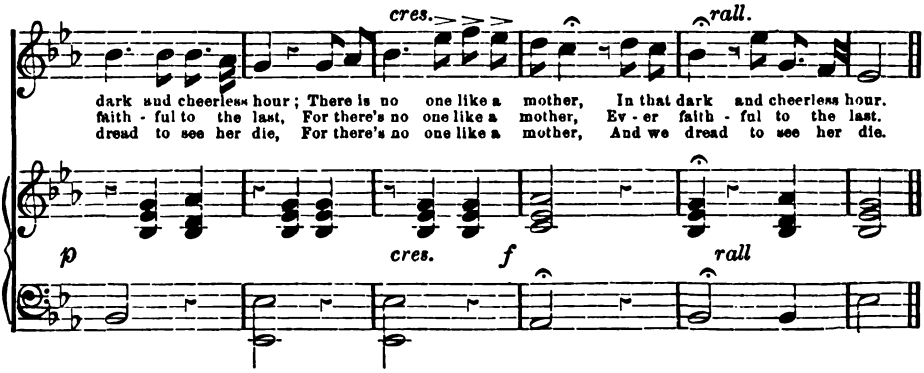
PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGH.
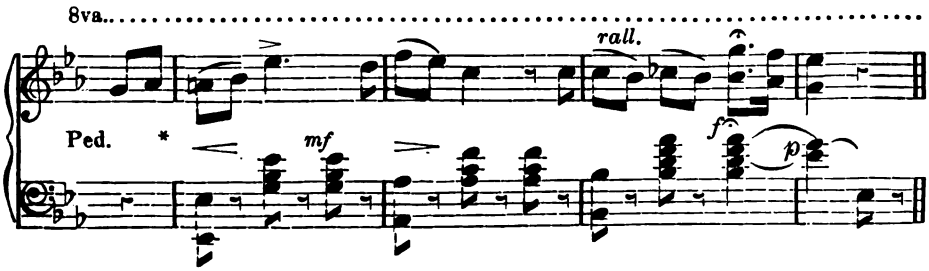


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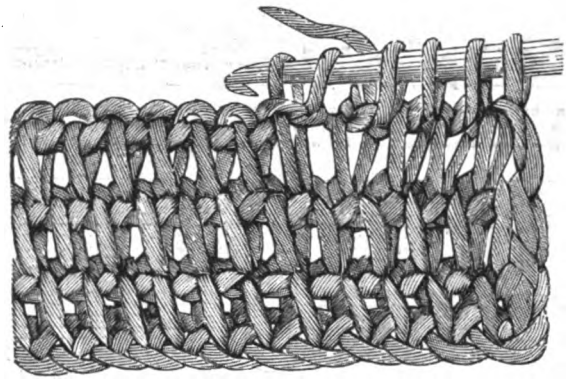








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NEW STITCH IN CROCHET: THE PIQUE STITCH.



FULL CIRCULAR CLOAK.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1862. No. 5.

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG."

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

VERY pretty did little Jessie look, as she fastened the silken belt over her cool blue muslin dress, and donned her roguish straw hat preparatory to tripping off to school. Beautiful indeed she seemed to her fond mother, who placed the sweet good-by kiss upon her rosy lips, just as the little slippered feet were dancing away. But prim aunt Abigail, who was on a visit to Jessie's mother, regarded the little maiden with a grave, not to say an unfavoring, eye.

"Now, 'Melia, don't you think it wrong to encourage pride and vanity that way in your child?" she said, when they were again alone. "Is it right to fix her out in that fandangled way just to go to school? When I was young, children wore good dark calico frocks, with high-necked aprons, and calf-skin shoes were thought plenty good enough for meeting wear, and nobody thought it any disgrace to go barefoot in summer-time. Dear knows, it would have made all Bytown meeting-house stare to see a child come in rigged out as your girl is just for every day. They did not think such a sight about dress and parade then."

"I am not so sure of that, aunt Abby," said Amelia, smiling. "I believe I took as much pride in the one pink calico dress, I used to wear to church, as Jessie does in her simple muslins; and I am sure it was the subject of much more discussion and anxious care. Indeed, the matter of that one light colored dress pretty effectually spoiled my Sabbaths. The finery was so unaccustomed, and I had received so many charges about getting it soiled in any manner, that I was in a constant state of anxiety, never relieved until the moment I took it off, which, fortunately, was just as soon as I reached home. There is a piece of it in some patchwork up stairs, and I often catch myself smiling over it."

"Well, I don't think it speaks very well for your attention to preaching, or you wouldn't have been so taken up with your dress all the time. I reckon your mind naturally run to vanity, 'Melia."

"Well, I followed the example of my elders, aunt Abby. I never shall forget what a commotion it made, when it was currently reported that Mr. Daniels' wife had bought a splendid new calico dress of a pedler who put up at their house, which was quite beyond anything ever bought in the village store. Philena Black said it looked 'jest like ribbons sewed together,' it was so beautiful. How anxiously it was watched for on Sunday, after a reasonable time had been allowed to have it made up? How the good mothers stretched their necks forward to catch a glimpse of it; and how it was furtively commented on at grandmother's, where the 'women folks' sedately gathered at noon-time to eat their little caraway cakes, and nip the heads of dill and fennel they brought in their work-bags!"

"Well, well, 'Melia, likely enough people were curious to see *Miss* Daniels' new dress. New dresses weren't so common in them days. But you know as well as I do that gay clothes, in the top notch of the fashion, encourage pride and vanity in young folks."

"I do not think neat, tasteful clothing occasions half as many sinful frames of mind as coarse, unsuitable articles do; and that which is suitable in one stage of society is quite out of place in another. I like, too, to dress myself and child according to the season. There is no religion in making one's self uncomfortable by a close, warm dress on August day; and when our Creator sees fit to paint all the beautiful flowers of a brown, dingy hue, I will be willing to leave off the rich and delicate colors He provides us the materials for making. Dr.

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Johnson said to a man who rebuked him for wearing colored clothing, 'Ah! my friend, if you cannot go to heaven in a green coat, you can't in a gray one.'

"Times change, auntie, and, on the whole, I do not see that the world grows much worse though refinement advances. Every year the great benevolent institutions of the day grow broader and wider. Missionary enterprise is carrying the Bible farther and farther into the benighted heathen lands; and some of the best, most earnest Christian workers I have ever known, are members of our popular city churches—men who limit their expenses to a certain amount, and give away all their income beyond that. One I think of now who gives away seventy-five thousand dollars yearly. Another, who, as one item of his beneficence, is supporting one hundred young men in their preparation for the ministry. When you were young, auntie, but little pains was taken to reform the poor and degraded in our cities. Now look at the net-work of industrial and ragged schools, which gather them in from the lanes and alleys, removing thousands to purer, better homes, and enabling others to gain an honest living as they grow up.

"When you were young, aunt Abby, the poor sailor was looked on as an outcast, with hardly a soul to save. Now every port has its Bethel, and its devoted, earnest chaplains to look after poor Jack as soon as he lands, and welcome him to a safe 'Snug Harbor.' I cannot agree with those who say, 'The former times were better than these,' when I look at all these enterprises. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' auntie. If you will show any better working Christians among the old-fashioned people who continually find fault with the times, than those well-dressed, refined gentlemen that I mentioned, who devote their lives to doing good, I should like to see them. Many, many wealthy ladies in our city visit, statedly, wretched districts, where you would hardly think you could catch your breath, taking the Bible, the little tract, and food, and clothing for the body; all out of pure love for the souls of the perishing, and the Heavenly Master.

"Try and look on the bright side, dear auntie, and it will make you a great deal happier, and you will be surprised to find how bright a side there is to look at. I have often smiled at that good old lady who would see something to praise in every one. One of her children said, 'If the Evil One himself were present, he believed mother would see something good in him.' The old lady chanced to enter just then, and the remark was laughingly repeated to her. 'Well, my children,' she said, 'I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance.'"

LIFE'S LABYRINTH.

BY LILIAS M———.

Life's labyrinth is dark and drear—
  Enshrouded in unchanging night;
No sunny ray may enter here,
  No cheering, joyous beam of light;
No guide, with friendly, helping hand,
Doth lead me to a Brighter Land!

To me was given a thread-like clue,
  When first I trod these winding aisles;
And, while the thread was e'er in view,
  I sped along with joyous smiles;
For well I knew that clue was given
To guide me on my way to Heaven.

Alas! alas! with careless clasp
  I held the little, mystic thread;
It fell, unheeded, from my grasp,
  And now, unaided, on I tread;
Full oft I circle round and round,
The onward pathway still unfound!

Sometimes, along the hundred ways
  Of this dim, winding labyrinth,
I grope for weary, weary days,
  Encountering many a stony plinth,
On bended knee I seek the clue—
Oh! will it never meet my view?

Alas! alas! I dare not hope!
  My torch is burning dim and low;
I scarce can see my way to grope,
  Though aided by its flickering glow!
Oh! if I lose this feeble blaze,
No other light will glad my gaze!

'Tis gone! a darkness, thick and drear,
  Enwraps the way, and veils my sight.
Hope speaks no longer words of cheer,
  Or whispers of a dawning light;
With doubt and gloom my heart is rife,
I sink beneath this fearful strife!

Joy! joy! An unseen angel-hand
  Touches my torch with living light!
And, lo! close by me, on the sand,
  The clue is gleaming, golden bright.
With hope renewed I'll tread the way—
This clue will guide to endless day!

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GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 299.

CHAPTER II.

THE few days that followed were, perhaps, among the sunniest of the widow's whole life. Her triumph really seemed complete. When the females questioned Mrs. Delancy as to the sudden change in her manner toward the two sisters, she only said that, after the woman's saving her from a perhaps dangerous hurt, it was impossible not to be decently civil to her.

"One can't be stone, my dear; it's a hard case, I own, but what can one do? Keep her at a certain distance—remember that—we, all of us, leave here soon."

Then Mrs. Delancy thought, with a shudder, that it was quite possible the widow might leave too, and follow in her wake.

"She must be dropped, next winter. In all your intercourse with her, never forget that."

The widow knew Mrs. Delancy's thoughts and advice as well as if she had heard both; but little she cared. She had the whip hand now and meant to use it. The old man of the sea did not cling more tightly to Sinbad than she would to the luckless Mrs. Delancy, and upon her patrician shoulders she intended to ride into society; and, more cruel even than the Sinbad's persecutor, she would drag her relative along with her.

In every party or pic-nic, the widow and her sister now had a part; though Polly was careful to keep uncle Copcutt at home whenever it was possible. She reveled and gloried in her new state. The gentlemen were glad that the embargo was removed, and they could flirt with Jenny, and talk foreign society toned conversation to the widow as much as they liked; for if maternal relatives frowned or wives grumbled, there was the unanswerable reply,

"Mrs. Delancy is friendly with them."

Away out upon the summer sea of success sailed the widow. She would not hear the word retrenchment now—or rather the more common and expressive phrase of, "hauling in their horns," which uncle Copcutt employed. Her brilliant fancy had settled the details of the winter's campaign—a house in the avenue—Andrew Winston married to Jenny, and herself paired off with a rich old widower, who was to have been at Lebanon, but did not come.

She worked hard for her popularity, there was no doubt of that. She was always on the watch, wary and cautious, cooing about like a dove, but as wise as the old serpent of all.

She made presents to the ladies; she promised suppers to the gentlemen when winter came; and, even then, often took it upon herself to invite them all to pic-nics and out-door parties of every sort, spending sums that would make uncle Copcutt shudder, when the bills were brought in, but which brought her much glory at the time.

The women might and did abuse her more than ever, but Polly cared nothing for that, as long as they treated her properly to her face—they abused each other, for that matter. Mrs. Delancy had to be cautious. Moreover, like most proud people, if she paid black mail, she was bound to do it handsomely; though, if it ever came her turn to retaliate, the widow might pray in vain for mercy.

As for Jenny, she enjoyed the summer of content more even than her sister, for she had no watching to do, nothing but to bask in the sunshine at her sister's command.

Of course she was happy. What girl would not have been? At the bottom, she was meant to have been good-hearted and sensitive; and all her admiration for her sister could not prevent her seeing and being mortified by the arts and tricks which had been employed during her European tour. Now all was smooth. She did not understand the secret of Mrs. Delancy's sudden change; and accustomed as she was to the manners of Florentine-trained dandies, it never occurred to her to notice that the men were all a shade more familiar to herself and the widow than they ventured to be with other women.

She had been taught that a great marriage was the aim of her existence, but she thought less about the matter than most girls would have done under the circumstances.

The widow had her wide-awake eyes upon Winston, and the artful way in which she kept him and Jenny together was beautiful to behold. Of course he had no objection to a flirtation; but, for once, the widow was out in her plans. He would as soon have married the Sphinx as

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any woman in New York society, or anywhere else, for that matter. But, shrewd as she was, Polly was not a clairvoyant. She could read no more of the man than his intimates, and there were secrets back in his life which no person was likely to find out.

"Be careful," she said to Jenny; "the ground is getting firmer under our feet every day. Innocence and naturalness with that man; he has seen everything, felt everything, knows everything—simplicity, my dear, simplicity!"

To hear her talk to Winston, you would have thought Jenny was a dove that had just emerged from the quietest dove-cot that could be found.

"A perfect child, Mr. Winston! She is like no other girl under the sun—she will never be like other women. The Princess Borghese said to me time and again, 'She is like a poem, my dear friend, a perfect poem!'"

And Winston assented, remembering the tuition she had been under with a quiet smile, and was as attentive to "the poem" as the widow could desire, to his cousin's horror, and the raging anger of all the other women.

Mrs. Delancy's set were going to visit the Shaker village, and dine there, and of course the widow and her sister were of the party. That time uncle Copcutt could not be kept at home. He had set his heart upon going, and there was no appeal.

"After all," said Polly, to her sister, as they were dressing, "I think the fact of his wealth is established, so it is not of so much consequence what he does or says."

"I think he seems worried!" said Jane. "Can he be having bad luck, Pauline?"

"Nonsense! No; he's got money enough. Dress yourself and don't get such fancies in your head!"

Seldom had the widow started upon an expedition in higher spirits. Everything went to her entire satisfaction. She manœuvred successfully to seat Jenny in Andrew Winston's phæton, and bullied Mrs. Delancy into giving her a place in her own carriage. As for uncle Copcutt, he shared his vehicle with a deaf old broker, who would not hear his nonsense if he talked it, so she had less fear than usual where he was concerned.

She was very talkative during that drive, flung her titled friends about in the most reckless manner; and intoxicated by her success, and certain that Jenny could not hear, indulged in a little romance concerning her friendship with the Queen of Naples, which was as beautifully managed as any tale that ever Mrs. Norton wrote.

The day in the Shaker village was delightfully spent, and nobody enjoyed it more than Polly.

"I should like," she said, "to leave the world and bury myself in a retreat like this. I would only ask a few congenial souls, and here I could live 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,'" and she clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"I dare say they would admit you," returned Mrs. Doshamer, quietly; "all they ask is a certificate of good character."

Everybody smiled, and Polly was brought down to the actual somewhat rudely. Mrs. Doshamer was her chief foe now; but the widow bore it with a very good grace, and rambled off into Italy at once, and took such of the company with her as were willing to go.

The dinner hour arrived, and Polly was in ecstasies over the heavenly cleanliness of everything around.

"Thee needn't drop thy crumbs there, friend," said a sour-visaged old Shakeress, who was waiting on the table, when in her enthusiasm Polly allowed a piece of bread to fall on the floor.

That was the second laugh raised at her expense, and the widow was forced to confess that the brightest day may have its shadows.

But she soon forgot her little vexations, and her spirits rose higher than ever.

The whole party were looking about the gardens under the guidance of one of the elders. Uncle Copcutt was a little in advance, deeply interested in a bed of cabbage, and in his forgetfulness stepped plump into it.

One of the men at work near rushed up at once.

"If thee can't walk in the paths, thee'd better take the road," he called out, bluntly.

"Lord bless me!" said uncle Copcutt, "I quite forgot myself. Give me a hoe and I'll fix it."

He stretched out his hand to take one which the man held, and, as he did so, their eyes met: the Shaker uttered an exclamation of surprise,

"Jacob Copcutt!" he exclaimed. "Why, what brings thee here, and trigged out like a mountebank?"

"Who are you?" asked Copcutt, in astonishment.

"Why, I'm Joash Bean. Don't you remember me?" he asked, forgetting the Shaker phraseology in his wonder. "I used to live near the old tavern. Is old Dyson dead?"

Uncle Copcutt's first impulse would have been to hold out his hand; but at that instant up rushed the widow, who feared that something was amiss, and revengeful Mrs. Doshamer quietly beckoned the rest to approach.

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"Come, uncle," said Polly, "you are keeping everybody. Do go on, I beg."

The Shaker stared at her.

"Wall, if it ain't Polly Dyson, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed. "Why, what on arth brings you here? Don't you know me? I'm Joash Bean—I've held you on my knees many a time when you lived in the old tavern."

The widow felt as if the world was whirling away before her eyes—she almost fainted.

"You are mistaken in the person," she said, loftily, as soon as she could speak and assuming a foreign accent; "I never saw you before."

"Wal, I remember you," returned the man; "though you didn't use to dress so fine, or talk in that outlandish way."

"Come, uncle," said Polly, pale and trembling. "Mrs. Doshamer, shall we walk on?"

"If your old friend has finished his reminiscences," she said, cruelly; "but don't hurry them on our account—I assure it is quite entertaining."

"Where's the little gal?" continued the man, stolidly. "'Spect she's fine as the rest. I heerd you'd got rich."

Polly could not go on and leave Mrs. Doshamer there. She felt herself on the verge of hysterics; but luckily a confusion at that moment arose among their horses, which were waiting outside, and the clamor was so great that the whole party ran to discover what was the matter.

The widow dragged herself along, more dead than alive, and kept uncle Copcutt by her side.

"If you open your lips," she whispered, "I'll never forgive you. Never!"

"But it was Joash Bean!" returned the bewildered old man. "He's the same old two-and-sixpence!"

"Hold your tongue!" and she gave him an unmerciful pinch.

"Lord, don't!" he cried. "I ain't a saying nothing."

By the time the horses were quieted, Polly had recovered herself sufficiently to set matters right as well as she was able.

"I remember the man now, Mrs. Doshamer," she said. "When I was a little girl, my father owned a large property in Pennsylvania—one of his houses was rented as a tavern, and, as I was a feeble child, I was sent there one summer for my health."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Doshamer, with smiling unbelief.

Polly longed to throw off all disguises and choke her then and there; but she went on,

"You know how familiar our lower classes are——"

"Very," interrupted Mrs. Doshamer; "so obtrusive."

"I, who have spent almost my whole life abroad, feel it more than people usually do," pursued the widow, looking as foreign as possible.

"Do you?" said Mrs. Doshamer.

Polly grasped at her presence of mind which was near deserting her. Outwardly she was cool, but within raged a tumult that was pitiable.

Uncle Copcutt stood by wondering at her composure. He was red as a turkey-cock and panting for breath.

"Have you never dreaded an apoplectic fit for your uncle?" asked Mrs. Doshamer, in an audible whisper, while the rest stood about and enjoyed her malice.

"That roast chicken was too much for you, Mr. Copcutt," said Howard Thornton; "I warned you against it."

"Meeting an old friend has agitated him," said the merciless Mrs. Doshamer.

Polly raised herself—if this went on all was lost.

"Mrs. Doshamer," she said, with a nonchalance, which even Mrs. Delancy admired; "you have lived in this country more than I, but I hardly supposed you were so thoroughly democratic as to consider the tenants of one's father personal friends—you would be admirably fitted for a life in the country."

Mrs. Doshamer fairly colored; but the widow had the advantage.

"Shall we go, Mrs. Delancy?" she continued. "That is, if Mrs. Doshamer is satisfied."

"Oh! I was satisfied long ago," she replied, with great significance. "Mr. Copcutt, you ought to invite your friend over to dinner some day."

She took Mr. Livermore's arm and swept on, while Polly followed meditating upon her next step.

It was not a pleasant ride home, for Mrs. Doshamer kept up her allusions and innuendoes, to the great amusement of all who heard; and though the widow parried them very well, she had not her usual spirit and firmness.

Once at the hotel she flew to her room, and the lecture which uncle Copcutt received he was not likely soon to forget.

"What business had you to stop?" she fumed. "You've no more sense than a baby."

"It struck me all of a heap," he pleaded.

"A heap of twaddle!" retorted she. "It's

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enough to make me crazy—just as everything was going so well! Fear to me this will ruin Jenny's marriage."

"'Tain't my fault," said the old man; "indeed it ain't, Polly!"

"Call me Polly again at your peril!" cried she.

"Don't be so violent, sister!" interposed Jenny. "You have arranged the matter very well."

"I tell you, Mrs. Doshamer will have it out of him one way or another!" groaned the widow. "This comes of being surrounded by fools. Oh! I would like to kill that woman!"

"I am as sorry as any can be!" moaned uncle Copcutt; "but 'twasn't my fault, now was it, Jenny?"

"Don't speak!" exclaimed the exasperated Polly.

"Wall, I won't, I won't; but don't take on so!"

She fairly pounded on the table with her clenched fists. Words that would pass in French, but were quite another thing in English, broke from her pale lips.

"Sister! Pauline!" cried the astounded Jenny.

"I'll murder you if you speak to me!" she exclaimed; went into hysterics for the first time in years, and only recovered herself by remembering that she must take the field in order to check Mrs. Doshamer's tongue.

That lady was uttering her opinions in the meantime to Mrs. Delancy and the other ladies of power.

"I tell you if we don't crush her now it will soon be too late," she said.

"But be careful," returned Mrs. Delancy, with a private twinge. "She will talk so dreadfully!"

"Bah! who cares for a creature like that!" said Mrs. Doshamer, disdainfully. "I am determined that she shall not go to Saratoga with us."

"But I have given her a sort of promise," said poor Mrs. Delancy.

"I am astonished at you, aunt! You were so determined at first."

"I—I know," stammered the unfortunate lady. "But you remember, I could not but be kind to her after I found—after her saving me that day."

"Very well; ten days' good nature ought to repay her for that service."

"Time enough," the others agreed.

"If you will leave it to me," continued Mrs. Doshamer, "we can keep her away from Saratoga."

"But how?—how?"

"Send for that man this evening, mortify her beyond measure, and then start in the morning before she has recovered."

The idea was voted a good one; every lady promised to be ready to start, and Mrs. Doshamer laid her plans.

That evening, while the widow was fluttering about on the piazza and in the parlors, she was addressed by a waiter,

"Somebody wants to speak to you, ma'am."

She shuddered like a woman summoned to execution, but there was nothing for it; better face the worst than leave it in Mrs. Doshamer's hands. She heard her voice on the other end of the piazza—she heard another that fairly froze the blood in her veins. She flew toward the spot—saw the group of sneering women—it separated as she approached. She saw Josh Bean in their midst, twirling his broad-brimmed hat, and looking about in great confusion, and Mrs. Doshamer's voice met her ear saying *so* sweetly,

"Your old friend has come to pay you a visit, Mrs. Rushman. He has been entertaining us with some recollections of your childhood—different from your European reminiscences, it is true, but vastly entertaining."

"Verily," said Joash, "I don't know what thee means by remkiniskences; but I have know'd Polly Dyson since she was that high;" and he held his broad-brimmed hat some three feet above the floor, to show the exact height she had gained at their first acquaintance.

"She has grown somewhat," returned Mrs. Doshamer, as politely as if it was real friendship for the widow that made her take an interest in the man's conversation.

"Truly, yes," answered Joash. "What with the queer talk you feminines have, and all those toggeries, I would hardly have know'd her; but Jacob Copcutt is the same."

The group was each instant growing larger. People came out of the parlors and the hall—Mrs. Delancy prudently keeping aloof lest the widow's anger should light upon her; but the others anxious to witness the cruel sport.

"Verily, Polly could ride a horse and harness him at need; but she was always fond of her book. I know'd she would rise," he continued. "But be not puffed up in spirit, Polly, by prosperity. Thee must meet thy Maker jest the same if thee wears silks and satins as if thee'd lived in the old tavern."

"Mr. Bean might deliver us a sermon upon that text," said Mrs. Doshamer. "I have no doubt it would be very instructive."

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"I do only speak in the meeting," he said, gravely, beginning to have some dim perception of frivolous impertinence. "I don't think a sermon would do much good to thee or thy friends."

That thrust silenced the lady for a moment; and, putting herself once more into action, Polly managed to say,

"Come up to my private parlor, Mr. Bean; I wish to talk with you about the summer I spent at the old tavern. Moreover I should like to ask a few questions about some property of ours in that neighborhood, which has been neglected too long."

The old Shaker rose at once, saying, as he followed her,

"Of the property I know nothing, friend Polly; but the old tavern was standing when I was last there; thy father's grave is near it."

The widow drowned his words as well as she was able, and hurried him up the stairs to her own apartment.

"Tolerably successful," said Mrs. Doshamer, as Polly disappeared. "Now, gentlemen, please to understand that our party start to-morrow for Saratoga."

She swept along into the parlors and found uncle Copcutt.

"Your niece is in her room with your old friend," she said. "I think she would like you to join them."

"Is Joash here?" demanded uncle Copcutt, quite frightened.

"Joash is here," replied Mrs. Doshamer, sweetly.

"Lord! Polly'll kill him!" muttered the old man, and away he trudged at once.

"I shouldn't be surprised!" said Mrs. Doshamer to her friends. "I hope they will defer the tragedy until after our departure; it would not follow the comedy well."

Jenny was dancing with Andrew Winston; but she caught enough of the ladies' conversation to know that the danger was still hanging over them.

"I must go and find my sister," she said, losing her courage with the departure of the general.

"Oh! no," said Winston; "we must have a Polka Redowa first."

Jenny went through the dance, but her head was very dizzy; and, as she turned to leave the room, she heard Mrs. Doshamer say,

"You had better be packing, Andrew; we shall go in the early train."

When she got up stairs, the old Shaker was gone. Polly had found means to hustle him out the back way.

"They are going to-morrow morning!" exclaimed Jenny, as she entered the room.

The widow recoiled before the bomb-shell flung so unexpectedly in her camp.

"Going away?" she repeated, breathlessly.

"Yes. I heard Mrs. Doshamer tell Winston to be ready for the early train."

"I must find Mrs. Delancy!" exclaimed Polly, springing to her feet. "I won't be thrown over this way! Oh! that abominable Mrs. Doshamer! It's all her work!"

She flew down stairs; but the Delancy party had already dispersed, and up she came again, quite out of her senses at her defeat in the very moment of success.

The next morning she was only up in time to watch them get into the carriages that were to take them to the station, and to receive from Mrs. Delancy, in answer to a threatening look, the assurance that she had better be very quiet until Mrs. Doshamer had forgotten the affair of yesterday.

"Remember me to your friend Joash, Mrs. Rushman," that lady called out from the carriage. "You will have every advantage of his society in the quiet you will enjoy."

They drove off, and Polly stood there fitter for the inmate of a lunatic asylum than the world at large.

She knew that the people left were staring at her—people she had snubbed as unmercifully as the Delancy set had done—and she managed to reach her room without any outbreak.

She found uncle Copcutt trembling and Jenny crying with fear at the storm which they knew must break on their devoted heads. Just as she was closing the door, a servant came up and presented to her a basket of flowers and cherries.

"An old Shaker brought them, madam. He said his name was Bean."

The widow had sense enough left to close the door. Then she flung the basket across the room and ran after to trample upon it, fairly tearing her hair in her passion.

It really was a terrible day for the whole party. The widow exhausted herself in her rage, and uncle Copcutt became quite expert in dodging missiles; and Jenny learned words that she had never heard before. Then Polly went to bed in horrible hysterics; and there she lay for two days, more broken in spirit than she had been in all her former struggles.

CHAPTER III.

Autumn found the family established, for a time, at an up-town hotel, which the widow had

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chosen as the resort of many fashionable women too indolent to have houses of their own, or unable to incur the expense.

Polly had bloomed out again fresh as a flower, having outlived her mortification, and believing that the Delancy set, when they returned to town, would have forgotten it as completely as she had tried to do.

She talked Europe to all who chose to listen, and dilated upon the charming season she had had at Lebanon Springs, with her dear friend Mrs. Delancy, and so obtained for herself quite a reputation in the house.

Uncle Copcutt was aghast at the expenses she incurred. He assured her they must stop, and she promised that when spring came they should. Jenny would be married before that time—she knew Andrew Winston's intentions; and thereupon she spun one of her never-failing romances, and the old gentleman was silenced.

Some rich man going to Europe desired to sell his house ready furnished, and Polly insisted upon taking it, as it was charming in all respects, situated in Fifth avenue, and very near Mrs. Delancy's own stately mansion.

There they were established when the set, to which she was determined to belong, made their appearance in town.

Polly had quite a circle among their acquaintance already, by dint of employing Mrs. Delancy's name, pushing here, trudging there, buying favor in another quarter, and proving herself indomitable as of old.

Andrew Winston called upon them, so did Mr. Livermore, and several other gentlemen. Polly gave them delicious suppers, whispered to Winston of an increase of fortune which had befallen Jenny; and set herself diligently to work to ensnare him in the net which she had spread with such care.

She succeeded in forcing herself upon two or three of the ladies whom she had met at Lebanon; but Mrs. Doshamer "cut her dead" in the park, and Mrs. Delancy was so unwell that she did not receive guests.

But a few weeks after, the widow learned that the old lady had recovered. Her reception day was appointed, and no cards had reached the Copcutt mansion.

"She doesn't dare throw me over if I am firm!" thought the widow; and she made up her mind, after an hour's reflection, upon the best course to pursue, and, once decided, nothing could turn her from her purpose.

The important Tuesday arrived, and the widow arrayed herself in her most brilliant carriage costume. Not a word had she said to Jenny—this was a matter in which she must act alone.

She ordered the carriage, and drove to the hotel where they had formerly boarded. A Southern lady was there who knew Mrs. Delancy, and was going to her house that day.

"I called for you on my way," said Polly, with her best grace and very foreign air, which had quite charmed the somewhat unsophisticated Southerner. "I know when one hasn't seen an acquaintance for some time it is always pleasant to have company. I have been far away from home myself, and nothing cheered me so much as to find frank, honest proffers of friendship. So I called, for fear you should mope here, invalid that you are, and I knew you had a card."

So away they drove to Mrs. Delancy's house, and were ushered in to the great hall.

Mrs. Doshamer was fortunately not among the group of ladies seated in the parlors, and, deprived of her support, Mrs. Delancy sank back helpless when the servant, in addition to her old friend Mrs. Morton's name, announced that of—

"Mrs. Rushman."

How she got through her greeting with her former acquaintance Mrs. Delancy never knew; but, when she released her hand, there stood the widow, imperturbable, smiling, and extending her delicately gloved fingers.

"Dear Mrs. Delancy, so happy to see you recovered—looking so well!"

The haughty woman froze into an icicle. People began to look curiously; but without a pause the widow added,

"And when did you hear from your son, Mrs. Delancy? Does he return soon?"

Emily Mansfield was in the room. Mrs. Delancy saw the widow's eyes glance toward her, and yielded—there was no help for it!

She took the widow's hand, murmured something about the pleasure of seeing her, and fell back more dead than alive.

"Has Miss Mansfield forgotten me?" whispered Polly.

"No, oh! no," gasped Mrs. Delancy; "but she was engaged at the moment. Emily, my dear."

The young lady approached at once.

"Mrs. Rushman, you know, whom we met at Lebanon."

Miss Mansfield was that rare bird, a lady, who had always been inclined to regard the widow more in the light she did her other fashionable acquaintance than they would have liked, and her greeting was exactly what the circumstances rendered proper.

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She wondered that she had not heard Mrs. Delancy speak of sending her a card—rather liked her good-nature in doing so, and smiled a little as she thought of Mrs. Doshamer's anger on learning the fact.

Polly plumed herself and sat down—exchanged bows and civil speeches with such people as she knew, and quite impressed the others by a sense of her importance.

Mrs. Delancy listened so intently to every word that fell from her lips, that people thought she must be a woman of consequence; and Polly did her little foreign accent so well, that they would not have been astonished if she had been announced as a French countess.

Indeed, one lady whispered a wish for an introduction, and it was given, of course; Polly so overwhelmingly gracious, that the lady only wondered she had never had the good fortune to meet her before.

Polly gave her titled friends in Europe a most tremendous airing, expatiated upon the delightful weeks they had spent at Lebanon, and finally fluttered out, leaving Mrs. Morton quite in the background.

But not until she had gained her point did she go.

"My careless servant met with an accident the other day," she whispered to Mrs. Delancy. "He dropped my notes into a bowl of hot water, and was so frightened he threw them away; but my maid found it out, and said one of them was in your writing; knowing it must be your reception card, I did not hesitate to come. Was there one for my sister?"

"If not, I will supply the omission," said poor Mrs. Delancy, and then Polly was ready to take her leave.

That must have been a dreary, insane-seeming day to the lady she left, forced as she was to keep her own counsel; but the widow went home in such spirits, that the moment she had dropped Mrs. Morton at the hotel and was left to herself, she fairly clapped her hands with delight.

"I have been to Mrs. Delancy's reception," was all the explanation she vouchsafed the astonished Jenny. "I said nothing, because your card had been forgotten; but it is all right now, you will have one for the next."

But before the day was over her high spirits received a check. Uncle Copcutt betrayed the fact that a young artist, whom they had met in Europe, had called during their absence.

"That beggar!" cried the widow. "Why did you let him in?"

"Wall, I don't open the door, you know," replied he. "I never do sence you blowed out at me so, and he's a nice sort of chap—I was glad to see him."

"You know I hurried Jenny out of Germany on his account; she has never been quite the same girl since she knew him! Oh, dear! the moment my back is turned you are always in mischief!"

"Why, you don't think Jenny liked him?" asked uncle Copcutt, opening his eyes very wide.

"No, no," she replied, hastily—it would never do to allow the old man to believe that. "Never mind what I think or mean. We must be very careful—avoid people we knew abroad."

Andrew Winston was announced, and away she sped to give him an account of her visit upon Mrs. Delancy, the cordiality with which she had been met; and such was Andrew's surprise, that it was all he could do to keep from uttering a whistle.

"It will do, it will do," muttered the widow, like a witch working a charm, when she was alone in her room. "I shall succeed in spite of Mrs. Doshamer—I know I shall," and she looked resolute enough to have awed the fates into submission to her wishes.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WE PART, BELOVED.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We part, beloved, while our tears
Are falling like the rain;
Yet hope is whispering to our souls
That we shall meet again.
And when that blissful hour arrives,
Whate'er Time's changes be,
Oh! let him find no broken vows
In either you or me!

As some pet bird is loath to leave
Its master's tender care,
So am I loath to leave you, love,
So beautiful and fair.
But though our tears are falling now
Like April's gentle rain;
Yet hope is whispering to our souls
That we shall meet again.

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A STORY ABOUT PETERSON'S.

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE.

I WAS born and educated in the city, and, for a term of years, I loved city-life with all its gayeties. Being young and enthusiastic, I had formed wonderful plans for my future—as delicate, beautiful, and unsubstantial, too, as rose-leaves. My father was not wealthy; but, as he held a superior position in a good banking-house, in which he had served over twenty years, and as I was the only child reared out of a family of seven, I was the pet of the home-circle, and well-received in the best society. My tastes were quiet; but I had a fondness for rich dress, in which I was always gratified. Music and literature were my besetting inclinations. Of course, like all girls, I had my particular favorites: among them was one Hetty May, the daughter of the cashier, a handsome, rather showy, and fashionable girl, yet withal gentle and refined in manner, and cultivated in intellect. Hetty lived in more style than we did, but she was always happy when with us, and declared that our parlor, where there was no gilding, where the chairs were not too nice to use, and where, afternoons and evenings, the family always met, was the handsomest and cosiest place in the world. I had my own little room, where sometimes, when Hetty had a day of leisure, she and I sat, talking and planning famously.

"Now, Nellie," said Hetty, as we were thus together, one charming winter day, the coal-fire sending up sheets of blue and pink flame, the sun nestling warmly in beds of mock roses on wall and floor, "do tell me whom you are going to marry, and how you are going to live."

"How is that possible," I asked, mentally admiring the rich soft texture of her flounced robe, "when I have not seen the first, and cannot possibly imagine the whereabouts of the latter?"

"Oh! yes, you can; and you must make your imagination serve for both. I mean, of course, what sort of a man would you like to have, and where and how would you like to live?"

"The sort of person I should like to have!" I echoed, laughingly. "That is not very hard to tell. In the first place, he must have manly beauty; in the second I should like him to have money—some."

"Say a million or two," responded Hetty.

"I shouldn't object, decidedly," was my reply; "but much less than that would be desirable. I should wish, of course, to live in considerable style; if possible, keep a nice carriage; have servants in plenty; and a liberal allowance to spend as I please. I would try to be no selfish rich lady."

"All very fine," said Hetty. "You have forgotten a villa out of town, a conservatory, and a trip to Europe to be included."

"Oh! yes, I should like all that. But my husband to be must possess an unsullied name, a character well-known for its sterling integrity, Christian principles, and an intellect far above the common standard."

Hetty laughed outright, as she replied, "You will never find him, Nellie, never! A man with all these qualifications and acquirements! He was not born into this generation, my dear."

"Then I'll be single," said I.

"No, you won't. You'll marry some dear good, sensible soul, tolerably good-looking, rich and indulgent, who will let you have your own way, although you can't be exacting if you try, and who will be proud of showing you to his friends. You will either do that, Nelly, my child, or you will very imprudently fall in love with a handsome, penniless fellow, with every desideratum but the one of being able to afford you any luxuries at all. Now, mark my words, young lady. By-the-by, I haven't been favored with a sight of that new party-dress to be worn to-night. Did you know?—oh! that reminds me of Mrs. Standish's elegant *protege*. I'll hold my tongue, though; not another word!" And she clapped her hand over her rosy lips, and looked at me with such a quizzical, comical smile, that I laughed outright. It was useless attempting to question her; so I was obliged to respect her secret, while she inspected my dress.

"It is beautiful!" she said; and then came that quizzical smile again.

"Now, you are laughing at me," I said.

"No; I was only thinking how very quiet your taste is. And yet you always contrive to look so much prettier than we fussy beings, who

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take extra pains, and are so fond of rich tints and colors. You were cut out, I do believe, to be a poor man's wife."

At this I felt almost angry. She had often spoken to me in that way.

"Never!" I said, quickly and resolutely. "I will never be a poor man's wife. You do not know me, Hetty."

"Forgive me, Nellie. I never meant to hurt your feelings in the least; but I was thinking of—of the matter I didn't intend to tell you about. Now, don't be offended with me, or I shall be miserable."

"No, indeed," I said, quickly soothed by her winning entreaty. "But you mistake my character very much if you think I could be contented to marry a poor man. I have been accustomed to elegance and plenty, and I know just how much they are worth."

Hetty went away early; but we met, that night, at the brilliant party of a friend. Mrs. Standish was a widow lady of great refinement, and the merry social gathering was at her house.

"Here's a catch for you, Nellie," whispered Hetty, as, on meeting my eye, she beckoned to me. "Mrs. Standish's brother, enormously wealthy, they say, and perfectly frigid in his goodness. Do you see?"

"What! leaning there on the cabinet-ledge? That——"

"No, no," laughed Hetty, provokingly, as she saw the direction my eye had taken; "the man this side, with an *air distingue*."

"Who—that—that old man?" I gasped.

"Not so very old: say forty-five or fifty; but a gentleman, a scholar, polished, and said to be a millionaire. Aha! you will look at the other one, eh?"

"Who is he?" I asked, my cheeks crimsoning.

"I thought you would be wanting to know; but, really, he's not worth inquiring after. Good, handsome, and all that; but poor as a church-mouse, and an embryo minister in the bargain."

"A preacher—he?"

"Yes, dear. Did you think he looked too fashionable? He is a *protege* of good Mrs. Standish. You know she has two or three, and he is her pet. He can't help looking well and fashionable in anything nice and new: he's so very uncommonly handsome. Nothing feminine about him, either, and talents far above the average—so they say."

To me there was something far higher than beauty in that perfect, manly face. An air of repose, a suggestion of latent strength lurked in that splendid gray eye—a full, brownish gray, such as is seldom seen in any man. His was the face of nature's acknowledged poet; and I thought, while standing there gazing at him, with an earnestness of which I was but half-conscious, "This man has at least the face and figure of my ideal."

Suddenly, as if magnetically attracted, he turned his head. His glance met mine, flashed full in my surprised face. He started, lifted himself upright, then moved a little backward and away; but still I knew that his eyes sought mine again and again. Later that evening, the fair widow Standish came forward, leaning on the arm of her *protege*, to whom she introduced me. His name was Ward Evelyn, and I remembered hearing my father speak of one of his dearest friends, Ward Evelyn. I knew that this young man must be his son. It proved to be so. Evelyn, the elder, had been one of the most successful merchants in the city of New York, had failed, and died, leaving his son and daughter penniless. They had, however, found firm and true friends, and the young man was now repaying the good widow who had so signally assisted him. But why do I dwell on these particulars? Suffice it to say that the mutual acquaintance ripened into mutual love. He found that our tastes, our sympathies, our very likes and dislikes harmonized; and I forgot all my day-dreams, and did not grow angry at Hetty's sly speeches. I was so intensely in love, so wholly happy, that I would have borne much more than her merry, painless jokes. But the riches? Ah! they do not come in here! The heart—*that* was above all price—there was no jewel in the world could match it; but I must henceforth be content to walk humbly. No gilded mirrors for me, if I married him—no mansion in town—stylish equipage—or villa in the country; but a little house, with little rooms, plain furniture, and the plainest kind of people to live with; for Ward had already accepted a call in the town of Woodstock. No matter! My love was all in all to me. I could do without gilding and style; but love, such as had sprung up in and completely filled my heart—I could not do without that. My father, at first quite reluctantly, at last, seeing that my happiness was at stake, consented to my marriage. He bought and furnished the parsonage, and, at length, took leave of me, one sunny morning, after seeing me safely settled in our snug little nest, with tears and smiles struggling together.

That was several years ago, dear reader,

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though I am by no means old. Since then some of the bright colors that gladdened my mental vision have faded, the tints grown gray; but I am still loving and beloved. My lot is a pleasant one.

I found the people, among whom I had been thrown, kind-hearted and affectionate, but rough and uncultivated. Squire Thorne's three daughters had, to be sure, been to a city boarding-school; but they were never well-dressed, and were always talking about the beaux, or more indifferent things.

The very first night my husband and myself sat together before the bright little fire in our cosy home, I suddenly startled him by clapping my hands with a laugh, and the exclamation, "There! I've found out what I wanted!"

"I thought you found that out at Mrs. Standish's party, some months ago?"

"Nonsense! You conceited fellow, do you think I couldn't have lived without you? But Peterson—ah! that's another thing!"

"Peterson! Who, pray, is he?" exclaimed the dear man, a ludicrously vague doubt in his glance.

"It isn't a he; or rather, it's an it—a book," I laughed back. Why, you certainly have heard of 'Peterson's Ladies' Magazine?'"

"Oh! yes; I understand," he responded, half-mockingly. "There are no fashionable dress-makers out here."

"Or milliners," I suggested.

"Or milliners," he added.

"Or architects."

"Architects!" he ejaculated, looking somewhat surprised.

"Or gardeners, or flower-makers, or embroiderers."

"Yes." And he nodded his head, dreamily.

"Or first-class cooks, or ditto nurses, or chemists, or fancy-workers, or engravers, or music-publishers, or hair-dressers, or—or——"

"Why, pray tell me, are all these things in Peterson's?" he asked, drolly.

"Yes; and more too!" gravely repeating a phrase which was not then considered slang.

"Dear, dear—I begin to feel a great respect for this wonderful book," he said, quietly.

"I think you would, sir, and love, too, if you had become accustomed to it. It is guide and teacher to one in my circumstances—in fact, I consider it invaluable."

"Won't it make you a trifle too fashionable for a minister's wife?" he asked, with the faintest smile in the corners of his mouth.

"I never was fashionable," was the reply, "and I don't mean to begin now; but I pretend to be a woman of good taste, even in trifles. With regard to my toilet, a slovenly morning-dress would make me miserable; an illy worked collar, or badly fitting glove, I should be nervous in; but for costly material or a variety of color, I don't care a fig. However, Peterson I must have, and my subscription is out. I'll send for it this very night."

"Do so," said my husband, "by all means let us have Peterson. It will be a decided acquisition, I perceive."

On the following day I sent my two dollars, and in one short week came Peterson, as bright and as genial as ever.

As I had been foretold, my hands were full. I could afford to keep only one little maid, and my husband hired a boy by the day, who did chores and attended to the minor duties of the household.

On Sabbath we usually had three sessions; during the week two evening meetings, and my husband and myself being in the good graces of our parishioners, during the first were frequently invited out to tea. The people at first seemed rather shy of me. They had heard that the minister's wife had always been among grand city folks—and she actually played the piano, and did fancy work. There was many a wonder expressed as to whether the bread did not come on the table burnt, or the soup scorched, or whether I knew a shoulder of meat; and I dare say some of the good people would have given a great deal to walk over my house from garret to cellar and inspect things generally. As for my Peterson's, I kept that a secret—for I knew that if its existence were once known, I should have to lend it constantly, and I could not afford to keep three or four dozen families in Peterson's.

One afternoon, Mrs. Manto and her sister, good, prosaic souls, came to take tea with us. I had just finished, and was wearing, for the first time, a very tasty, dainty little sack, which my husband particularly admired, and from which they could hardly keep their eyes. Mrs. Eliza and Miss Ann were both very prim specimens of human nature; their waists looked like two meagrely stuffed pin-cushions tightened down to a point, and yet they prided themselves on being *the* fashion, at Woodstock. They were tolerably well off, kept three or four servants, and a fine carriage, and I thought had looked upon me, from the first, as an intruder on their privileges, because everybody said, "How well the minister's wife dresses!" They had never come to tea before, and I was particularly anxious that everything should go off

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pleasantly. It did happen that my tea-cakes were done to the exactest shade of rich brown—that my cake had improved by keeping—and, altogether, I was satisfied.

They were lavish in their encomiums, and really honest, I have no doubt; though, I believe, people like usually to insert a "but" into their appreciation of minister's wives. The good Hyson having made them unusually talkative, they discussed several things at length, after supper, among them the quality and make of my new jacket.

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw," said Miss Ann, scanning every part, and taking mental notes for future reference. "Pray, where did you get the pattern?"

"I paid two dollars for it," was my quiet reply, while Ward's eyes twinkled.

"Two dollars! my patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Eliza, looking at me as if she thought I was demented. "I never heard such a price; where in the world did you get it?"

"It came from Philadelphia," I answered, demurely.

"My patience! Do you get all your patterns from there?" she queried, losing her habitual politeness in the excess of her astonishment.

"Most of them I do," was my reply. I had intended to tell her the fact of my subscribing for Peterson's, but I grew wiser as I thought. Once coveted, and our pleasant social union was at an end; so that would not do. Besides, I had a spice of roguishness in my disposition, and it occurred to me that possibly I might make a hit, which would result in favor of my much-prized periodical—so I held my peace. In a little while the ladies began an examination of my room. I had several beautiful tidies, the work of my leisure moments; my parlor chairs were covered with my own embroidery; my centre-table-cloth, an elegant little affair, I had worked from one of Peterson's suggestions; and my lamp-mats were faultless.

"Is not this tidy exquisite?" asked Miss Ann, turning half-round in the chair on which she was seated. "Cousin Sarah bought one in New York, and gave five dollars for it. Did you make *this?*" she queried of me.

"Yes, I made it."

"It is the prettiest pattern I ever saw. I suppose you didn't give two dollars for that?" she queried, laughing.

"Oh! yes; I paid two dollars for the privilege of using it as long as I liked."

Nothing could exceed the blank consternation of the glance sister Ann gave sister Eliza, and which sister Eliza returned with interest. It said more plainly than tongue could speak, "Who would have thought our minister's wife could be so extravagant?"

After that the conversation turned upon other things; but every now and then I caught the inspecting glances of the sisters fixed upon my lounge-patterns, and the pretty ornaments that graced my parlor at different points.

Rigolettes, as they are called, were not in fashion: that is, they had not penetrated to Woodstock, there being, as I have hinted, only one Peterson in the place, and that was mine. When the women did not wear their best, they generally came out in homely cape-bonnets, which, if they were plain, did not improve their looks, and, if they were pretty, almost deformed them. I saw a beautiful pattern in Peterson, and, as I always considered it a duty to look as well as I could, I forthwith devoted my spare time to manufacturing one of the aforesaid rigolettes. (By-the-way, that isn't a pretty name for them.) I knit it in plain colors, blue and drab, I believe, and, when it was finished, it was really an exquisite thing, at once convenient and becoming.

"What! Are you going to dare wear that to the prayer-meeting?" asked Ward, after he had admired it sufficiently to suit even my fastidious taste.

"To be sure I am. What could possibly be neater?" was my reply.

"Nothing—if you are prepared to be victimized. It is new, and the Woodstockers resent every innovation. Besides, you look so provokingly pretty, that they will be jealous, even of the minister's wife!"

"Let them say and think what they please," was my rejoinder. "I shall not care. When I put my dress on, whatever it is, there is an end of it—it never enters my mind again. If they are weak-minded enough to allow distracting thoughts of any kind to disturb them in such a place, that is their fault, not mine. To be sure, I shall wear my new, pet head-gear." And I did. Some were foolish enough to stare—no doubt others made invidious remarks, but it did not vex me in the least.

The next day, pretty Annette Sawyer, one of the sweetest girls in the church, came over to the parsonage.

"I must see that beautiful hood—no, not exactly hood—you wore last night," she said, after her good-morning kiss. I brought it for her inspection. She tried it on, and had enough human nature to be pleased with the sweet pink and white face, whose freshness was enhanced by the rich shades of the rigolette.

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"It's just the thing. Where did you get it? If I only had the pattern, I'd make one right off. Haven't you the pattern?'

"My dear, I paid two dollars for the privilege of using it," I said, quietly.

"You did? Oh! dear me; then I can't have one!"

"Oh! yes, you can. Come over here with your materials, and I'll show you all about it."

"Thank you—how kind you are!—the best minister's wife *I* ever saw." I knew by the emphasis on the I, that she had heard some disparaging remarks about me, but forbore to question her. She was a constant visitor for the next week, and there were soon two rigolettes to be seen in Woodstock. From that time they multiplied. Cape-bonnets were discarded in summer; and in winter, pumpkin hoods were replaced by warm, thick, but lighter and more convenient wool.

About this time I received a delightful letter from my old friend Hetty. She was on the eve of a visit to a relative in a neighboring town, and we should, for one pleasant month at least, be only three miles apart. One week she was to devote to me, and I looked forward with childish eagerness to the period of the visit. She came at last, and our meeting was almost rapturous.

"Ward is as handsome as ever, and, I suppose, as good!" she whispered, when we had drawn toward my pet bay-window, rich with in-door blossoms.

"He is the dearest husband in the world, and we are happier than if we were rich," I said, with a smile.

"I dare say. This is love in a cottage; but then you own the cottage, and your husband gets a good salary. But, bless me! why, I do believe, you've half-furnished this parlor yourself."

"I have, with Peterson's help," was my reply.

"True—inestimable Peterson!" exclaimed Hetty; "and do you know I've been fighting for you this very day?"

"What can you mean, dear?"

"Why, my cousin, Mrs. E——; of course she don't know you, and she's the perfection of a strict church-woman, has heard that the minister's wife in this parish is a very haughty, ultra-fashionable, and extravagant woman. Heard part of it from some of your own members, too. I couldn't tell what to make of it, but I almost offended her in defending you. Don't you think they have set afloat such foolish stories as, that you order your patterns from Philadelphia, and pay enormously for their use; that it costs you three times as much for your clothes, dresses, and bonnets, (the latter article, I believe, they think is imported direct from Paris,) as it does the richest members of your church? But it's abominable. I knew that a minister's wife was subject to all kinds of petty slanders; still, when it comes to completely metamorphosing her character, it makes me indignant. Upon my word, you are laughing; don't you feel a bit bad about it?"

"Not a bit," said I, checking my mirth.

"Then I'm sorry I tried to exonerate you," she replied, with her old childish pout.

"No, dear—let me tell you," and I explained to her what the reader already knows, and something besides, which the reader will know if only he or she will be patient awhile. She clapped her hands and laughed till she very nearly cried, at which my husband came forward and twirled me round by the shoulders. "Look here, what does all this mean?" he queried.

"It means that I'm going to give a famous party," said I.

"Ah! another of your follies. Haven't you already set half Woodstock by the ears?"

"But I'm going to atone for it all!"

"As if you could!" he said, with a saucy attempt at a kiss, for which I tried to repay him another way; but he dodged. The party was, of course, to be given in honor of my friend. I determined on inviting all the members of the church, matrons, maids, young and old—wise and otherwise—scandal-loving and scandal-hating: the women to come in the afternoon—the men in the evening. A gay time we had preparing for the party. Jellies, cakes, and sweetmeats, was the order of the day. Hetty was in her element, and if she had been a cook by profession, working for wages, she could not have been more indefatigable. At last everything was in readiness, the programme arranged, the important day at hand. Ward had decided that we must set tables in the porch and the garden, and make it as much like a free-and-easy pic-nic as possible. By two (for the Woodstockers had not departed from many of their primitive customs), they began to come. Our parlors, sitting-room, dining-room, and even kitchen, were filled with busy-bodies, laughing, chatting, and, as usual, praising my handiwork. Now came my time. Once, in the lull of laughter and conversation, I spoke:

"Ladies," I said, quietly, "I have understood that some very strange, not to say cruel, reports have been circulated about me." Instantaneously there was a hush. The people

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in the other rooms felt the silence and gathered round the doors, anxious to see what was going on. "I understand that it was reported I gave two dollars each for the use of my patterns."

"I'm sure you told *me* so," said Mrs. Eliza, whose face was crimson. "And me," echoed Miss Ann—"And me, too," came faintly from a few other lips.

"Well, ladies, I'll explain to you how I gave two dollars for the privilege of using all the patterns which you have been kind enough to admire. In the city of Philadelphia, there happens to be published a handsome periodical of which you may not be entirely ignorant. It is called 'Peterson's Ladies' Magazine.' The price of a single copy, for a year, is two dollars—a sum within the means of most of the ladies present."

Such tittering and confusion as ensued! My friends and admirers (I had some) smiled and even chuckled, my slanderers turned as red as their ribbons, and various ejaculations passed from lip to lip.

"That book has been worth to me," I contiuued, following up my advantage, "perhaps thirty or forty dollars a year: so that you see, instead of extravagance, of which I have been accused, I have practiced the closest economy, and have made myself a pattern to you all. Now, what I propose is that you should be no longer destitute of such a means of improvement; for, though I am generally willing to lend, I cannot spare Peterson. The terms, as I have said, are two dollars a year; but, by sending for several copies, you can get the Magazine much cheaper. The larger the club of subscribers, the lower the scale of prices. Now, who will join me in buying all the patterns, receipts, and useful reading for one year, for a sum that none of you will feel?"

A murmur succeeded the hush. In the course of half an hour all my short-comings were cancelled, and I had a list of thirty names. Of course, when evening came, the news spread, and many a clumsy hand was busy with my nicknacks, many a manly eye roving over my pretty furniture. The result was that ten young men subscribed for Peterson—the Magazine to be sent, of course, to their respective lady-loves; and scores of hearts were made happy. I was proud to send my forty names in to Peterson, and happier still to see the quiet taste and thrift of our pretty town thereafter. Gradually the flaring colors and old-fashioned notions disappeared from our congregation. With these improvements came others. The shabby meeting-house was new painted and furnished, a pretty carpet made, the pulpit new-draped, and many things added that set people to wondering how they ever got along without them. Many an old house, that seemed tottering to its fall, is now made pleasant to the eye without and within. The very gardens feel the influence of Peterson. Young ladies allow no idle minutes to slip by, but the busy knitting-needle glistens in their fingers. The state by-words of "country girls," and "green," can be no longer applied to our young ladies: a prettier or more —well, suppose I say the word—genteel set of young ladies cannot be found, search where you may. In fact, Peterson has cheered, delighted, and improved us; and may his influence steadily continue, for it is productive of good wherever it goes.

TE DEUM.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

DARK was the cloud—'tis lifted now—
That shrouded my life's sky;
Drear was the night—the morning breaks,
It gleams up broad and high!
Gleams up the East hills of my life,
And cheers the Westward way,
'Long which my weary feet must toil,
To reach Eternal Day.

I thank Thee, gracious God, for this
Celestial ray of light,
Piercing the gloom, and dropping down,
To clear this dreary night.
I thank Thee that my anguished prayers,
Soaring on faith afar,
Have reached Thine ear, and set the doors
Of Thy sweet Heaven ajar.

The cup has passed. Forgive me, Lord,
If weakly I shrank back;
My heart had lost its hold on faith,
My feet had lost the track.
But, as the day of trouble is,
Strength is bestowed on me;
And, as the chastisement ordained,
So shall endurance be!

I thank Thee! Take my soul's best gifts,
Full gratitude and love;
And give me back, from Thy vast stores,
Fitness for courts above
Vouchsafe me patience, grant me strength,
To say, when trials come,
"Not my will, Father, not my will—
But Thine, oh! God, be done!"

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"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE."

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"He is that worst of all characters for a husband, an idle man, May, and, I fear, he adds to that the baseness of a fortune-hunter!"

"You shall not speak so of him! I will not listen to the slander! He loves me, of that I am convinced. I have not been an heiress so long, not to have learned when a man lies and feigns a passion for interest; when——" and her voice grew richer and lower, "he speaks to me from his heart. I have tested him, weighed him well; he has faults, many of them, but deceit is not one. He *loves* me!"

Mr. Moore looked sadly at the agitated girl, as, carried away by her own generous warmth, she left her seat and stood erect before him.

"Uncle Lewis, trust me, trust him. Let me be his wife with *your* consent."

"Of what avail will it be for me to refuse it, May? You are eighteen to-morrow, and, by your father's will, free to choose your husband; your property becomes your own, and my office as your guardian ceases."

"But not your position as my friend, my uncle, my second father. Can you think I was bound to obey you by none but legal ties, that my love, respect, and submission were paid only to my guardian? You wronged me, uncle, and in nothing more than this question of my marriage. I come to you, not as the guardian, whose power expires to-morrow, but as the friend, who, I trust, will stand by me through life, I come for counsel, affection, and advice; do not tell me, coldly, that I am free to choose my own lot. Speak to me now as you have always done, as if I were your child!"

"May, May, how can I speak? If truly, I shall grieve you. But you are right; you come to a friend for counsel, and he will speak as a friend should. Review Arnold Cooke's life, and see if I am not justified in my fears. Brought up by parents whose means were just sufficient to give him a liberal education and support him independent of business. Their small fortune he inherited on their death, and lost in his first speculation, leaving him a mere pittance. He had studied law, and, with energy and industry, could have carved out a name and fortune. What did he do? Absolutely nothing. With a fascinating manner and splendid education, he cultivated every refined taste, indulged in every extravagance, and lives a life of complete idleness, with means barely sufficient to support him. His office is a lounging place for young men of fashion, who repay his hospitality by inviting him to opera, rides, or drives. To crown all, he wooes an heiress, that her purse may supply him with his perfumes, kid gloves, and fast horses."

"You are severe."

"I fear I am just."

"Take the reverse of the picture. Arnold was an only child, of fine talents, and the pride of both parents. From his birth every whim was indulged, every caprice met compliance; his profession was studied merely as a refuge in case of necessity, and he was launched an orphan upon the world with cultivated mind, refined tastes, extravagant desires, and an easy fortune. The roguery of a friend persuaded him to the speculation which ruined him. He stood alone. His income was sufficient for a single man; he was popular in society, courted by the men for his wit, his good-humor, and his proficiency in athletic exercises; by ladies for his talent in conversation, music, and gallantry. Without any stimulus to exertion, he suffered his time to pass in floating lazily down the tide of time, content to let each day find its own occupation and resources. Then he met me, and his whole view of life changed. For my sake he will renew his studies, open his office for business, and begin a new life. Don't shake your head so mournfully, trust to a woman's heart and instinct. There is a mine of good in this spoiled child's heart, let me be the agent by which it is worked to produce good fruit. He stands now in a perilous position; my refusal will throw him back on his old life, with a heart ready to dare much evil, reckless and hard, to be wrecked in dissipation, or sour in misanthropy; my love will win him to nobler aims and higher aspirations."

"It is a dangerous experiment, May."

"Only one more argument, and I leave the decision in your hands. I love him! For his sake I could bear sorrow, poverty, anything but inconstancy. With him, life will be glad through any suffering; without him, the future

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looks mournful and dreary. If you so decide, I will dismiss him, but my heart will break in doing it, for I love him!"

And so, by her last argument, May Lawson won her uncle's consent to her marriage.

The world shrugged its shoulders when the news came out. The men congratulated Arnold upon his success, and smiled knowingly to one another as they spoke; the women shook their heads and wondered how May could be so blind as not to see through "that dandy's" schemes.

They had been married one year, and May was beginning to wonder if Arnold had been seeking her fortune after all. He was devoted as ever, kind, loving, and fascinating; but not one client had placed a brief in his hands, and she knew that their expensive house, mode of living, and luxuries were drawn from her purse. She was speculating upon this, when a quick, manly step, a cheerful voice made every doubt vanish, and she looked up to greet her husband.

"I have come up for you to ride, May, so don your habit! The broad braids, little wife, you know my weakness. Nothing sets off such mignon little faces as yours, like heavy braids and drooping plumes."

"Nonsense!"

"Sense, I assure you. When you tie that black beaver over those dark brown braids, and let the broad rim shade your face, I defy the world to produce such an irresistible little female."

She was nimbly plaiting the rich profusion of hair while he spoke, and there was a long silence. Turning from the glass for his approving smile, she was surprised to see him sunk in a revery, and, to judge from his appearance, a painful one."

"What is it, Arnold?"

He raised his head, as he felt her soft hand on his shoulder.

"The old story, May. Nobody trusts me but you; I cannot command one client. They think that my motive in marrying was a mercenary one, and they hold back from me. Let him live on his wife's money, and leave the profession open to those depending upon it for bread."

"I am almost tempted to echo the wish!"

"No, May; there are temptations enough for me to live in luxurious indolence; let your influence bear where it has ever rested, upon something noble, if you can find it in such a wasted nature as mine."

"If I had not found it, should I be your wife now? Who first led me to see where my wealth could bring me the blessings of the poor? Who pointed out to me the secret charities that make lonely hearts glad, and comfort proud poverty without the weight of obligation? Who told me of students struggling to support a widowed mother, or sister, or vainly trying to save the means of gaining an education? Whose delicate searching and anonymous letters have sent relief to those tempted to curse the world and die, yet too proud to wear any but a smiling face over a wretched heart? How proudly, I say, my husband led me to such deeds, and taught me that wealth is lent to give an account of it at last, whether wasted or blessing others!"

"Ah! May, your sweet face first made me look into my own heart, and find there only wasted opportunities and a useless life. What wonder if I turned from such a sight to try and aid you in your own loving schemes of charity, only bringing a man's frequent opportunities to assist you in your work?"

"The horses, sir," said a servant, and May sprang up from her seat beside her husband to get her hat.

Another year, and the crash of 1857 swept May Cooke's fortune away. Her uncle came to tell her the news, and left her stunned, sick with the prospect of poverty, and, spite of herself, shuddering at the thought of her husband's dismay. All the weary day passed, and he came not. Had he left her to bear her cross alone? Stung, indignant at her own heart for such a thought, it would recur as the evening set in and he came not. Wearied with waiting, sick with apprehension, she threw herself on the sofa and sobbed in bitterness and loneliness.

Hark! The well-known step on the stairs; but not slow, as of one disappointed, but springing and light.

"He does not know," she thought; "and I must tell him."

He came in with such a bright face, his cheek glowing, his eye bright, his lip smiling, that she turned faint at the thought that she must blast all this joyousness.

"Crying, May?" he said, coming to her side, with his face changing to a look of tender sympathy.

"You are very late!" she said, trying to steady her voice.

"Oh! you must get used to that. I shall keep business hours now. Off in the morning—home for an hour at dinner—and then off again till tea time."

"Have you heard?" she whispered.

"Yes. Do I seem hard and unfeeling, darling? Forgive me! But, May dear, you shall

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not feel any privation that my love can keep from you. We shall not be rich; many things must be spared; yet, trust me, I will work hard before you shall suffer. Oh! I cannot—I cannot help it, May! I am glad—glad of this! You are mine! Now I can prove to you, and to the world, that your fortune was nothing to me! I have seen your uncle to-day, and, through his kindly-exerted influence, I have secured the situation of book-keeper in a wholesale grocery store."

"You—you, Arnold, with your refined tastes and luxurious habits?"

"Why, May, the salary is one thousand dollars a year. Think of earning that!"

"Oh! Arnold, my own love!" And here the sobs came too thick for more words. His own voice was husky, as he said,

"But for you, May, I should be now a miserable lounger—a gambler, perhaps, or worse. I feel that I am a man with a true heart and a willing energy, and the turning-point of my life was in your words, 'I trust you, Arnold.' You did trust me, and, God willing, I will win the trust worthily."

Nobly he kept his word. The luxurious home was sold, and in a quiet house they began life again humbly. There is one child, a second Arnold, to knit his parent's hearts in a yet closer bond; and May knows that between her and poverty there stands a true heart, a willing, strong arm. Every sorrow is lightened before it reaches her; for it comes told by sympathizing lips, softened by loving tones.

"For better, for worse," they took their path in life together, and the trust of their betrothal will make their life sunny, though sorrow may for a time shade the way.

SING FOR ME SOMETIMES.

BY CHARLES GATES.

Sing for me sometimes, lady, sing for me,
When the quick pulses of thy spirit start,
In silver-flowing waves of melody,
And beats toward coral shores thy songful heart.

And I shall hear, though river tides between
Reach their bright hands from the far-throbbing sea,
And lonely hills lift up their crests of green,
To keep the winged messenger from me.

Sing songs of morning, luminous as the day,
And in their light of sound I shall rejoice—
And, through the iron midnight of my way,
Walk in the golden sunrise of thy voice.

Sing noonday songs, strong-souled, to dare and win,
Full of great heart-throbs for the triumph hour—
And I shall stand their orbed strength within,
Circled and crowned, like kingly brows, with power.

Sing songs of evening, dim and shadowy songs,
Veiled like thine azure, silken-fringed eyes,
And up my haunted twilight silver throngs
Of stars shall roll, and light my spectral skies.

Sing the glad songs that I have heard before
Burst from thy lips in sunny laughter free,
And I shall lose the sad and sullen roar
That rocks around me like a hungry sea.

Sing low, sweet songs, low as the noiseless dreams
That visit the white chambers of thy sleep—
And I shall feel, along the listening streams
Of my hushed arteries, their soft motions creep.

Then sing for me, oh! sometimes sing for me,
With the deep pathos of thy wondrous voice—
And I shall hear thy spirit's melody
Around my path forever, and rejoice.

GIVE MOONLIT HOURS TO MEMORY.

BY FANNY A. SPANGENBERG.

When moonbeams gild the mountain height,
And ripple o'er the sea,
And every echo answers back
The hour's sweet minstrelsy—
'Tis then I love to sit alone,
And give to fancy power,
To trace the past in fairest tints,
Or paint hope's brightest flower;

Or sit and hearken to the lay,
Trilled by the nightingale—
The crickets' chant, the streamlet's song
That thrills the quiet vale.

And oft methinks I hear the tread
Of some familiar friend—
Some loved one's voice, a tone, a sigh,
With Nature's music blend.

And when in other lands afar
Thy wandering footsteps roam,
In moonlight hours one thought, I pray,
Oh! give to me at home!
For then, as glide the waters by
Toward the distant sea,
And moonbeams ripple o'er the wave,
I'll watch and think of thee.

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THE EGYPTIAN BEETLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

CHAPTER I.

THE story I am going to tell you has but little law in it: however, I notice that the less the dry bones of legality enter into my narrations, the better the figure of it is liked, so shall not disturb myself on that score.

The facts I shall give you (I give only facts—no solution) trench upon deeper laws than any in codes Napoleon or English, the mysterious connection between matter and spirit. I am, as you may have guessed from my manner of expressing thought, no psychologist, nor am I even naturalist enough to give the technical terms necessary to clear my story to a scientific reader. I only tell it in a loose, gossiping way, leaving those who comprehend the subtle influences it treats of, to question or believe it as they choose.

Near the close of a hot field-day in the Richmond Court of Appeals, I was steadily jotting down notes for my junior counsel in the great case of Knote *vs.* Clarkson, when a slip of paper was placed on my desk by Flint, one of my pupils. Glancing at it, after awhile, I saw the words in a scrawling hand,

"Let me see you at your office immediately. It is worse than life or death."

"Pish!" I growled, pushing the tragical summons aside. "I've lost that point of Brady's, Flint, with your eternal meddling."

Flint was used to my growls, shook himself under it like a Newfoundland in a shower. Much he knew, or ever would know, of the case of Knote *vs.* Clarkson, or any other!

"Mr. Page," he persisted, "if you do not send some message to that old cove in the office, he'll be here presently, and—well, you'll wish he hadn't!"

I sent no message, however, and forgot the note in my junior Hoyt's sharp-shooting with Brady, until (there being a turtle dinner at Storm's that evening) the judge adjourned court, and Knote *vs.* Clarkson was laid over to make turbulent another day.

Going down the court-house steps, I was joined by Flint.

"Are those deeds copied?" I asked, perceiving the smell of the neighboring restaurant about him.

"Well, no, sir. Fact is, I couldn't trust myself back to old Sancho Panza yonder without you. Regular ourang-outang that!"

"Who is it?" I said, stopping.

"Think he puts up at the Hospital; stranger to me. Made his appearance in a yellow dressing-gown, one boot and one slipper. Fact, Mr. Page," Flint added, gravely.

"Professor Lewis! May Providence grant you sense, Thomas Flint."

There was no use to go any farther, or to expound to Flint that Professor Lewis deserved to be called the most profound and thorough scholar in Virginia. He sauntered off, muttering that, "If gentlemen chose to go unshaved in dressing-gowns about the streets," etc., etc.

I was a little of Flint's opinion, having small patience for eccentricity that manifests itself in untied shoes and a dirty face. However, this man was no sham affecter of oddity, I knew that. There lived no man in Virginia for whose knowledge and understanding I had a more thorough veneration. I hurried to my office, therefore, and found the little doctor, as Flint said, unshaven, unkempt, pacing to and fro like some wild beast.

"You are late, Mr. Page. I regret to have troubled you." (The man's voice was as gentle as a woman's.) "Can I see you alone a moment?"

I led the way into the inner office. Professor, or Dr. Lewis was, let me premise, occupant of a chair in the university at Charlotteville, but was spending the summer vacation in Richmond. While I placed a chair for him, he went limping uneasily about the room, rubbing his rough beard, or stooping to pull up his gray woolen sock when it got quite under his heel.

"Don't heed a chair, only give me your attention, Mr. Page," coming close, and speaking breathlessly. "There's a man to be tried for murder, next week. His name is Lehr: do you know?"

"I have heard. Yes."

The old man caught my shoulder in his eagerness. "Next week the trial is. Who defends him?"

"A man named Sholter, I believe, the judge appointed. Lehr is poor, unable to employ counsel."

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"Poor!" he laughed. "Mr. Page, I want you to take the case, and try to get him through. You *must* do it. Life and death hang on it."

"Of course. Death, most probably, for there is but little chance for him: his guilt is patent. I cannot take the case, Dr. Lewis. Impossible."

"Why? I am a poor man, and I know your charges are heavy; but I will give anything—double the usual——"

"You mistake me," I said, drily. "My time is thoroughly occupied. The cases this term are unusually important——"

"Important!" he cried, agitated out of his good-breeding, turning away and pacing again rapidly through the room.

I was startled, for the first time, into attention. The man's face was pale; big drops of sweat wet his forehead clammily; his mouth worked. What interest could he have in this wretch? An odd suspicion rose in my mind. Professor Lewis was self-made: had risen from the dregs of the people—could Lehr be a relative of his? More unlikely things had occurred in my practice. Be that as it might, the man's disappointment touched me.

"I could be of no use, doctor," I urged. "I fear the case is hopeless."

"I know that," he interrupted. "It is not that I care for. One man's life—the life of such a degraded creature as that weighs but little, compared to the great stake."

I was completely puzzled, groping at his meaning.

"Listen," he said, pausing abruptly, "you called Lehr poor. In money he is, I grant you. However, he owns that which I would pledge every rag I own to gain." (Despite the seriousness of the moment, my eyes fell on the dressing-gown.) "He has no money to employ counsel; but promised me that if I would secure you, I should have the loan of——I should have ——should be gratified in my wish."

My curiosity was roused. What could Lehr own, the loan of which he weighed against his chances for life? I asked no questions, of course.

"Let it be as you say then, Dr. Lewis. You must permit me, however, to defend Lehr as a favor to you. Put money out of the question."

I need not dwell on the poor little doctor's gratitude. He was a poor man. Shylock himself would not have taken ducats from such a single-hearted, simple-minded enthusiast.

"You will not fail of your reward, Mr. Page," he said, as he rose to go, "here in this world. You shall be honorably mentioned when the great discovery is known. Why, sir, naturalists have been on the brink of it since the time of Coildeau. I have it! In my clutch, sir, through that man Lehr." He limped and rubbed his beard, and tugged at his sock like a man demented. "When Champollion cleared away the obstacles to Egyptian civilization, there it was! The great secret that we had been stumbling against, needing only actual proof. Proof! I'll bring it—I thank God," he said, suddenly, pulling off his old cap, "that I am the man!" This was all worse than Greek to me.

When I had finally shut the door on the ecstasies of the professor, I sent to Sholter for the papers, and glanced over Lehr's case. A desperate one. The man was a vagabond, prowling in the negro purlieus for some months: stated by one witness to be a half-breed Choctaw, by another an Italian. The murder was a cold-blooded assassination of a small planter, on the high road, for the purpose of robbery. The proof was ample. I saw no shadow of foundation for defence. Yet curiously enough, the case engrossed my time and interest more than even Knote *vs.* Clarkson. The man Lehr was jumbled up in my mind with Champollion, and Ninevite bulls, and the great secret of Egyptian civilization, until I was as near demented as the doctor himself.

Having shaken off Sholter from the brief with a fee, I satisfied Lewis that I would do the best I could with the worst cause I ever had defended.

"I must go with you," he said, in his impetuous way, "when you visit Lehr. He has no secrets from me," seeing dissent on my face. "He'll speak more openly if I am there. I have a power over him."

My interview with the prisoner mattered little: I knew his guilt as well as he did himself. I consented, therefore, to the doctor's presence with a latent curiosity as to the connection between the men. The old doubt would not be choked off that they were kinsmen.

Lehr was in the county jail. It was late in the evening when we went. I am not impressible, yet the strange excitement of my companion, the evident awe and disgust with which he regarded the man we were going to see, gave my blood a chilly shudder. I never, at any time, could pass without a shiver through the low tunnels of stone halls, with the solitary lamp creaking on its chain, the perpetual drip of water falling through mouldy pipes, the unnumbered black doors on either side gaping into dens where every demon that wrings the human heart hides. Now, it seemed to me the very arched way, going down to the mouth of the pit, that John Bunyan saw.

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The jailer, going before, unlocked a cell-door, and, putting his tin lantern down on the floor, so that its yellow light shone into the narrow room, left us. The doctor pressed past me, carrying the lantern with him. The cell was a stone closet, with a slit in the heavy wall for a window; green mould clung to the walls; the floor was slimy with damp; a low iron range ran along one side covered with a mattrass, on which the prisoner was stretched, manacled. A heavy-built man; with limbs lithe and stealthy in movement as a tiger's; and a tigerish glare in the glazed blue eye. He turned with a sullen grunt as we entered. The doctor placed the lantern on the window-ledge and bent over him, speaking some words, sharp and eager, in a foreign tone that at first I did not recognize.

The man sat up and began to talk to me about his case. He had no secrets from the doctor, that was plain; spoke openly of the crime; how he had done it; calculated, in his dull way, the chances of escape. The man's nature was thoroughly brutalized—bestial by birth, in thought and deed. Used, as I was, to contact with crime, I shrank from him. The doctor did not. There was a mysterious understanding between the two, as between members of some secret order. Yet the poor old professor was a purer man than I. Lehr talked of his death as certain, laughing the moment after, stupidly. It was a stupid courage. There was nothing game about the man; his very thick lips were cowardly, cruel. I was baffled in my attempt to understand him.

"He did not mind the hanging, though he had thought maybe I could get him off, and had been willing to pay a price to—" calling the doctor a name I never had heard given him before—Jose, I think it was. "He's one of us, you know," nodding to me, with a curious gesture.

I turned away, unwilling to pry into their secrets. The professor, with his eager face, and gentle voice, began to speak earnestly to the wretch, gaining for answer only a coarse jeer. The language they used had once been familiar to me, I was sure of that; it sounded like some old ghost-tale heard in childhood, with a dull presence in it of something unnatural, uncanny. The professor, except in the natural sciences, I knew, was unlearned, master of no modern tongue other than his own.

Standing back, leaning against the iron door, looking at the men by the yellow glare of the lantern, I felt myself on the verge of some terrible discovery. I knew not why. The tongue they spoke had in it something that touched a dark mystery, old as the world, underlying all nations and all times. I tried in vain to shake off the morbid fancy. It haunted me: the cell grew darker, the floor more slimy, the filthy muscles of the prisoner more disgusting; but, strangest of all, my distorted brain began to see a likeness between him and the simple old man bending over him. No likeness in feature and expression, but in a singular glaze upon the eyes peculiar to both.

The old man was urging Lehr, I could see, to fulfill his share of the compact. At first he refused, with a half-idiotic laugh. The earnestness of the doctor startled me. If life itself had depended on success, he could not have plead more vehemently.

The man consented finally, adding, in English, that the other must swear to return the loan in two days. He did swear, to my astonishment, an oath that his voice trembled in uttering. The other sneered.

"Swear by——" he said, lowering his tone.

"I cannot, Lopez." The doctor shuddered. "I am a Christian."

The man grunted, and turned his back, as he lay on the bed, as if the colloquy was ended. I pitied the professor. The very currents of his life were stirred. He came at last to Lehr, his face bloodless, and, stooping over him, whispered some words in the unknown dialect. The man nodded without speaking, and, half rising, loosened from his neck a thick cord to which was attached a steel case about two inches in length, of a tubular form. He looked at it, with the expression a heathen might give to his fetich, and then placed it in the doctor's hands, which shook as the old man took it.

I confess I am practical, and began to weary of the mystery, the fetid air, the glaring light. I turned away, and the doctor followed me slowly.

CHAPTER II.

The trial of Lehr excited little notice in Richmond. The murdered man had but few friends; the murderer's guilt was clear; he and his accomplices were of the vilest class. When the case was called, the court-room was sparsely filled. There was the usual number of local editors and reporters lounging in the galleries, with hot-pressed copies of the morning papers; there was a crowd of bar-room loafers and blacks near the door. Inside the bar, the lawyers cracked hickory-nuts, and talked lazily of the luck of Allen Knote in gaining the suit.

Lehr himself appeared indifferent as the

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others—as if the trial and death to follow were only forms of but little meaning. I could not help glancing at his brawny neck, and saw there the cord. The doctor, the only interested face in the room, bent eagerly over the gallery, intent on every word. Brady came up to me as the trial was nearly over, and the judge was charging—against the prisoner, of course.

"I did not think to find you on this business, Mr. Page," he said.

"A chance, merely."

"Your client will be hung, I hope. He looks as if it were indifferent to him, so I can hope it. By-the-way, what is he? Italian?"

"I do not know," I said, looking over at the swarthy face.

"Something odd about the drooping mouth and eyes. I heard a story about him just now."

I turned quickly.

"You see," Brady proceeded, lazily, "that woman yonder in the far gallery?"

I caught a glimpse of a young girl's face, deathly pale, behind a pillar; a dark, young face, as pure and womanly in its expression as I ever saw. There was a man standing near her: a sturdy, honest country fellow, one could tell at a glance.

"Who are they?" I said.

"They?" Brady smiled. "You see the connection? The girl is the daughter of this Lehr, and as innocent as she looks, they say. She came here, some months ago, and went into service: the man followed her—a Yorkshireman, I believe—and they were married. A case of old love, which this client of yours had hindered from running smooth. Odd part of the story is, that, when he came, by some strange power over her, he forced her to leave her husband, and go to the den where he and his gang hide, out of town; in a tent, they say. I hope, for the girl's sake, he'll get his deserts. She looks heart-broken."

Brady's wish was gratified. Lehr was found guilty, and condemned to death in a month from that time. He had not uttered a word during the trial, nor even seemed to heed its progress, until he was summoned, according to form, to show cause why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him. I have heard very strange replies to that awful question—words wrung out of the heart's blood; but one like this I never heard.

He got up slowly, holding the bar with his hands, and stretching his brawny head and chest to the judge, with a low, slow laugh of stolid defiance.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked. "Look here!" baring his thick arm, and pointing to the corded veins. "It's the Zingaro blood there. It's older than that hill yonder. The Rommany is free. You cannot keep him in your stone walls, nor kill him. The Rommany blood laughs at the death you talk of."

He sat down again. The words went through the room with a thrill. There was a silence for a moment. Then the judge rose and read the sentence. It did not rouse the shudder that the man's words had done. Men stood silent, staring at him as he passed out.

The Rommany! Why had I not seen it before? In Spain, years ago, I had learned fragments of the strange speech of that mysterious people, who pass, "like a shade," from land to land—an unsolved problem, the only relic of a century dead ages before Christ. I knew, that, be they where they might, in whatever disguise, peers or robbers, they held the same secret, were bound by the same tie, worshiped a God unknown to Christians. I glanced at the professor's face, as he hurried past me, intent, blind to all about him. The Rommany eye, with its glaze like a veil, to hide its intolerable secrets. I gathered up my papers and went to my office, thinking how dark a current underlies our commonplace lives, had we but the power to see it.

About a month after this time, and the day before the one appointed for Lehr's execution, I was alone in my library, after dinner, when a stranger on business was ushered in. I recognized him instantly: it was the man I had seen in the gallery—the husband of the gipsy's daughter. I shook hands with him. One of those straightforward, kindly-faced men, with whom it is natural to shake hands. He told me his name, and who he was, in a strong Yorkshire dialect, whose flavor I liked, coloring as he named Lehr as his father-in-law.

"God forgive me, sir, if I am well satisfied he'll worrit us no more, nor shame my Leah. While he lives, she dare not bide with me."

"Why?" I demanded.

"The law of their people's strong, not to marry with the stranger. My wife's a Christian; she's no drop of the Rommany in her heart."

"I know that. I have seen her."

"I come, sir, to see if I can get the body of this man, when the law's had its fill. It's different in this country and England about the burial of such as he. I'm glad of it. When I know that his body is laid safe in the earth, I'll think his poor soul has more chance of rest, somehow."

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"I understand," I said. But I hesitated.

"You will use your word for us?" he said, rising.

"I am sorry. By Virginia law you are entitled to the body; but the man himself has made another disposition of it. For some reason, of which I know nothing, he has given it to Professor Lewis—to be used for scientific purposes, I suppose."

The man was enraged, and, naturally, he looked on it as a scheme to shame his wife still more after his death. If the law, he declared, would aid him in the recovery of the body, he would have it, and so left me.

Other business, I confess, drove the matter out of my mind that night, or I would have remonstrated with Lewis, believing that a few words would have induced him to regard the honest pride of the poor Yorkshireman and his wife. However, I neglected it. The professor I had never met since the day of the trial. I knew he had been constant in his visit to the jail, secluding himself the remainder of the time in a room of the hospital which he had fitted up as a laboratory.

The execution was to take place at ten o'clock the ensuing morning. I congratulated myself that business called me out of town, and would detain me all the day. My horse was brought to the door, and I was preparing to buckle on my spurs, when the library-door opened, and the old doctor entered, his wrinkled face on fire with excitement. He closed the door, and locked it.

"For God's sake, look here!" he whispered, drawing me across the floor. "I have it. The truth shall be made known now!" taking a package from his breast and opening it.

"What truth?" I asked, impatiently.

"The connection between matter and mind. The secret of life!" he said, in a voice full of awe. "You know how we have come, terror-stricken, to this innermost soul of natural science; paltered about it, drawn back, when, by means of magnetism, and the occult influence of the force called *od*, we had almost grasped it. I need to palter no longer. To-night I shall call back life to a dead body!"

Was he mad? I peered into his feverish, skinny face. He looked up, coolly; then proceeded to unfold the package. It was the steel case that had hung around Lehr's neck. It opened with a spring, and disclosed a roll of what seemed to be fine ash-colored threads or hair. He put some of it in my hand. In my younger days I too had been a naturalist.

"Moss," I said, looking closely. "Where did you find this? It is a rare specimen. It looks like the gray *indotes hypaticæ* that covers the Nile banks."

"Your eyes are keen," he said. "It is of that species; is only found in the Nile region."

Without a word, as a Hindoo might touch his deity, he laid the substance that the moss had wrapped on the table: it was a *scarabœus* of immense size, dun-colored. My first glance convinced me that it must be artificial, belonging, as I knew it did, to no known species.

"A curious work of art," I said, indifferently. "Of what is it made?" taking it up to examine it nearer.

I saw my mistake instantly. The creature had once lived. I had once, in France, seen insects preserved by a mixture of cassia and myrrh, in a process similar to embalming. No such means had been used with this. The infusion in the veins was natural as in life.

"This *scarabœus* belongs to some species long extinct," I said at last. "What preserves it?"

"The same cause that gives it its power. A perfect equalization of the elements in its frame and blood combining to produce magnetic force in the highest degree possible. The Egyptians had strange secrets," he said, folding it up again; "and their descendants have retained them in a dim way." He turned to go away, and then halted as if he had forgotten his errand. "You will come, to-night, to my laboratory? I shall prove the theory I have been evolving for years: that life is mesmerism, magnetism—that subtle force whose right name we have not yet found, but which we can control. I will be first to control it. It is not," he said, looking out dreamily into the clear sky, "that I shall become immortal: I shall have power then: power to raise my race, and bring them back to their own place." He spoke to himself and went muttering down the street. Clearly, the man was mad.

CHAPTER III.

It was late in the evening when I returned to the city. The streets wore an unusual air of excitement; groups stood at every gas-lit door, crowds of chattering blacks swarmed under the lamp-posts.

The morning's awful sight had made the city shudder, and it had not yet sunk down into its customary quiet. I rode rapidly down the street to my own door, and was met by my hostler, Otho.

"Pine's searchin' you, Mars' John, and Mars' Flint. Tink de debbil's to pay somewheres."

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Pine came down the steps. "Dar's two messagers fur you, Mars', frum de Hospital—tink."

I did not stop to hear, went in and contented myself with a glass of wine for supper, to strengthen me for what might follow.

A few moments brought me to the Hospital, and, passing through the long, wide corridors, I turned into an unfrequented part of the building, to the passage into which I knew the laboratory opened. Entering, I found a large, white-washed room, unfurnished save by a long pine table that stood in the center. About this table stood some half-dozen men, wearing an anxious look of dread and suspense. I knew them all, men of the first standing in Richmond for integrity and acuteness of perception in their several professions. No company of men would be less likely to become the victims of deception, had it been the poor professor's object to deceive.

That such was no object of his, it needed only a glance into his face to determine. It was pale, worn, tense with a terrible purpose. Upon the table, lighted by a chandelier, that hung above, lay the body of the man, Lehr. A massive bulk, knotted with tendons and nerves. Over the face and neck, with its purple line, some by-stander had thrown a handkerchief. A low fire burned in an iron stove near the table.

My eye took in these details as I opened the door. I left it ajar, and drew near the table.

The old man had been speaking. Whatever explanation he had given was over now, and he came close, standing beside the head of the body.

"*Is* the man dead?" whispered Judge C——, to his neighbor, one of the most skillful surgeons in the city.

Dr. Lowe nodded. "Dead enough never to live again!"

A slight smile flickered over the professor's pale face.

"Attend!" he said, unfolding the *scarabæus*. A profound silence followed, as we crowded around the table. He bared the man's chest, and, lifting the brutal-looking head, placed the *scarabæus* at that point of the spinal column where the nerves are concentred, holding it steadily. Every man held his breath, every eye strained watching the gigantic sinews of the dead man. The quick ticking of the watches struck painfully loud on the silence.

"It is useless, professor," said Judge C——, gravely. "I doubt the feeling that brought us to witness so sacrilegious a——"

He stopped, awe-struck; for the body moved. The brawny chest heaved—once, twice. Even in that moment I saw the old man's face livid, the sweat oozing from his forehead.

With a fearful struggle as though in agony, another convulsion passed over the dead man's frame. The hands clenched, the eyelids quivered.

"Great God!" said Judge C——, turning away. A sudden, hurried trampling sounded through the corridor; but no one heeded it. The right arm of Lehr was jerked upward, when a hand thrust it down, and the professor was flung back against the wall.

"What deviltry is this?" shouted a rough voice, and the Yorkshire farmer swept Dr. Lowe aside, and bent over the body, protecting it. He was accompanied by one or two policemen. The body lay stiff and stark now. The Yorkshireman waited a moment, his eyes flashing. "Cannot the dead rest? What did you with it?" In his groping, straightening the discomposed limbs, he clutched the *scarabæus* and flung it in the open stove. The professor sprang forward like a tiger when its young are stolen, with a yell; but it was too late. There was a momentary flicker on the red coals, and the secret of the dead Rommany had perished forever.

I did not see Professor Lewis again for years, and then I did not allude to his life-failure. The meek, earnest face of the old man would have forbidden a touch that could pain him. The whole affair remained in my mind a confused perplexity. I cannot affirm that it is quite clear to me yet. No greater effect was produced upon the body of Lehr than could have been done by a powerful battery. By what means, however, such effect was induced by the *scarabæus*, or how far that effect would have extended, if it had suffered no interruption, are matters for the curious to determine.

Some seven years after the occurrence, traveling on the National Road through Pennsylvania, an accident obliged me to seek shelter in a farm-house, whose complete, snug surroundings proved its occupant to be a native of Old or New England. I found there the daughter of Lehr and her husband, with some two or three rosy children. I remained over night. It was a homely house, and a farm that needed steady work to make it profitable; but inside there were as happy faces and honest hearts as ever cheered an old traveler through life. The black eyes of the children were brilliant enough, but bore no other trace of the Zingaro blood. On questioning, I found the daughter of Lehr was aware that her father possessed the *scarabæus*,

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but supposed it to be a powerful charm, held in his tribe as an heir-loom, and of whose uses she was ignorant.

Before I close, I must tell you one incident which may throw some light on the professor's theory.

About a year ago, spending the winter vacation with Judge C——, in Kentucky, we passed a week with Dr. Bardone, one of the most enthusiastic antiquarians in the South. One evening, as we had gathered about the fire, I noticed the judge's eyes intently fixed upon a bracelet on our hostess' arm.

"A singular ornament, Mrs. Bardone," he said, at last. "Pardon an old man's curiosity, but trust me with it a moment."

She unclasped the bracelet, and gave it to him. He looked at me significantly, and I crossed the room to examine it. It was a coil of golden wire, and in the center a beetle, exquisitely fashioned out of a composition which I did not recognize: a copy, exact in the minutest point, of that of Lehr.

The judge and I exchanged looks of wonder. Dr. Bardone, glancing up from his chess-table, saw us, and came over.

"A curious bonny-dye for a lady, is it not?" he said. "My wife brought it with her from Egypt, last spring. You know that in the time of the Pharaohs a peculiar species of the *scarabæi* was worshiped by the Egyptians, on account of some occult properties it was said to possess. Images of this deity, manufactured from gold, chrysoprasus, and this composition, were rolled in the folds of linen about the embalmed bodies of the royal family. When these images are found now, in the ransacking of the catacombs, they are sold at a high price to the English and American travelers. This is one."

"The species is extinct?" I asked.

"Went out with the children of Israel," he laughed, "or about that time. There is a tradition that one or two specimens were found in the Pyramids uninjured, but it must have been ages ago."

"For what occult properties were they worshiped?" I said, after a pause.

"The judge looks as sombre as though he meant to worship that," said the old doctor, laughing. "Here, I'll read you what Liguon says about them," taking down a book from the case, and reading the description of the extinct *scarabæus dietri*, as it was called. The analysis tallied with the fetich of Lehr.

"This species," proceeded Liguon, "received divine honors from the Egyptians, being supposed by them to possess the power of restoring the dead to life, if applied in less than twelve hours after death was considered to have taken place. Whatever phenomena may have induced this superstition may be referred to the presence of a superior degree of magnetic power. Superior, probably, to that possessed by any animal of the present day."

"There may have lain a great mystery in Lehr's fetich," said Judge C——, in an undertone, gravely putting the old deity out of his touch.

"I know no greater than he himself," I answered; "than the Rommany as he is."

A MESSAGE.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

Autumn evening, fair and still,
With your diadem of stars
Peering o'er the forest hill,
Through the sunset's golden bars.

Vesper winds among the trees,
Stirring with your mystic tread
Winrows deep of yellow leaves,
Fleecy cloudrifts everhead.

Tell me—have ye caught a glimpse
Of a wanderer, strange and wild,
Yet no fay or woodland nymph,
But a little human child?

With a wealth of nut-brown hair;
Eyes of deepest hazel blue;
Little face so strongly fair,
With the soul-light shining through?

Has she wandered, in her flight,
Where your quiet haunts ye keep?
Is she far away to-night,
Lying lonely fast asleep?

Where she cannot hear my call?
Where she cannot know my fears
Of ye night-winds? She was all
I had in this world of tears!

Tiny footprints in the sand,
Finger-marks upon the wall,
Here the impress of her hand,
There her little garments all.

But she does not need them now,
Let me lay them sacred by
Brighter robes than these. I know,
She is wearing up on high!

Night winds—canst a message bear
To my darling one from me?
Bid her watch and wait me there
In a blest eternity!

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"BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MODERN CINDERELLA," "DORA'S COLD," ETC., ETC.

"THERE was not a single young man in church to-day," said Miss Belle Savage to my wife.

She spoke complainingly, as if her just dues had been withheld; and indeed, I never see a beautiful creature of her kind, a graceful, agile, polished, perfect, dangerous young coquette, without paying it that hasty deference the East Indians pay to the spotted sovereigns of the jungle, and casting about immediately among my friends and neighbors for a desirable offering that shall leave my own household gods unharmed. The pretty, sprighly feline, whom we pet and pamper at our firesides, unsheaths her velvet-covered claws and seizes her unwitting prey; her sleek and splendid sister of the woods softly steals upon the traveler and bears him away to her distant den, to be munched at her leisure; and a certain type of the adorable sex, graceful, subtle, brilliant, caressing, soothes and steals her way to the guarded avenues of your heart, and, once getting that fragile organ into her velvet hands, mangles and tears it with the barbs of steel, and leaves the bleeding remnants to go in search of a fresh victim.

So with all due deference, and not intending any personal or pointed application of the above irrelevant remarks, (my wife, Caroline, says my remarks are always irrelevant,) it seemed to me very natural that Miss Belle Savage—I think it should be written Sauvage—should feel aggrieved at the deficiencies of our locality in material for her favorite amusement, and complain of the dearth of young men, her natural victims; and I immediately began turning over in my mind the names of all the families in the neighborhood, with whom we had exchanged cards, to see if among them there could be found any desirable young person of my own sex, who would be likely to accept an invitation to come to Birdsnest Cottage and be devoured.

I was proceeding rather awkwardly to remind our fair guest, that, among the inducements held out to her to visit Birdsnest, young men were not, specified; and in default of any more suitable subject, to recommend myself, when my Caroline interrupted me, as she usually has the good sense to do, when I am about to say anything particularly silly, by observing,

"Well, certainly, Belle, I should have thought your memory would have been a little longer, and the recollection of the agreeable flirtation you began this morning might have lasted till you got home." My wife's tones were rather sharp, and her manner was slightly acid; the two young ladies had been school-friends in youth, and occasionally renewed the remembrance of those early days by playful "spats" and skirmishes. "Would you believe it, John," she added, dragging me into the conversation to my great discomfort, "that ungrateful darling had the nicest little adventure in church this morning? I would have given my eyes for it—before I was married, of course—and she takes no more account of it, I suppose, than the fact that she dropped her handkerchief."

"And did a fairy prince in disguise pick it up?" said I.

"Something very like it. Your friend, Ned Vernon, blushing like a rose."

I winced. The arrow had struck near home. My dear Vernon, my kind, brave, chivalrous young friend, the truest heart, the noblest mind, the purest soul—why, in the name of Queen Hecate, and all sorceresses and witches, must he have gone to church on this particular morning, to hear old Bishop Slocum, whom I know he detests, and to meet his fate in this superb creature, losing his heart in the meshes of her glistening lashes and the maze of her glossy hair? Why didn't he stick to the Litany and refuse to look up, as he read, "From all crafts and assaults of the devil, Good Lord deliver us!"

"Perhaps he thought it was *your* handkerchief," I suggested, feebly, addressing Caroline.

"Then he must have thought I married under a false name," retorted my wife, inexorably, "for it was written plainly enough in the corner; and I am sure he never took his eyes off the lettering, except to look at Belle's face to see if she corresponded to the title."

"And yet she didn't see him?" I said, satirically.

"How could I when he was behind me?" retorted the saucy beauty. She sat before us, swaying from side to side on the piano-stool, her gorgeous painted muslin dress, a parterre of glowing tulips and roses on a black ground,

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fluttering like a gay butterfly in the breeze, and falling away, with stiff flutings of rich black lace, from the perfect arms and neck. I don't know that I use the technical terms properly in describing her dress, Mrs. Smith always assures me that I know nothing about ladies' fashions; but I am sure I can describe her, as she sat there, fair, calm, and roseate, her clear eyes brightening, and her scarlet lips smiling with the pleasing excitement of the subject. One little careless hand (there was witchery in every taper nail and every dimpled knuckle) lay indolently pendant from the black keys, and her musing glance, beneath the drooping eyelash, followed the motion of the fairy finger, from which had lately flashed a splendid jewel, young Miras' diamond-engagement ring, now a brilliant trophy from a heart as hard. For the ring had been returned, and the lover rejected, and my prescient heart told me who next was to ascend its sacrificial steps.

My wife had gone to "fix" her hair, and we were alone. Should I stand idly by while another, and, oh! how much worthier victim, was offered up to the Moloch of her vanity on the altar of her pride? I resolved to speak.

"Miss Belle," said I, with a sickly attempt at jesting, "do you remember the old fable of the boys and the frogs, and 'What is fun to you is death to us?' May I hope you will lay aside your usual pastimes at Birdsnest?"

She looked at me steadily from under her long eyelashes, and a raven tint of color rose in her ivory cheeks; but I was not prepared for the clear, haughty tone in which at last she spoke,

"Will you please explain your meaning?"

"Simply this," I answered, with the energy of desperation. "My friend's heart is too noble to be idly won, too true to be lightly cast away, like those I have seen you trifle with—forgive me, my dear Miss Belle—in the city. There I own your triumphs deserved, your warfare just; but this is not a foe worthy of your steel, an ardent, generous, enthusiastic boy, with a soul *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, like that of the Chevalier Bayard, and a heart that provokes because it knows not evil."

"And what is this to me? What do you ask of me?" she demanded, in low, uneven tones.

"Not to break this noble heart; not to embitter this generous temper; not to blight his fresh, young life, and darken his brilliant future; not to destroy his grand ideal of womanhood, and use the power of beauty and fascination God gives you, to torture one of the noblest creatures he has formed!"

Hearing Mrs. Smith's footsteps approaching, I retreated, without waiting for an answer, sure that, with my usual discrimination, I had said exactly the wrong thing; and deriving little comfort from the reflection, so dear to well-meaning persons, that I had been "trying to do my duty," and was suffering in its cause.

Of course this ill-judged interference only precipated matters, as such attempts are always sure to do; for when, on that very evening, Ned Vernon, looking even more handsome and elegant than usual, walked up "to consult me," as he said, on some trifling point of law that his clear brain could have settled, unaided, in five minutes, and I reluctantly presented our beautiful visitor, who had made her toilet on purpese, entering our secluded "smoking-piazza" in triumph with my wife, just as I had made their excuses; Miss Savage, shining clear and fair from the mist of her snowy draperies, as the moon from veiling clouds, dawned on his sight a goddess, and reigned in his heart a queen, to fill and bless its waiting throne at once.

Poor boy! how he loved her! Sometimes railing at me, for my impertinent interference, sometimes at himself, for his preposterous folly, again at her inaccessible beauty and bewitching reserve. For Belle, in revenge for my advice, had entrenched herself in that factitious armor of coldness and indifference which appealed most surely to his pride and love, to his strong will and gallant courage, and dealt out shafts of icy hauteur that pierced his heart more surely than the most tender acts of kindness could have done, wounding and winning it every day. He laid aside the claims of his profession, to which, for years, he had been so devoted, and spent day after day of that sunny summer in the not less engrossing pursuit of winning a woman's heart. Wholly unskilled in this new science, his past experience of life and study availed him little now; and he entered on the laborious task Belle had set him, ignorant of its difficulties, but with a patience, sweetness, and humility that would have won any other woman at once. His strong, manly intellect was brought within the petty scope of hers; his brilliant talents were displayed for her pleasure as jewels are laid within the grasp of a spoiled child, unconscious of the treasures it toys and trifles with and idly flings away; his dominant, firm will, which I had never before seen subdued by fate, or fortune, or mortal power, bent like a ductile reed in her hands, and all the passion and pride of his nature were subject to her despotic sway. It was his

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first experience of the *grande passion*, and, like a ship without compass or pilot, he floated serenely on the smooth, treacherous sea of her favor, or tossed helplessly at the mercy of every tempest that rose in the sky. Carrie pitied him, and thought it hard that he should be sacrificed to the vanity of her cold-hearted friend; but she dared not interfere, and I had found my counsel and advice but cavalierly received, and stood aloof, contenting myself with such occasional sarcasms and severities upon Miss Belle and her prey as I could not avoid, and gaining little favor from both. Time, wearing on, made my representations the more improbable, as her wounded self-love and vanity were comforted by the earnestness and ardor of his pursuit; and her innocence, in this affair, at least, completely vindicated to heretical eyes like mine. It was evident that Mr. Vernon's delusion was no fault of hers, and, this fact once fairly established, the chilling reserve of her manner disappeared like a dream, and a softer and sweeter sentiment took its place, greatly to the comfort of all. Our spirits rose to "concert pitch" again, and gayety and good-humor ruled in the family councils. Pleasure-parties were projected and carried out; little schemes of amusement occupied our vacant minds; we went sailing, rowing, riding, driving, and walking; we had strolls by moonlight, music on the river, pic-nics in the woods; and, but for the haunting anxiety, continually postponed to an uncertain future, that sometimes oppressed three, at least, of the merry quartette, never was a gayer summer spent by four happier people.

I am bound to say that Miss Belle's conduct was perfect, and that, after the memorable change noted above, nothing but our previous knowledge of her character proved her a coquette. No school-girl, just from Corinne and Mrs. Hemans, could have seemed more artlessly tender and impassioned, more innocent and sincere. Ever varying but ever true, by turns a goddess and a child, a thoughtful woman and a happy girl, she was always beautiful, lovable, and loved. At times I almost shared in Vernon's infatuation and believed her in earnest, finding thereby a charm in the sunny days we were spending, when the happiness of the two lovers recalled our own courtship, and restored us to the land of romance and enchantment in which they seemed to wander. Careless and gay as the birds and butterflies that loved and lived in the same sweet atmosphere, the two friends basked in the blissful sunshine, and floated through the idle happiness of the day; and we, admiring and unresisting, followed where they led. Whether we rode, and Belle, brilliant and majestic in her black habit and plumed hat, kept her graceful seat like a princess and emulated Vernon's perfect horsemanship; or whether we walked, she loitering on his arm through bloomy fields and fragrant lanes, talking in the sweetest, lowest cadence, romance suited to the place, and to the time; or whether we rowed out on the river, dipping white hands in the wake of the little boat, and shading dazzled eyes that spoke too plainly by the light of stars, joining with trembling voices in the refrain of the serenade; or whether we fished and flirted in the bright sunny morning, gay, saucy, and indifferent, the sunbeams glittering in the netted gold of her hair, lighting up her brilliant eyes, and flushing to deeper hue the coral of her lips and cheeks, while she held the quivering prey in her gentle grasp, and watched its unavailing struggle to escape from the tender mercies of her soft, white hands; whatever we did, Belle seemed natural, sincere, and loving.

Matters were in this pleasing state, when old Mr. Mills from the city, who had been Vernon's faithful friend, and was adopted by us as uncle and general guardian, having helped us all many times in many ways, came out to pass a day with us, and find what had become of his young *protege*, whose letters had almost ceased since his acquaintance with Belle began. Mr. Mills was a Friend and an old bachelor; in both capacities he disapproved of the gay coquette; and moreover, carried a life long wound in the kind heart that beat under his drab waistcoat, received from just such a fair and careless hand, thirty years before. He knew her well by sight and reputation, and his keen eyes lightened upon her from under his gray eyebrows, as he sat opposite her at our little dinner-table, and saw how her eyes drew Vernon as a load-stone draws steel.

"Thee finds it very pleasant here, I believe?" he said to Belle, in his harsh voice.

She started and colored guiltily, more at the look he gave her, than at the words accompanying it; but instantly recovering composure, responded with graceful indifference,

"Very pleasant, sir; my friends are most kind. I have passed the time delightfully."

"They have given thee their prettiest plaything to amuse thee?" he continued, glancing at the ardent boy.

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Thee will soon return to the city, perhaps?"

"Very soon, sir. I have many engagements to fulfill there."

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"Thee has left many unfulfilled. Young Amory is expecting thee, his house is nearly ready for his bride; he believes that thee will abide in it."

Belle flushed and paled, but was speechless in her anger. The relentless old man went on quite coolly.

"John Midas is buying magnificent jewels; report says they are for thy wearing. Two of thy lovers have sailed away to Europe last week to forget thee; the rest await thy return. Thee had better go!"

"What does this mean?" cried Vernon, starting up as Belle began to sob and tremble in her chair, and I stood aghast at the scene at my quiet dinner-table.

"It means," said Carrie, interposing with cool presence of mind, "that uncle will say disagreeable things; but he musn't do it at my friend's expense, or before me. Mr. Vernon, don't notice it!" she continued, in a private whisper. "Belle, dear, it isn't your fault that you are pretty; and we all know that the old bachelors try to avenge the wrongs of the young ones."

Silence and tranquillity being thus restored, the irate Friend remained quiet while he devoured his dessert, and then led the attack again.

"What does thee do to amuse theeself?" he demanded.

"We walk," said Carrie, laconically speaking for her friend, "and fish."

"With diamond baits, and pretty arts, and silken nets, eh! my dear?" said the irrepressible old gentleman. "I've seen such things before, and felt them, too. There's no wickeder or more cruel amusement in God's world, than that which inflicts suffering and pain on the creatures he has made."

Nobody answered this protest, and, when the ladies had left us, Mr. Mills turned suddenly about, on his young friend, and made his application.

"Does thee not see that she is playing with thee, eh! boy?"

The young man turned very pale, then his handsome face flushed deeply. He rose up, and went and leaned against the mantle, looking moodily down.

"I heard what she was doing," his mentor continued. "I knew what she could do. I came to try and save thee, if I can."

"From what, sir?"

"From misery thee knows nothing about," said the old gentleman, with tears on his frosty eyelashes. "From having thy heart torn and trampled by a heartless woman. From beginning the world broken in spirit and in hope as I did, by some fair Delilah of a girl, who forgets thee as soon as she has won away thy happiness and peace. I tell thee I have felt it all before."

"You mistake her, sir," returned Edward, in a low, earnest voice; "you do her great injustice in your opinion of her."

"I know her well," the Friend retorted, "better than thee can do. I know her ways and her class. I advise thee to leave this at once, unless she goes very soon. John, canst thee not make her quit thy house and return to her friends? She is too gay and wealthy for thy small means at best."

"I cannot send away a guest," said I. "And whatever may be my opinion of Belle's character for coquetry or insincerity, I will not prefer those charges against her under the shelter of my own house, or again allow any one else to insult her by doing so."

"Thee has a fine spirit, nephew John, and thee is right. I will not again become the girl's accuser. But, for my boy here, I want to save him from her arts, if I can. What does thee say, Edward?"

"I believe her to be sincere," said the young man, low and tenderly. "I believe that she loves me, and is true."

"Foolish and blind! A score in yonder city believe as much, only they will suffer less from the pretty cheat, because they have less to lose. But thee, who hast heart, and mind, and soul, and sense, far, far beyond this butterfly's desert, will throw them all down idly at her feet, and despise the guardian who loved thee before she ever came in thy way!"

"I do love you, sir," said Edward, with tears in his beautiful eyes, "I do respect your advice; you have been my best friend in the world to this hour. But if you knew how deeply my heart was involved in this——"

"I *do* know," said the old man, with a groan.

"You would not ask me to throw away my only hope of happiness in life till I had proved it false. Leave me alone to ask her if she cares for me; let me be free to find if I am beloved or deceived, and I promise you then to do everything you wish, except to give her up if she is in earnest. If not, and you are right in your estimate of her character, nothing can wound or pain me further, and I will go or stay, live or die, as it please heaven and you; but I must know this first."

So after long argument and confused noise of battle, ending as it began, with Vernon's immovable decision, from the pain of which his

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old friend would have spared him if he could. Friend Ira Mills took the late train for the city, Vernon went silently and slowly home, and I returned to my Carrie, to inform her that a new and thrilling drama, which we hoped might be a version of "All's Well That Ends Well," or, at least, "Much Ado About Nothing," was to be enacted at Birdsnest Cottage, and that she and I, though not principal characters, were to play a part by no means subordinate, and be eaves-droppers like Benedick and Beatrice, but with less stake in the result. Carrie was less willing to play her part than I had expected, (are women more honorable than we have been used to think them, I wonder?) even though the happiness of both her friends was the reward of success, and the plot and plan mine, whom she was vowed to obey and believe infallible. "It was such nonsense, and cruel besides," she said, remorsefully, going to look at the unconscious Belle, who lay on the sofa in her dressing-room, where she had cried herself to sleep with tears on the curved points of her long eyelashes, and her sweet lips sighing even in dreams. In spite of my own belief in the ephemeral nature of her emotions, I felt some of Carrie's misgivings; and, during her slumber, profound and deep as that of the Enchanted Beauty, we went softly and guiltily about the house, and sat, conspirator-like, talking in whispers in the quiet parlor when Vernon joined us.

At twilight she descended, gay as a bird and brilliant as a star, dressed with even more than usual taste and skill in some floating, fleecy robe of lucent white, with ribbon bows and streamers of faint rosy shades on waist, and breast, and rounded arms. She was evidently dressed actress-like for the "occasion," which we all knew was now impending, and I looked at my young hero to see how he bore it. He was very pale, and his beautiful eyes followed hers with an expression of admiring doubt, which all her skill could hardly read, though she did her best to dispel it. She sang and played for us, her fairy hands lightly lying on the keys, as her ravishing voice rose and sank in Italian arias, German romances, and Spanish madrigals, softly passing at last to the old-fashioned English ballads we all love best, thrilling, quaint, and sweet; and here she seemed to forget our presence entirely, and with her golden head bent, her confessing eyes drooped before her lover's steadfast, inquiring gaze, murmured the melodies of the dear old words that have set so many hearts at rest. Then came "Allan Percy," and the "Long, Long Weary Day," and as she sung—

Alas! if land or sea
Had parted him from me,
I should not now sad tears be weeping."

Mrs. Smith and I rose softly and disappeared from the room, quite unnoticed; and soon afterward the enamored pair, crossing the sheet of moonlight that lay before the glass doors, followed us, sauntering up and down the chestnut avenue in front of the house, and, pausing at last before a row of rustic pillars, whose bases were of turf, and whose capital were roses, to remark on the beauty of the night.

"I wonder what has become of Mr. and Mrs. Smith," said the vibrant voice of Belle, but with some soft and sweet change, as I fancied, in its silver tones.

"They are not far off, I imagine," was her companion's reply.

Nor were we; for close against the luxuriant screen of roses, like a snake in the grass, I lay *perdu*, a reluctant, but intentional listener; and behind two spreading lilac bushes stood my wife, her head bent down, her arch eyes lifted, her warning finger held up to me, like a very statue of eaves-dropping, both eagerly waiting for the words that were to break the charmed stillness around us, the only words whose utterance would not desecrate the beauty of the hour and the scene. Before us nestled the little fanciful cottage, with its tiny minarets, and lattices, and balconies, its curving roofs and wide verandahs, built in a sort of barbaric style, that was as much Moorish as anything; and quite incongruously, but picturesquely surrounded by the chestnuts, pines, and hardy creepers of our colder climate; behind us lay the sloping velvet lawn, bathed in a flood of silvery splendor, that transformed my stiff little summer-house into a fairy temple, and my wife's prim flower-beds to enchanted gardens, whereof the white blossoms reflected, and the red absorbed the lustre in which they lay. Interested, however, in nearer issues, we turned from the exquisite landscape to the trembling lovers near us, and waited for the spell of silence to be broken, by the dear old story that some human lips have been telling and answering every hour since the world began.

It came at last, and since Adam first whispered it to Eve, in the lovely solitude and stillness of Paradise, I think no voice could ever have repeated it in words so simple and sweet, in tones so courageous and so sad, that yet never faltered in the telling. My wife privily put her handkerchief to her eyes, and I stood abashed and self convicted, unworthy of success in my own wooings before love so deep and unselfish, affection so tender and true. How

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dared I, or any man of my stamp, ask and receive the heart of any innocent and loving girl, while this godlike nature wasted love and trust on a shallow and superficial shrine? I saw his handsome face, stern and pale in the moonlight, turn anxiously toward his fair companion as he ceased, and I certainly expected that the answer she faltered forth would unbend its fixed rigidity, soften its sculpturesque beauty; but I should never have anticipated the new form which coquetry took in the shape of Belle, as all trembling, flushing, weeping, she clung to her lover, and, with her beautiful face hidden against his own, sobbed out broken confessions, and made sweet promises, in a way that he must have been more than mortal to resist. The marble firmness of his face relaxed and glowed with happiness: he took the sweet deceiver to his heart and impressed the seal of forgiveness on her pretty, penitent lips. Mrs. Smith's surprised eyes met mine, as the rapt pair went slowly down the walk, and she watched their mutual—yes, mutual—tenderness at parting with new and eager curiosity. A few moments later, the triumphant lover, with the steps of a conqueror, strode away from the little gate, and Belle floated past us, soft and slow, on her way to her own room; while Mrs. Smith and myself, after an elaborate stroll around the garden, locked the outer doors of Birdsnest Cottage and retired for the night.

The next morning our fair guest appeared rather subdued and quiet, and watched all day restlessly for a visitor who never came. Toward evening, however, he presented himself, pale and grim, at an unconscionably early hour, while we were sitting down to tea in fact, and, meeting Belle in the hall, op[illegible]kissed her on the cheek, like a husband of several years standing, to the boundless astonishment of Biddy bringing in the tray. She received it quietly enough with a soft blush and a pretty air of submission; but the little phrases of proper indignation and rebuke, that she had begun, died unfinished on her lips, as she caught sight of his stern, determined face; and, half-bewildered and wholly frightened, she tried to withdraw her hand from the strong grasp in which he held it and brought her to us.

"This lady is my promised wife," said he, loudly. "Tell them so, Belle."

"Last night——" began Belle, in faint explanation, as she tried to droop her blushing face.

"Say whether it is the truth or not," he repeated, in tones of stern command, "that you promised to marry me last night?"

"Yes, I did," said she, desperately; "but—"

"You hear this young lady, Biddy?"

"Sure, sir, I do."

"And you understand that she then consented of her own free will to marry me?"

"Yes, sir; but——"

"I heard her last night," said my wife, composedly.

"And I also," said I, feebly supporting Mrs. Smith.

Belle lifted her drooping head proudly, and shot glances of fire at us. What did all this mean?

"Three very good witnesses," said the poor boy, magisterially, "absolutely invincible in a court of justice. On this hand," he continued, holding out the soft, little member, with a grim smile, "she wears a ring which I placed there in token of the bond or covenant of marriage between us. Your coachman, John, saw and heard me buy it with that intention. Is it so, John?"

"Yes, sur," responded the gruff tones of the invisible John.

"Another good and credible attestation," resumed Vernon, "and a proof that this ring was given and received in token of said compact between us. I summon you all as my witnesses, when needed, to repeat what you have said. Miss Belle," he added, turning on her a severe and searching gaze, beneath which her angry glance fell, "I have heard of many suitors whom you have at first accepted and afterward jilted and rejected; of bonds and rings worn awhile, then cast away; of vows made to be broken, promises never meant to be kept; of hearts first bent, then broken. But mine you will find of less malleable stuff, and I will not submit without a struggle to the fate of my predecessors. I now hold you to your solemn promise made in the presence of lawful witnesses, which renders you *de facto* and *de jure* my betrothed wife, and demand of you present acknowledgment and immediate fulfillment of that promise and of all your obligations to me, or offer you as the alternative the public arbitrament of my claims in a court of justice and a suit for breach of promise of marriage!"

He bowed to us all round, carried Belle's captive hand to his lips, relinquished it, and walked out of the house, followed by my wife's admiring glances.

His *fiancee* (by compulsion) turned on us like a tigress as he disappeared.

"This is your friendship!" she cried, fiercely, to Carrie, and "this your revenge, sir," to me. "I thank you both, and will remember the humiliation you have been the means of procuring

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me, as long as I live. I will neither eat nor sleep again under your roof, and shall leave it by the earliest morning train. I would quit it this instant, but for the additional publicity and disgrace. Oh! Carrie, how could you strike me such a blow?"

Trembling, weeping, and unnerved, but proud still, the stately Belle swept out of the room; my sympathetic wife, sobbing remorsefully, followed her; Biddy, with her apron to her eyes, withdrew to the back kitchen; and I, left alone, proceeded to fulfill my harder task of comforting the author of all this woe.

I found him distractedly pacing up and down after the manner of excited lovers, in a remote part of the garden, and accusing himself of every crime known on the docket of a grand-jury. When I had argued him out of these hallucinations in respect to himself, he fell fiercely upon me, and proceeded to charge me with enormities which never dawned upon the modest ambition of John Smith; and when I had with some difficulty cleared myself from the guilt of these allegations, I had to listen to a rhapsody in behalf of Belle, whose character was depicted in such angelic colors as would have astonished even her, whose vanity I know to be boundless, and whose appetite for flattery has been largely gratified. Having spent the short summer night in these agreeable diversions, he grew calmer toward dawn, and we returned to the house, where I ensconced my victim in the cheerful company of some bottled adders, in the inner sanctum of my study, which is, in fact, a cabinet of natural curiosities and specimens of entomology, anatomy, zoology, etc., whose horrors my wife conceals with a set of red curtains—and, with his last solemn charge, "Smith, you've ruined me," gloomily sounding in my ears, went to inquire after my visitor.

Miss Savage was savage indeed; she had spent the night in pacing up and down her room like a wounded tigress, and had just called her maid and set her to packing her trunks. She sent down word that she should like to bid me good by in the library, but utterly refused all intercourse with the heart-broken Carrie, who, being the most innocent of the parties implicated in the plot, was held most responsible for it, as is the way of the world. Having essayed in vain to comfort her in her disgrace, I left her accusing me of it all, and returned to my library to await the injured Belle.

In the gray of the morning she came, pale, worn, dejected, and wretched; a single night of watching and grief, the first she had ever known, had worked a startling change in her brilliant face. I softly closed the door behind her, and mutely offered a chair, which she was obliged to accept, for she was shaking like a leaf and could hardly stand.

"Mr. Smith," she said, steadying her trembling voice, "was this well done?"

"Was it ill done?" said I.

"It was," she cried, passionately; "you know it was. You and Carrie were the friends of years. Even if I deserved such humiliation, was it for your hand to strike the blow?"

"Was it mine that did strike?" I persisted.

She colored all over, her pale face glowed crimson from chin to forehead, and she hid it instinctively in her hands. I was struck with a new idea and boldly seized upon it.

"After all, my dear Miss Belle," said I, lightly and argumentatively, in pursuance of my experiment, "you cannot assume to regard my wife's share and my own in this absurd affair as anything but a foolish, practical joke. As such I assure you we considered it when we engaged in it: and if you can forgive the annoyance caused you, it will always be a source of gratulation to us, as we thereby discovered and exposed the real character of my friend Vernon."

"How?" she asked, in muffled tones, for her face was still hidden.

"His mercenary attempt on your hand," I gravely declared, "by which, of course, he intended to secure a share of your fortune in either case. He is a poor lawyer, and money tempts such men, you know."

"It was not his temptation," she quickly rejoined, "for except through you, he could have no knowledge of my antecedents. I do not do you the injustice to suppose that you would be, knowingly, engaged in such a plot, and, unless you betrayed the fact of my fortune, there could be none."

I truly averred that I had not done so.

"Mr. Smith," said she, raising her sweet, serious face with a look of evident relief, "won't you be my friend? If I forgive your share in the pain and mortification I have suffered, and which I confess is deserved, won't you advise me what to do? Remember, I am an orphan, I have no real friends—I never meant to do wrong, but vanity led me astray, and I was not taught any better."

"Well!" said I, much moved by this frank confession.

"What shall I do? Ought I—should I submit to such demands?"

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"Certainly not," I rejoined, promptly. "Give the fellow five hundred dollars and let him go."

"But——" she stammered, blushing deepest pink again, "do you think that would compensate him?"

"Whatever you please then," said I, musingly. "Of course it must be compromised somehow."

"Yes," said she, eagerly.

"And no doubt you would rather give a thousand dollars than——"

"It's not the money!" she cried, springing up with a gesture of impatience. "He might have it all, and welcome; I have often wished he had; and should be glad of any way to help him, poor struggling fellow!" I saw the red curtains of the cabinet move, and shook my fist at them privately to be still. "But is there no other way, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes," said I, "one other."

"And would you—have you ever known people submit to it?"

"Plenty of times!"

Dead silence fell between us for awhile. "What is it?" she at last whispered, under her breath.

"Why, you might give him your whole fortune."

She turned to me, half-crying, half-laughing, pretty and petulant, but with great earnestness and impatience, and said, "I told you once before that he should have it in any case."

"Commend me to the tender mercies of the wicked!" I cried then. "You, my cruel coquette, who so torment and trifle with your lovers and friends, are the most placable of enemies, and the most Christian of foes. What! you would give your whole fortune to a man," raising my voice for the benefit of the red curtains, "who has humiliated, mortified, and deceived you?"

"I deserved it," she murmured. "I had done it before to others——"

——"And threatened you with public disgrace, and ruin, or an alternative——"

——"I am going to take it," she faintly declared——

——"Which, of course, you scorn and despise?"

"No, I don't despise him!"

"Not despise him? What! Not despise such a selfish, heartless, mercenary, unfeeling——"

"He is *not!*" she passionately cried; "and you should be ashamed, Mr. Smith, so to traduce your friend, while I, who have every reason to hate him, am obliged to defend him against your aspersions."

"Well, why don't you hate him then?" I proposed, maliciously.

A long silence followed, during which the red curtains of my museum quivered with great violence and seemed about to fly asunder.

"Ah! why not?" I persisted.

"Because, Mr. Smith, ('stupid!' under her breath,) because I happen to love him!"

A rush and a smash in the inner room, and I hastened to the rescue of a large glass jar of green snakes, which lay scattered upon the carpet, regardless of our excited lover flying past me, and of everything but the alcoholic fumes assailing my nose, and the bits of broken glass that set my hands bleeding. When at length I emerged, injured and innocent, from my profaned sanctuary, Belle was leaning, rosy and happy, against the broad shoulder of her enemy, and looking up into his softened and agitated face, with eyes full of tears and pride.

"Well, what has become of my two litigants in the threatened breach of promise case?" inquired I, carefully setting my plate, full of recovered snakes, on the table. "Where's the implacable plaintiff, the Shylock who wanted his bond, the brigand of a lover, who literally demanded your money or your life?"

"Here!" said Vernon, whose handsome face was illuminated with the morning sunshine, and with a dearer glow. "If the devotion of a life can win your pardon, Belle!"

"And where's the ferocious defendant, the cruel coquette, the man-slayer, the destroyer of your peace, Vernon?" I pursued.

"Here!" said Belle, softly laying her pretty left hand in her lover's; "and this is the only ring I'll ever wear, believe me!"

"The court ought to begin," said I. "*Oyes, oyes!* Where's the crier?"

"Here!" said poor Carrie, putting in her tear-stained face at the door, and receiving ample satisfaction therefor.

"And as I am both judge and advocate," said her husband, "I report the case settled by amicable adjustment of a compromise between the contending parties, and adjourn the court for breakfast."

People in Belle's circle in the city, when they received cards and cake, and went about gossiping over it, wondered exceedingly how Belle Savage, with all her advantages, and all her conquests, could ever be content to settle in that horrid place, with no society but those two stupid Smiths, and a poor young lawyer for a husband; when she might have done, as all the world knows, so much better!

But that was long ago, and many things have since occurred to give the "sacrifice" quite a different aspect. Friend Ira Mills, who has

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long since been reconciled to Vernon's lovely and loving wife, has declared his intention of devising his whole fortune between them and my wife; and as the sum is sufficiently large to raise even the stupid Smiths to a high pitch of popularity, what will it not do for the handsome Vernons? Then the "poor young lawyer" is a judge now, and an honorable; for he took his seat in Congress during the brilliant session of the winter before last, and his beautiful and fascinating wife was greatly admired among the critics of the capital. The French ambassador termed her *la belle des belles*, and compared her to the imperial Eugenie. The Spanish envoy employed all the prettiest epithets of his musical mother-tongue in describing her charms; and the stolid nobleman, who represents England at our republican court, is said to have pronounced, with enthusiasm unbecoming a Briton, that she is the most perfect specimen of the American woman he has yet seen. But with such admiration Belle's vanity would not now be satisfied without the sweeter incense of her husband's love and praise. Her beauty, her talents, her fortune, and her life, are all devoted to his service; and, if so, they aid and honor him. She is content; for thus she keeps his heart, and strives no more to win the hearts of others.

Mrs. Smith and myself are well.

LINES.

BY BERTHA BERTON.

Could I be thy guardian angel,
Ever shield thine onward way,
Draw aside the veil between us,
Listen to the words you say!

If I could be only with thee,
Still unseen, yet ever near;
When the Heavens are dark above thee,
I would whisper words of cheer.

I would soothe thy troubled spirit
With the words of hope and love,
Gently guide thy faltering footsteps
To the way that leads above.

Ay, I'd whisper words of comfort,
And, if it might only be,
I would lead thee to our Saviour—
He is calling now to thee.

Tempted still? Ah! I would whisper
Of the only sure relief,
When thy way is rough or thorny,
And thy heart is bowed with grief.

When the clouds are black above thee,
And thy cherished treasures flown;
When thou gropest in the darkness,
Weary, sorrowful, alone—

Then, unseen, I'd linger near thee,
With some holy word, and true;
Point thee to a life immortal,
Just unfolding to thy view.

Yet I may not. Thou must wander
All life's tangled pathway o'er,
With thy feet all torn and bleeding,
Till thou reach death's dreary shore.

Then, oh! then may life immortal
Be to thee a passport given!
Wafted o'er death's chilling waters,
Thou shalt find thy rest in Heaven.

IN AUTUMN.

BY FITZ JAMES MACKAY.

In storms the dreary day closes,
All hushed is the twittering glee
Of the swallows that sang for me,
And hushed is the oriole's song;
For Summer hath gone with her roses,
And Autumn comes trailing along—
O'er the tomb where the lily reposes,
Sad Autumn comes trailing along!

But alas! the Summer hath taken
Not only the roses gay,
Not only the swallows away,
Not only the oriole's lay—
But hath left me entirely forsaken,
Having taken afar to her home
My darling, who will not awaken,
When Nature no longer is dumb.
I knew it would be in Autumn—
Alas! that Autumn should come!

Let the lily not murmur that sleepeth
Far down in the cold, dreary earth;
For it hath, in waiting, a birth
To beauty and Spring-time mirth:
But the heart of the poet that weepeth
For her that is fairer far
Than the roses and lilies are,
A watch that is endless keepeth—
Like the watch of a lonely star.

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MY THANKSGIVING DINNER.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

A PROCLAMATION had been issued, by the governors of various states, that "Thursday, the twenty-fifth of November, be observed as a day of general Thanksgiving;" and people with no houses of their own, myself among the number, began to look about envyingly at their friends who were differently situated, and shrink with distaste from spending the approaching holiday in a boarding-house.

It was a pleasant house of the kind where I was domiciled—a sort of private family, who took a boarder or two out of benevolence, and really made them comfortable; but still it was a boarding-house, and I resolved, if possible, to spend Thanksgiving Day elsewhere. I had a number of friends in the city, with several of whom I was upon familiar terms; and, as I owed many of them visits, I concluded to pay them that morning, in the hope of receiving an invitation to eat my Thanksgiving Dinner in one of the comfortable mansions that now seemed more comfortable than ever.

I took pains with my toilet; I put on my rich, brown silk, (people are not pleased with shabby visitors,) my handsome velvet mantilla, and bonnet of the same material—both of which had done me good service for many seasons past—and, thus presenting a very good appearance for a maiden lady of limited means, I sallied forth upon my mission.

I bent my steps first to Mrs. Vendermeer's, for her house suited me best: and people who have nothing themselves are often very particular. The situation was delightful, the house very spacious and imposing, and the furniture, although rich, had a used look that banished the appearance of stiffness which spoils so many drawing-rooms. Mrs. Vendermeer, herself, was a particularly pleasant, chatty kind of woman, who took everything easily, and never appeared ruffled by the most untoward circumstances. There was a large, cheerful family—and, at holiday times, a large family is so pleasant—and, altogether, it appeared to me the most desirable place to select for my Thanksgiving visit.

The last time I was there, I had spent the day, and cheerfully employed all the hours of my visit in the manufacture of some roses, that were considered particularly natural-looking, for the adornment of Miss Lizzie's dress that was to be worn at a ball in the evening. Lizzie was her mother's pride and joy, and Mrs. Vendermeer's gratitude for the result of my labor was enthusiastic. Money was not scarce with the Vendermeers; but, as my agreeable friend observed, "It was just as well to save a gardenfull of French flowers when you could"—and my roses were pronounced "so natural-looking!" and "such a trifling expense!"

I was warmly urged to repeat my visit very soon, and always to spend the day when I came. Of course, I would be invited there for next Thursday, and I considered it quite a bright idea to call there now.

I was kept waiting in the drawing-room, instead of being invited at once up stairs; but finally Mrs. Vendermeer appeared, flushed with pleasant excitement, and wearing a picturesque crimson shawl thrown over her shabby dress.

"Don't look at me!" was her first exclamation. "I am a perfect sight, this morning, having put on this old dress so that I need not be afraid of spoiling it. I cannot tell you what places I have been in to-day! Unexplored corners of the house that have not been visited for weeks, in the hope of fishing up unknown stores of bedding, and the thousand and one things that are needed for an unexpected inundation of visitors. Such a Thanksgiving as we expect to have! I told Mr. Vendermeer, last evening, that my Thanksgiving would come the day after, when they had all departed."

Mrs. Vendermeer had rattled on without cessation, but here she paused to take breath; and I ventured to inquire who was expected.

"Ask me who is not expected," she replied, with a merry laugh, "and I can answer you better. Almost every one seems to have taken it into his or her head to spend Thanksgiving with us. Some young friends of Lizzie's, at whose house she had a very pleasant visit, last winter, are coming—Dick returns from college, and brings a friend or two with him—Mr. Vendermeer's mother and sister—and one or two cousins of mine—and I really cannot imagine where we are to put them all. I am very glad to have them, of course; but I often think it strange that our house is so very popular."

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It was anything but "strange," I thought, with an inward sigh; for the aspect of affairs was certainly discouraging. Mrs. Vendermeer expatiated gaily upon the pleasure they all anticipated in being together; and Lizzie, who passed through the room for a moment, was also in a flutter of delight. All this was very pleasant, to be sure, for those concerned; but I appreciated it with the same feeling with which hungry little boys inhale, from the street, the odor of savory viands that are being prepared for some rich man's table.

No one seemed to think of asking me to take off my things; but when I rose to go, Mrs. Vendermeer declared that I must come and spend a day with them when Thanksgiving was over, and they had had time to breathe—I could not go anywhere where I was more appreciated than there. She had been holding my hand, and gave it an affectionate squeeze at these words, so that, notwithstanding a feeling of emptiness, I was obliged to depart with the conviction that Mrs. Vendermeer was a very pleasant woman.

Where should I go next? Mrs. Dellerby was not likely to be overwhelmed with company, as she had several young children, none of whom were old enough to bring home friends from college, or fill the house with a pack of girls; so I rang the bell there with a feeling of having come to anchor.

"Just in the very nick of time!" exclaimed the young mother, as I entered the nursery, "by particular request." "I am so glad to see you!" And her face beamed with an hospitable smile, in which I read the warmest kind of an invitation for Thanksgiving Day. After all, it is pleasant to go where one is so cordially welcomed, if the attractions are not so great as in some other places.

"Are you going away on Thanksgiving Day?" inquired the oldest girl.

"The very thing I want to talk about!" exclaimed Mrs. Dellerby; and I thought she was going to add: "Now, I will take no denial; you must certainly come here and help us eat our Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Are you going to danpa's for Thanksgiving?" shouted a boy, who had scarcely emerged from his petticoat chrysalis. "I am! And so's Sally, and Dotophine, and ma, and baby!"

"These silly children," said Mrs. Dellerby—with a smile that plainly asked, "Are they not cherubs?"—"have persuaded me to go to grandfather's for Thanksgiving; and grandfather is just as crazy to have us come. After all, I think it is the true way to spend Thanksgiving; for my father has a capacious country-house: more comfortable than a farm-house, and yet countrified enough to be a delightful change from the city. All his children and grandchildren are to be there—a sufficient party of themselves—and I expect to enjoy a real old country Thanksgiving. In the morning, the closely-packed drive to church—the warm greeting from old acquaintances, and the pleasure of seeing their familiar faces again, genial with the feelings peculiar to such seasons—then home again to dinner, where every one's capacity for eating is taxed to its fullest extent—the great, open fire-place, with its roaring blaze of hickory logs—and the evening game of blindman's-buff, in which they all join, from the oldest to the youngest. I really believe that I look forward to it with as much pleasure as the children do."

The expression of her face, as she rapidly spread this Barmecide feast, piling on the agony without a single twinge of remorse, fully corroborated the closing remark; and again I was hopelessly cut adrift from my moorings and put to sea. The vivid picture, so faithfully drawn by my enthusiastic friend, brought to me the recollection that this was exactly the kind of Thanksgiving that, to use a homely phrase, I hankered after, and it saddened me with its very brightness.

The boy who had given me the unwelcome information, began, in an ecstasy, to train a chair in the way it wouldn't go, to demonstrate to me how they were to get to "danpa's;" and "Sally" informed me that they were all to wear their new dresses, and "ma" was in such a hurry that she had cut them out wrong.

"I could not wait for the dress-maker," said Mrs. Dellerby, laughing, "and I am sure that you can give me one or two ideas; you are the very person I was wishing to see."

I was warmly urged to take off my things, in which case I should have been expected to go regularly to work; but I confined myself to a few necessary directions, and an assurance that the dresses would do very well. Mrs. Dellerby was fully acquainted with my talent in this respect, and it was probably some such recollection that induced her to say:

"What a stranger you have been lately! Do come, after Thanksgiving, and spend a day or two with us; you know we are always glad to see you. Where are you going to spend Thanksgiving Day?"

"I have not yet decided," was my reply, as though invitations were pouring in upon me from all quarters.

"Excuse me for not coming down with you,"

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said Mrs. Dellerby, as I took my departure. "Wherever you are, I hope you will enjoy yourself as much as we shall."

The whole family were lavish of smiles, for which I felt savagely disposed to make faces in return. One comfort, though, remained to me: even *two* swallows do not make a summer. My list of friends was by no means exhausted yet, and all of them could not be expecting company, or going away themselves. Still, an unpromising beginning rather takes the stiffening out of one, and it was with a much less assured feeling of welcome that I rang the bell at No. 3.

This same No. 3 had always been an object of rather covetous admiration with me. I felt that here, if anywhere, I could find my proper "spear." The name of "Naxett" was on the bell-pull, which represented two Misses Naxett, spinsters—and one Mr. Naxett, bachelor—sisters and brother, who lived together in such delightful comfort that it always made my mouth water to look at them. To be sure, I could have selected a livelier household, one that suited my temperament better; for everything here was done by rule and compass. But I was quite willing, under the circumstances, to make a fourth in their Thanksgiving Dinner, and I thought it certain that here, at least, I would not meet with disappointment.

It was not encouraging, though, when I entered, to see the parlor furniture at sixes and sevens, and the parlor carpet being put through a course of tea-leaves; nor was the aspect of Miss Naxett, as she emerged from the further end of this confusion, what might be termed hospitable. She had no hoops on, which always gives a woman a terribly business-like air, being equivalent, in a man, to rolling up shirt-sleeves, and, in both cases, signifying a dogged determination to go to work, with no margin for trifling; her hands were packed away in old gloves without finger ends, and she had altogether an exasperating air of something important in view.

I felt embarrassed, and I thought that Miss Naxett eyed me as though she considered me a suspicious adventurer. By way of saying something, I made the commonplace little remark that she seemed to be busy.

"Yes," she replied, very concisely; "sister Patience has taken the upper rooms in charge, while I am superintending the parlor. We are expecting company for Thanksgiving—an uncle and his wife, whom we have not seen since our father's death; and these family meetings always appear to us so sacred that we think it right to do them all possible honor, and we give up everything else for that purpose."

"You must look forward to it with a great deal of pleasure," I said, while I thought:

"This is the age of steam: by your own confession, you have not seen these affectionate relatives for ten years, and could probably wait, with just as much composure, ten years longer."

I felt in a bad humor; but, being gifted with a considerable share of perseverance, I resolved to make one more trial.

The Bingler *menage* was not an alluring one—the center of the solar system there being as disagreeable a specimen of Young America as I ever encountered. I have always classed spoiled children in the same category with mad dogs, and the persecutions that I suffered at the hands of that wretched infant are not pleasant to reflect upon. That six-years-old nuisance was a constant thorn in my side whenever I made a visit to her weak-minded mother; and, if obliged to swallow her with my Thanksgiving Dinner, I hesitated about the dinner. But it would be very forlorn to dine in the boarding-house—seeming to say so plainly that I had nowhere else to go; and I walked twice around the block to consider whether I could possibly get down so large a dose of spoiled child.

The young catamount in question, who was a perfect interrogation-point, always declared war as soon as she saw me, and usually opened the ball by asking me what I had come for, particularly if I had come to spend the day.

"Why, Matilda!" her mother would remonstrate.

"Well, but why don't she have a house of her own?" continued the infant prodigy. "I don't like old maids."

At this interesting juncture, Mrs. Bingler would wink at me to admire her precocious wit, while my tormentor proceeded to inquire:

"Why don't you wear some other dress? Haven't you got any other but that? *I've* got ever so many! And I'm not going to be an old maid!"

Mamma in convulsions of laughter at "Matilda's comical remarks," and I in convulsions of anger that I cannot indulge in the satisfaction of shaking the little beflounced and befurlowed wretch. Thin children are always malicious; they are as unnatural in mind as in body. I can always get along with a fat, tearing, roly-poly; but I require some system of defence against a small girl of cadaverous propensities.

However, nothing more eligible presenting itself, I mustered up courage to ring the bell.

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I got no farther than the hall, though; my youthful enemy had the measles.

"What a malicious little wretch!" I could not help exclaiming to myself; "to think that, with the whole winter before her, she must select this week of all weeks to have the measles in!"

And quite worn out and disheartened, I returned to my boarding-house.

How people's moods change between the tying and untying of their bonnet-strings! I took off my things in a sort of ferocious despair; and then, catching up the first volume that came handy, I descended to the parlor.

It looked comfortably there, if not grand; and I had it to myself. The fire blazed brightly—the chair in which I established myself had a stuffed back—and the book in my hand was "Pendennis." Dimly conscious that I had something to be thankful for, and enjoying the quiet comfort of my surroundings, I forgot that there were Thanksgiving Days, and became lost in the maze of Mr. Thackeray's fascinating story.

So lost that I did not hear a voice, and a very sweet one, too, until it had spoken twice:

"Very sorry to disturb me, but she supposed it would not be pleasant for me to sit in the dust while the parlor was being swept. Mother expected an old friend to take his Thanksgiving Dinner with them, and they had a great deal to do."

I looked up in mute agony; but Hattie Linden's pretty brown eyes met mine with a look so full of pleasant anticipation, that I turned from them quickly for fear of exposing my weakness. "Mother expected an old friend"—that might be, but I knew that daughter expected a *young* one, who would, some day, be nearer than any other friend; and, banished even from that humble place by preparations for other people's happiness, I glided sorrowfully up to my room, and had a good cry.

I felt better after it; and then I sat down and thought of my first love. I have said my *first* love—but I never had any other. I was very young—only seventeen—and being taunted with having become too easy a prey by an aunt who never could bear to see people happy, I tried my power over him, and—*lost* him.

I seemed to see him again, standing in the door-way, as he stood that evening, with that look of perfect manliness, and those calm, steady eyes—as he asked me, for the last time, "Is that your final determination?" I persisted in my unreasonableness; and Eldridge left me forever. I tried to comfort myself with the idea that I had only shown a proper spirit, but there was a dreary void in my heart that could not be filled; and as the years passed on, and I found myself alone, I looked sadly back to Miles Eldridge, and the love I had so madly cast away.

I never knew what became of him; I heard that he had left the country on some voyage of adventure, and I never expected to meet him again in this world. I had not thought of him for a long time; but Hattie Linden's eyes brought a resurrection of the past, and I sat and dreamed of the tender grace of a day that was gone. 'Tis true that I was high up among the thirties; but the cold atmosphere had not touched my heart that throbbed and beat as foolishly as ever.

Thanksgiving Day came; and the only comfort I had in this fact was that it would sooner be over. I spent the morning in my own room, in company with a dull, depressing headache; until, weary of the same scene, I descended to the parlor.

A gentleman with iron-gray hair stood in one of the windows. "Mother's friend," I thought, "who has arrived before the family have returned from church." He turned quickly around, as I entered; and I wanted, yet dreaded, a second glance. Strange thoughts and reminiscences flashed through my mind; but I tried to banish them with the practical reflection that Miles Eldridge was probably dead or married long ago, and he might as well be one as the other.

The stranger suddenly turned again, and fixed his eyes upon me in a manner that was absolutely rude. With a mixed feeling of fascination and repugnance, I rose to leave the room.

"Stay one moment!" said he, in an agitated voice, "do not think me impertinent in asking your name—if I am mistaken, I will trouble you no farther."

I told him mechanically.

"And I," he continued, "am Miles Eldridge. Can you forgive me, and speak to me kindly again?"

"It is twenty years since I saw you," I replied, in a collected manner that surprised myself, "I was a foolish girl then, and did many things which I have since regretted."

"And I," said Eldridge, as he came forward, and took my hand, "was a self-reliant, exacting man, and have paid a life-time of sorrow for one hasty act."

I believed that I was dreaming, and gave myself up to a fascinating spell; but I learned, in those delicious moments, how deeply I had

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been loved—was loved still; for Miles seemed to see no difference between the face of seventeen and that of thirty-seven. He had everything to offer, in a worldly point of view; but what had I? It seemed humiliating to take so much, and give so little; but Miles' arguments were such as could not be answered.

I had forgotten that it was Thanksgiving Day—forgotten that the parlor was not Eldridge's and mine—and he, I believe, had forgotten that he came to see any one but me; the apparition, therefore, of Mrs. Linden in the parlor door was a surprise, and not an agreeable one. Unluckily, too, we were sitting on one of those horrid little sofas that bring two people into rather close contact—being one of the acts that are said to "look particular."

Mrs. Linden *said* nothing, of course; but I knew that her thoughts were turning perfect somersets in hopeless confusion.

"I have found an old friend," said Miles, in his straightforward manner, "where I little expected it."

He told Mrs. Linden our story in as few words as possible; and, after the first surprise, she seemed rather to enjoy it.

"I always said," she remarked, graciously, "that Miss —— never was cut out for an old maid; but that you should have met each other here, after so long a separation, does seem strange indeed."

I quite agreed with her; for that the day I had so much dreaded should have turned out so happily, was difficult to realize.

Hattie Linden's eyes were brighter still at dinner time, but they did not trouble me now; and with the suavity usually employed toward those who are supposed to be engaged, I was informed that I looked ten years younger. I remembered reading somewhere that to tell a woman she *looks* young, reminds her that she is old; but for this I did not care. Miles Eldridge was satisfied, and that was enough.

I never once thought of Mrs. Vendermeer, and her house full of company—Mrs. Dellerby, and her real country Thanksgiving—or the Misses Naxett, and their respected uncle and aunt—except to feel thankful that none of them had invited me to dinner; for if they had, the whole course of my life would probably have been changed.

I am not prepared to pronounce that the happiest Thanksgiving I ever had, for I have had two or three since; but I must say that it turned out very differently from what I expected.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY ELIZABETH MILLER.

It might have been, but never may!
  It might have been, but cannot be!
Oh! saddest words that mortals say;
  Oh! thought that oftenest comes to me!
With every sight and sound of Spring,
  Some memory comes my heart to thrill;
Where last year's flowers lie withering,
  My spirit waits, regretful still!

Beside me my companions walk,
  With hopeful thoughts, and voices gay;
My heart sighs through the happy talk,
  "It might have been, but never may!"
I strive to speak as lightly, too,
  Of hopes the future has for me;
The voice thrills through my soul anew,
  "It might have been, but cannot be!"

Well, be it so! Since some must keep
  The shadowed ways, why should not I?
Awhile I wait, awhile I weep;
  But my deliverance draweth nigh!
The day will come, serene and blest,
  That brings a full and sweet release;
Then to the weary shall be rest,
  And to the troubled spirit, peace!

THE GOLD-FISH.—A SONNET.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

Fields have their charms of forest, vale, and beam,
  And skies their shifting clouds and glittering star;
But thou, sweet tenant of the limpid stream,
  Than all their beauties, art more radiant far!
Thou hast a fitting realm in which to roam—
  An amber element to breathe; a coral grove
Paved with the rosy-tinted shells thy home,
  In which the sunbeams glimmer from above,
Like sunset glories in the Autumn glades,
  Glanced from thy beauty, colored with its shades:
As from the bird, that dips her playful wing,
  The cheerful melody of Heaven is felt,
Glancing like rapture in the heart, to fling
  Gold on each cloudy thought, each lingering shade to melt.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XVIII.

LUKE CARR waited in a little room near the hall till his mother came down; then he went calmly out and confronted her.

"Mother, this way!"

The woman followed him without a word. She had been pale before; but now the color left her lips, and they began to quiver with sharp, nervous twitches.

"What is your will with me, Luke?" she said, without greeting her son, or seeming to heed his abrupt address.

"I want the truth, mother."

"The truth—and from me? Go elsewhere, boy. I know not what it is."

"Mother, I listened to every word of your conversation with Lord Lovat."

"Well?"

She turned upon him like a lioness at bay; her great black eyes on fire; defiance in every nerve of her body.

"Well?"

"I know that Dougal is his son."

"You are wise!" she answered him, sharply, and with sarcasm in her voice.

"And that I am a Macdonald, honestly born, if he is not."

"It is false! You have no such knowledge; you never shall have it!"

"Tush! mother, I heard all, and care nothing, though you love my handsome brother—no, cousin it is—a thousand times better than your crooked son. He has learned to live without woman's affection. You cannot love Dougal half so fervently as I do, and, with all the current falsehood about woman's devotion, you would not do so much for him, this day, as I would."

"But how can you aid him?"

"Look here, woman; I am not afraid to tell you. No one knows better than I how faithfully you can keep a secret. Stoop down, that no one else can hear, and I will tell you one."

The woman bowed her stately head, and Luke whispered in her ear. She turned deathly white, and a low cry broke through her lips.

Luke folded his arms and looked up in her amazed face, smiling.

"Would you have done so much to make him the heir of a duke?"

The woman did not answer; but her black eyes flashed, and her face lighted up till its dusky beauty was all aglow. She stooped down and snatched the hunchback to her bosom, covering his face with passionate kisses.

"No, I could not have done it; but I can worship the strong spirit that possessed the will and the power. Luke, Luke! I will be a mother to you such as you never dreamed of—nay, I will be your slave, anything—to prove that the blood in that wild heart beats in mine also! Why did I never trust you before?"

"It was not needful. I have read all your letters to Lord Lovat. He is crafty, but sometimes sleeps with the keys of the private cabinet in his pocket. I have a light touch, mother, and a quick eye."

"And you read my letters?"

"One and all. But you were cautious. They only spoke of Dougal. My poor honest claims were forgotten. I learned of them, for the first time, this morning. By my faith! mother, it is something to be the son of an honest father, and a Macdonald of the Isles! Hugh Macdonald! Did I hear the name aright? Hugh, son of old Macdonald of Boisdale! So, this stately old chief is my grandfather?"

"Boy, boy, will you have mercy?" cried the woman, lifting her hands in passionate deprecation. "If you heard that, the rest must be known to you. I have no proof of the marriage. We were two young girls, living together in our father's cottage, after he died, and was laid, with our mother, in the *campo santo*, supported partly by our own labor as lace-makers, partly by the little olive-orchard, whose fruit we sold. You heard how it was. They came together—the one brave, noble, generous—the other——but you have seen HIM."

"Yes."

The word seemed ground through Luke's shut teeth.

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"Yes, go on!"

"They were exiles, poor almost as ourselves, and had sought our remote village because it was obscure and cheap. We had a spare chamber in the cottage. The rent was something to us, the accommodations everything to them. It ended as you have heard. There was some form, which my sister believed to be a marriage; when she discovered the mockery, it killed her."

"Go on, mother!"

"My marriage was legal, no form wanting, no privacy was sought. Lovat and my sister were the witnesses. It was before we knew of his fraud. The certificate was given him for safe-keeping; for I believed him to be my sister's husband. Macdonald——"

"My father!"

"Macdonald was proud and restive; he chafed under the humble restraints of his exile. I did not see it; but he was fading away under our roof. Death was with us, constantly waiting as only death can wait, falling suddenly on the victim at last. In the morning we thought him only a little ill, at night he was dead!"

Luke went up to his mother and kissed her trembling hands. Her narrative was broken with sobs. She was so womanly, that the hunchback loved and pitied her with a compassion that he had never felt before. The woman shrunk away from his sympathy, groaning as if with pain.

"He was gone forever! Then, in our sorrow and helplessness, this bad, bad man, relieved from all fear of a good man's condemnation, carelessly revealed his perfidy. She might have forgiven him—I do not know; but as for me, I turned him from under the shelter of our roof. He only laughed. News had reached him from England that the ban had been taken from his name and estates. He was glad to leave us."

Luke had grown pale and cold while she was speaking, but his eyes were full of smouldering fire. His fingers clenched and unclenched themselves ferociously, as an angry tiger works his claws. His mother went on. She seemed glad to pour forth the secret that had rankled in her heart so many years.

"That year we two women became husbandless mothers. She died, leaving her orphan to me, with a charge which I will accomplish yet. She might have been insane in giving it—no human soul can tell; but with me—well, you have nothing to do with that. Lord Lovat had, purposely or recklessly, carried off all the evidence of my marriage. I sold everything—my home, the olive-trees, and the little furniture that had been ours. With the money I came to Scotland, bringing the children with me; came to demand my certificate of marriage, and claim a place for my son among the Lords of the Isles. He laughed at my application, this Lord Lovat; said that no certificate had ever been given; or, if there had, he had lost it. The perfidy which had killed my sister, extended to me. I was helpless—my money gone—in a strange land. He gave me that mean shelter in the mountains, doled out bread to his own son as if we had been beggars. If more followed, if he gave you and Dougal education and countenance, it was from hate of his heir. No generous motion ever touched him. We took the name of Carr, and lived on his bounty. I was poor, a stranger, and a woman—he, all powerful. Had I rejected his help, or resisted him, we might have died, as many another has; for not even the king dares to question Lovat's wickedest act."

The woman paused and drew her black hood with its flame-colored lining over her face.

"I will go now, Luke," she said, moving toward the door.

He stood as if turned to iron, looking far beyond her into the distance; but the fire in his eyes seemed to have sunk deep down into his soul; his teeth were clenched together so fiercely that the massive outline of his jaws seemed cut from granite.

The woman went out, and he did not know that she was gone, but still gazed into the distance, pondering something in his heart. At last he drew a deep breath and walked out of the room.

Luke found Lord Lovat seated in his easy-chair, chuckling over some pleasant thought that seemed to possess him. "Ha! Luke Carr," he cried, "come at last, and not too soon. Now give me an account of these last few weeks. Have you been on the track?"

"Yes; and shot my own brother!"

"Shot your brother? Laddie, this is sorry jesting."

"Still I pierced Dougal's shoulder with the arrow you poisoned for the Prince!"

"And is he dead?"

"No. I left him, a few hours since, on his way to the battle-field of Preston Pans."

"What, on his way to join that rabble rout? You should have put another arrow through him rather than that. Let him once strike a blow in Edward's cause, and this plan of the heirship is swept away forever."

"Not if the Prince should prove victorious, my lord? Then all England would rise to his help. The Fraser among the foremost,

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demanding, for his reward for adhesion, this dukedom and the removal of all impediments to Dougal's succession."

"What! Are you turning traitor, Luke?"

"No. Only cautious."

"And you think that a victory would make Edward king?"

"I think that after a victory, or just upon it, there would be little wisdom in pursuing negotiations with the other party. The Prince will be less anxious then."

"But supposing I keep up negotiations on both sides? Ha! Luke."

"And draw off or fall in as the Prince is victorious or defeated?"

"There is wisdom in that. If one could attain the same object without having a king's blood on his soul, it would be far more agreeable."

"And safer for me!"

"For you—perhaps. But a churl's life, more or less, counts for little in a game with kings."

The latter part of this speech was muttered inaudibly, but its meaning shone in the bad old man's face.

Luke understood it, and his eyes shone.

"I care for no risks, and shrink from no action which tends to give Dougal a position among the chiefs of Scotland."

"Then you are not working for me, your benefactor?"

"For you, my lord? Oh! yes, never doubt it. I am working for you; owing you so much, how could I help it?"

If the old lord had looked in Luke's face that moment, he would have been satisfied with the ferocity that spoke there. Eager as he had been to whet that bold, reckless nature into action, that look might have warned him to pause. But Lovat, blinded by selfish egotism, was intent on the subject before him, and, after revolving the question in his crafty mind, spoke again.

"It is but waiting for a day or two," he said. "A victory makes the way clear in one direction, a defeat makes your task an easy one. But lose no time. Follow that headstrong laddie, and bring him from the battle-field by main force, if necessary. He must not be seen with the Pretender till the time comes. After him, Luke, or it may be too late."

"But how can I bring him back?"

"Find the Master of Lovat, and say that I charge him, on his obedience, to send the young man back to his friends in Edinburgh. Say that my adhesion to his master's cause depends on that."

Luke took up his cap and went out, making no farther comment. He chose a fleet horse from the old lord's stable, and in less than half an hour was galloping at a rapid pace toward the village of Preston Pans.

All Edinburgh was aroused by the glorious news. Charles Edward had met Cope's army on its march back to the capital, and, after a bravely contested fight, occupied the battle-field. In a few hours his victorious army would be in the city, where all the Highland chieftains who had stood aloof were ready to receive him. Among the most powerful of these laggard warriors was Lord Lovat; from the very battle field a hunchbacked rider had come tearing up to the old chief's residence with written despatches from the Prince. The dukedom of Fraser should be his; but with regard to the pretentions of Dougal Carr, more space for consideration was demanded. In the meantime strict secresy was promised. In the joyous tumult around him, Lovat lost his usual crafty forethought. Anxious as he was to depose his son, the advantages offered to himself were the chief incentive to his action. He had been over cautious during the first stages of the rebellion, but now came forward with reckless daring and placed all his forces in the field.

A few days of tumultuous rejoicing, in which many a powerful clan poured its forces into the invading army; and the Prince, flushed with victory and strong in hope, marched at once into England. Lord Lovat, too infirm for the field, followed the army in his carriage till the roads become impassable. Then he halted and sent a message to summon Luke Carr to a last conference before he moved forward with the army.

Luke came to the side of the carriage, and, lifting the heavy leathern curtains, looked in.

"Get upon the wheel, laddie, and step in," said the old lord. "Let us have a few last words before you set forth on this uncertain invasion."

Luke clambered over the wheel and sat down in the carriage. There was something in his demeanor that struck the old lord as unusual, a preoccupation that bordered on disrespect, but this was no time for the old man to be fastidious. He was not a person to break his tools while they could be rendered useful.

"Now, laddie," he said, "remember my orders. So long as this Prince is victorious you have nothing to do, but keep with the army and win favor with its leaders; but when his downfall becomes certain, have a firmer hand and a sharper arrow than the last."

"And what am I to gain by this?" demanded Luke, almost savagely.

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"You? Oh! I have a reward in store! What, if by some magic power that no one guesses at, I would put a chief's plume in your cap also? Would that be worth the risk?"

Luke laughed scornfully. "A chief's plume for me! Not while this crown is in my back. A pretty figure I should make at the head of a clan!"

Lovat joined in the laugh.

"I have often thought of that," he said, with brutal sincerity. "How those haughty Islanders would thank me!"

Luke did not pretend to understand this sneer, but saying quickly, "Now, my lord, that my instructions are complete, I will follow the army, the rear guard is almost out of sight."

He let himself down over the wheels while taking this abrupt leave, and, clambering to the back of his horse, rode swiftly away, flinging back curses upon the old noble as he went.

The army moved on, winning victories as it went. Carlisle fell before it. Then came those rapid marches into the heart of England, which ended in a cold, inhospitable reception, which was only a negative repulse. With no enemies to fight, and no friends to welcome, Charles Edward found himself lost in the stagnation of his own adventure. All this was followed by a rapid, almost ignominious retreat into Scotland, the Stuart stronghold, and in a succession of small conquests and defeats that frittered away the Highland army and destroyed the prestige of former victories.

In Scotland some small return of prosperity fell upon the rebel army. The battle of Falkirk, that curse in the disguise of a victory, served to lure the Prince on with hopes of success, when it proved the most direct means of his ultimate defeat by demoralizing his troops, who fell back to their homes in order to secure the plunder which they had won. After this, Charles had occupied his forces at Stirling, crippled, divested of half his men, and harassed by dissentions among those who remained faithful to him.

While he lay in this condition, the Duke of Cumberland marched upon Stirling with a fresh, powerful army, before which the half-disheartened Prince fell back to the Highlands. Here the English troops hedged him in, interrupted his supplies from France, and at last brought him to a fatal stand at Culloden.

When the Duke of Cumberland entered Edinburgh, with full power to end the war after his own fashion, the Jacobins who had swarmed to the capital retreated to their Northern strongholds, knowing well that little mercy would be exercised toward them by the rude duke. Lord Lovat, now fully committed to the rebellion, retired to his castle of Dounie, and with him, almost perforce, went Lady Clanranald, her mother, Flora, and his grand-daughter, Kate Fraser.

Lady Clanranald, finding herself suddenly almost a prisoner in the capital, from which it was impossible to retire to her home on the Island, took advantage of Lord Lovat's escort, and, for a time, was compelled to accept his hospitality. Thus, when the day dawned upon the battle-field of Culloden, all the female personages, in which the reader may have an interest, were in the grim old castle almost within hearing of the cannon which sounded the Stuart knell on that fatal day.

On the sixteenth of April, nearly nine months after Charles Edward's first advent into Scotland, his army had retreated from a meditated night attack on the English forces encamped at Nairn, under the Duke of Cumberland; and while they were gathered almost in a mob, exhausted with a long march through broken grounds and morasses, half-famished for want of food, and wholly disorganized, the English army fell upon them. In a wild, straggling fashion the Highlanders were drawn up in order of battle; but even in the attempt Cumberland's troops fell upon them, in the midst of a heavy rain-storm, which beat fiercely in the faces of the Scottish soldiers, blinding them, while the English received it on their backs. Thus taken at a disadvantage on every side, Charles Edward entered upon the last terrible battle that decided the fate of his dynasty forever.

Seeking what entrenchments they could behind rocks and fragments of stone walls, the Scottish soldiery prepared for a desperate fight, and desperate it proved to be. With an overpowering force of artillery and cavalry leading the van, Cumberland commenced the attack with a fearful cannonade, which swept the Scottish ranks and drove back every advance; and though the brave clans fought desperately, advancing on the very bayonets of the enemy and firing in their faces, the storm of grape mowed them down like grass, and the fight threatened to become a slaughter almost before it had commenced. Whole companies fell, after they had forced their way into the very heart of the English center, and no man was left alive to report the fate of his companions. Then came the cavalry trampling down the front ranks, and hewing a bloody track down the Scottish lines. In vain the clans gathered in masses,

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resisting this advance with desperate valor. In vain they fired volley after volley, and, flinging away their guns, rushed on the enemy, claymore in hand, to be transfixed by a wall of bayonets. All these valorous men fell between the lines of the two armies, which closed over them in fierce contest, till the fight became a massacre.

From different eminences on the ground, the son of the youthful King James, and the son of the reigning King George, watched the progress of this awful fight. The last, coarse and ponderous, with a brutal smile on his heavy mouth; the other, pale, stern, and despairing as Napoleon watched the fatal evolutions on the plain of Waterloo, knowing that his fate wavered with every move.

As the fight raged hottest, a horseman came galloping out of the hot contest and addressed the Prince. It was Dougal Carr, white as death, and with spots of blood melting through the tartan folds on his bosom.

"Your highness, the day is against us, our men can scarcely keep the enemy back. The Irish pickets have checked the dragoons; the Macdonalds and Farquharsons hold their own, merging their two lines into one. This moment we can guard your retreat; the next may be too late."

Charles cast a wild, despairing look upon the battle-field. An English general, joined by the Campbells of Argyleshire, was breaking through the walls of an enclosure which protected the Highlanders; behind them was a battalion of dragoons threatening to ride them under hoof. Clouds of cavalry were bearing down from the front, infantry and artillery hedged them in on the right hand and the left. A fierce cry rang up from those doomed men—a cry that rent the heart of their Prince with a sound he never forgot to his dying day. Half-blinded with anguish, he saw those noble men rally and charge only to fall, helpless and mangled, under the hoofs of the English war chargers. Then groans, and low, smothered cries pierced him to the soul; mad with desperation, he wheeled his war charger and plunged onward, resolved to lead his followers in one resistless charge, or die with them.

Dougal Carr gave his horse the spur, and rode after him with headlong speed. One moment the Prince and the soldier rode side by side; the next, Dougal wheeled his charger, seized that which bore Charles Edward by the ponderous bit and wheeled him from his course. The Prince snatched a pistol from his holster and fired, commanding the young man to free his bridle-rein. The bullet whizzed through Dougal's hair, carrying away a fragment of his bonnet; but his hand only strengthened his iron grasp, and his heel still plied the sharp spur; drops of blood fell from the foaming mouth of the captive steed; blood streamed down the sides of his own gallant horse. The din of battle thundered behind them; the cool mountain air blew in their faces; fugitives on horseback and on foot rushed by them. Half a dozen chieftains had followed the Prince, and the clatter of their horses' hoofs on the broken ground now measured a considerable distance from the battle-field—no, not that—from the bleak moor where the brutal son of King George was butchering the men who had dared to fight for their true king.

On and on the horsemen sped. Chieftain after chieftain joined them, some wounded, some reeling on their horses from exhaustion. Every moment increased their numbers, every footfall bore them from the horrid cries of the fiendish massacre which was going on in the midst of Culloden Moor. Thus, with a great party of fugitives, the ruined Prince entered the wild, desolate vale commanded by Dounie Castle.

Lady Clanranald sat by a window over the main entrance, looking in sad loneliness down the valley. She did not like her residence in that bad man's house, and was terribly anxious regarding the movements of her son. The lady had been pondering over these things in a full hour's silence, while Kate Fraser and Flora plied their embroidery-needles at her feet.

All at once she saw objects moving in the wild distance. Horsemen, riding furiously through an opening against the sky, some holding torn banners by the staff, others reeling in their saddles—all plunging forward in ominous confusion.

The lady's eyes had been dim with tears, and she could not trust them. The scene which presented itself before her was so strange! What could it mean? Had a battle been fought in the mountains? Was this defeat or a joyful harbinger of some great triumph of the Stuart cause? She arose and leaned out of the casement, saying nothing to her companions, but searching the distance with her dilating eyes. The color ebbed from her cheeks, her very lips lost their rich crimson, her whole face was cold, and white as marble, when she turned it toward the young people.

"Flora! Katharine! go, warn Lord Lovat! There is bad news coming!"

Her voice was low and calm, but the frightened

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girls detected vibrations of anguish running through her clear words.

"What is it? Who has come?" cried Flora, springing to her feet and looking down the valley.

"Who—who is the messenger?" faltered Kate Fraser, with a glow of shame on her face.

"It is the Prince!" answered Lady Clanranald.

"The Prince! and Dougal Carr riding at his right hand!" cried Flora, eagerly; for she was too glad for any idea, beyond that of the beloved one's presence, to reach her heart.

"It is defeat—it is ruin!" said Lady Clanranald. "I do not see Clanranald. Mother! mother!"

Her voice was like the cry of a wounded eagle, her eyes shone like stars in her fierce anguish.

"Mother, *he* is not here! I see the Prince, our kinsman of Boisdale, O'Sullivan, Murray, and enough others; but my son—where is my son?"

The poor lady felt a sudden grasp fastened on her arm, and, turning her face, saw that of Kate Fraser looking into hers, pale, cold, and deathly. The lips were in motion, and the eyes were piercing; but the poor girl uttered no sound.

Lady Clanranald gathered the wretched girl close to her and looked forth again. In the far distance was another horseman, all alone, riding slowly, as if disdaining the appearance of flight. The lady's eyes dilated, her face began to quiver, the white lips slowly parted. Then a glorious burst of joy leaped to her face, and, pointing her finger down the valley, she directed Kate's glance that way.

"Look, child, look for me! Your eyes are young, and mine seem blinded—I cannot trust them. Who is that riding alone far behind the rest?"

Kate stood upright and shaded her eyes from the setting sun. A long, eager glance sufficed. The warmth came back to her face.

"It is he, mother—it is Clanranald!"

Lady Clanranald sank softly to her knees, and, leaning her forehead against the casement, wept those silent tears of gratitude which fall quietly where the soul has learned to suffer and grow strong.

Loud, broken bugle notes now reverberated through the valley. The Prince and his followers thundered up to the portals of Dounie Castle, and drew up the panting horses, waiting for admission. While the women stood trembling above, Lord Lovat went down to the great hall to receive his august, but most unwelcome guest. The old man had known too many reverses not to keep his usual self-possession. Though coarse and selfish in his nature, he had learned all those insincere and worthless nothings, at the French court, which make up the hypocrisy of social life.

When the great oaken portals were thrown open to admit the fugitive Prince, Lord Lovat stood within the dim stone hall beyond, with a band of retainers around him, smiling pleasantly, as if he expected some good news.

The Prince reeled as he dismounted from his horse; cold drops of perspiration stood on his forehead and upper lip; his deep blue eyes had a glitter of steel in them. He walked directly up to Lord Lovat, with all the dignity which ruin brings to a character of genuine nobility.

"My lord," he said, "it is a fugitive, not a king, who craves hospitality where he hoped to bestow honors. The enemy are on our track, my very presence is full of danger."

"The son of James Stuart is welcome to my poor house, be he fugitive or king," answered the old man, kneeling, and kissing the cold hand Charles Edward held out.

All the old French grace had come back to Lovat's manner. You might have believed him at Versailles rather than in his own old feudal castle. Charles was soothed by his reception. Had he known the old hypocrite better, the very cordiality and softness of his manners would have filled him with apprehension.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY GOOD ANGEL.

As I crossed a field of new-mown hay,
On a lovely Summer morn,
A pretty young dove 'neath a willow-tree lay
Panting, affrighted and torn.

I did not ask who, in wantonness base,
Had wounded the innocent thing;
But in my bosom I gave it a place,
Resetting its broken wing.

But when I had reached my cottage again,
Behold! to my joyful surprise,
The poor, wounded bird an angel became,
And viewed me with loving eyes.

My heart had been withering, for many years,
From a pain that no art could allay;
I told her—she wept—and her crystal tears
Beguiled all my sorrow away.

Had I passed that dove, on that Summer morn,
And selfishly kept on my way,
A withered heart I had certainly borne
In a troubled breast to-day.

J. L.

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THE LADY OF LEON.

BY J. SERGEANT MEADE.

CHAPTER I.

In the deep recess of a window, in the hall of an old Gothic castle, there sat a lady, whose pensive gaze was fixed upon the stone floor on which were reflected the different colors of the stained glass panes. Her anxious looks, and the silent tear trickling down her fair cheek, told that her heart was full of sorrow.

So wrapt in thought was she, that, for some moments, she was unaware of the approach of a gray-haired man, whose troubled countenance betokened similar feelings to her own.

"Ah! Percy, you are here!" said the lady, raising her eyes toward the new-comer.

"Yes, my lady," answered the old man, "I have but just descended from the highest turret of the keep——"

"And hast perceived no sign of my returning lord? I know full well thou wouldst have added that, for thy looks prove it."

"Heaven and our lady grant that, before sunset, I may report differently," said Percy; "but up to this time, although I have stretched my weary gaze for well nigh a fortnight, nothing hath met mine eye."

"Thirteen days, methinks it is, since the last tidings of the marquis reached us," said the lady, in a half-musing tone—"thirteen long days; but we must not give way to melancholy thoughts, good Percy. Go up again to thy position and scan the horizon. Perchance even now my lord is returning with victorious banners."

The warder of the castle bowed reverently, and left the apartment. While he ascends to the summit of the keep, a few words will be necessary to introduce the reader to our story and its characters. The time I write of is the end of the year 1481, when was begun that brilliant and deadly war between the Christians and the Moors of Grenada, which terminated in the success of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, and the subjugation of the Pagans.

The capture and sack of the Spanish town of Zahara had roused the ire of the king, and his blood boiled to wipe out the insult. Under these circumstances he issued orders to one of his most powerful feudal lords, the Marquis of Cadiz, to carry an expedition into the Moorish territory, and strike where he might have the greatest probability of success. Roderigo Ponce de Leon was not a man to waste precious time. Accordingly, not long previous to the opening of our narrative, he had started out at the head of his retainers to attack a certain town and fortress that his spies had informed him were weakly garrisoned.

This was Alhama, a crag built city, with a frowning citadel, which, if properly guarded, might resist with ease all assaults. But the Moors, relying in their fancied security, had become careless, and thus the Marquis of Cadiz thought he would have an opportunity to avenge the capture of Zahara. A few days after his departure, the Lady Isadoura, De Leon's noble spouse, had received the intelligence that her lord was within a short distance of Alhama, and preparing for the coming conflict; but since then nothing had she heard, and her mind became filled with anxious fears lest the expedition might not have been successful.

Thus she sat musing in her castle hall, with her gaze still bent upon the rush-covered stone floor, when a glad shout saluted her ear—the shout of the warder Percy, whose eye had distinguished afar off the rays of the departing sun glancing upon the shining casque of a knight, spurring furiously his steed, whose way led toward the castle. The Lady Isadoura arose hurriedly from her seat, her countenance beaming with joy, as Percy re-entered the hall.

"Well, Percy, what tidings?"

"A warrior, my lady, comes this way."

"But one?" asked the marchioness.

"One only, lady," replied the warder; "and he seemeth to have lately come from the field of battle."

"Let us down to meet him, Percy, and that quickly, too, for his tidings must I know—be what they may."

With these words the marchioness left the hall, followed by the warder, and, proceeding through several passages, issued from the main door of the donjon keep into the court-yard. The portcullis had already been lowered to admit the knight, who, blood-stained and covered with dust, and mounted on a steed whose flanks smoked from his toil, dashed across the bridge,

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and, dismounting, knelt at the feet of the Lady Isadoura.

"Martin Galindo!" exclaimed the marchioness.

"Yes, lady," answered the young man, "Galindo, the esquire, whose master, the noble De Leon, is even now pent in the town of Alhama, whilst the Moorish monarch, Muley Abul Hassan, advances with an overwhelming force to capture him and his devoted band."

"But how is this?" said the marchioness. "Hath Alhama then fallen into our power?"

"Even so, lady," answered the esquire; "led on by the valiant marquis, we stormed its heights and captured it—but now danger hangs over De Leon. Abul Hassan, enraged at our success, is encompassing the town with his pagan hordes. My lord sendeth to thee for succor. Quickly it must be sent, or all is lost." Pale and with lips compressed, the Lady Isadoura answered,

"It shall be forthcoming."

"But to whom wilt thou apply, my lady?" asked the warder Percy; "before we could inform the marquis' friends of his position 'twill be too late, for the distances are long and——"

"Canst thou not bethink thee of one who liveth near?" said the marchioness.

"Nay," answered the warder, "I cannot."

"Then will I tell thee. The Duke of Medina Sidonia is our neighbor."

"And our enemy," added Percy. "Assuredly, you do not forget the bitterness with which Don Juan de Guzman parted last from our lord."

"I do not forget it, Percy," answered Lady Isadoura, "and I am full well aware of his enmity to my husband; but Medina is a good knight, and true, and never yet refused to lend his help to one in need."

"Thou judgest him rightly," said Galindo, the esquire, "no nobler man liveth in Spain than Don Juan de Guzman."

"Saddle my palfrey, Percy. This night I seek Medina's castle, and this night shall prove to thee he will not disgrace his knighthood."

CHAPTER II.

In the baronial halls of Don Juan de Guzman the banquet tables are spread, and the guests and retainers assembled around them, for today has the heir of Medina Sidonia brought home his lovely bride, and merriment with revelry crown the passing hours. The ruddy glow of the torch casts a fitful light over the long oaken tables, which are covered with the choicest viands that the country can afford. Pages and serving-men run hither and thither, helping the guests, and bearing in huge dishes of various meats. The duke sits at the upper end of the hall, where the floor is slightly raised, and around him are gathered the noblest personages present, including his son and the fair lady who hath honored the latter with her hand. All are joyous. The duke pours out a brimming cup of wine, and, rising from his seat, the halls being hushed into silence, exclaims, "Now, my knights and liegemen true, let us drink a health to our Catholic sovereigns, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!"

A shout of applause greets the toast, and all raise their cups to their lips. The duke drains the contents of his own; but, whilst replacing the golden beaker upon the table, his quick ear distinguishes the sound of a horn without. His countenance immediately wears an anxious look, and he whispers to his son, "Our feasting is interrupted. Heard you that horn?"

"I did, my lord," answered the young man; "perchance 'tis some stranger who seeks an entrance to the castle."

"More likely 'tis the Moor," said Don Juan de Guzman; "but, haste thee, my son, and see what means this blast."

Arising from his chair, the heir of Medina proceeded toward the door of the hall, but had hardly reached it when it opened, and a lady, attended by a youthful esquire, passed over the threshold and bent her steps in the direction of the duke. As she walked up the long hall, those assembled at the tables looked at each other in amazement and whispered, "'Tis the Marchioness of Cadiz!"

A shadow flitted over Medina's face as he recognized his visitor; but it was soon gone, and a smile usurped its place as he arose and bowed to the spouse of his deadly enemy.

"Welcome, noble lady," he said, "our humble castle is much honored by thy presence."

"I seek it as a suppliant," answered the marchioness. "The wife of De Leon comes to Don Juan de Guzman in her hour of need."

"Don Juan de Guzman, as he values his knightly sword, will ever be ready to help a woman in distress," answered the duke.

"There spoke the spirit that I knew was in thee," said Lady Isadoura, inclining her head; "but, my lord, when thou hast heard the favor that I ask, perchance thou wilt not be so willing to assist me."

"Speak it, lady!"

"I know, my lord, that hate exists between thee and my husband. Now, if thou art a true knight, all past will be forgotten. The Marquis of Cadiz with his vassals are besieged in Alhama,

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their resources are giving out; and, though their brave spirits are unquenched, they must succumb to the superior power of the Moorish king, unless my prayers are answered and thou wilt hasten to their rescue."

A murmur of disapprobation ran through the crowd, as Lady Isadoura ceased speaking, and one exclaimed,

"You misjudge us, lady, if you think that any true liegeman of Medina's will draw his sword to help De Leon!"

The duke's steel flashed as he unsheathed it from its scabbard; and, casting a withering look upon him who had spoken last, he said, "You do not misjudge us, noble lady. My sword is at thy service. I will hasten to De Leon's succor, and every vassal who loves me will follow!" The arched ceiling of the hall resounded with a wild cheer.

"Alhama shall be relieved and Abul Hassan foiled," continued the duke, addressing Lady Isadoura, the swelling feelings of whose grateful heart now burst forth in tears which could no longer be restrained.

CHAPTER III.

At early dawn, some days after the events described in the previous chapter, Roderigo Ponce de Leon and his companion in arms, Ortega de Prado, stood upon the battlements of the Castle of Alhama. The face and form of the marquis showed evident signs of the great sufferings he had endured, but his eye still burned with the fire of unquenched valor and fortitude as he looked from the heights upon the Moorish camps below. Well might his body be worn out—almost three weeks having passed in constant scenes of strife. During this time had he and his faithful followers captured both the town and citadel of Alhama, repulsed the daring assaults of the Moors who had rushed from Grenada to their rescue—and all the while the brave defenders could but just keep from starving.

"This day settles our fate," said De Leon, gloomily. "If the marchioness does not bring us assistance, we must succumb to the Moor."

"Our men will die first," answered the veteran De Prado. "Muley Abul Hassan shall mount o'er our corpses in the breach before Alhama again is his."

"Amen to that!" said the marquis. "We must die for the honor of our faith. But hast thou heard any murmuring among our men?"

Ortega smiled, as he replied, "Those who claim Don Roderigo Ponce de Leon for their lord and master do not murmur."

The heart of the marquis swelled with feelings of pride. "God make me worthy of such noble liegemen! But see! what means this stir among our enemies?" The movements which the marquis descried seemed to be general throughout the Moorish camps. There was unusual bustle and activity.

"By our holy Virgin! they are preparing to depart!" cried Ortega de Prado.

"Then aid must be coming," added the marquis. "Yea, behold that dark line of armed men now appearing from yonder hills! Would that our gallant band had strength sufficient to sally out upon the retreating pagans! But it must not be. Muley Abul Hassan shall depart in peace. Hasten!" continued the marquis, turning to his companion, "and spread the gladsome tidings!"

De Prado obeyed Don Roderigo's orders, whilst the latter proceeded to make all preparations to receive his coming friends.

Evening was approaching. The last detachments of the Moors had disappeared in the distance at the same time that the Christian column was arriving in front of the walls of Alhama. De Leon, surrounded by his knights, had gone forth to meet his preservers, whilst the boom of ordnance gave out a welcome from the ramparts. The leader of the reinforcements, clad in a rich suit of armor, and mounted on a superbly caparisoned charger, rode toward the marquis and dismounted.

"De Leon!" he exclaimed.

"Medina!" cried Don Roderigo, in tones of amazement.

"Ay, rightly guessed, brave heart! But all that is passed must now be forgotten. Thy wife called on me to assist thee. I answered the call, and Juan de Guzman offers his hand to his former enemy."

The marquis grasped the extended hand, as he cried, in admiration, "Thou art a noble knight, and an honor to Spain's chivalry! Henceforth let us be as brothers!"

At this juncture, a lady, mounted on a palfrey, and attented by an esquire, rode up and dismounted.

"Isadoura!" exclaimed De Leon, as he pressed her in his arms.

"Ay, Isadoura, thy wife," answered the lady, "who is not only glad at heart that she hath rescued thee from the Moors, but also that, from this time forth, the houses of Medina and Leon will be united in bonds of friendship."

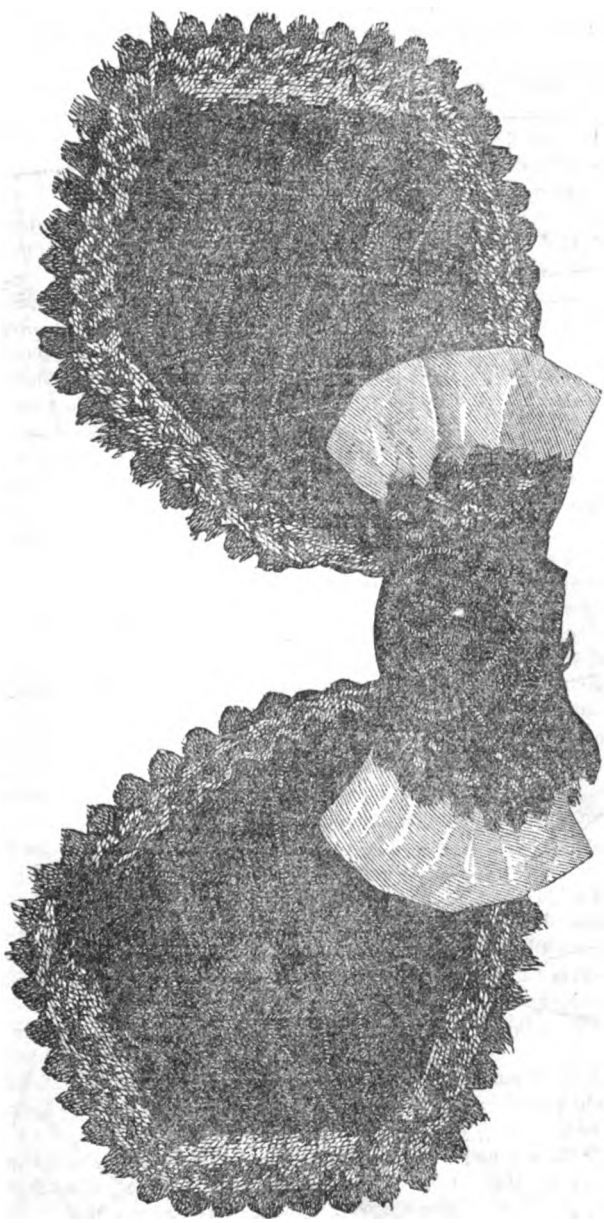
And the assembled armies shouted until the heavens rang again at the sight of this noble spectacle of a woman's love and devotion.

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RIBBON CRAVAT BOW.

ORNAMENTED WITH STRAW AND TRIMMED WITH LACE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS very pretty style of bow will be found very suitable for the elegant little stand-up collars now so much in vogue.

It should be made in two colors, either in ribbon or velvet; or would look pretty made in two distinct shades of the same color.

If two colors are chosen, the darker one should be used for the ends and knot, whilst the lighter is only used for the two bows. The following mixtures will be found pretty: green and white, black and lilac, and cerise and brown.

The ends of the bow are about six inches long and four inches broad, and are pointed. These pieces are ornamented with a narrow straw trimming, placed in rows in a slanting direction, to form crosses. This is sewn on to the ribbon or velvet, which is afterward trimmed all round with a narrow black lace, put on plain, except at the corners, where it must be a little full.

After this is completed, the small bows should be put on; these are made of the lightest colored materials, and should be about two inches in width. The loop or knot of the darker shade should then be sewn round it, and the bow is complete.

To form the cravat for the bow: a piece of the ribbon should be folded in half, with a strip of stiff muslin laid between, and the ribbon slip stitched together on the wrong side.

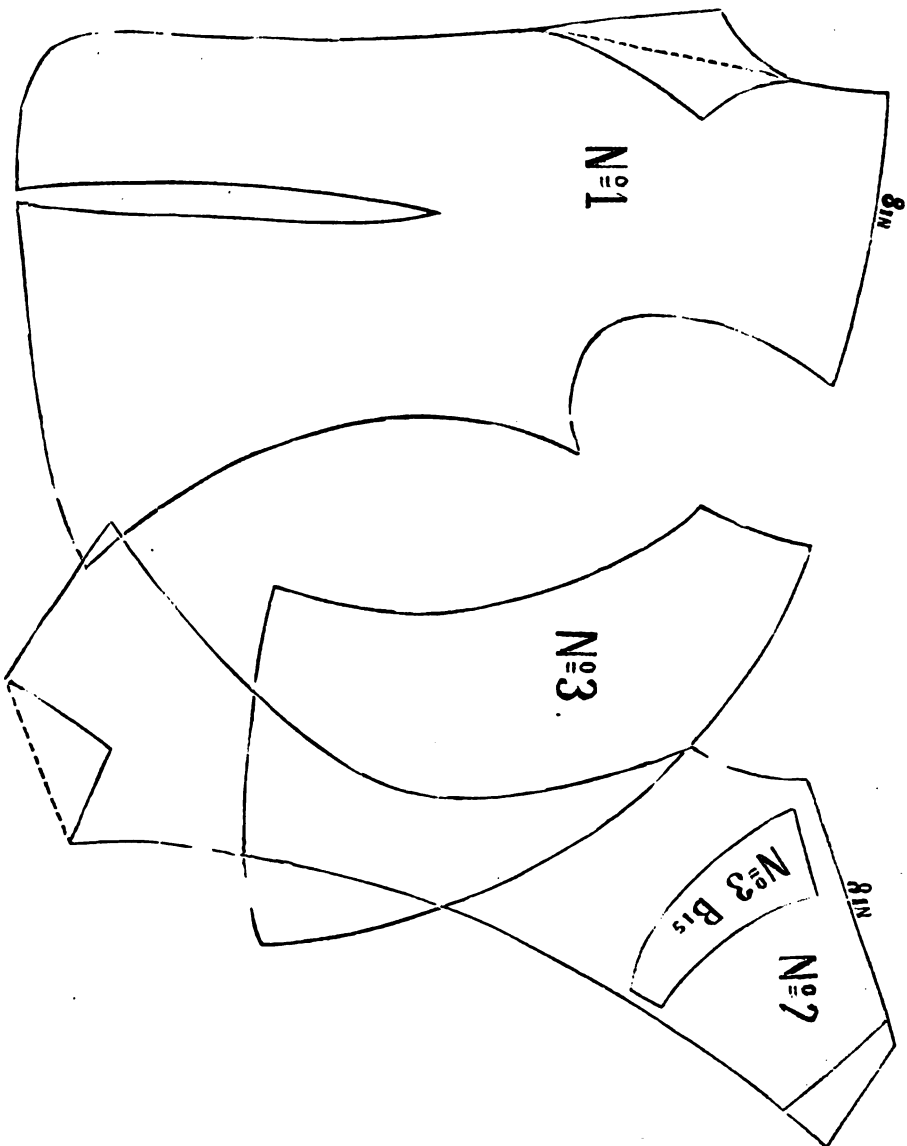
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WAISTED ZOUAVE JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Our pattern and diagram, this month, are for a Waisted Zouave Jacket, made of cashmere and ornamented with black braid imitating a guipure pattern.

The lapels, collar, pockets, and edges, are trimmed with a small ruche alternately black lace and ribbon the color of the garment. It makes a very beautiful garment.



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DIAGRAM NO. 1.

No. 1. FRONT, with narrow lapel on the same piece.

No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SIDE-PIECE OF BACK.

No. 3. *bis*. SIDE-PIECE of back joining the breasts in front.

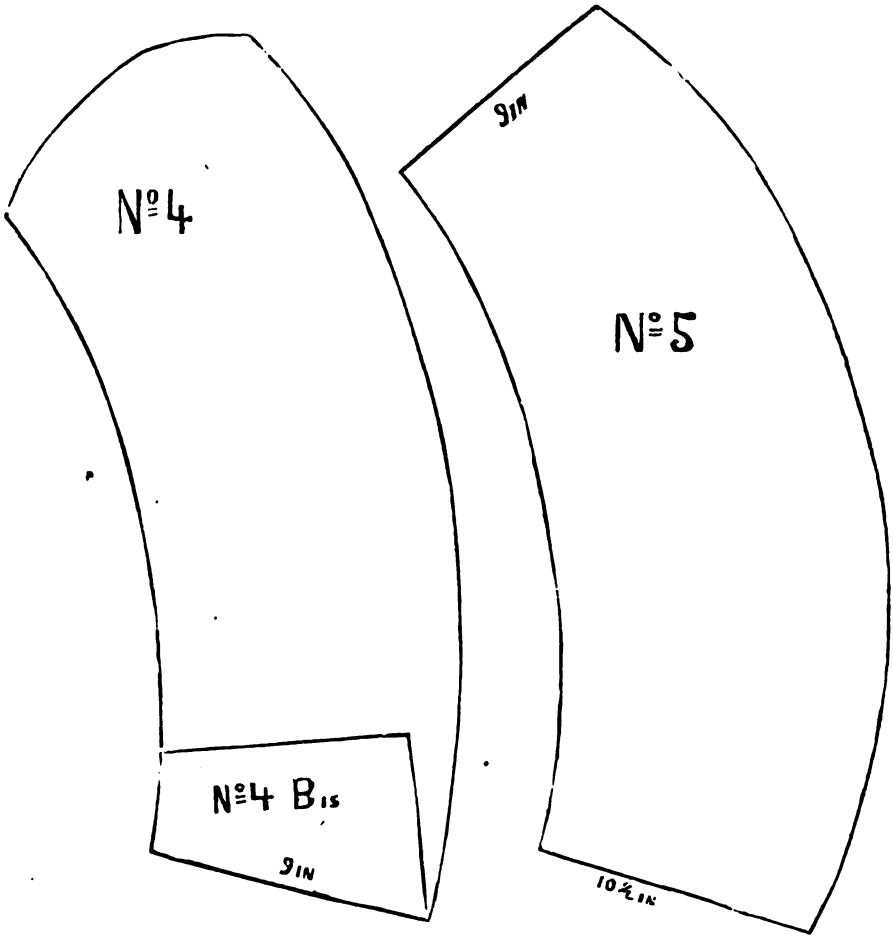
DIAGRAM NO. 2.

No. 4. FRONT OF SLEEVE.

No. 4. *bis*. CUFF.

No. 5. BACK OF SLEEVE.

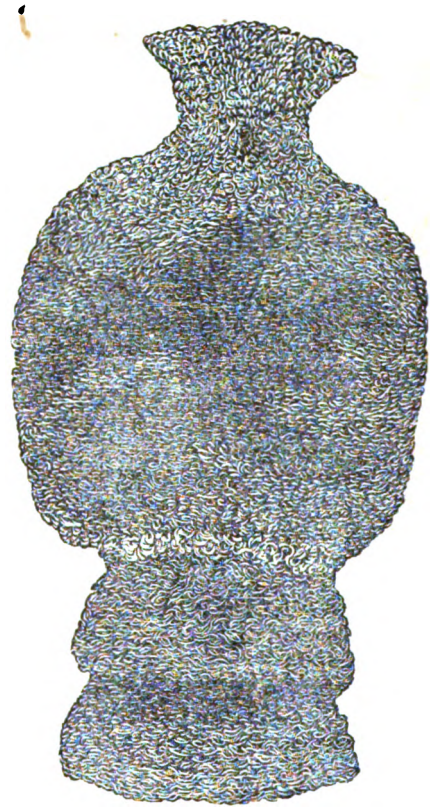
This is destined to be one of the most fashionable articles for this fall and for the coming winter. It can be made, with the assistance of these diagrams, without the aid of a mantua-maker. On former occasions we have described, at length, how to enlarge the diagrams from our engravings and cut patterns from them in paper, so that it is unnecessary to repeat the process now.



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KNITTED UNDER-SLEEVE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS REQUIRED.—A large pair of box-wood knitting needles, ¼ pound of white, and 6 ounces of a pretty shade of violet, single Berlin wool. This warm and pretty article is composed of two kinds of wool, and is knitted to form 2 small and 1 large puff. It is nearly entirely made of plain knitting, and is, therefore, quickly done. It is best when knitted loosely, to give it a very elastic appearance. It is worked in the following manner, and is commenced from the bottom by casting on 36 stitches in white wool, and knitting 12 rows. The violet wool is then joined on, and 24 rows knitted with this color. After these are completed, the commencement of the work should be taken up upon the needle to form the first puff. The white wool must then be joined on, and 2 rows worked, the first knitting 2 stitches together to fasten in the puff. 2 rows of violet and 1 of white, and 23 rows of violet, are then worked. After the band is worked, the 2nd puff is commenced in the same manner as the first, with the white wool. This puff is also fastened like the other, and 2 rows of violet, 2 of white, and 1 of violet worked for the band. For the 3rd puff, which is the largest, 40 rows must be worked with the violet wool, and in the 1st row 24 stitches must be made, so that at the end of the row there are 60 stitches on the needle. This increase is made by knitting 2 stitches into 1 stitch at intervals along the row. After the 40 rows are completed, join on the white wool and knit 1 row, taking 2 stitches together, and so decreasing the number till there are only 30 stitches left on the needle. The top of the sleeve is then knitted to form ribs, which is done by knitting 1 stitch plain and 1 stitch purl alternatively to the end of the row. After knitting 24 rows in the same manner the sleeve will be the required size; it should then be cast off and sewn together on the wrong side with some of the same colored wool.

The colors may be altered to any the worker may like, such as pink, scarlet, blue, green, or otherwise.

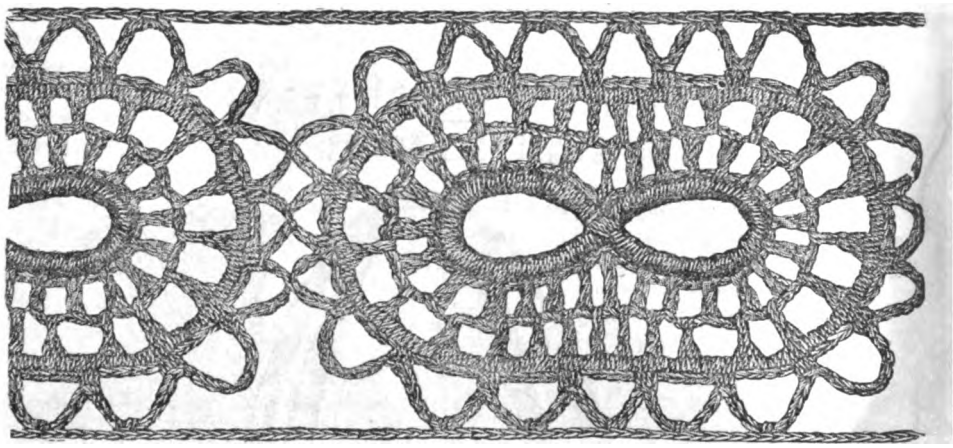
INSERTION OF CROCHET MEDALLIONS FOR PETTICOATS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Boar's head cotton, No. 16.

Ladies are often at a loss to find a piece of work that they may take up at any leisure moment. The crochet insertion which we now submit to our subscribers is particularly suited for this purpose, or will answer extremely well for twilight work. For 1 rosette make a ring of cotton about 4 inches wide and 12 threads thick, and begin to work it round as in 1 row, with double crochet. When the half of the

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ring is reached, turn it round into the form of an 8, and crochet the other half thickly over. 2nd row: The first row must be worked round with 20 long stitches, between each of which make 2 chain; miss 1 stitch of the previous row between each of the long ones. 3rd row: * 1 long into the 2 chain of the previous round 2 chain, repeat from * to the end of the row. 4th row: Double crochet into every stitch. 5th row: On the first two stitches in the previous row * 2 double crochet, then 5 chain, miss 2, repeat from * 19 times. With these 5 rows 1 rosette is finished; the number of rosettes wanted must be made separately in this manner, and the three middle scallops on the narrow side of the rosette sewn on the corresponding 3 of the next one; in this manner all the rosettes are joined into one stripe. At the top and bottom of the rosettes a row of chain-stitch must be worked, and joined on to the 5 middle scallops with double crochet, as shown in our engraving. The insertion is then placed in the petticoat, and sewn on through the chain-stitch. It may also be used for trimming children's drawers. When crocheted in scarlet wool, or any bright color, the strips may be sewn together and a wool fringe looped in at each end. A very pretty winter antimacassar may thus be made in this manner.

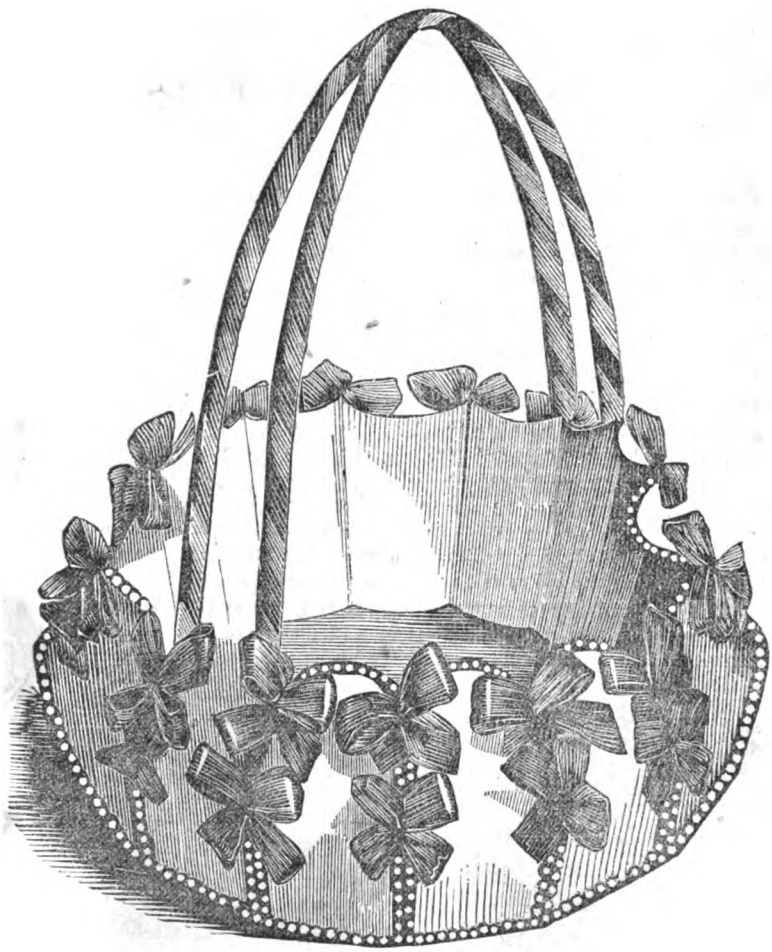
BRAIDED JACKET.



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COTTON BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE sides are formed of twelve sexagons, which are to be cut in cardboard, and round each of which a very fine wire is to be sewn. The bottom is a piece of the same cardboard, having twelve equal sides made to fit exactly with the sides of the sexagons. All these are to be covered with pieces of colored silk brocade or satin. If the silk should have a pattern on it, and one of its flowers can be introduced into the center of the sexagons, the effect is much improved; if not, two prettily-contrasting colors may be made to alternate. According to the present fashion, grass-green and blue, or mauve and Magenta, are considered good accompaniments for each other. Each piece of cardboard should be tightly covered, and the edge of each may be finished in three different ways. Either it may be sewn round with a bright-colored silk, with sufficient regularity to make the stitches appear ornamental, or it may be neatly bound round with a narrow ribbon of a different color, or it may have a row of chalk-white, gold, or steel beads sewn on to the edges, so as to conceal the under-stitches. If this mode should be chosen, the row of beads round the bottom of the basket must not be sewn on until the twelve

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sexagons have been sewn on to the twelve-sided shape which forms the bottom of the basket. When this last-mentioned part has been done, the points of the sides must be fastened together, two and two, with a stitch and a bow, and the points meeting round the top of the same. A double handle is then to be attached, crossing at the top, as will be seen in the engraving, each being twisted round with colored ribbon. For the beadwork a strong and fine thread is necessary.

CARRIAGE WRAPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a beautiful and new pattern for a Carriage Wrapper. It is worked in single crochet, in different colored stripes, in Berlin wool. When each stripe is sufficiently long, the stars are worked in with a wool needle, each of the four leaves requiring three stitches to form it. This part of the work is very slight, but it adds much to the appearance of the work. All the stitches of each star meet in the center, but the middle stitch in each leaf is longer at the top. When the stripes are completed they are joined together by a double row of sewing, the stitches being taken all one way, and the contrary way returning, so that they cross each other; for this purpose black wool must be used. The arrangement of the colors are in some measure fixed by the laws of contrast; maize-color, violet, green, gray, and Magenta join well together, without being too violent in effect. The stars should be in alternate rows of black and white. A fringe, composed of the different colors, with black interspersed, completes this wrapper.

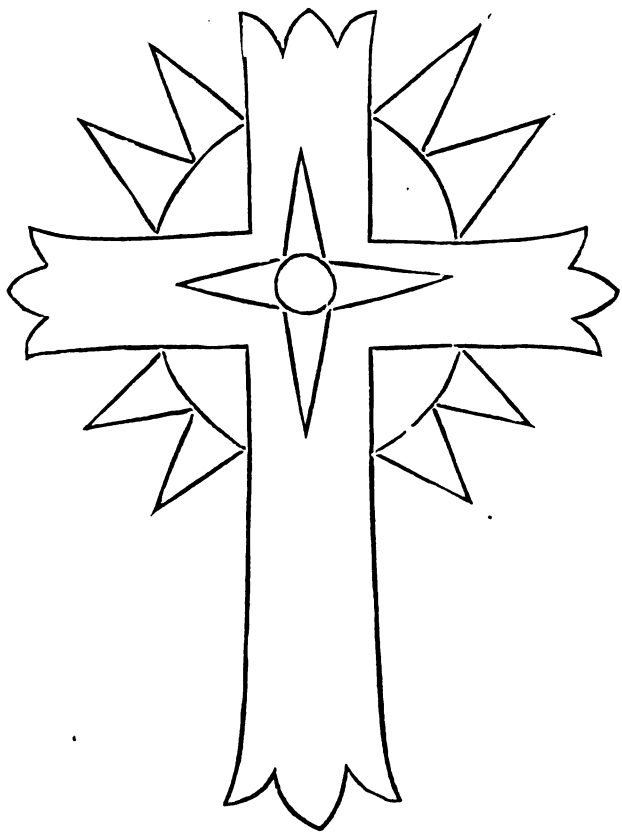
NEW STYLES FALL BONNETS.



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BIBLE-MARKER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very pretty design for the end of a Bible-Marker. The pattern may be worked either in silk or velvet applique, or embroidered in silk, or the pattern outlined in gold twist. Procure a piece of corded silk ribbon one yard and a quarter long, and three and a half inches wide, and cut a piece of velvet large enough to cover the cross. Form the pattern on a piece of card or stiff paper, place it on the wrong side of the velvet, and with a sharp penknife cut it out in the desired shape. Gum this velvet on to the ribbon, and finish off the edges with good twist sewn neatly on. The center star should be embroidered in fine gold twist. To make the marker complete, four crosses should be made, and two sewn on each end, one on each side of the ribbon; the extreme ends of the ribbon being ornamented with a gold fringe one and a half or two inches in depth. The length of ribbon we have given is sufficient for a double marker, it having no ornament at the top, but merely passed through the book twice. To work this in a more simple manner, gold twist might be sewn on over the lines indicated in the pattern. It would be very appropriate for a sermon-case, either embroidered in silk or applique in velvet.

KNITTED COUNTERPANE, OR BERCEAUNETTE COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of this beautiful Knitted Counterpane. Cast on any number of loops that will divide by twelve, with three additional ones at each end, to be always knitted as a border. Knit 3 rows before commencing the pattern, knit 8, *

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make 1, slip, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, repeat from the star to the end of the row. Purl the back row with the exception of the first 3 and the last 3, which are always to be knitted. Second front row: Knit 6, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, slip, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 2 together, repeat from star. Purl back row. Third front row: Knit 5, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, repeat from star. Purl the back row. Fourth front row: Knit 4, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, repeat from star. Purl the back row. Fifth front row: Knit 3, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, repeat from star. Purl back row. Sixth front row: Knit 2, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, repeat from star. Seventh front row: Knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, repeat from star. Eighth front row: Knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, repeat from star. Purl back row. Tenth front row: Knit 5, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, repeat from star. Purl back row. Eleventh front row: Knit 6, * make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 5, repeat from star. Purl back row. Twelfth front row: Knit 7, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and bind, make 1, knit 2, make 1, repeat from star.

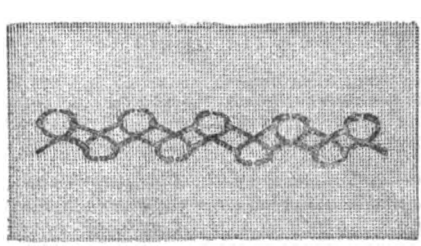
This pattern, if knitted for a counterpane, should be in No. 10 of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s best knitting cotton; if for a berceaunette cover, in No. 16. If for this last-mentioned article, it should be done on steel needles, and lined with colored silk.

SMOKING-CAP IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This colored pattern, in the front of the present number, is a Smoking-Cap, and is to be made in black velvet or cloth. The leaves are of green velvet; the stems, outlines, and the veining of the leaves are embroidered with white floss or embroidery silk. The grapes are embroidered with silk, shading from dark gray to white. The pattern gives the proper size for the crown of the cap. The border should be eighth of a yard in depth, and five-eighths long. In making up the cap, interline the crown-piece with a stiff pasteboard. The whole cap is to be lined with quilted black silk. Finish with a handsome silk tassel of white and green sewing silk, mounted with bullion.

NEW DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1863. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES.—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1863 to be found on our cover. We claim, there, that "Peterson" is cheaper than any other magazine of its kind, and, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* The proof of this may be established, not only by a comparison with other magazines—which we challenge—but also by the fact that "Peterson" has now *the largest circulation* of any ladies' periodical in the United States, or even in the world.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1863, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found elsewhere. While retaining the best of our contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh. Among the new writers added, this year, are the author of "Dora's Cold" and "Breach of Promise of Marriage," and the author of "The Murder in the Glen Ross" and "The Egyptian Beetle." This last writer, especially, is one of the ablest in America. *No series of tales, for years, has attained such sudden and wide-spread popularity.* It will be seen that one of our novelets for 1863 will be by this writer: and "The Second Life," the novelet in question, is, probably, the most powerful we have ever printed.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions are faithfully reported: "*Peterson*" *never descends to be a merely advertising medium* for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—Be of good cheer. Never despond. The sun will rise to-morrow; the world go on pretty much the same; you, we, and all of us, get our fair share of prosperity and happiness, no matter how dark things may look to-night. People always magnify trouble, which, at a distance, looms up large and terrible, like a dead tree in the dark, but which, when we reach it, turns out only an old stump after all.

SCREENS IN PEACOCK FEATHERS.—Many ladies in the country are in possession of very beautiful feathers, especially those of the peacock, for which they would be glad to find ornamental uses for the decoration of their apartments. One of the prettiest of these is to form them into screens, whether as hand-screens or a fire-screen, according to the quantity of feathers they are enabled to command. Circular fire-screens are very elegant, made in the following way: Mark a circle of the size required upon a piece of Penelope canvas, cut the feathers so as to leave their stems a couple of inches below the eyes, lay them all round the outer edge of the circle marked upon the canvas, passing the stem through to the back of the canvas, and fastening each one down with a few stitches; repeat row after row, taking care to place the feathers sufficiently close together perfectly to cover the threads of the canvas, until the vacant circle in the center becomes sufficiently small, and in this center place one of the smallest of the miniature looking-glasses that can be procured. Hand-screens may be made exactly in the same way if round, or if of the pear shape, then the feathers must be placed all round the upper part in curved lines, to suit the form, and the miniature looking-glass be placed just above the handle. The finish of these screens is also open to another choice to which many ladies may give the preference. The photograph of a friend, a relative, or of some noted public character, mounted in a round or oval frame, gives a corresponding interest, and is not less elegant. A third way is to work a handsome star in beads as a substitute for the two modes above mentioned.

A REMEDY FOR SEA SICKNESS.—In all ordinary cases, if in dread of sickness, lie down on the back at least a quarter of an hour before the vessel starts. No position but that of recumbency on the back will do. Let head, body, and back become, as it were, part of the vessel, participating in its motion without muscular effort. This precaution is often of itself sufficient. It will be of little use to assume this position after the sickness has commenced. It must be beforehand. Travelers may like to test this counsel. If the results should not be successful, anyhow the advice will all the same have come to them without fee.

TASTE AND NEATNESS IN DRESS.—Nature has wisely given woman a love of neatness and generally an excellent taste in dress. To look like a "fright" is the dread of all the sex. A few touches in the way of ornament; a graceful, stylish fit; neat collars and laces: how these transform a lady! Not to know how to dress is to be only half as agreeable and pretty as you might be. Taste and knowledge, too, supply the place of money. There is more truth than is usually supposed in the old saying, "As well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

TAKE "PETERSON" FIRST.—The Dryden (N. Y.) News says, speaking of this Magazine:—"No lady should be without this Magazine to grace her parlor table. As the time for subscribing for a new volume is near at hand, we would advise all who cannot afford to take but one magazine another year, to subscribe for Peterson's, as it is the cheapest, and we believe the best now published."

PAINTING.—"She isn't all that fancy painted her!" bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and, worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself!"

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A New and Splendid Premium.—Two years ago, it will be recollected by old subscribers, we gave, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, a large-sized mezzotint for framing, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison." The picture from which it was engraved was one of a pair, painted by an eminent English artist, T. G. Duval; and its great popularity has induced us to have the match-picture, "Bunyan's Blind Child Parting from Him in Prison," engraved also. In some respects this second picture is better than its predecessor. It is engraved of the same size, twenty-seven inches by twenty. Most of those who have received the first mezzotint for a premium, will prefer this match-picture even to the extra copy of the Magazine. It will be seen, by referring to the Prospectus, that by getting up a club of three, five, or eight, any person becomes entitled to this splendid premium. Or by getting a club of sixteen, this mezzotint, and also an extra copy of the Magazine, may be earned; or a copy of both mezzotints, if no extra copy of the Magazine is desired. This mezzotint is neither a catch-penny affair, nor an old worn-out plate, but a first-class engraving, costing a thousand dollars to engrave. Such a mezzotint, when framed, would be an ornament to any room. The prospect of obtaining it, for a premium, ought to stimulate thousands, in a country so populous as this, to get up clubs. Anybody can secure, with little, or no trouble, three, five, or eight subscribers for "Peterson," at our astonishingly low prices, by exhibiting this, or any other number, as a specimen.

What the Newspapers all Say.—The newspaper press, which is a good judge, because it has the opportunity of comparing the various magazines, each month, says, with wonderful unanimity, that "Peterson" is the best as well as cheapest. We could quote hundreds of notices in proof of this, but have space for only a few. Says the Glocester (Mass.) Telegraph:—"Peterson, first of all the monthlies, comes first to hand, and is rich in its contents. It abounds in fashion-plates for dresses, which the ladies cannot do without. Let every family have Peterson. It is the cheapest as well as the best of the Ladies' monthlies." Says the Bangor (Me.) Jeffersonian:—"Peterson's Magazine is well worth ten times its cost. No prettier or more useful holiday present can be selected for a lady." The Mansfield (Ohio) Herald says:—"Peterson gives better original stories and engravings than any other Two Dollar Magazine in the United States." The Mining (Pa.) Record says:—"Like pure old wine, Peterson grows better with age: always taking care to be so progressive in his improvements, as to distance all competitors."

A Hint.—Sir David Brewster, writing on the illusions produced by the two eyes of a person combining the pictures of objects formed on their retina, says:—"In the decoration of our apartments, and in dresses, male and female, small recurring patterns should be avoided, and particularly small squares. The observer can hardly avoid uniting these squares, or analogous figures in female dresses, thus causing part of the dress either to bulge out or sink into hollows, a result which, while it gives pain to the eye of the observer, does not improve the person who is observed."

A Mussulman Notion of Crinoline.—A German journal relates the following anecdote, on the authority of a traveler, recently returned from Africa:—"A wealthy Arab, residing near the frontiers of Morocco, lately paid his first visit to Algiers, and was present at a ball. On his return home he said to his wives, 'What strange creatures these French women are! Would you believe it, they absolutely carry an open umbrella under their dress.' Such was the idea formed of crinoline by this son of Mahomet."

Hair-Brushes.—A subscriber has written to us for directions as to the proper method of washing hair-brushes, an operation that requires much care if the brushes are to be preserved hard, and in good order. We all know that hot water and soap very soon soften the hairs, and rubbing completes their destruction. The following method we have tried, and found it answer admirably:—Dissolve a piece of soda about the size of a large walnut in two pints of *hot water*, pour the water into a basin, *and dip the brush up and down in the water* (without letting the water touch the back), until all traces of dirt are removed, using no friction whatever. Shake the brush well after rinsing it in a little clear cold water, wipe the back and handle with a soft cloth, and put the brush to drain in a shady spot. In cold, damp weather, the brush may be allowed to dry on the corner of the fender, provided there be not too large a fire. Clothes-brushes may be cleansed in the same manner.

A Pretty Border.—A very pretty, simple little border for a child's skirt and pardessus, may be made in the following way, without requiring an illustration:—Take a braid one-third of an inch wide, lay one row on the edge, and another just so far apart as may leave an inch of space between them, on which cross a narrow braid backward and forward, so as to form a chain. If on white, the braid may be mauve-color; if on colored cashmere, either black or a pretty contrast.

Do You Prefer Reading?—It will be seen, by reference to our Prospectus, that we offer a choice of three different kinds of premiums to persons getting up clubs. But if reading matter alone is preferred, we will send, instead of the extra copy, or mezzotint, or Album, a dollar and a quarter's worth of T. B. Peterson & Brothers' publications. A catalogue of these publications, (to choose from) will be forwarded, gratis, if written for.

Our Steel Engraving, this month, is from a very celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. How arch the expression of the girl! How sly the cat! In our December number, the principal engraving will be from an original picture; and there will be, in addition, a superb title-page, containing portraits of several of our most popular contributors.

Skeleton Leaves.—In preparing skeleton leaves, it is better to select the leaves of those plants which will require about the same time in steeping, as some will take double the time of others. This plan will ensure more success than when the leaves are indiscriminately placed in the same water.

Cheapest Published Anywhere.—Says the Addison (N. Y.) Advertiser:—"We think that Peterson gets up the best Magazine of the kind that is published in the United States: and it is the cheapest work for ladies that is published anywhere."

The United States Treasury Notes.—These are the best things to remit in, unless you can get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, which we prefer to all other ways of remitting. Remit at our risk.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World, showing who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This novel, originally written for the "Cornhill Magazine," a London periodical, has just been republished, in a neat octavo, by the Harpers of New York. It is very much better than

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"Lovel, the widower," which preceded it from the same pen; but inferior to either "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," or "Vanity Fair." Its inferiority, however, is more relative than positive: it is the same old story, and, therefore, not so fresh. But, after all, is not Thackeray, even when repeating himself, better than most others when doing their best and as yet unhackneyed? What knowledge of the world, what delicate satire, what purity of style, what anatomization of character, what exquisite detail of delineation, and, in spite of a very general opinion to the contrary, what large-hearted charity! Thackeray's chief fault, in "Philip" as elsewhere, is that he is unjust to woman. His female characters are still divisible into "Becky Sharps" and "Amelia Osbornes." In this novel, there is one improvement: there is no woman of the "Becky Sharp" school; but both "Charlotte" and "The Little Sister" are substantially "Amelia Osbornes," say with variations. Yet it is not intentional in Thackeray to depreciate the sex. He describes them simply as he has seen them and believes them to be: it is his misfortune that he has seen none of a loftier cast, nor has any ideal of such. We believe, however, that there are, even yet, in this work-a-day world, beings like Miranda, Portia, Rosalind, Imogen, Cordelia; we think we have known women, who, under similar circumstances to those imagined by Shakspeare, would have been what his heroines were: and we are sure that thousands of others might become capable of being such, if a lofty ideal was held up to them, if they were not told by novelists, and made to feel by the examples of too many around them, that the end of life is to be "the earth, earthy." It is here we take issue with Thackeray. No doubt he describes modern life, in certain phases, women and all, truthfully; but it is only a worldly life, at best: it pretends, indeed, to nothing higher: its moral is, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," with the added word of charity, "Speak no evil of the dead." Now, is this the view of life that will develope the highest manhood, that will make heroes or martyrs, Washingtons or St. Catharines? Is it not a low aim in a writer? That is all we have to say. Thackeray is exquisite Sevres, so to speak; but Sevres, after all, is fragile and transitory.

Edwin Brothertoft. By Theodore Winthrop. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This novel is another proof of the great versatility of the late Major Winthrop. "Cecil Dreeme" was a picture of city life; "John Brent" gave us life on the plains; and "Edwin Brothertoft" daguerreotypes the life of our Revolutionary fathers. The same essential qualities, however, characterize each fiction. Major Winthrop would have made a narrative-writer, rather than a dramatic one. He describes well, and graphically; but his characters rarely talk naturally. This absence of the dramatic faculty was a defect which time might have partially supplied, but never entirely. Our author was also wanting in constructive ability. His plots are no plots at all. But this, also, practice would have corrected, at least in some degree. On the other hand, the racy style, the vivid narrative, and the nobleness of soul, which characterize these three novels, would never have deteriorated, but probably have improved with age. Hence, if Winthrop had lived, he would, we think, have become one of our foremost writers. As it is even, "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Brothertoft," will always be read, not only with a sigh for their author's untimely death, but also for the positive merit which they display as the early works of an unusually promising writer.

First Book in Chemistry. By W. Hooker, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is an exceedingly well-written little book, and cannot fail to make the study of chemistry interesting to children. It is profusely illustrated, and in that excellent style which characterizes all the wood-engravings the Harpers put forth.

Les Miserables. St. Denis. By Victor Hugo. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Carleton.*—We have here the fourth number of that remarkable serial, "Les Miserables." In "St. Denis" the fortunes of Cosette and Jean Valjean are still pursued; the time is the early years of Louis Philippe's reign; and Marius, Thernadier, and other characters, already familiar to the reader, continue to come and go on the stage. The story, as a story, occasionally drags, in order that the author may more effectually expose the injustices of society. But, with these exceptions, the interest is intense. A French atmosphere, however, pervades the book, as it pervades its predecessors: a certain "fuliginous" glare, as Burke would have called it, that seems, to Americans, melo-dramatic, as when the blue lights burn, just as the curtain falls, in a fairy spectacle at the theatre. Another volume will conclude the serial. The entire work is an eloquent protest against social evils. It is a cry, from the profoundest depths of humanity, speaking through the voice of genius, for the wronged and down-trodden of the great cities of Europe, nay, of civilization everywhere. What the Bible inculcates in "Do unto others as you would be done unto," what our forefathers meant, when they said, "Governments were instituted for the greatest good of the greatest number," that Victor Hugo, the exile for opinion's sake, seeks to teach, in these fictions, which unmask the social evils of our time, with such relentless severity to the oppressor, and such tender brotherhood for the oppressed.

The Mystery. A Story of Dramatic Life. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this story does not seek, like Victor Hugo, to expose the frightful abyss over which modern civilization impends, but employs the novel in its strictly legitimate capacity only, to tell a pleasant tale. And well she tells it! No cotemporary writer, not even excepting Wilkie Collins, or Charles Reade, is more skillful in the management of incidents than Mrs. Wood. In the present story, well-named "The Mystery," the interest begins with the first chapter, and is not only maintained, but also deepened in intensity, almost to the close. It is quite impossible to lay down the book, after once having begun it, till one has reached the end; and we advise nobody to take it up, therefore, unless there is leisure to finish it before bed-time. This faculty of arresting and fixing attention, merely by the skillful handling of incidents, is one of the rarest among novelists. It is one, too, never allied with the capacity of delineating character dramatically, unless in the very highest genius; and not always then. A fashion has grown up of calling all novels of this class "sensational;" but this is unjust, and is often only the poor revenge of critics who cannot themselves write a readable book. "The Mystery" is Mrs. Wood's best book.

Like and Unlike. A Novel. By A. S. Roe. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—Mr. Roe is favorably known as the author of "A Long Look Ahead," "I've Been Thinking," "To Love and Be Loved," and other popular fictions. No one can charge *him* with being a writer of the "sensational" school; and yet he is never dull either. He is in fiction what a Pre-Raphaelite artist is in painting: he seeks to delineate life exactly as he sees it, and the consequence is that his novels have that rarest of all things in modern stories—local color. "Like and Unlike" is, probably, his best work. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON VEGETABLE DIET.—If the world is indebted to the farmer and the agriculturist for raising the products of the land for the food of man, surely some gratitude is due to him who shows how food thus

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produced can be rendered most beneficial for the support and enjoyment of mankind. To support the largest number of persons on the smallest piece of ground is the object to be attained; and, in order to accomplish this desideratum, cookery must be brought to our aid, compelling each article to yield its strength. And if proper attention were paid to the perfect cultivation and preparation of vegetables, much less demand would be made for animal food.

It is customary in dietaries to show the estimate of the comparative degrees of nutriment contained in each article of food, by showing how much of the elements of nutrition they separately contain; and a conclusion is arrived at by ascertaining the quantity of starch, albumen, fibrine, etc., they may hold in their composition; or, still further, by the oxygen, carbon, iron, and other elementary substances of which they are composed. Such researches are vain; the amount of nutriment is not to be measured by such means. *It is to the organization of the food we are to look, rather than to its crude particles.*

In the application of heat, great care is requisite, and in some cases a strong heat is less effective than a moderate one, as is the case with some beans, and even with potatoes. When too strong a heat is applied to the beans, they remain hard, though they boil; the reason being that the heat penetrates quicker than the water, and by roasting the interior prevents it from softening.

The Value of Wheat and Oil.—The most important vegetable, as generally estimated, is wheat; and considering that it not only forms the basis of bread, but also of pastry and other luxuries, it may hold the high rank it has obtained. Bread is generally spoiled by not being baked enough, under the erroneous idea of economy. It is then unpalatable, and more sparingly used; but it is a poor way of lessening its consumption by deteriorating its quality. Oil is an important article of vegetable diet, and is a good substitute for butter or fat. Pastry should be made with oil: it is as light as butter, and as rich; but it depends upon the skill of the operator. It requires a large quantity of oil. In order to make it light, it should be rolled out several times, and each time a little flour and oil spread upon it; and then, being doubled and very lightly rolled, so as not to adhere, each roll will produce one flake.

Tea Cakes and Pound Cakes.—Tea cakes should be made with oil, flour, and brown sugar, without water; and pound cakes in the same way, except that they are baked in deep pans, so that the interior of the cake is very soft. The general cause of failure is not using sufficient oil.

Bread Puddings.—A very good bread pudding is made by beating up bread and water and oil and sugar together, and boiling it in a basin, covered by a cloth, for an hour and a half (if it be a pint size), or it may be baked, and currants may be added.

Plum Pudding.—A very excellent plum pudding can be made in the same way, with the addition of chopped raisins, brandy, cinnamon, and lemon-peel chopped fine.

Cheesecakes.—Cheesecakes are made with potatoes, oil, sugar, and lemon, beaten up fine, put into an oil crust, and then baked.

Custards.—A capital custard is made of tapioca, sago, or arrowroot, beaten up in cold water to the thickness of treacle, and boiled for an hour, which thickens it: oil, sugar, and cinnamon being added, put into a deep dish, and bake until the top is browned to a crust.

Rich Paste and Fruits.—Rich paste may be made by blanched almonds pounded with sugar, which is of fine flavor, resembling rout-cake. Preserved fruits are well known: they should be preserved in bottles, *without* sugar, simply by boiling the bottles which contain them.

Potatoes.—Potatoes are, from their good qualities, as well as their cheapness, a most important article of diet; they are best when young, about June, and after some weeks they begin to change from waxy to mealy, at which time they are not good, but shortly become settled and mealy. Potatoes are considered nutritious although they be waxy, and thus glutinous. They should be put into cold water, and boiled slowly in the rind, to prevent the air from turning them rancid. After which they should be mashed with a *wooden* pestle, with oil and salt, and may either be thus eaten, or may be made up into patties, and fried in oil till brown. They then make a very rich dish.

Brocoli and Cauliflower.—Brocoli and cauliflower are among the best and most nutritive vegetables. Cauliflowers are best in the autumn; they should be simply boiled ten minutes in hot water, and skimmed, but should be divided and washed, before boiling, to avoid insects. When mashed with oil and salt, and spread on bread, it is an excellent substitute for butter. Young cabbages serve the same way. Greens should be used when young, and before they turn into a globe, and when the outside leaves are left.

Turnip Tops.—Turnip tops may be used similarly, and also spinach; they are both excellent. In all these preparations care should be taken not to boil too long, in which case the vegetable becomes watery. When properly done, it may be known by removing the greens from the plate, and observing whether they leave the same clean green liquor on the dish, which is the criterion of their being done.

Turnips may be done the same way, but are not so good as the tops.

Artichokes.—Real artichokes are one of the best of vegetables, and may be done as above.

Parsnips are very good and substantial; they are best when young, in the autumn: they will be found very palatable when mashed up and fried in oil, like potatoes.

Green Peas stand pre-eminent, but are often spoiled; first, by being gathered either before or after their becoming mature; and, secondly, in the boiling, as the essence of the peas is wasted in the water. They should always be steamed, or stewed, and then their flavor is delicious, and, if gathered long before used, should be watered in their pods.

Broad Beans are not much inferior to peas. They should be used when their eyes begin to change color, and are improved by being skinned, and stewed with oil without water, after having been boiled previously.

Mushrooms are well known as a superior and useful vegetable; they resemble meat in flavor, and are stewed without water, adding black pepper and salt; the thin flat ones are the best, but they should be broken, in case of maggots or maggot-holes.

French and Scarlet Beans, etc., are singularly nutritious; they should be used before the seeds are grown, and should be stewed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, for a short time, after having been boiled. The beans, when dried, form a principal item of food. Very good soups can be made with vegetables alone; celery or lettuce are principal ingredients; parsley, carrots, and parsnips are added; and the whole should be stewed two hours, taking care not to make the liquor thin by too much water.

Another excellent vegetable is the onion. They should first be boiled, and then stirred with oil, without water, after which they may be browned before the fire. Jerusalem artichokes and beetroot are not equal to the vegetables just treated upon, but they are also good. Cucumbers form a nice dish when stewed, and balls made of bread, oil, and parsley added, to render the whole substantial. Rice is in high esteem, but it is seldom cooked properly; it should be first soaked for a day, and then slowly stewed till quite soft. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate form important articles of diet. Tea and coffee have generally

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received an ill name as to their effect upon the nerves, but without reason. Coffee ought merely to be scalded, not boiled; cocoa and chocolate should never be bought from grocers, but of the manufacturer, and asked for pure, otherwise it is adulterated.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Hashed Game—Ingredients.—The remains of cold game, one onion stuck with three cloves, a few whole peppers, a strip of lemon-peel, salt to taste, thickening of butter and flour, one glass of port wine, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one tablespoonful of ketchup, one pint of water or weak stock.

Mode.—Cut the remains of cold game into joints, reserve the best pieces, and the inferior ones and trimmings put into a stewpan, with the onion, pepper, lemon-peel, salt, and water or weak stock; stew these for about an hour, and strain the gravy, thicken it with butter and flour; add the wine, lemon-juice, and ketchup; lay in the pieces of game, and let them gradually warm through by the side of the fire; do not allow them to boil, or the game will be hard. When on the point of simmering, serve, and garnish the dish with sippets of toasted bread.

Time, altogether one hour and a quarter.

Seasonable, from August to March.

NOTE.—Any kind of game may be hashed by the above receipt, and the flavor may be varied by adding flavored vinegars, curry powder, etc.; but we cannot recommend these latter ingredients, as a dish of game should really have a gamey taste; and if too many sauces, essences, etc., are added to the gravy, they quite overpower and destroy the flavor the dish should possess.

To Make Crumpets.—Set two pounds of flour, with a little salt, before the fire till quite warm; then mix it with warm milk and water till it is as stiff as it can be stirred; let the milk be as warm as it can be borne with the finger; put a cupful of this with three eggs well beaten, and mixed with three spoonfuls of very thick yeast; then put this to the batter, and beat them all well together in a large pan or bowl; add as much milk and water as will make it into a thick batter; cover it close, and put it before the fire to rise; put a bit of butter in a piece of thin muslin, tie it up, and rub it lightly over the iron hearth or frying-pan; then pour on a sufficient quantity of batter at a time to make one crumpet; let it do slowly, and it will be very light. Bake them all the same way. They should not be brown, but of a fine yellow.

Irish Stew.—Take two or three pounds of the neck of mutton and cut it into chops; pare three pounds of potatoes, cut them into thick slices, put them into a stewpan with a quart of water, two or three carrots, turnips, or onions may be added (the last are seldom omitted); salt and pepper the mutton when added to the gravy; let it boil or simmer gently two hours, and serve very hot. Its excellence much depends on the last instructions being fulfilled.

To Make Flour Paste.—Paste is formed principally of wheaten flour boiled in water till it be of a glutinous or viscid consistence. It may be prepared with those ingredients simply for common purposes; but when it is used by book-binders, or for paper hangings to rooms, it is usual to mix a fourth, fifth, or sixth of the weight of the flour of powdered resin; and where it is wanted still more tenacious, gum arabic, or any kind of size, may be added.

To Keep Grapes for the Table.—Fasten packthread lines near the ceiling of a cool but not damp room. Pick the grapes before they are very ripe; cut out every one that is decayed, but do not let their juice touch those that remain: seal the extremity of the stalk to keep it from drying, and hang the bunches on the packthread.

HORTICULTURAL, ETC.

PLANTS IN WINDOWS.—We have made, this year, various remarks about the management of plants in windows; but, to oblige our correspondent "Annie," we will briefly sum up what is best to do with window plants. In the first place, never water the plants but when they actually require it—a fact which may soon be ascertained by simply feeling the soil with the finger, when, if it is moist, no water will be needed; but, if dry, which will not happen oftener than every other day in autumn, once a week, perhaps, in winter, but daily in spring and summer, then water them thoroughly, upon the principle that "a thing worth doing, is worth doing well." Secondly, never permit the plants to stand in water; that is to say, if saucers are used, take care to empty them as soon as the water has run through the pot. Thirdly, use rain or river water in preference to anything else; but, if spring or pump water is all that you can command, let it stand in the open air for two or three days previous to using. Fourthly, let the room where the plants are be kept up to as regular a temperature as possible, and the flowers themselves as near the window as you conveniently can, provided the weather is mild; but, in severe weather, it is advisable to keep them in the center of the room during the night. Fifthly, whenever an opportunity presents itself, give them as much fresh air as possible, either by removing them outside, or by throwing up the window as high as you can. Sixthly, shade them from sun in hot weather, otherwise it would cause those in bloom to throw off or drop their flowers. Lastly, examine them every now and then to see whether they are full of roots; and should you discover such to be the case, lose no time in shifting them into pots a size larger; but should the plants thus cramped be considered not worth the trouble, an additional supply of water will, to a certain extent, remedy the evil. It will also prove a great benefit to them to occasionally sprinkle a little water over their foliage, which will not only remove any dust, but freshen them up. If these rules are carefully attended to, you will have little cause to complain of your pets looking sickly, their buds falling, or their blooms dropping.

MILDEW.—The plant upon which the mildew has begun to make its appearance should be syringed with a strong solution of green leaves of the elder; or, where this is not to be had, a decoction of nitre, in the proportion of one ounce of nitre to one gallon of water, will answer equally well. We have known sulphur and soapsuds to do the work, provided the case has not been of too severe a nature; but sometimes we have seen it fail. At all events, the latter being a very simple remedy, it is worth a trial.

SPECIMEN FUCHSIAS.—Good, turfy loam, with a small portion of well-decomposed manure, is the right sort of compost to grow them in; but where you have a desire to encourage them, by means of liquid manure, let the solution be both clear and weak. In a word, an ounce of guano, to three gallons of rain water, or double the quantity of superphosphate, to a like quantity of water, is the proportion to use, as the principal object is to avoid using it too strong, and to vary the kinds in the same way that we vary our food.

DESSERTS.

Artificial Cheese.—Well pound some nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, to which add a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream; boil these in the milk; put in eight eggs, six or eight spoonfuls of wine-vinegar to turn the milk; let it boil till it comes to a curd, tie it up in a cheese cloth, and let it hang six or eight hours to drain, then open it, take out the spice, sweeten it with sugar and rose-water, put it into a cullender, let it stand an hour more, then turn it out, and serve it up in a dish with cream under it.

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Boiled Rice Pudding.—Swell a large cupful of rice in milk until quite soft; then mix with it two eggs, milk and cream sufficient to make it very thin. Butter a mould well, stone a few raisins and stick them round the mould; add currants and sugar to the rice; fill the mould, tie it over and boil it. When sent to table add a custard, flavored with a teaspoonful of rum, round the pudding. This is excellent when eaten cold.

Blancmange.—Break one ounce of isinglass in very small pieces and wash well; pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds pounded, sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn it into the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blancmange, and dress around with syllabub or whip cream.

Rice Blancmange.—Take one pint of new milk, add to it two eggs well beaten, four spoonfuls of ground rice, two spoonfuls of brandy; grate a little nutmeg, sweeten it to your taste, boil it; when near cold, put it into your mould; when quite cold, turn it out, mix a little sugar, cream, and nutmeg, and put round it in the dish; garnish with red currant jelly.

Cheese Cream, a Plain Family Way.—Put three pints of milk to one half-pint of cream warm, or according to the same proportions, and put in a little rennet; keep it covered in a warm place till it is curdled; have a mould with holes, either of china or any other; put the curds into it to drain about an hour; serve with a good plain cream and pounded sugar over it.

Rice Balls.—Pour upon a half-pound of rice three pints of boiling milk, and boil it with a little cinnamon and lemon-peel until it is quite tender, then sweeten it; allow it to remain until it is cold, and make it into balls. Beat up two eggs, roll the balls in it, and afterward in grated bread-crumbs; fry them in lard, drain them on a piece of paper, and serve them up covered with sifted sugar.

Lemon Ice-Cream.—Take the juice of four lemons, and the peel of one grated; add two gills of syrup, and one pint of cream; mix it altogether, pass it through a sieve, and freeze it.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, ETC.

To Remove Soreness Round the Lips.—Soreness round the lips is often, if not always, caused by a heat in the places affected, and may easily be removed by applying any of the cooling balsams which are so common, Milk of Roses and Cold Cream being the two most in use. To prepare the former, take five ounces of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter almonds two pints and a half of rose-water, half an ounce of white curd soap, half an ounce of oil of almonds, two ounces of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, twenty drops of English oil of lavender, twenty drops of otto of roses, and a pint of rectified spirit. Blanch the almonds, and beat them with a little of the soap and rose-water. Melt together the oil of almonds, spermaceti, and white wax, and mix with the former into a cream, and strain it through fine muslin. Then add, gradually, the remaining rose-water; and, lastly, the spirit, with the essential oils dissolved therein. To prepare Cold Cream, take six ounces of lard, one ounce and a drachm and a half of spermaceti, three drachms of white wax, three ounces of rose-water, fifteen grains of carbonate of potass, three-quarters of an ounce of spirits of wine, three drachms of essential oil of bergamot. Melt the three first, then add the rose-water, carbonate of potass, and spirits of wine, stirring well, and when nearly cold, add the perfume.

Aleberry is a beverage much in request in some parts of the country as a domestic remedy for a cold. It is made by boiling ale with spice and sugar, and adding toasted bread.

Cold in the Head.—A Belgian physician, M. Fan, tells us that this troublesome affection may be frequently arrested by a brisk friction of the *back* of the head with some stimulant lotion, as lavender water, sal volatile, etc.; and, moreover, that a similar rubbing, practiced two or three times a week, will prevent the "catching" of a cold by those who are liable to do so from slight causes. Just one other little bit of domestic medicine before we close. There are people for whom cod-liver oil is needful and proper, and who are yet unable to retain and digest this useful remedy. According to M. Dannecy, ten grains of calcined magnesia suspended in a little water, and taken after each dose of the oil, will coax the most recalcitrant digestive apparatus into submission to the infliction.

Pomade for Chapped Arms and Hands.—Spermaceti, two drachms; white wax, one and a half drachm; sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce; Florence oil of olives, half an ounce; oil of poppies, half an ounce; melt all together gently, and beat into it four drops of the liquid balsam of Peru.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Parsnip Wine.—Wash the parsnips clean, and cut them in slices the thickness of a penny; to one gallon of parsnips add two gallons of water, boil till the parsnips are soft, then strain it off. Put three pounds and a half of sugar to the gallon; cut four lemons, boil them in a little of the wine, and put them in while it is warm; set it with a little yeast, the same as beer. Let it stand a day or two before you put it in the cask to work.

Preserving Butter.—The French, who use butter very freely in their cooking, preserve it for winter use by melting it in a hot water bath, into which they place the vessel which contains it, straining it through a tammy cloth after it has well settled, while in a liquid state, and adding to it a little salt. By this process it will continue perfectly good for many months.

Ginger Beer Powders.—Take of powdered white sugar, two drachms; powdered ginger, five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix, and wrap in blue paper. Tartaric acid, thirty grains; wrap in white paper. Dissolve each separately in half a glass of spring water, mix, and drink while in a state of effervescence.

Rain Spots may be removed from cloth by carefully sponging the article all over with cold water, and hanging to dry in a cool place. *Or:*—You may get rain spots, or nearly anything else, out of cloth, by rubbing it with benzine.

Wine Stains.—An easy method of removing wine stains from table-cloths, is to hold the stained part in milk while it is boiling on the fire. The stains will soon disappear.

Rice Glue.—This elegant cement is made by mixing rice-flour intimately with cold water, and then gently boiling it; it is beautifully white, and dries almost transparent.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with white lace. The cloak is of the style called the "Colleen Bawn," and is trimmed with swan's-down and white lace. Head-dress of blue ribbon and long blue ostrich feathers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS of the new colored silk called "Leather Color." The dress is trimmed with black velvet and narrow black braid. Bonnet of white quilted satin, trimmed with black velvet. Two rows of narrow black velvet ornament the strings.

FIG. III.—THE MARIANA.—A dress of maize-colored foulard silk, braided with a narrow brown braid. The deep circular cape, the sleeves, sash, Medici waist, and the close-fitting jacket, known sometimes as the Figaro, and some-

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times as the Senorita, are all braided to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—THE FRANCESCA.—A dress of gray French worsted poplin, trimmed, as well as the basque, with black velvet.

FIG. V.—THE ISABELLA.—A cloak of black silk, with a deep ruffle at the bottom. The deep pointed collar is formed of guipure lace.

FIG. VI.—THE CAROLINE.—A cloak of gray cloth, ornamented with black braid. It is cut so as to fall rather plainly just at the back, and in front, but full on the shoulders.

FIG. VII.—A FULL CIRCULAR CLOAK, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. It is cut very full on the arm, forming a sleeve. There is a double box-plait on each shoulder, ornamented with three black velvet loops, fastened at either end with a black velvet button. The edge of the cloak is bound with black velvet.

FIG. VIII.—WHITE MARSEILLES VEST, braided with black, to wear under a Zouave or Senorita jacket.

FIG. IX.—BONNET OF ROYAL PURPLE VELVET, (from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York,) black and white illusion, front bound with purple velvet. A plaiting of purple velvet extends down the left side, and on the right side a fulling of wide white blonde lace: both are finished directly on the top, so as to be seen from the front, by a small white ostrich feather, fastened by a black poppy with purple velvet leaves, part of the flower extends down with the lace on the right side. The cape is bound with purple velvet, and covered with black and white illusion about half-way up, when it is finished with purple velvet, which connects with the bonnet in a box-plaiting. The inside has a white insertion edged with black, through which a purple velvet fold is run; on the top is a double loop of purple velvet, a couple of red roses, a white and purple aster, finishing on the left side with a black flower and a red rose-bud: all the flowers inside are intermingled with black lace. Broad white strings.

FIG. X.—FRENCH BONNET, (from Mrs. Cripps, 571 Broadway, New York.) The body of this very distinguished bonnet is of black velvet, the crown plain and flat; the front is black velvet about half-way up the side; but the upper part of the front is finished with a fan-like trimming of velvet: the color, new and exceedingly rich, can only be described as a tawny orange. This trimming is fluted on the top of the front, forming a beautiful edge to the bonnet, then it passes plainly about half-way down the sides and folds into the face trimmings. This unique trimming is completed near the crown by a fullness of black thread lace, which nearly covers the plain portion of this trimming, and, folding over the hem, mingles with the inside ruche. On the left side of the bonnet this lace falls both ways, and is gathered in profuse plaits in the center with a band of the orange velvet, held in place by jet ornaments connected by delicate jet chains. A black ostrich feather springs from this cluster of lace, sweeping to the left side and curling over the front. The cape is black tulle, headed with black velvet finished by a band of orange velvet, edged with lace and fastened with jet. The cape is bound with black velvet. The face trimmings are a full ruche of blonde, with black velvet bows with golden centers, a black velvet band extends over the top edged with black lace; a double bow of the tawny orange velvet ornaments the right side. Rich black strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The maize-color which has been so fashionable during the summer, still retains its sway; but it frequently deepens into the various shades of fawn as the colder weather approaches. The rich shade of brown known as *cuir* or leather-color, is extremely elegant, as well as the *Havannah*, which is an indescribably rich shade of gray. Dark blue, green, and violet are still very popular.

MAIZE-COLOR trimmed with white is very pretty, but is rather light for autumn wear, except for the house. A favorite trimming for a maize-colored dress, consists of rosettes of black ribbon, in the style called "Watteau Bows." These are placed in rows at the bottom of the skirt, and have a very pretty effect. Black braid or velvet, instead of being in straight rows, may be set out in a Greek pattern. Sometimes this pattern is formed of narrow black lace insertion. These styles of trimmings may be used for dresses, however, of any color with very good effect.

TRIMMING is still universal for skirts of dresses, though there is but little on the skirt. One narrow flounce, a few rows of braid or velvet, a braided pattern, or a narrow quilling of ribbon seems indispensable. Sometimes there is a narrow flounce with a design in braiding above it, or two flounces with the braiding between them. Black lace insertion is frequently put on silk dresses of richer description, not only on the sleeves and body but around the skirt.

MOST BODIES are made with small points at the back and in front, and the bodies are not much trimmed, except they are braided.

THE ORIENTAL VESTS AND THE SENORITA VESTS, at present so extremely fashionable, are at once becoming and convenient. They are simply jackets, varying little from those designated last year the "Zouave" and the "Figaro." In like manner, the "Saute-en-Barque," this year so popular, is merely the paletot of velvet or silk which has been worn with slight modifications during the last two years.

The "Saute-en-Barque" is of the style of the jacket in "The Isabella," Fig. No. 5.

EVENING DRESSES, if of a thin material, are frequently made with two skirts, the upper one rounding off from the front and trimmed with a ruffle of the same material as the dress, or a narrow lace ruffle.

BONNETS are not so high nor so pointed in front, but still sufficiently high to admit of a good deal of trimming on the top. One of the prettiest bonnets which we have seen is of gray Neapolitan. The cape is of gray silk, edged with pink piping. In front two small tufts of pink feathers are separated by a bouquet of moss rose-buds. The under-trimming is formed of blonde, black lace, and rose-buds. Strings of pink ribbon. Another is composed of white crape, puffed and trimmed with brown ostrich feathers, and brown strings.

CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, AND SACQUES will be worn longer this winter than they were last year, and will fit less closely to the figure.

SHOES, ETC.—Some time ago we noticed partial symptoms of the revival of an old fashion of the last century—we allude to silk stockings having colored ornaments in the corners, or, as they are technically called, "Clocked Stockings." The ornaments are embroidered on stockings of silk and Lille thread. Last year this fashion had just made its appearance, but it is now getting more widely spread. These embroidered stockings are worn in full dress, and with high-heeled slippers. It is considered good taste to have the latter of the color of the dress.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The dress and jacket are of gray alpaca, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and buttons. Hat of black felt with a long gray plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt is tucked with rows of white braid above the tucks, and the body and caps of the sleeves are also tucked. Full white under-sleeves.

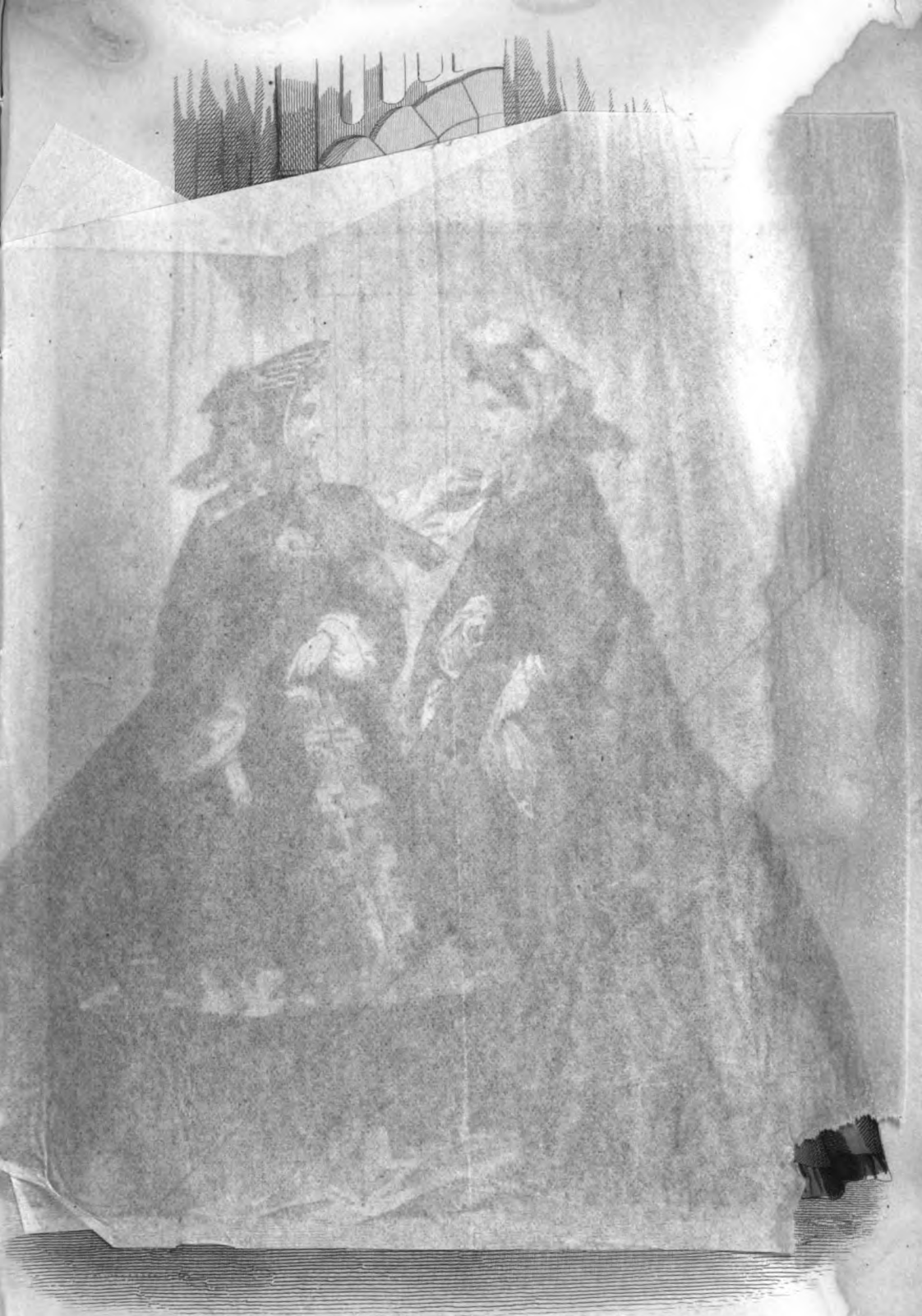
FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.—The pantaloons and vest are of gray cashmere, and the jacket of navy blue cloth, trimmed with brass buttons.

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Engraved & Printed by Wm. Brockett

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

DECEMBER.

1862

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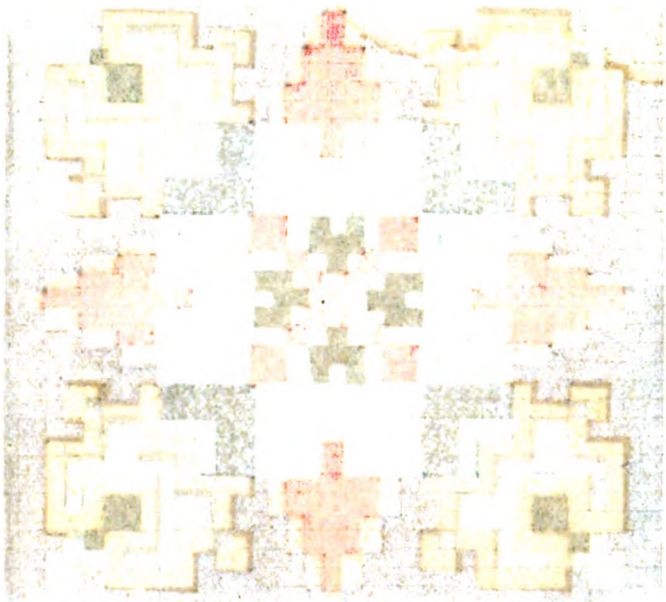
LES MODES PARISIENNES.

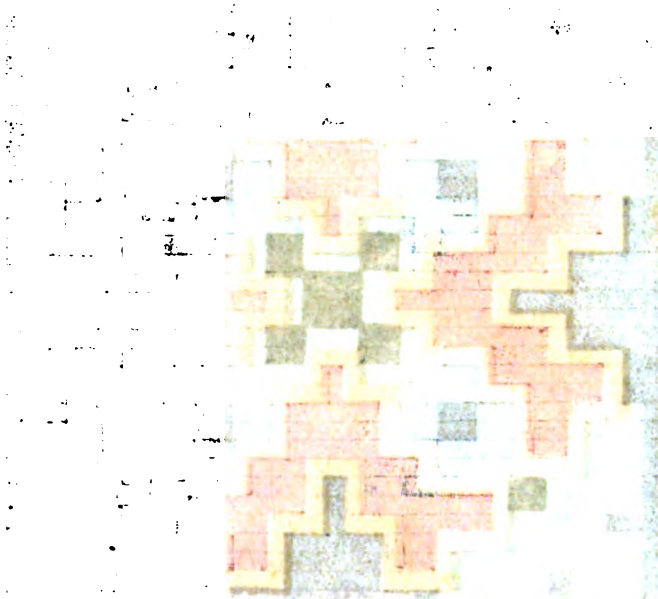
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SOFA CUSHIONS.

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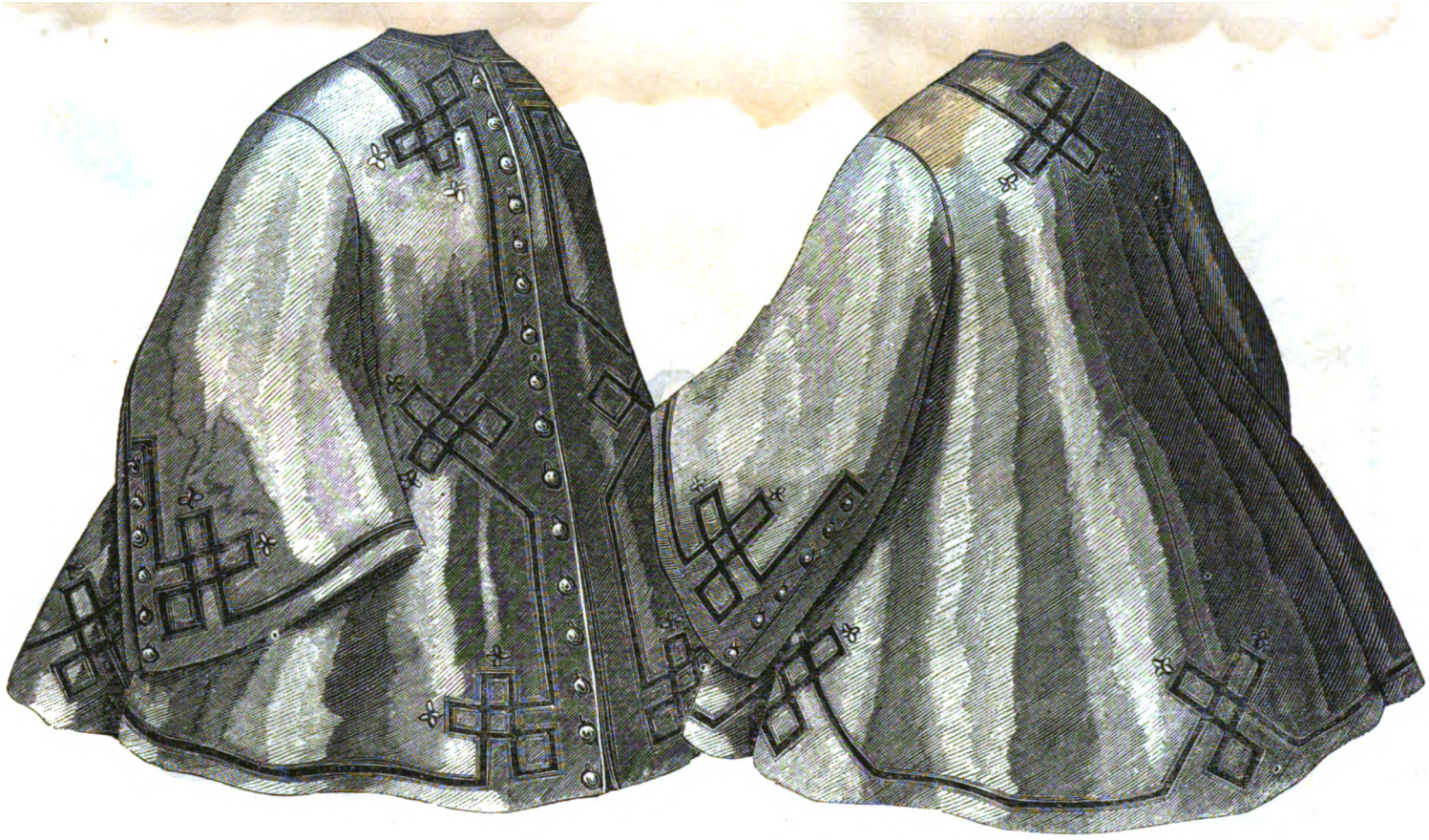
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A TOUGH SUBJECT.

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SACQUE CLOAK: FRONT AND BACK.

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NEW STYLE BONNET



NEW STYLE BONNET.

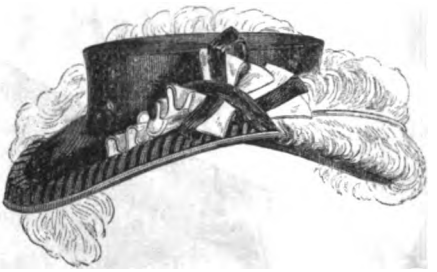


NEW STYLE BODY.

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WINTER BONNET.

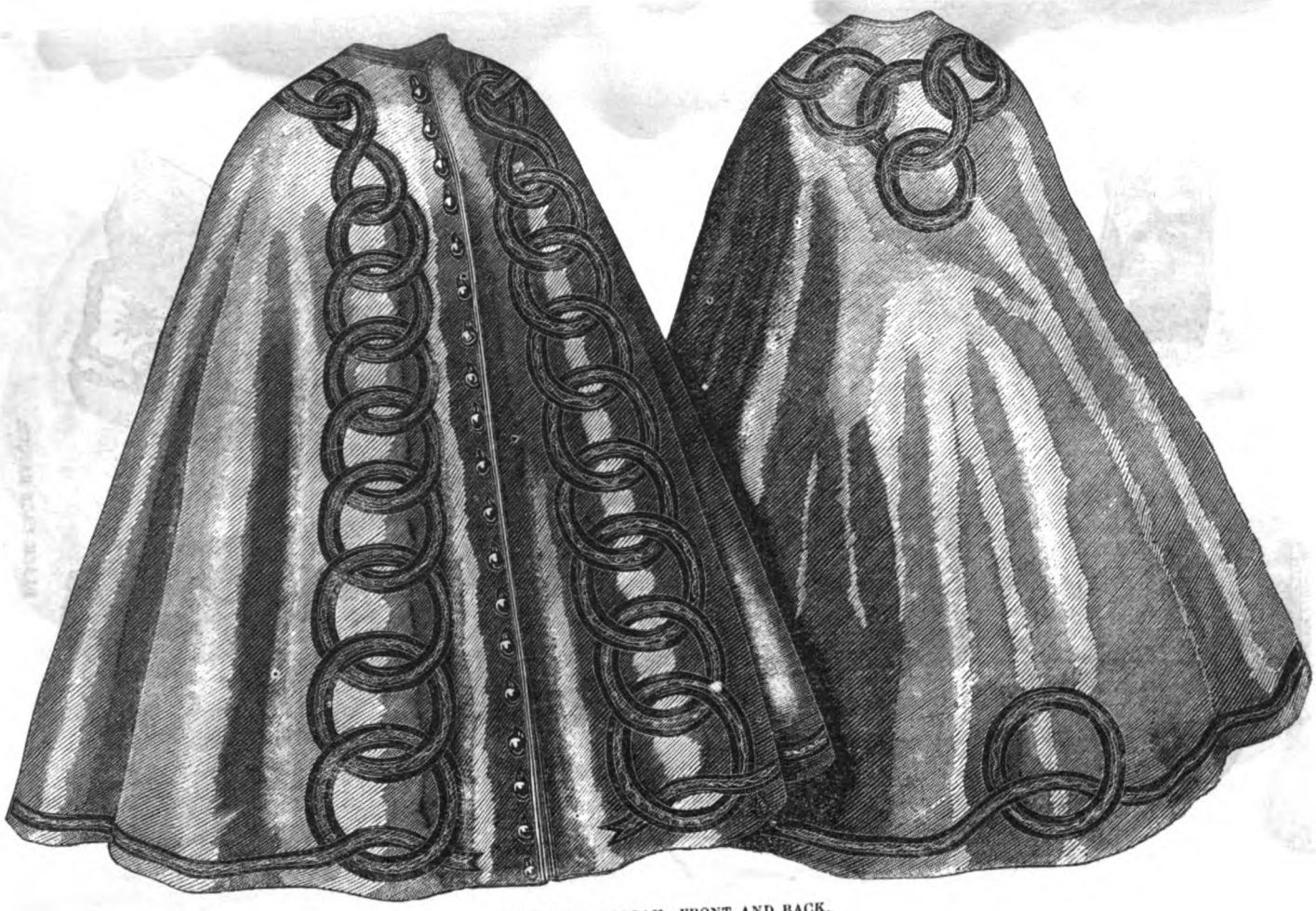


WINTER HAT



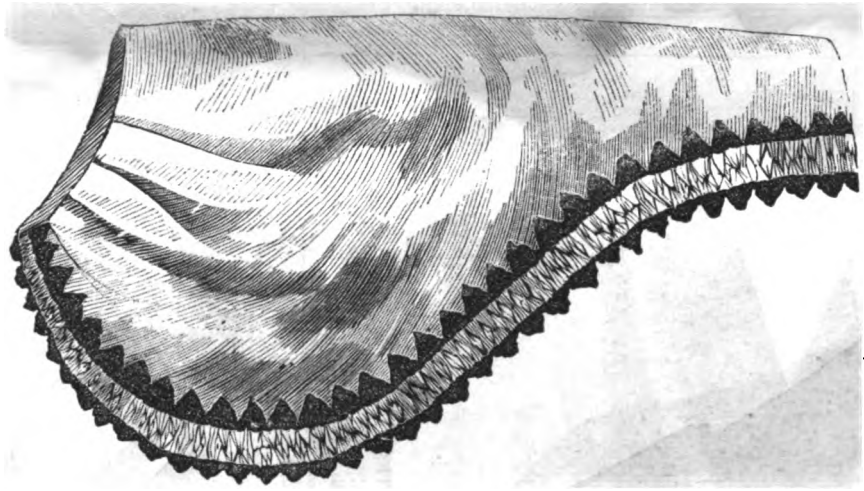
BLACK LACE BASQUE.

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NEW STYLE CLOAK: FRONT AND BACK.

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CLOSED SLEEVE FOR WALKING DRESSES.



HEAD-DRESS.

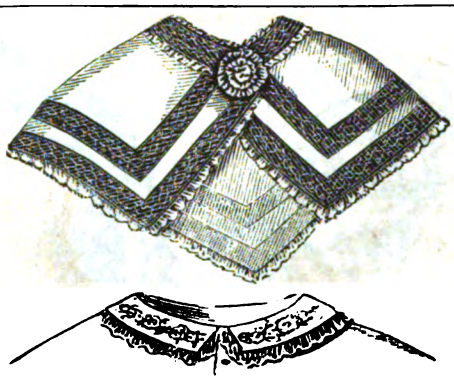


HEAD-DRESS.

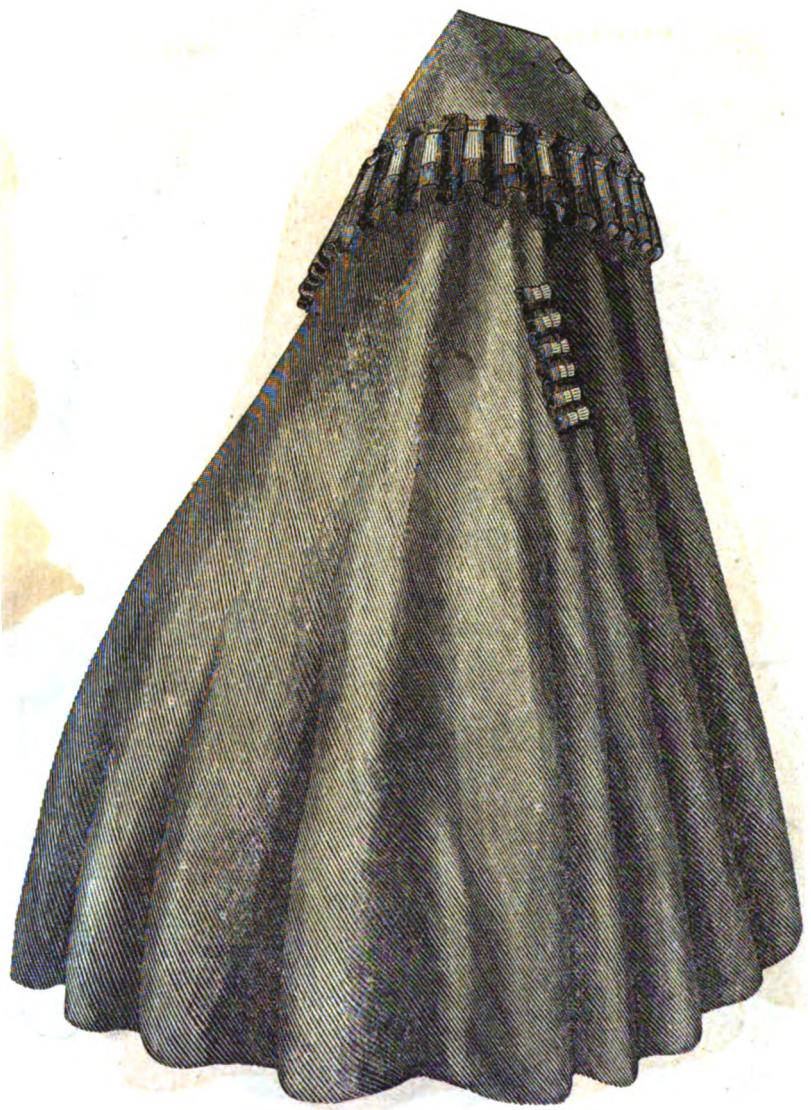


NIGHT-CAP.

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COLLAR AND CAPE.



THE MATILDHE CLOAK.

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INFANT'S CAP.

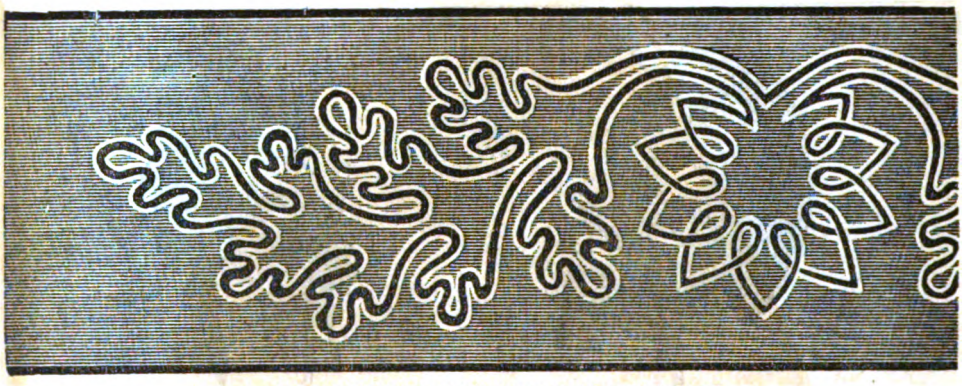


INFANT'S CAP.

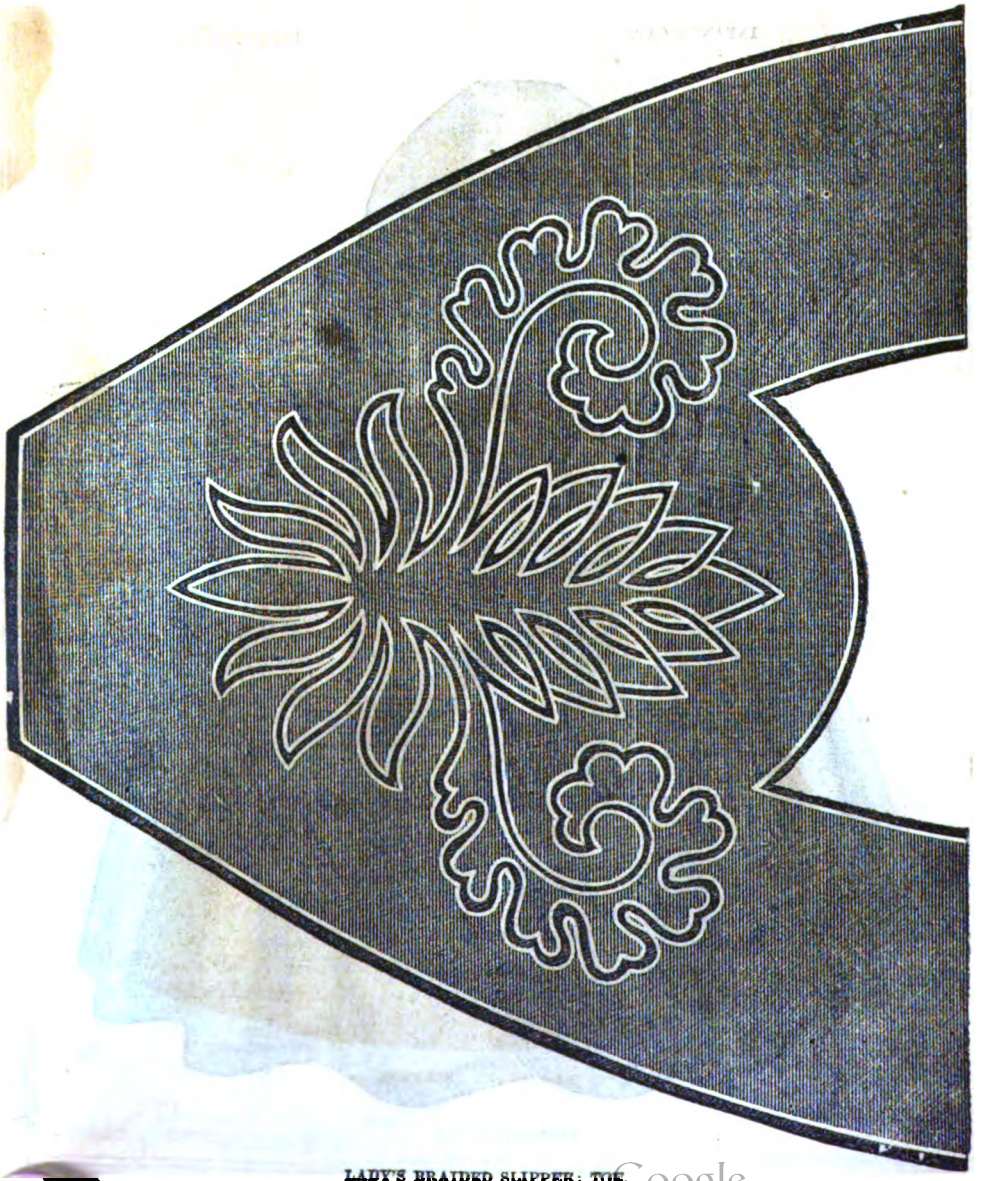


FRINGED CLOAK.

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LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER: PART OF SIDE AND BACK.



LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER: TOE.

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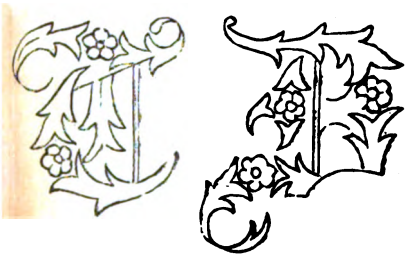


NEW STYLE OF APRON.

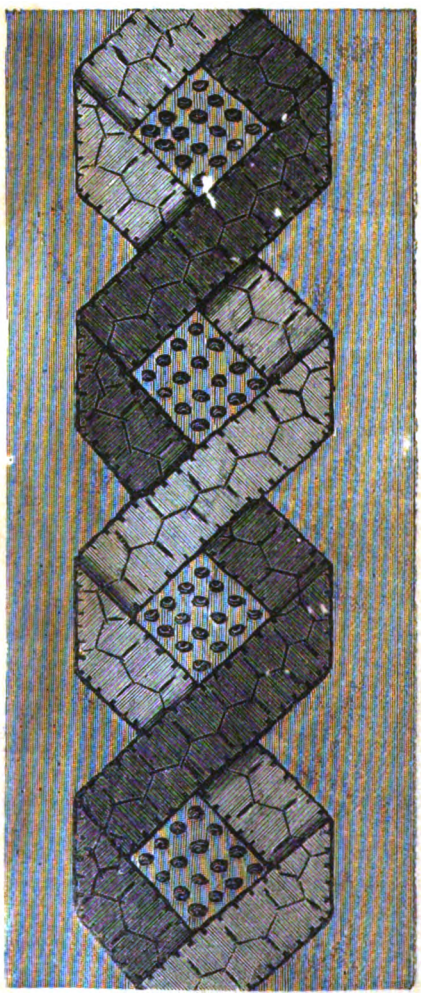


NEW STYLE OF APRON.

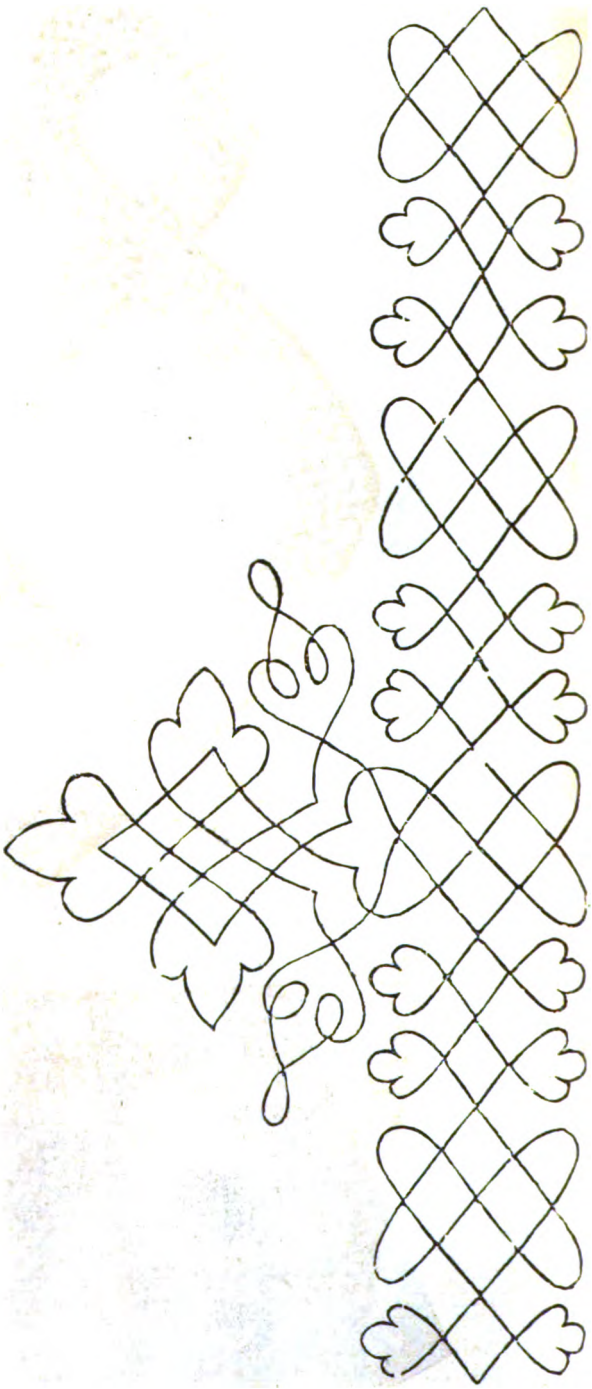
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LETTERS FOR MARKING.

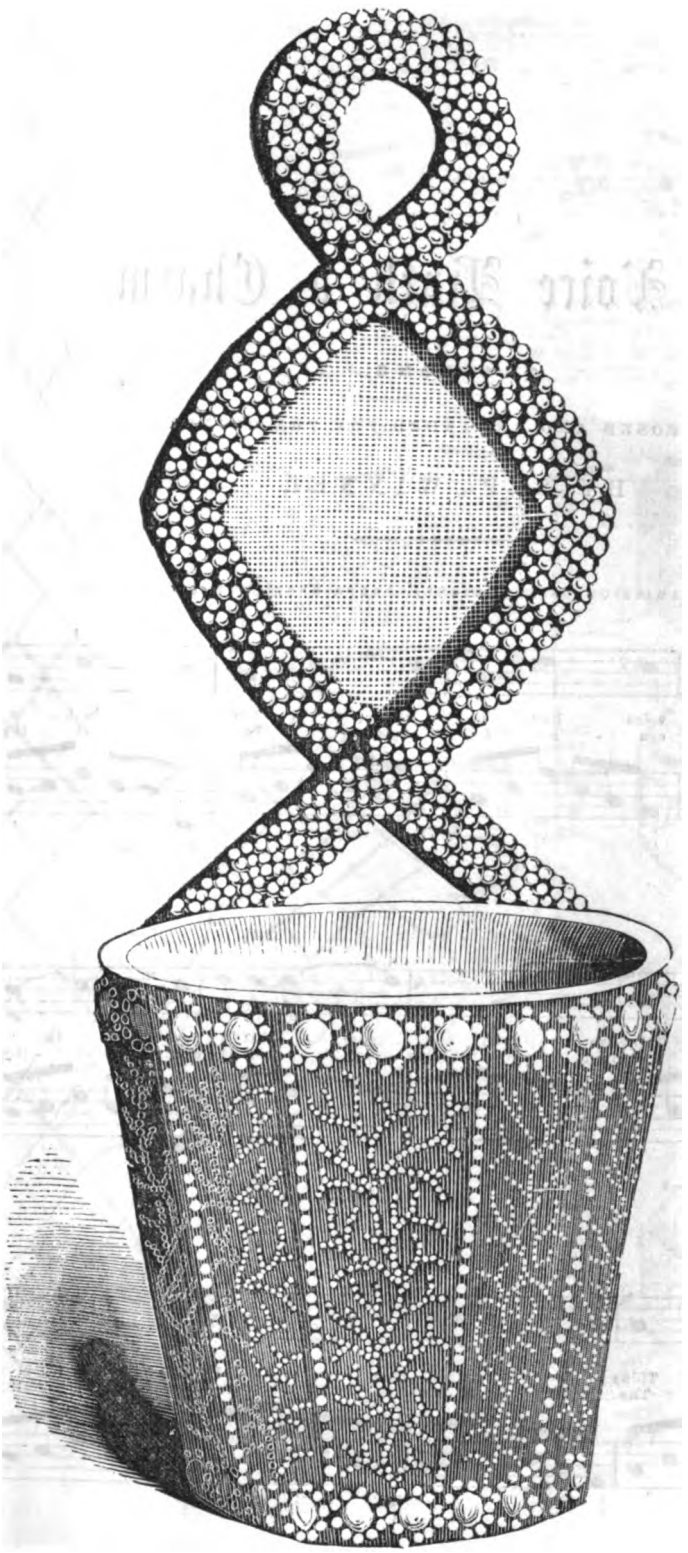


RIBBON TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

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HANGING ALUMETTE BASKET.

INSERTION.

EDGING.

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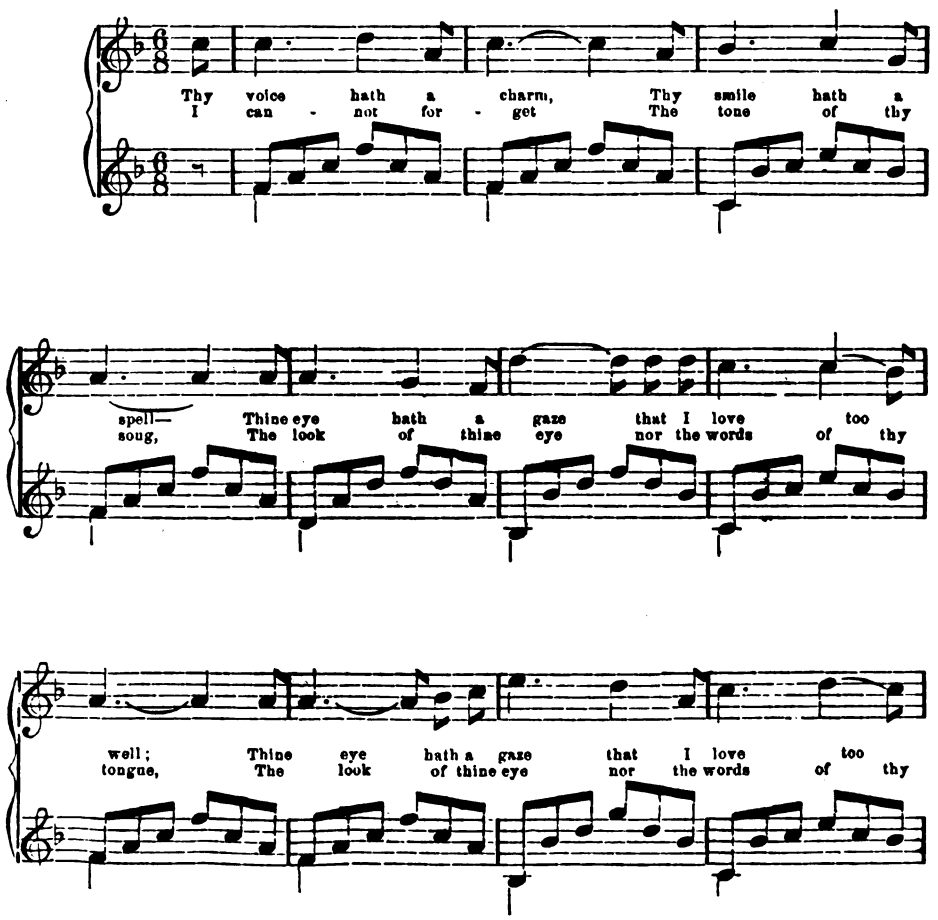
Thy Voice Hath a Charm.

NEW SONG.
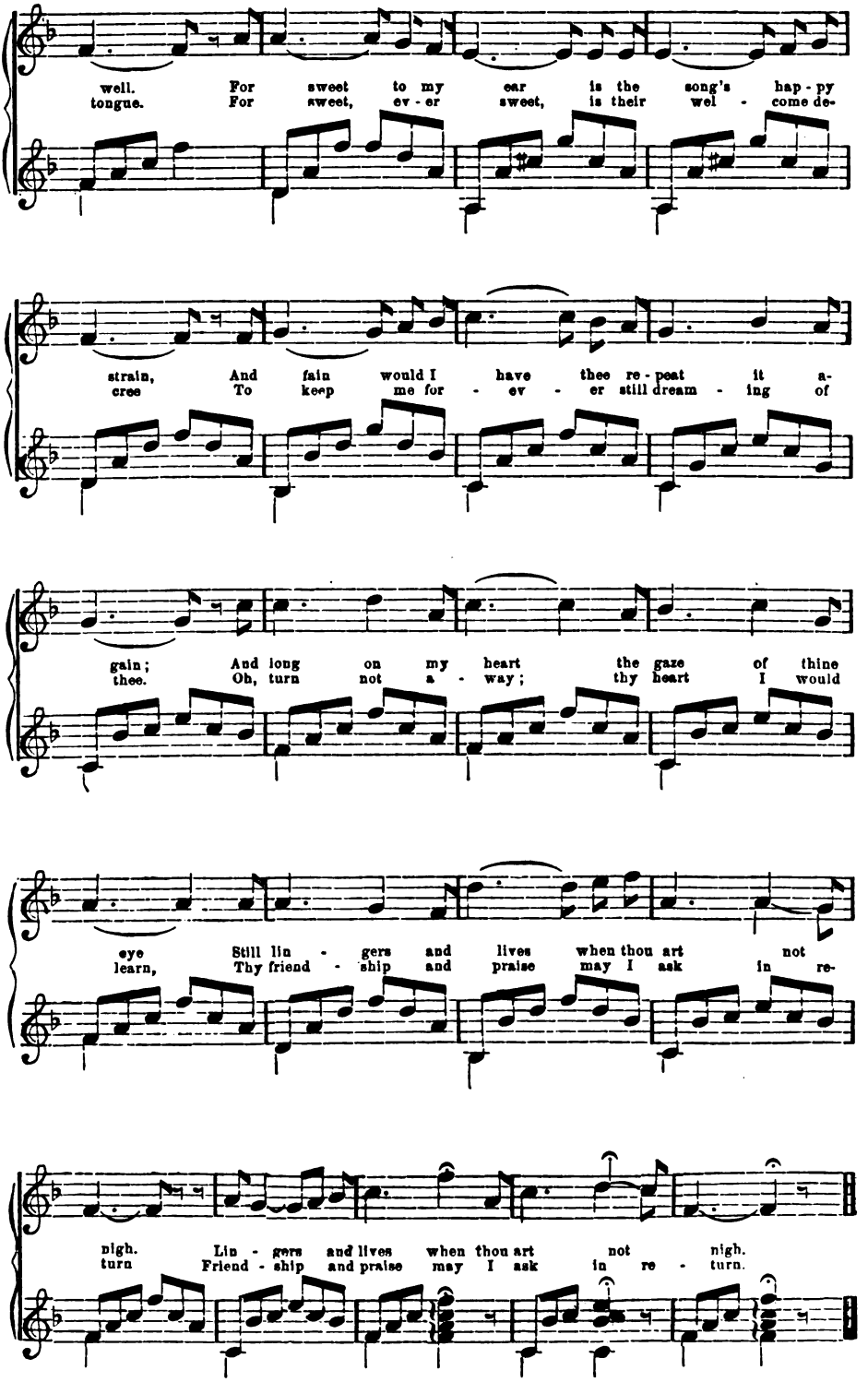
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EMPRESS COLLAR.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1862. No. 6.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

IT was Sunday evening, and through the thickly gathering twilight Randall Williams looked forth from his study window, across his garden, the village paths, the clustering cottages, to fix his large, melancholy eyes upon the church spire. The sun was setting, flooding the village with golden light, and there was no fairer face illuminated by the rays than that of the young minister of Blyewood, Randall Williams. Waving brown hair shaded his broad, fair brow, and his features were delicate as those of a woman. There was sorrow, a deep, longing look in his eyes, but it was not remorseful, nothing lingered in the expression to mar the saint-like purity of his face.

"Dreaming in the twilight, Randall!"

The voice roused him, and he held out his hand, as he turned, with a ready smile, to greet his sister, a tall, fair woman, some fifteen years his senior.

"What is it?" she asked, softly; for, with the quick perception of a loving heart, she saw that his reverie had been a painful one.

"What is it? What, Anna?"

"What is it that has changed you, Randall? Sorrow you have had to bear, sorrow and pain from your early childhood, and nobly you have borne it. None know that better than I, who have had all your love since our parents died. But *that* was a settled pain, a patiently borne burden. Now, Randall, something new troubles you. I have marked the change for months past. You are restless, paler than usual, and now for two weeks past this has increased to an extent that alarms me. I have waited, brother, for your confidence. Tell me now, what is this cloud?"

He sat silent, the pale features working with pain, the delicate fingers nervously clutching the arms of his chair, and his whole frame nerving itself for composure.

She watched him with wistful eyes—eyes that had rested on his face through his twenty-five years of life, to meet ever a loving, frank glance, and now saw the face she loved averted from her.

"Randall!" It was a tone of such pleading pain that it broke down all his reserve.

"Anna! Anna! why will you force me to tell you? I have been a fool; I love, oh! how deeply I cannot tell even you. I could have buried it away in my own heart, but she is dying—my love!"

"Dying? Ella Graham?"

"Ah! you guessed it!"

"No; but there is no other dying in the village! My poor brother!"

"I have tried to conquer it!" he said, bitterly. "I knew well how absurd it was to expect any to love *me*——"

"Randall, I love you!"

"With a sister's love, pure and true; I have proved it, Anna. You are accustomed to it; but is not *this* a figure for a lover?"

He stood erect as he spoke, and Anna's tears rose, as she marked the face of despair, the figure that accounted for it. Every joint seemed twisted; the whole form leaned to one side, while the ill-matched limbs and emaciated frame made the man dwarfish in size. It was an angel's face on the frame of a Caliban.

"Randall, does she know?"

"Know!" he cried. "She know! No, Anna! I could not see her shrink and shudder at sight of me! She sees in me only her parson, her friend; as such I believe she likes and trusts me. Never speak——how can you?——she is dying!" and with a cry of anguish the deformed sank back into his seat again.

There was no word for a sorrow like this. Anna Williams knew well that an attack of typhoid fever had prostrated her friend and Sunday-school scholar, Ella Graham, and that to-day Randall had offered, by her father's request, the prayer for the dying! She took the fair head in her own arms and softly caressed him, seeking with mute sympathy to comfort him.

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The same setting sun with its golden light flooded another scene, and here too was pain and sorrow. In a large room, furnished with cool matting and soft white hangings, a group stood sadly round the bed of the fair girl, whose soul seemed so soon about to leave its earthly tenement. She lay, half-raised by pillows, her eyes closed, her breathing faint, her long, fair curls lying in careless profusion round her pale, but lovely face. Her parents, and her two manly brothers, in silent grief watched round her bed, while beside her the doctor kept his keen eyes fixed upon her face. Suddenly she opened her large blue eyes, full of light.

"Mother!"

"Yes, darling!"

"I want to see the minister—before I die—now. Mother—may I see him *alone?*"

Before the sentence was finished, her brother had started to comply with her request. She smiled, as she saw him leave the room, and then the white lids fell wearily over the blue eyes again.

It was but a few steps from the house where the dying girl lay to the parsonage; and the footsteps of Leon Graham had scarcely died away before they were heard returning, moving slowly to keep pace with the limp of the clergyman. Up the broad staircase to the sick-room, and then all withdrew softly, and Randall Williams was alone with his love and his sorrow.

Ella lay quiet, her eyes fixed on the door, until it closed after her mother, who was the last to leave the room. Then she raised her hand to hold it out to the young minister. He came to her side. Every outward sign of emotion he had stilled for the performance of the duty for which he believed he had been called there, to pray for a dying parishioner. Not one trace of his strong emotion lingered on his pure, calm face, as he bent over her to catch the low words she uttered.

"They tell me I am dying," she whispered, "and I will confess to you the only secret of my life. My shame, had I lived, for——" and a faint flush rose to her pale cheek, "I love where my love has been unsought. He——" and she dwelt a moment on the word, "has been much with me, and from him I first learned to look upon life as more than a gay holiday. It is from his teachings I have learned to face calmly this—my dying hour. If I tell him now, will he scorn me? Randall—can you not guess—do you not know—how I love you?"

"Me? Deformed! dwarfish! hideous!" burst from his lips.

"Not so! If God has sent affliction, has He not granted patience? If He has made the body to suffer, has not He beautified, exalted the soul?"

And seeing his great love, his joy even in prospect of a last parting, in his expressive face, she whispered again,

"Oh! Randall, do not speak of your cross to me, as if it could taint my love. I am dying, but remember, I say, Randall, I love you!"

The time passed away quickly, for, in his joy, the minister could bear even a parting gilded by such consolation as was his now. The group outside waited long, till the mother's heart could bear the suspense no longer. Softly opening the door, she saw the child she feared to lose sleeping calmly; while by her bedside, praying fervently, knelt the young minister.

One after another followed her into the room, till, with his grave, professional face, the doctor stood again beside his patient. With an eager look, he scanned the peaceful face; noted the quiet breathing; felt the even pulse, and with a long-drawn breath let fall the glad whisper,

"She is safe! Let her sleep quietly, for this is the slumber to bring her back to life."

It fell on Randall's ear, as he still knelt there, and glad tears coursed down his pale cheeks. Safe! The one word nestled close to his heart, as he rose to obey the doctor's request to leave Ella alone with her mother. Safe! He whispered it softly to himself, as he walked home. He shouted it in his sister's room, as he fell, sobbing, like a child, into her outstretched arms, "Safe, Anna! She will live, and she loves me!"

There were not wanting wondering words, when the fair girl married the deformed minister; but they who loved her best knew that her happiness lay in his love, her future was safest in his keeping.

THE GREAT IN MIND—A SONNET.

MARK where the ocean, with her serried waves,
Rolls their impetuous charges on the shore;
Mark where the furious tempest foams and raves,
And vivid lightnings let the torrents pour;
And there the fretted rock and stony plain
Alone impregnable to storms remain.
All that bestowed on them the common stamp
And feature, perished in the clattering tramp
Of warring elements, and stern and bold
Forms individual to the gaze unfold.
There is a power, too, in the swelling grief
And passions, scathing flesh to crumbling part
All that is frail from intellect and heart,
And lift their features forth in strong relief. J. R.

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GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 345.

CHAPTER IV.

THE winter had come, and, to a certain degree, the widow's plans had been successful.

The Delancy set tolerated her because their leader did; even Mrs. Doshamer knew her again when they met, and Polly was as smiling and polite as if she did not long to throttle her, whenever they came face to face.

Any quantity of people visited her because others did; and, as for the men, her gay suppers were quite attractive enough to need no other reason for their acceptance of her invitations.

But there were drawbacks, and bitterly the widow felt them. She could gain no very secure foothold. She might present herself at Mrs. Delancy's receptions; occasionally a card was left at her house in return, but this sort of acquaintance was not what Polly struggled for by any means.

Then, too, uncle Copcutt was getting fearfully stubborn. He actually told her once in so many words, that, if it were not for Jenny, he would "cut the concern" and buy himself a farm in the country. She would not hear of his troubles, did not believe in them; and, at all events, solaced herself with the idea that, after Jenny's marriage, she could live with her and send the old man adrift, if he chose to go.

That Jenny was to marry Andrew Winston was a settled thing in her mind. She had looked at the matter so long that she was blinded, as people are when they stare at the sun, and really could not see anything else.

As for Jenny herself, the girl really troubled her occasionally. She was getting very odd—had taken to reading, and did not care half as much about gayety as formerly. Indeed, on several occasions, she had excited her sister's wrath, by declaring that she did not think society paid for the trouble they took to get into it.

"We hardly ever go out," said Jenny, "that we are not in some way mortified before we get home."

The widow remembered Mrs. Doshamer's sneers—the Shaker story which turned up in various forms—the slights she had not chosen to see, and grew green at the recollection—but naturally that only made her more furious with Jenny for reminding her of those things.

"You're a regular Copcutt!" she ejaculated, for the three hundred and fiftieth time. "I'm a fool to be the slave I am for an ungrateful minx like you!"

She grew so violent that Jenny was glad to soothe her in the best way she could manage, particularly as uncle Copcutt was not there to lend her even his poor support. Of late the old man was much occupied down town, rushing about Wall street and haunting brokers' offices, to the great loss of spirits and flesh.

The widow decided to give a grand ball—no common affair, but a regular ball, such as nobody had that winter given. It was all that was required, she felt certain, to place her upon the topmost wave of popularity.

"It will bring out Andrew Winston, I know it will," she said to Jenny. "I had a dream last night—I saw him proposing to you here in the boudoir—and you know I am like grandfather Dyson, my dreams always come true."

Jenny blushed and turned away—it was a habit she had, of late, whenever her sister brought Winston's name into the conversation.

"It will happen," said the widow, "I know it will!" and she stared straight before her, as if she saw the exact spot where the important performance was to take place.

"I don't believe that he is a marrying man," said Jenny; but the widow snapped her up immediately.

"Don't talk trash," said she; "do be a Dyson! Father always said he would have been Napoleon Bonaparte if he had been born in Corsica, and I believe in my soul he would! Andrew Winston's wife you will be, now mark my words."

Jenny did not dispute the fiat. She had unbounded faith still in her sister's determination, although she had grown ashamed of the means she employed to gain her ends, and a sort of pain gathered in her blue eyes as she listened to her words.

"Now," said the widow, "you are to say nothing to uncle Copcutt! I don't intend to

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speak a word to him until everything is arranged and the people actually invited, for he'll worry my life out if I do. I only wish I could contrive someway of getting him out of town until it is over."

"I think he seems troubled," Jenny ventured to say.

"You are very wise all of a sudden," retorted the widow. "It's only his horrid vulgarity and poor spirit; I believe he grows stingy—old men almost always do."

"Oh! Pauline, he is not that, I am sure!"

"Much you know about it!" cried the widow, on the high road to one of her frenzies. "You're an ungrateful piece, anyway! Pray, where would you be if it wasn't for me? Teaching school or married to some Pennsylvania farmer."

Jenny sighed as if she would not have cared much what her fate had been so that she could have been honest and true; but it would have been a dangerous proceeding to have hinted that, and the widow entirely misinterpreted her sigh.

"I don't wonder you gasp for breath," said she; "just think of it! Look where you are now—living like a princess, and who have you to thank for it but me?"

"I have never denied that you have been kind and generous," replied Jenny. For the life of her, as she looked back on her life, she could not give more hearty praise to her sister for her efforts in what she deemed the advancement of both.

"You are a good girl, very good," said Polly, too much occupied with thoughts of her ball to be ill-natured. "Only wait till I see you Andrew Winston's wife and I shall be perfectly satisfied. I ask no better revenge on Mrs. Doshamer—if we don't pay her off then, my name is not Pauline Rushman."

Silent still was Jenny; her blue eyes looked out of the window, but saw nothing of the scene upon which they rested. In spite of her worldly training, of the hard lessons she had learned, which would have chilled many a woman's nature like a frost, the poor child's heart had awakened at last and completed the change which had, for some time, been at work.

"I have such a brilliant idea for my ball," said the widow, going back to the subject just then uppermost in her thoughts; "but I shall tell you nothing about it yet."

She always said "my and mine," even when addressing uncle Copcutt. She was so accustomed to governing them both, that it never occurred to her they had a right to say anything, except what it was her gracious pleasure to permit them to enjoy.

"I have half a mind to arrange one room in Turkish style," she went on, "and have attendants in it. That artist—Freeman, you know, might be of some use."

Jenny turned from the window at that name. She had been somewhat pale of late, but there was color enough in her face now.

"He could help, you know," pursued the widow; "he comes here enough, in all conscience."

"He is received in excellent society," said Jenny, with as much spirit as it was safe to show.

"Of course, those sort of people always are," returned the widow, carelessly; "but he is insufferably conceited!"

Jenny shut her teeth hard together, but turned to the window again, her face so eloquent that it was well the quick-witted widow did not happen to look up.

She had taken a sheet of paper and pencil, and was scribbling down such names as she could think of at the moment.

"The Tysons," said she, "I must have them."

"Why, Pauline, they have never called on you," said Jenny, her face flushing now with different emotions from those which had agitated her a few moments before.

"That makes no difference," said unscrupulous Polly; "I was introduced to her, the other day, at Mrs. Delancy's—I dare say she will call before the ball comes off."

"I would wait and see," returned Jenny.

"Oh! mind your business!" cried the widow, without a bit of foreign elegance. "You are putting on great airs lately, I just advise you to drop them."

"Mrs. Archibald——"

"Oh! sister, you know what Mrs. Morton said!" ventured Jenny.

"Mrs. Morton is a stick!" cried Polly. "Mrs. Doshamer visits her, and so do oceans of people—I don't pretend to be any better than my neighbors."

Jenny sighed.

"There you go again! You are enough to vex a saint with that everlasting gasping," quoth the irate widow. "I declare, I'll just go to my own room if you can't stop—you put me out completely. I wish to goodness you'd go down and match that worsted—I promised Mrs. Phelps to do it. Hunt till you find it, for I told her I knew where there was some. Go dress yourself and order the carriage."

Jenny went away not sorry to escape, and

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left the widow to her pleasant occupation and to undisturbed thoughts of this grand ball, which was to place her upon the pinnacle she had so long sought to attain.

"I tell you, Jenny, this ball will be a success," she said again and again to her sister. "I never felt so confident about anything before. I don't look beyond it—I rest satisfied there."

But Jenny was not enthusiastic, and was properly reproached for her stupidity and ingratitude.

"Black ingratitude at that," said the widow, "the blackest of the black! But what can one expect in this world?"

Still those were not times when she could be angry very long. Besides, the elation caused by the thoughts of the ball, the widow and Jenny had received cards for a stylish party, to which she had been dying to go. Luckily for her she found some means of obliging the lady who gave it. She heard of some particular thing she wanted, and it being among the possessions Polly had brought from Europe, she sent it to her at once, and the consequence was the invitation to her party.

Uncle Copcutt did not go, but the widow and Jenny were off in their grandest and most becoming attire. I use the first adjective to express the widow's dress; and the last for her sister's, as of late the girl had grown so simple in her tastes as to excite her sister's indignation.

There was a foreign count there, to whom the widow had been, for some time past, trying to obtain an introduction, and that night she had the supreme bliss.

Mrs. Doshamer managed to trouble her happiness as she always did. The widow had approached a little group where the count stood, and her old enemy was trying to explain to him something about our country life which he could not understand.

"Stop," she said, suddenly, "Mrs. Rushman will know all about it?"

"What will Mrs. Rushman know?" asked the widow, smiling and altogether delightful.

"Country life," returned Mrs. Doshamer.

"I always do spend my summer there," said the widow, looking very grand, and as foreign as she could at short notice; "I supposed all Christians did the same."

"Oh! of course," returned Mrs. Doshamer; "that isn't what I mean at all. The count was talking of the difference between our lower classes and the peasantry in Europe. Now you, who have spent these latter years abroad, and lived in a country tavern during your early ones, are just the person to explain that to him."

The widow grew livid, but she hid it pretty well. People were staring—the foreigner looked dreadfully puzzled.

"Madame refers to my having told her that I once spent a summer at an old Pennsylvania tavern," she said, speaking to the German, but making her words intelligible to all about. "I was a child at the time, and my parents thought the air would be good for my health."

"We met such a dear, delightful old Shaker at Lebanon, last summer," said Mrs. Doshamer. "He was an old friend of Mrs. Rushman—his recollections of her childhood were quite beautiful."

"He was a poor man who lived on a property of my father's," explained the widow, her head whirling a little, but still determined to make the best of it.

"Was that it?" drawled Mrs. Doshamer. "Oh! I did not understand it in that way."

"That is the correct one," said the widow, "at all events. But all this is Greek to the count," and she turned toward him with her bewitching smiles.

Mrs. Doshamer had to let her go pretty nearly unscathed that time; but, before the evening was over, she found means to punish her as she usually did if the widow strayed within the circle of her orbit.

An hour or two after, she saw Livermore and another old reprobate laughing over a paper they held. Like all people in a similar position, the widow never saw people laugh heartily without fearing it might, in some way, be connected with it.

She got near them and managed to possess herself of it in spite of a little unwillingness upon their parts. It was a rough, but spirited sketch of a Pennsylvania tavern, on the porch stood a figure whom anybody would have recognized as a caricature of uncle Copcutt. The widow employed an eye-glass usually; but her vision was sharp enough to take it all in, and to decipher upon the sign, that hung to a willow tree, the name—"Dyson," written in small capitals.

She laid the sketch carelessly down.

"Who did it?" she asked, but it so happened that neither of the gentlemen knew.

The widow looked up and caught Mrs. Doshamer's eye. She knew that, whoever might be the author of the sketch, Mrs. Doshamer was the instigator—that was to pay for her insolence in approaching the foreigner.

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Mr. Livermore good-naturedly pushed it under a pile of books, and Polly looked as unconcerned as if the thing had not cut her like a knife.

Toward the end of the evening she again stood by the table—the room was almost deserted, and the people in the other parlors were too busy dancing to notice her.

The widow seized the paper and tore it into atoms. As she flung the fragments under the table, she looked up and saw Mrs. Doshamer smiling at her through the door-way.

"Destroying childish recollections?" she asked.

"Only finding a grave for your bad manners," retorted Polly, sweeping past her with a low courtesy, which cost her great pains to execute, but was very well done.

It was Mrs. Doshamer's turn to feel an inward raging, and the widow went home quite satisfied at having, for once, made her angry.

CHAPTER V.

The invitations were out, the supper ordered, great preparations going on, and as yet uncle Copcutt knew nothing of the matter. Jenny dared not speak for fear of offending her sister, and the widow still saw fit to keep her counsel.

She had arranged her room and the Turkish attendants, and that was the only part of the affair in which Jenny appeared to take the slightest interest. There, under young Freeman's instructions, she did what she could, and they were a long time planning the thing; but the widow was so much occupied, and so delighted with the success of the thing, that she paid little attention to the hours thus passed.

Then she had another fancy in her head which was being carried out. Between the conservatory and what had been the picture gallery, during the first proprietor's reign, was a square space which she had roofed in with glass, intending to floor it, put in stoves, and fill with flowers and all sorts of wonderful things. She had the windows of the gallery cut down to the floor, and, as she meant that for the ball-room, it was a sufficiently good idea; only that in her hurry the whole thing was so carelessly done, that the effect was not what one could have desired.

That part, of course, uncle Copcutt discovered, and raved like a madman.

"We mayn't be here two months longer," he cried. "Niece Polly Ann, either you're crazy or you'll drive me so."

"Lucky I didn't tell him of the ball," thought the widow, and smiled at her own astuteness.

"I tell you what, Polly, with all your brains you're a bringing our pigs to a bad market!"

"You can't make a silk purse out of a——" she began, but checked herself in time. "I wish you would keep your proverbs to yourself," said she; "I have told you time and again how vulgar they are."

"Like enough, like enough, but there's often a deal of truth in a plain saying."

"I hate plain sayings," said Polly; "and, what's more, I won't hear them."

"Wall, wall, if you won't listen——"

"I won't, and that's all about it."

So the old man sighed and went away. He had paid dearly for the mania which his niece had, for a time, instilled into him; and she was now so intoxicated by success that anything like prudence had utterly forsaken her.

The moment he was out of the house, the widow flew at her preparations with more energy than ever.

Not until two days before the ball did uncle Copcutt discover there was such a thing in contemplation, and then he first heard of it out of the house.

He came home rampant, but afraid of the widow even in his rage.

"You're as crazy as a bed-bug!" he groaned.

"And you're as poky as a toad in a hole," she cried, as usual giving him back comparisons in kind.

"I tell you we're almost ruined, Polly!"

"And I tell you, this ball will save us—it will be our last great expense. Andrew Winston will propose for Jenny, and then everything is settled."

The old gentleman really was in such distress that he was quite ill, and sought solace where he had often done of late. Indeed, by the time dinner was over, he was so much elated that the widow took him severely to task.

"Wall," he said, "we've, each on us, got our weak points, this is getting to be mine;" and she left him in a state of unbounded disgust, to which he paid not the slightest attention.

"I won't go down stairs," he said, on the morning of the ball, "not a step; so you needn't teaze me."

Nothing was farther from the widow's thoughts, and she left him to consult his own fancies, only fearful that he would change his mind when night came.

It really was a brilliant affair, that ball, and reflected great credit upon the widow's powers.

The rooms were crowded—even Mrs. Dosha-

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mer was there—and the general opinion appeared to be that people who could give such entertainments were not to be slighted.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Doshamer; "this is the widow's first and last—that is the only reason I came. Why, they have ruined the old gentleman—I dare say he is in bed ill this moment."

So the whisper crept round the rooms, but did not throw any shadow upon the festivities. If it was the last ball, so much the more reason for enjoying it.

"Ah! Mrs. Rushman," said Mrs. Doshamer, meeting the widow gorgeously attired and in the highest possible spirits. "You have quite exerted yourself to-night. Dear me! dear me! only to think of poor Mrs. Hoffman, how delightfully she used to receive us in these very rooms—but she is gone. I wonder who will be here after you?"

"I have no intention of giving up the house," replied the widow, feeling blue and cold as if an east wind had just blown over her; "we all like it, and intend to complete the purchase."

"I know you did intend to," replied her enemy; "but I thought——"

There were too many people near for the widow to care to hear what her thought was.

"Excuse me," she said, "I promised your cousin that he should have his favorite redowa. Come and see him dance it with my sister."

The shot told very well. Mrs. Doshamer bit her lips, and on sailed the widow, trying to rally her spirits, which always fell perceptibly under Mrs. Doshamer's basilisk glance.

Mrs. Delancy was not there, being confined to her room with a neuralgic attack; but her son and Emily Mansfield were, so the widow was consoled.

Supper was over, and almost everybody had returned to the ball-room. The widow had stopped to get a glass of wine and chat for an instant with Mr. Livermore, when she saw her uncle at the farther end of the room.

Her heart sank at once as it had never done before in the midst of all the trials and mishaps she had gone through.

He wore the same dress he had on in the morning, his hair was disordered, and he was brandishing a paper in his hand, and calling out,

"Niece Polly or Polliny, or whatever you call yourself—it's come. I told you 'twould!"

A crowd of people were pushing into the room, attracted by his voice and distracted appearance. The widow rushed toward him, and saw that he was not only half-intoxicated, but perfectly beside himself with some dreadful tidings.

"Uncle, uncle!" she whispered, "go up to your room! Come this way—up the back stairs."

"I won't," he fairly shouted, "I tell you I won't! I'm ruined, and everybody may know it for what I care."

The widow, in her fright and frenzy, could still, blind as she was, see Mrs. Doshamer edge her way into the room; perhaps that was the hardest blow of all.

"Poor old man!" she heard her say, "that dreadful woman has driven him crazy!"

"I want Jane. Where's Jane?" cried uncle Copcutt, blubbering and wavering to and fro. "Call her, I say."

"She's in the ball-room," Mrs. Doshamer said; "do call her, somebody—it may quiet him."

The widow got near the door.

"My uncle has these paroxysms often," she said; "it is caused by rush of blood to the head. May I beg you all to return to the ball-room while I get him up to his room—it really is not dangerous—only a sort of temporary aberration of mind."

Pale and shaking, so that she could hardly stand, she still tried to carry it off with her old audacity.

"Does she say I'm crazy?" cried the old man, catching her words. "She lies—I ain't—I'm ruined! Don't arrest me—I'll give up everything—I won't keep a penny," he continued, his fancy taking a new turn.

"Please go to the ball-room," said the widow, standing between him and the throng; "I assure you it is nothing—I can quiet him as soon as we are alone. Pray, join the dancers."

"I could as soon dance in Bedlam," whispered Mrs. Doshamer to somebody nearest her; but when the crowd filed out she was forced to follow.

The widow beckoned to one of the servants; but just as she laid her hand upon the old man's arm, he broke away from her with a howl that was scarcely human.

"Don't touch me, don't touch me!" he exclaimed. "Jane, Jane—I want Jane! They've taken her to prison—I know they have! They're carrying her off—there in the crowd. Let her go—let her go!"

He broke loose from his niece's hold and darted away, the astonished crowd separating right and left to give him passage, so much started that nobody thought of trying to check his flight.

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"Jane!" he called, with all the frenzy of intoxication and delirium; "Jane—come to your uncle—come to uncle Jacob!"

As soon as she could collect her bewildered thoughts or force her limbs to support her, Mrs. Rushman followed in pursuit; even in that dreadful moment trying, as she passed people, to impress upon their minds the belief that it was only an attack such as she had been, for a long time, accustomed to seeing him have. All the while, her face and lips deadly pale, even through her paint, and the wildness of her eyes giving the most terrible lie to her words.

Many people were merciful enough to turn away; but there were others who stared as if the dreadful sight had been some theatrical show got up for their entertainment.

The news was hurried through the ball-room, and soon from the top of the house to the bottom everybody knew that some terrible thing had happened, and every one was eager to hear the real truth.

With a last cry, the poor old man sank prostrate upon a seat in the boudoir, and thither Mrs. Rushman followed just in time to see Jenny trying to raise him from the couch.

Some one was aiding her—not Winston, but young Freeman—the widow through all her fright felt a sort of joy that it had not been the former.

"Shut the door," she heard Jane say, and mechanically she closed it.

She was past being of any assistance; all she could do, for a few moments, was to cower in her chair and keep back the hysterical spasms that were coming over her.

The old man had recognized Jenny at last and grown a little more quiet. His cries had died into low murmurs, while he held her fast as if afraid that he might again lose sight of her.

"Don't leave your old uncle, Jane—don't leave your old uncle."

"I won't leave you," she answered, "indeed I won't."

"If I only had some opium to give him," Freeman said, who saw the true state of the case at once.

"There is some in my sister's room," Jenny said, "if you could only find a servant."

He went to the door, beckoned to one among a number, hovering about like crows, and sent him on the errand.

"Pauline, what is the matter with him?" whispered Jenny.

"He is crazy, I tell you!" she gasped. "He has disgraced us forever—we might better be dead!"

He was clenching the paper still. She flew at him and wrenched it from his hand. It was a telegraphic despatch, giving information of the failure of a firm in which she knew he had largely invested at her suggestion.

She understood the truth then—they were ruined! All her great hopes fell together at her feet in a ruined pile—all that she had toiled for years to gain was lost at the very moment she had put out her hand to grasp it.

"Keep her away," muttered the old man; "she'll rile me—keep her away!"

Freeman returned with the opium, and they persuaded Copcutt to take it. He lay back on the couch, still holding fast to Jenny's hand, and muttering a wish to be saved from Polly.

The poor woman was not in a state to do him either harm or good. She had staggered behind some curtains, at the other end of the room, had sense enough to lay herself down without disturbance, and then, for the first time in her life, fainted completely away.

Jenny and Freeman watched the old man until he fell into a restless sleep.

"I think he might be taken up stairs now" he said; "I fancy the people are gone."

He went to the door and stumbled over Mrs. Rushman just as she was coming to herself. Jenny uttered a cry of affright.

"Pauline!" she exclaimed.

The widow held up her hand warningly.

"I wouldn't have Mrs. Doshamer see me for the world. I'm better now."

She got up, shaking and blue, but still controlling herself from a fear that the crowd had not dispersed.

"Look out, Mr. Freeman," she said, "and see if they are gone."

Nobody was to be seen but the servants; the last stragglers were going through the hall—it mattered little to people how they got home—the principal thing was to leave the ill-fated house. In all that crowd, the young man was the only one who offered the poor society-hunter the least aid or sympathy.

The old man was carried up stairs, and the widow shut herself in her room: first to have out her spasm of grief and rage, and then to think, if think she could, what was to be done next. Little enough was in her power. She only wondered she did not go mad outright between humiliation, disappointment, and the ruin of everything that, in her eyes, made life worth having.

Jenny watched by the old man, but Freeman did not allow her to watch alone; the widow knew nothing of it, and, if she had, she was too

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near insane to have had any thoughts at all upon the subject.

The next morning uncle Copcutt was sensible again, but really quite ill, and did not leave his bed for several days.

The widow got up and went wandering about like a ghost, not yet able to get the better of her shock, and waiting for the old man to be well enough to talk.

The only visitor they had was young Freeman; a few people left cards and inquiries, but Polly flung them down as so many new insults. Tradespeople assailed them from all quarters; servants grew insolent and clamored for wages; but the widow could do nothing until her uncle recovered.

When he could talk, and sit up, and go out, things were not much better. He was ruined, and that was the end of it. His niece's extravagance and the recent failure had finished him completely.

In her horror and distress, the widow was astonished by a proposal for Jenny's hand from young Freeman.

A week before, she would have turned him out of the house—it was her only refuge then.

She stammered something about Winston.

"He has left the city," Freeman said; "will not be back for several months. I love your sister, I will make her a good husband. I am not very rich; but I am not poor, as you have always seemed to suppose. May I have her, Mrs. Rushman?"

"Oh! take her—let her please herself."

"Take her," said uncle Copcutt, "and don't let her be fashionable whatever comes!"

"If I were Jenny I would go on the stage!" exclaimed the widow, suddenly; "if a woman makes a reputation, she is a good deal sought after in society."

"Sister!" cried Jenny.

"Be a painted Jezebel!" exclaimed uncle Copcutt.

"You are all fools!" cried the widow. "If my advice had been followed we shouldn't be where we are to-day."

Nobody answered. What was there to be said?

Jenny and Freeman held a long conversation, and the result of it was, that they decided, when they left that house, which must be speedily done, she should enter the new home he was to give her.

Freeman took the management of Copcutt's affairs into his own hands, and found enough was left to establish him comfortably upon a small farm he owned out West.

Jenny and Freeman were married; and, soon after the wedding, the old gentleman prepared for his departure.

"I shall go with you," the widow said; "I wouldn't stay here and run the risk of meeting Mrs. Doshamer for the world, and I never could bear Philadelphia."

Freeman mentally blessed his stars for that, but held his peace like a wise man.

The widow was very cool and condescending both to him and Jane, she could not make up her mind to forgive either. Out West she went, and the life she led poor old uncle Copcutt can be imagined. But it was impossible for her to be quiet long. Getting into society was now out of the question; but, before the year was over, she was delivering lectures in the Western cities upon all imaginable subjects, and drawing crowds by her original style of eloquence.

Freeman was inclined to shudder when her name was mentioned; but they seldom saw her, and he and his wife found happiness sufficient to satisfy reasonable beings.

Removed from her sister's influence, taught to think and act like a reasonable being, Jane soon developed into what she was meant for—a generous, warm-hearted woman, loving her husband devotedly, and making something like a proper use of the powers God had given her.

LOVE A LA MODE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

LADY.

Oh! say, wilt thou love me when youth shall depart,
When the blossoms of beauty have flown?
In the Winter of age, wilt thou cherish the heart,
Whose Spring-time is only thine own?

LOVER.

Thy roses may fade, and thy glances grow dim,
But, dearest, thy vanishing youth
Cannot bear, in its flight, the affections of him,
Who plights to thy virtues his truth.

LADY.

When sorrow my life's bright horizon shall cloud,
When sickness shall wither my bloom,
Wilt thou shelter the head by adversity bowed,
And smooth my sad path to the tomb?

LOVER.

My affection, no time, no mischance can subdue—
Away with each harassing fear!
My heart, dearest girl, cannot wander from you,
While—your income's Ten Thousand a year.

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MRS. BRADLEY'S DIAMONDS.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

"Well, Mark, have you made up your mind to let me go?"

This was the question Mark Bradley's wife asked him, with flushing cheeks, and a pretty look of entreaty in her eyes.

"I think, at all events, you have made up your mind, Mattie. Though I can't but think that you will find more real enjoyment at the old homestead, in the sensible society of your father and mother, than all the empty dissipation of Saratoga will be likely to afford you. Beside that, it would be far better for the children."

"Oh! we can't tell that, Mark, until we have given Saratoga a trial. I know that father and mother are the dearest and best old couple in the world, and will do everything, as they always have done, to make me and the children happy. But I have spent every summer with them since our marriage. And now I want to see a little of life. Mrs. Mayfair tells me constantly, that I want style and that I have no *savoir faire* whatever."

"You are *fair* enough for me," returned Mark Bradley, who made no pretentions to understanding French. And, in truth, his wife's complexion was as white as the milk on which she—a country lassie—had been reared.

After his last sentence, Mark thought a little, make up his mind that, perhaps, a trip to Saratoga would teach his wife a few lessons that would be likely to last her a life-time; then, quietly taking a check from his pocket-book, filled it up and handed it to her: it was his way of giving his consent to her project.

Mattie glanced at the check. It entitled her to two hundred dollars, just the sum Mrs. Mayfair had declared to her was the smallest possible amount that she—Mattie—would be able to "do" with. To Mrs. Bradley, however, whose training had been conducted on a more economic system, it seemed a small fortune.

"Of course," said Mark, as he took his hat, "if you go so far as Saratoga, I shan't be able to make the journey more than once a week. If you were at your own home, I should be able to see you and the children every night."

"A week won't seem so very long, Mark."

"Will it not, Mattie?" asked the gentleman, smiling a little drily. He could remember the time when to have been separated from him a week would have seemed to his wife a terrible calamity.

The latter, half-conscious of what was in her husband's mind, looked down, colored rose-red, then, glancing up, said, very sweetly and earnestly, "I think you are the best man in the whole world, Mark!"

Mark smiled again. But this time it was a smile of pleased content, and, with it still lingering about his mouth, he left her; and I think not many men brought a happier and more genial expression "down town," that morning, than Mark Bradley.

Mattie, as I have hinted, was a "country lassie," and her husband's origin was also rural. They had grown up together, married, and then come to the city to try their fortune. Mark had succeeded in finding the same, or, at all events, a very promising way to it; and, moving from an unpretending dwelling in a lower part of the city, had taken a mansion of statelier aspect in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue.

Here Mrs. Bradley had fallen into the society of one Mrs. Mayfair, who had succeeded in inspiring her with the ambitious desire recorded in the preceding conversation—to know more of the world. This lady was apt to be smitten with sudden fancies, and strike up enthusiastic intimacies thereon, very violent while they lasted. At present, Mrs. Bradley chanced to be one of these "fancies," and, accordingly, basked in the light of Mrs. Mayfair's countenance and patronage. It was she who had displayed, before Mattie's unaccustomed eyes, the untold glories comprised in a trip to Saratoga. Mrs. Mayfair intended offering her annual tribute to fashion by going thither herself, and had reasons of her own for desiring Mattie's company. It gratified her vanity to be admired and looked up to as an oracle; and, beside, Mr. Bradley was a "rising" man, and the acquaintance might prove a convenient and desirable one.

In case "Bruin," as Mrs. Mayfair disrespectfully designated Mark Bradley, should consent, she had offered to assist Mattie in accomplishing her shopping. But the latter, if destitute

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of *savoir faire*, had, at all events, some native shrewdness at her command, and, saying to herself, "If I ask her to go with me, she'll be plunging me into all sorts of extravagances," set forth with the laudable determination of achieving her own shopping.

Now, don't think that Mattie started out with any intention of diving into remote streets and out-of-the-way places in search of bargains. Not she. She was sensible enough to know that it is best to go at once to a reliable store, where goods may be obtained at reasonable prices, and where you run no risk of insult, short measure, or having counterfeit bank-bills imposed upon you for genuine.

Mrs. Bradley, therefore, did her shopping in Broadway, and, on her return home, arrested by the sparkle and glitter of Tiffany's window, stopped to survey the same. "Mrs. Mayfair told me that if I went with her to Saratoga, a new set of jewelry would be indispensable," she soliloquized. "She says the one of turquoise and pearl Mark gave me for a bridal present is entirely out of date, and it is turning color beside. I wonder what a new set would cost! I'd be content with garnets even, if I couldn't do better."

Just here Mattie's eye was caught by a sparkle of diamonds that reposed, as if conscious of their beauty, upon a background of snowy velvet. The set consisted of ear-rings, with the diamonds disposed in clusters, grape-wise—a breast-pin of similar design—and a bracelet of linked gold, with a clasp of the same precious stones.

Mattie remembered that a certain far-off cousin of her—Sylvester by name—was confidential clerk to the firm, and, thinking it would be no harm to step in, ask him the price, and request a nearer view of the jewels, entered. The gentleman she was in search of spied her from a remote part of the store, and, hastening forward, gave that cordial greeting "country cousins"—no matter how distant—always reserve for one another; then asked what he could do for her.

"Only show me that set of diamonds designed in grape clusters, and tell me the price."

The jewels were produced.

"The cheapest set in the store," said the young man. "You shall have them for two hundred and fifty dollars."

Mattie viewed them admiringly. They did not lose by a closer inspection; for, though small, they were very brilliant, and choicely designed.

"I should like them dearly," sighed Mattie; "but I cannot afford to buy them, I fear."

"Oh! if it isn't convenient to pay all immediately, I flatter myself I can make some other arrangement. A hundred and fifty down, perhaps, and your note for three months, say. Anything to oblige my pretty cousin."

For all his compliment, cousin Sylvester knew well what he was about, and that Mark Bradley was "sure pay."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Mattie, and, declining the gentleman's pressing offer of showing her through the "establishment," she hurried home, thinking the children had been left too long already.

The afternoon found Mattie engaged in the recreation so dear to feminity of inspecting purchases made, and ascertaining how far they would stand the test of home-scrutiny. Too impatient to wait until the goods could be carried up stairs, Mattie had unfastened the bundles in the parlor—and chair, sofa, and table were adorned with fabrics of all kinds and hues, embroideries, children garments, etc., while the three little ones looked on, ejaculating, at intervals, "Which is for me, mamma?" Tiny Cora, the youngest, went still further, and, enveloping herself in a floating mass of drapery, trailed it through the room, shouting with glee, "Dis is my dess, mamma!"

Just here, in the midst of all this disarray, Mrs. Mayfair entered, her arrival unannounced by even a pull of the bell. She regarded this piece of unceremoniousness as a mark of favor, unconscious that it was a singular and not-to-be-tolerated want of good breeding. Mattie, somewhat confused at being found in such a state of disorder, advanced to meet her friend.

"Well, what does Bruin say?" asked the visitor, with a conceited lisp. For answer, Mattie pointed to the furniture, masquerading in all sorts of feminine adornments.

"Where did these come from?" demanded the lady, producing her eye-glass. Not for an instant would she have hazarded an opinion before ascertaining this important fact.

"From S——'s in Broadway."

This being satisfactory, Mrs. Mayfair demanded that "those little monkeys"—meaning the children—should be sent up stairs. This done, she solemnly proceeded to inspect.

She was pleased to stamp Mrs. Bradley's purchases with her approval, but demurred at the number of dresses as being by no means sufficient, adding finally, with an air of exquisite patronage, "However, my dear, as you're not well known, and have no reputation to sustain,

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(reputation for silly extravagance, the lady meant,) I suppose these, with what you have, will do upon a pinch. And now, to have them made, I shall introduce you to *my* dress-maker, Madame Gossamer, who will transform you into another being."

Now, Mattie's intention had been to have her mantua-making done under her own very eye, where she could assist in the sewing—under which process "cribbing" and extortion would be impossible.

Her companion voted this project "absurd;" but finally, relenting, selected three dresses to be laid upon the shrine of her pet divinity—Madame Gossamer, in whose presence she chaperoned Mattie the very next day. This personage had the airs of a duchess, the nose of a hawk, and a complexion of saffron.

Poor Mrs. Bradley found herself convicted of *embonpoint*, and was inducted into a pair of madame's Paris-imported corsets on the spot, the presiding goddess herself lacing them with a *gint* that left Mattie almost breathless. But then, it was worth something of a sacrifice to have a fashionable shape.

Mrs. Mayfair and madame decided between them how the dresses were to be made, and, when they were finished, graciously permitted Mattie to pay the bill, which proved to her, most decidedly, that her transformation into "another being" was a process that, persevered in, would be ruinous.

In the meantime, that vision of jewels she had seen in Tiffany's window constantly danced before her eyes. Were they a possible acquisition? She turned the question over in her mind.

In a certain snug corner of her bureau-drawer reposed five twenty-dollar gold-pieces, put away in anticipation of that "rainy day" ever present with the frugal house-wife. It would be easy to save fifty dollars out of the money her husband had given her, and, surely, Mark would not grudge the remaining hundred; for had he not hinted to her that, some day, she should wear diamonds, if she chose? At all events, she would walk down Broadway, and look in at the window. Somebody else had bought them after all, perhaps, and garnets would suit her just as well for the present. Why, then, Mrs. Bradley, did you, with nervous fingers, take those five rainy-day pieces from their resting-place and enclose them in your purse? Forgive her, reader! You and I will deceive ourselves precisely the same to-morrow!

Once there, the magical, glittering window held her as by a spell. No one had robbed her of the diamonds already hers in fancy, and, as she gazed at them, lo! they were turned into entreating eyes, that flashed and glittered seductively, declaring, "We were made for each other, Mattie Bradley."

The result was that the imps of the diamond triumphed. Mattie entered the store, had a short colloquy with cousin Sylvester, and regained the street with crimson cheeks, clasping close in her hand a conical-shaped package, in whose stead she had left behind five gold-pieces, a fifty-dollar bill, and a note payable at three months.

Mrs. Bradley felt she had done a daring thing, and refused to listen to the small, pleading voice that would whisper, "Is it quite right, Mattie?"

Mrs. Mayfair had taken upon herself the responsibility of engaging rooms at the U—— Hotel, where they all arrived one warm, dusty afternoon in mid-summer.

Mrs. Mayfair coolly appropriated a pleasant room in the second story to her own use, smilingly informing Mattie and her husband, who had escorted his family thither, that she knew it would be easier for Mattie and the children to get up and down stairs than it would be for a delicate person like herself. Besides, she was such a curious creature that she always wanted to be where she could hear all that was going on; and, with her nervous organization, it was imperatively necessary to be so situated that, in case of fire, escape would be easy.

"Disinterested! upon my word!" muttered Mark, as they followed the waiter a couple of flights further up.

Presently the Bradleys found themselves installed in the rooms, or rather boxes, allotted to them, which, when occupied by the trunks, left very little space for anything else. Mr. Bradley was pleased to be provokingly facetious, congratulated his wife upon the dimensions of her apartments, and their remarkable coolness and airiness, adding that he was quite sure that a thermometer, introduced therein, would by no possibility "rise above a hundred," together with divers other jokes gentlemen are wont to indulge in under similar circumstances.

Mattie, determined to put a brave face on the matter, declared that the rooms did "very well," and that everything seemed strange until one became accustomed to it.

The next day Mr. Bradley departed, and Mattie, foolish child! was half-glad to see him go; for she had kept silence in regard to her purchase of jewelry, and, for the first time, there was a secret between her and Mark; moreover,

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she longed to display her diamonds, which his departure gave her leave to do.

That day Mattie arrayed herself for dinner in one of the dresses Madame Gossamer had made for her to wear, but evidently not to fasten. At length calling Maria, the children's nurse, to her aid, by dint of lacing madame's imported corsets so tight, that Mattie came to the conclusion that lungs might as well be dispensed with, as they ceased to be available as organs of respiration, the waist finally consented to fasten. When the task was completed, the dress itself—an organdie fine and sheen, rich with garlands and bouquets of flowers—certainly looked very pretty. But then when had Mattie seen herself with neck and arms of such unbecoming redness? A slim waist would scarcely be an offset to this disadvantage.

Laying this consideration aside, Mattie, with trembling, exultant fingers, fastened the diamond clusters in her ears, donned the brooch and bracelet, and then went down and tapped at Mrs. Mayfair's door. This lady, surveying her critically, ejaculated the one word, "Diamonds!" Then for her became quite respectful, and, extending an arm to her *protegee*, graciously conveyed her down to dinner.

Mrs. Bradley's seat chanced to be beside a commonplace, overdressed woman, who, in point of size, might have been one of Barnum's "mammoth ladies" taking her summer recreation; but, as far as jewels were concerned, she quite outblazed Mattie, who shrank back, feeling that her display in that line was entirely outshone by that of her neighbor. The latter had beside her her daughter, a little Miss most elaborately attired, whose loud-voiced chatter could be heard from one end of the table to the other.

This small damsel scanning the table arrangements with much interest, finally gave vent to the following outburst: "Oh! mother, just look, if everybody ain't got a little towel by their plates with a ring round it. Why don't we never have sich things at home? Say, ma!"

So Mrs. Bradley had the pleasure of finding herself outdone, in the matter of jewels, by an individual whose table at home was diurnally innocent of the presence of napkins!

As the days glided on, I am obliged to admit Mrs Bradley did not find Saratoga as prodigal of enjoyment as she had anticipated. The children, accustomed to simple fare suited to their years, ate indiscriminately of everything that came in their way, and, child-fashion, slipped almonds, raisins, etc., into their pockets at the table, and ate them in season and out of season. Of course indigestion and fretfulness was the result; and Maria, their nurse, declared that, "Niver since the day they were born, had the children been so throublesim."

Mrs. Mayfair had, at first, been very caressing and patronizing; but, having "struck up" one of her sudden intimacies with a family of enormous pretensions and numberless airs they fancied aristocratic, had scarcely a word to spare for Mattie.

This was exasperating enough, but this last had considerable spirit of her own, and wouldn't for the world have shown that this conduct gave her the slightest discomfiture.

Furthermore, Mrs. Bradley had made an acquaintance of her own. There had been one or two little civilities offered, which Mattie, in her loneliness and simplicity, had accepted; and finally an exchange of cards, by which she learned that the gentleman who had shown himself so civil was a Mr. Frederic De Vincent. Now if Mr. De Vincent had been at all "loud" in dress or demeanor, Mattie would certainly have refused his acquaintance from the outset. But he was such a low-voiced, sweet-mannered young man, so quiet in dress and demeanor, and wore his hair so beautifully—parted in the middle with hyacinthine locks on either side—that one couldn't but be charmed with him.

Mrs. Mayfair wondered who on earth that was that Mattie Bradley had "picked up," and felt obliged to admit that, upon the whole, he was quite "genteel-looking."

By-and-by the acquaintance progressed so far, that, when one evening Mr. De Vincent invited Mattie to join the throng of promenaders passing up and down the long piazza, keeping time to the swell of music, she did not refuse his invitation. When Mattie, taking leave for the night of her polite escort, withdrew her hand from his gentle clasp, she discovered that her arm was bare of its bracelet. In vain did Mr. De Vincent search for it high and low, and declaring he would speak of it to the proprietor, with many protestations of sympathy, he withdrew.

In the meantime Mr. Bradley, detained in town by business, had only been able to visit his family but once, and even then he failed to render himself altogether agreeable. He protested that the children were becoming puny; twitted his wife in regard to her missing roses; inquired if that "embodiment of the virtues," Mrs. Mayfair, was as "devoted" as ever; and, in fine, was as provoking and cynical as man could well be. Yet one could hardly blame him

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for this. It is bad enough for a man to be obliged to stay in town, hard at work, while his family are away pleasuring, without the additional aggravation of feeling that wife and children are losers, instead of gainers, by the circumstance.

Besides this, a trifling incident placed Mrs. Bradley on thorns during the whole of her husband's visit. Tiny Cora, the youngest, as she sat on her father's knee, began to prattle, "Mamma, where are dose shiny tings 'ou wear in ze arternoon? Show 'em to papa."

Mark, glancing at his wife, was surprised to see that the "missing roses" had returned to her cheeks with a vengeance, and that her whole aspect was one of confusion. Her eyes, accustomed to meet his with the clear glance of confidence, fell before his searching gaze, as he said, a little sternly, "You needn't blush, Martha. If there is anything I am not to know, you shall take your own time to tell me of it. I am not an inquisitive man, as you are well aware."

Mrs. Bradley had intended to tell her husband of the kindness of Mr. De Vincent, and ask him to thank the same for the politeness he had shown her. But she thought to herself, "How coldly Mark speaks! and when did he ever call me Martha before?"—and withdrawing into that shell of wounded pride, which women are apt to have at hand, she told him nothing. They parted, next day, with constraint on both sides; though Mattie; in her heart, wished most devoutly that she and the children were safely lodged in the old homestead with her father and mother, and no secret to cast its shadow between her and Mark.

This wish recurred to Mattie more than once. Then the little pinched up rooms vanished, the great hotel with its bustling crowds, its lacquered and artificial round of pleasures ceased to be, and this was the vision that came in its place. A white, rambling dwelling, nestling amid hills, that stretched in undulating swells, green and wooded, far away into the distance. On one side smiled the garden, a vivid sheet of bloom from end to end; on the other were pleasant orchards, bending down beneath their gold and crimson store of glistening apples. And nearer yet, just beside the forest, stood a tree of rose-colored plums, pink as the topazes Aladdin gathered from the gem-bearing trees of his enchanted garden. Nor was the charm of melody absent, for, coming from behind the house, was heard all day, and clearer still at night, the pleasant chime of running waters.

How happy the children used to be at their play, in garden and orchard! No one there thought them a "bore" and a "nuisance;" and how healthful and sweet to the taste had been the morning and evening draught of milk, snowily foaming in those delightful bowls of old-fashioned china!

Actually amid all the delights of that famous watering-place, which Mattie had sighed to enjoy, she found herself pining for the pleasant summers she had spent at home.

Mattie, however, laid all this aside for the nonce; for was not a grand ball to take place, and surely she couldn't help enjoying herself at that? Mrs. Mayfair had come up to her room, for the first time in many a day, to inquire of Mattie what she intended wearing on the occasion; and had said, "You must introduce me, *chere*, to that masculine acquaintance you have made. He dances well, I observe, and it really promises to be quite a flirtation!"

The idea of a flirtation had never entered Mattie's simple brain; but smiling nonchalantly, she rather encouraged the idea.

"Do tell me about him," urged Mrs. Mayfair. "He is really quite *distingue* looking."

But it was Mattie's turn to be cool and offish; and, finally, Mrs. Mayfair departed in a huff, straightway confiding to her new-found friends of airs aristocratic, that Mrs. Bradley was a "vain, conceited puss! whose head had been turned by a little admiration!"

Mattie had reserved for the evening's pleasure (!) a robe of gauzy grenadine, of Madame Gossamer's make, and which proved more reluctant to fasten than even the organdie. "I wonder if I can stand it until the evening is finished," thought Mattie, as Maria, with many an "Arrah! Bad cess to the loikes of it," etc., succeeded in bringing hook and eye into contact.

Mattie then donned ear-ring and brooch, and would have consecrated a sigh to her absent bracelet, had not her dress been made too tight to admit of such an impropriety.

Her arms were round and usually white; but to-night Madame Gossamer had exiled the lily from them, as well as her face and neck. And with a dissatisfied look in the glass, and thinking, "I have lost whatever good looks I had," she went down stairs.

Mr. De Vincent had promised to be in waiting, and had requested the pleasure of being her partner in the first quadrille. Would he disappoint her? No; there he was, standing at the ball-room entrance. Coming forward, he greeted her with *empressement*, then offering his arm, led the way within.

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The rooms were hot and crowded, and though Mattie strove to enjoy herself, the grenadine robe, aided by Madame Gossamer's corsets, put a veto upon everything of the kind. She danced once or twice with Mr. De Vincent, and strove to forget that her head ached ready to split; and wondered why, in spite of her efforts to see clearly, that the people, and lights, and everything about her, would bob up and down, one indistinguishable mass.

"I really think I am going to faint," whispered Mattie to De Vincent; "a thing I never did in my life."

The gentleman was most kind and sympathizing, and half-led, half-carried his partner into the cooler air of the piazza outside. But it was too late. Nature, wearied of contending with Madame Gossamer, yielded in despair, and Mattie fainted dead away.

When she recovered she found herself alone, reclining in one of the rustic chairs in which the piazza abounded.

"I suppose Mr. De Vincent must have gone for assistance," thought she. But time passed on, he did not come; and the people that had begun to throng the piazza, stared at her as she sat in solitude.

Finally, feeling strong enough to return to her room, Mattie rose to her feet. As she did so, the moonlight struck across her breast, but there was no diamond brooch thereon to yield a responsive glimmer. In alarm she put her hand to her ears, and withdrew it flecked with blood. She had been robbed of both breast-pin and ear-rings.

This was too much for mortal woman's patience. Mattie, recovering energy, traveled up the long flight of stairs; released herself from the "durance vile" of Madame Gossamer; packed her trunks; and the next morning found herself and family *en route* for home.

When Mark Bradley returned from business the day after, he was surprised to find the house thrown open, and what had been joyless solitude, replaced by the clamorous glee of his children. Mattie met him, a very Niobe for tears, and, distracted between penitence and indignation, recounted her errors and misfortunes.

Mark Bradley's conduct spanned those tears as with a rainbow. He consoled his wife, paid without a murmur the hundred dollars due on the diamonds, which, alas! were not; and altogether proved himself what Mattie had declared him to be, "the best man in the whole world!"

Upon inquiry that pink of gentlemanliness—Mr. Frederic De Vincent—proved to be the prince of pick-pockets, whose professional acumen detected in Mattie's simplicity an easy victim. He succeeded, as he always had done, in eluding the grasp of justice.

Mrs. Bradley, a wiser and better woman for her Saratoga experience, spends her summers in blissful content at the old homestead among the hills, and shudders at the mention of watering-places!

MY DREAM.

BY NELLIE NORTON.

Night slow dropped her starry curtain
O'er the great world's silent sleepers,
As I watched the dim, uncertain
Light of earth's pale vigil-keepers;
Gentle zephyrs passed before me—
Fanned me with their breath of balm,
Till a dreamy sleep stole o'er me
With a holy, voiceless calm.

Far away to bright Elysian
Did the fairy, Fancy, guide me,
And, where'er I roamed, the vision
Of my soldier walked beside me;
Yes! my hero came all covered
O'er with glory dearly bought,
And around his pathway hovered
One more fair than poet's thought.

'Twas a sweet child-angel bringing
The same message down from Heaven,
That the shining ones were singing
To the shepherds' Christmas even;
Sweeter than the chime of vespers,
Or the voice of muffled bells,
Came her song in low-breathed whispers,
Softer than love's fond farewells.

Long her little angel-fingers
Wooed sweet song from harp-strings golden!
Still its echo round me lingers
Like fond memories half-unfolden;
And as night-winds gently bore it
From the harp with golden strings,
Came a beauteous dove, and o'er it
Folded down her snow-white wings!

Say, what does my dream betoken?
Will our land, so sadly blighted,
With its dear love-links all broken,
Shortly be in love united?
Was the white-robed angel singing
Of my soldier's quick release?
Was the snow-white birdie bringing
Us the olive-branch of Peace?

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MOTHERLESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A CHILD, scarcely four years old, stood on a low chair by one of the parlor windows. Her cheek was pressed to the glass. Was she sleeping, that her form remained so motionless?

Three days before, a long procession of carriages had moved from the house, led by a hearse with its slowly nodding plumes, bearing to the city of silence a dead mother. Her child now stood at the window, with cheeks pressed against the pane, motionless, but not sleeping, as every passer who looked up into her sober face could testify.

"My eyes have been full of tears to-day," said Mrs. Christian to her husband, who came in a little while before the twilight began to fall.

"What cause have you for tears?" was asked.

"Come to the window and you shall see." Mrs. Christian drew her husband across the room. "Look over at dear Bessie Long. A dozen times to-day have I seen her standing by that window, all alone, looking drearily out. Poor motherless child! How my heart aches for her! No more tender care; no more affluence of love—but, instead of these, cold duty, or, it may be, unkindness and neglect. I have imagined a thousand causes of heart-ache for that little one to-day; and oh! how I have longed to take her in my arms—aye, into my very bosom. To me, there is something so sad about a motherless child!"

"As your own early experiences have proved."

A sigh came fluttering upon the air. And now, silent for some time, Mr. and Mrs. Christian stood looking across the street upon the sober face, and almost moveless form of that motherless child at the window.

"Why, Helen!" A tear had fallen upon the hand of Mr. Christian.

"I don't know what has come over me," said Mrs. Christian, drawing back from the window, and among the shelter of curtains. "The sight of that child keeps my eyes running over with tears."

Her husband tried to lead her back from the window; but she stood still, opposing the gentle pressure on her arm. It was as if she were, in a measure, fascinated by the child, and could not withdraw from its presence.

"If I had known Mrs. Long," she said.

"What if you had known her?"

The thought which had come into Mrs. Christian's mind remained unspoken.

Now it began to be as if curtains were slowly closing over the windows. A dim obscurity was veiling everything, and, as the minutes passed, sensibly increasing. Mrs. Christian, with eyes still bright from the up-welling of tears, looked over the street again. There stood the waiting child, as she had been standing for so long a time. But, suddenly, she started, threw up her hands with a glad motion, while all her rosy face broke into waves of joy. Then she disappeared, and in an instant afterward stood in the street door which her father had opened. Mrs. Christian felt a thrill of pleasure, as she saw Bessy leap into her father's open arms, clasp his neck almost wildly, and rain her kisses on his lips. The door closed upon them, shutting out from bodily sense the vision, but not obliterating a line of its beauty from her inward eyes.

"She is happy now," said Mr. Christian. "And I would to God that all motherless children were as happy."

Something in her husband's voice, as he said this, caused Mrs. Christian to glance up into his face. He was still looking from the window, but with the abstracted air of one who contemplates an inward and not an outward image.

"There she is now," said Mr. Christian, with so much of concern and pity in his tones, that his wife, in surprise, asked, "Who?" As she looked across at the window opposite, but saw the child, who had awakened so deep an interest, no longer there.

"The poor little girl I saw sitting on a door-step, as I came along."

"Where is she?"

"Creeping along with that heavy basket. See. Now she has stopped, and is gazing up at the window where Bessie Long stood a few minutes ago; and now she has put down her basket. How weary the poor thing seems! She is sitting again. If there was any love in her home, do you think she would be lingering so? It makes my heart ache to look at her. She is

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not a coarse child, nor an evil child. She has known love, though its light has faded so early from her path. I saw that in a glance I had of her face. You cannot see its expression now, for evening's shadows have fallen too thickly."

Mrs. Christian had drawn her hand through her husband's arm, and now leaned upon him, as her eyes rested on the lonely child sitting as motionless on the step across the way, as had stood the other child at the window. Her heart was open, and pity flowed in.

"Poor, neglected one!" she said, pityingly.

"Poor, motherless one!" broke in the husband's voice. Mrs. Christian sighed.

"It may be——" The sentence dropped unfinished.

"What?" Mrs. Christian looked up at her husband. "What were you going to say?"

"Why don't that child go home? Night is falling." There was a kind of troubled impatience in his voice. Mr. Christian moved away from the window, and walked back nearly the whole length of his handsome parlors; then returned to the window again from which his wife had not moved.

"It may be what, Andrew? Finish the sentence." Mrs. Christian drew her arm again within one of her husband's, and, locking her hands, held him with his face turned to the street and his eyes on the solitary child, who still remained sitting on the marble steps of the house opposite.

"That, in God's Providence, this child has been led to us. She lifted her gaze to mine, as I passed her a little while ago, and looked at me with such sad, wistful eyes, that I have been haunted with their expression ever since. And, now, she is sitting over there, as if waiting for us to take her in."

"We will take her in." Mrs. Christian's voice had the fullness of a strong purpose. Stepping back, quickly, she rung the bell, and then returned to the window. A servant came in.

"Here." She beckoned with her hand, and the servant came to where she was standing.

"There's a child sitting on Mr. Long's steps. Do you see her?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Bring her to me. I wish to see her."

Again Mrs. Christian turned to the window, and strained her eyes through the murky air to look at the child. The servant spoke to her, and she arose, instantly, following without hesitation.

"Take her into my sitting-room," said Mrs. Christian, looking from the parlor door into the hall, as the child and servant came in; and to the sitting-room she followed with her husband.

"That will do, William. I'll send for you in a little while." Thus dismissed, the servant left the apartment.

The child was scarcely four years old; slight of form, and with delicate, symmetrical features. Her eyes were large, soft and brown, and her mouth half-budding with a tenderness which had been so chilled that it could not break into flower. She stood, where the servant had left her, still holding on to her basket, and looking with a half-timid, half-confiding air, wonderingly at Mr. and Mrs. Christian.

"Have you a mother?" It was the first question that came to Mrs. Christian's lips.

"No, ma'am," answered a low, tender voice, and the eyes that looked into the child's face saw an instant change of countenance.

"Is your father living?"

"No, ma'am."

"Who takes care of you?"

This question seemed to puzzle the little one's mind. She looked down upon the floor, and then up again at Mrs. Christian.

"What is your name?"

"Tilly."

"Tilly what?"

"Tilly Dean."

"Was your mother's name Mrs. Dean?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long is it since your mother died?"

"I don't know."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am." The large brown eyes grew moist.

"You loved her?"

Thus feeling down into the heart of this child, Mrs. Christian touched the chord she wished to vibrate. The moist eyes ran over.

"Your mother was good?"

"Oh! yes, ma'am; *she* was good!"

"Where do you live?"

"Round in Jones' alley."

"Do you like to live there?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why?"

"It isn't a nice place; and Mrs. Brown gets drunk sometimes, and beats me."

"You live with Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is she your aunt?"

"Oh! no. She isn't a relation."

"Have you an aunt?"

"I don't know."

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"Why do you live with Mrs. Brown?"

"She took me when mother died."

"What is in your basket?"

Something like an expression of shame passed over the little girl's face.

"If I didn't beg, we'd have nothing to eat," she answered.

"Mrs. Brown sends you out begging?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You don't like to beg?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"Oh, dear! They scold at me, and drive me off, and talk so wicked, sometimes."

"Would you like to stay here to-night?"

"Mrs. Brown would whip me"

"But suppose I wouldn't let Mrs. Brown whip you?"

"You couldn't help it. She'd do it as soon as I got home. She'd knock me, so; and call me such wicked names."

"What wicked names does she call you?"

"I don't like to say 'em. My mother never talked so. She was good. Oh, dear! If I only had mother to live with."

The artlessness and pathos of these last brief sentences broke down all hindrances in the mind of Mrs. Christian. Taking both the child's soiled hands, and holding them with that magnetic pressure which only a loving impulse can give, she said, speaking slowly, and looking steadily into the wondering eyes uplifted to hers,

"I'm going to take you away from Mrs. Brown. She shall never send you out begging again; never beat you any more; never scold you; never call you wicked names."

Mrs. Christian had other words on her lips, but her voice was losing its steadiness under the pressure of strong feeling, and she left them unuttered.

Tilly's large orbs remained, for some time, dwelling on her face. They were full of wonder and surprise. Slowly withdrawing them, as a shade of doubt crept over her countenance, she looked down at her miserable garments and almost shoeless feet. From these her eyes went to the face of Mr. Christian; and then back again to the face of the lady who had spoken to her only in such words as she had dreamed might come from heaven, whither her mother had gone.

"Do you mean it, ma'am?" The plaintive voice shook—tears wet the brown lashes, and stood beaded on her cheeks.

"I mean it all, poor child!" was tenderly answered. "If you'll be a good, obedient little girl, you shall live here with me."

"Oh, ma'am!" she eagerly replied, sobbing as she spoke, "I'll be so good. Tilly'll never do anything to make you sorry. She won't indeed!"

"I'm sure she will not," said Mrs. Christian, accepting the promise. "And now come with me." She led her from the room.

More than half an hour passed ere Mrs. Christian returned to the apartment where she had left her husband. He glanced up from the page he was reading, as she came in, and saw that she was alone.

"What have you done with her?"

"She is asleep."

"Ah?"

"Come. I want you to see her now. After removing her filthy rags, I gave her a bath, put on clean night-clothes, gave her some supper, and put her to bed. She fell off into a sweet sleep very soon after her tired head rested on the pillow."

Mrs. Christian's voice choked as she finished the last sentence. They ascended to a small chamber adjoining to, and opening from, their own. The gas was burning low, but Mrs. Christian, moving in advance, turned it up and threw a blaze of light upon the bed where Tilly lay sleeping.

"Did you ever see anything sweeter?—anything more beautiful?"

There they stood gazing down upon the unconscious one for a long time in silence. The bath had removed every stain from her skin, and the pure young face, rosy with the warmly flushing blood, was a very picture of innocence. One white arm had pushed aside the covering, partly revealing the spotless snow of her breast. The brown hair, which had been long and matted, was smoothly combed from her temples and forehead, and spread itself in glossy masses over the pillow. They gazed, still in silence, until their eyes grew dim. Love was pouring with a strong flood into their hearts. Three years before, and in this very room, had they stood and looked down on a picture just as beautiful; but the picture had faded long and long ago, and they held it only in memory. Now, it was as if the lost were found—the dead come to life again—the blessing, whose weary absence they had sighed over, restored.

"Poor motherless one!" was most tenderly spoken.

"Motherless no longer," was the quick response of Mrs. Christian. "Led by her Father in heaven to our door, we accept the trust confided. She shall be as our own child."

"Yes, it was God who led her hither. And

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preparation to receive her into your love was made through pity for another. The door of your heart was opened just as she came this way; opened so wide, that though in rags and filth, and begging, she entered in."

"And God being my helper and guide," answered Mrs. Christian with tearful emotion, "I will care for her so wisely and tenderly that she cannot get out."

And she never did get out. Shall we draw a sketch of what her life might have been if this door had not been opened? Nay. Draw it for yourself, Christian reader; and, thence, your duty also.

DEAD.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

Dead to all strife,
To every ill of life;
Dead to all pain,
No more to strive for gain
Of wealth, or love, or fame;
Dead to regrets,
To evil that besets
The wanderer here and there—
Dead to all care,
To moments of despair
Forever dead!

Dead—did I say?
Rather alive alway—
Doubly alive!
No more to strive
For toys that, gained, deprive
The soul of higher good.
Now all is understood:
The ransomed soul can see
How days and months may be
Heavy with pain,
Yet laden more with gain

Dead—did I say?
Why should we ever pray
For length of years?
Or moisten with our tears
The pallid form
That trembled in life's storm?
The eye of faith is dim,
We chant the funeral hymn—
And, sad and unresigned,
We turn to days behind,
To all Heaven's glories blind.

The soul forgets the track
That calls life's young hopes back—
The shining way
That opes the gates of day:
It sees the river dark,
Unmindful of the ark
Of safety and repose;
It sees the clouds above,
But not the light of love—
Grieving, bereaved, and fond,
It turns no gaze beyond.

MEMORIES.

BY SARAH P. ALDEN.

Oh! mournful visions of the long ago!
Oh! voices of the past so soft and low!
Why do ye come, with dirges sad and slow,
And make my heart strings quiver with your power?
Why, if I strive to tune my harp and sing,
Do olden memories round my spirit fling
A shadowy gloom, till every quivering string
A requiem breathes for days that come no more!

When Summer time her fairest garlands twines,
The golden sun from yonder azure shines,
And zephyrs make soft music in the pines,
And wild-bird notes through all the woodland ring—
Why comes to me, with every music note,
That gushes from the tuneful wild-bird's throat,
With every sighing breeze that round me floats,
A dream of one whom Time no more will bring?

Why does the pure, cold moon look down at night,
With seeming sadness in her silver light?
And myriad star-gems, making Heaven look bright,
All whisper of the unforgotten past?

To tell me of the one I loved of yore,
And whisper of the days that come no more—
And 'mind me how, in old-time happy hours,
We dreamed together dreams too bright to last?

Why comes a vision of that face again,
To fill my heart anew with grief and pain?
Sad memory! Saddening every joyous strain,
Because, alas! she lies so still and pale;
Because the Summer flowers above her bloom,
And Autumn leaves will fall upon her tomb;
And all our hearts are filled with grief and gloom,
Because she's passed Death's silent, sunless vale!

Oh! in the land of bright and fadeless bloom,
Where comes no more the shadow of the tomb,
And sorrow casts no more its shade of gloom—
Does memory whisper there of days of old?
We soon shall know, when, past the rushing tide,
We meet our lost ones on the other side,
And, with them, bow before the Crucified,
And walk with angels in the street of gold!

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AN EXPERIMENT.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

THE outer world, to-night, is dark and wintry.

The sun set swathed in gloom. The wind groans drearily among the solemn pines that border the avenue. Fine snow-flakes crowd the air. The cold grows keener and more intense.

No living thing is abroad.

But in-doors, there is tropical warmth, soft, midsummer coloring, melody and life.

Broad waves of crimson sheen quiver upon the wall and ceiling, as the vivid firelight flashes and fades.

The red splendor floods the room. Shadowy alcoves grow luminous. The face of the large mirror is luculent as the sea under the sunset glory. A shadow crosses it—the low rocking-chair sways slowly back and forth—Eula's cradle-song is in my ear, and, turning, I catch a glimpse of her fair, white face, as she bends over the sleeping child in her arms.

It is a sweet evening picture, and one common to hundreds of homes. What does it matter that the wind riots without, beseeching at every window; that the gloom deepens, the snow falls faster, and the cold grows more bitter? What does it matter, since there is light, and warmth, and love, and joy within the house?

Anon a tender twilight darkness enfolds us.

Eula's night-song ripples along the dusky silence.

But, hush! Do you know of any home without its phantom?

Does not poison lurk in the scented night air? Does not death lie in wait for us all?

Just now the door is swung open, and an old man enters with a feeble, shuffling step. Eula clasps her baby close in my arms, and I rise to cross the room.

"It is a wild night, father," I said. "Come to the fire."

"A wild night! a wild night!" he echoed, in a querulous tone. "It is too close here, though; enough to suffocate one. There is air enough abroad. Why, for heaven's sake, are you so stingy of it? Ah! I forgot! The cause of science! One must sacrifice everything to that. *I* did—everything: youth, fame, fortune, love! And what thanks did I get?" Eula laid the babe in the cradle, and, coming behind him, softly pushed back the white hair from his hollow temples. His lustreless eyes lighted up, and he peered cautiously around the room.

"Do you think it is quite tight, my dear? Perfectly air-tight? Is there no cranny, no crevice ever so small, where a breath of air may come in?" he said, in a sibilant whisper. "Because, you know, that would spoil all—wreck the labor of years. And I am getting old. I shall not live to try my great experiment over again. Eighteen years! That would do, I think. The savans are sceptical, but I am sure that would satisfy them; and I am—let me see—fifty-two at Easter, and fifty-two and eighteen are——" he paused. "Where was I, child? Are you, too, fallen into your dotage, like your wretched father?" he exclaimed, in a burst of sudden fury.

"Papa!" murmured Eula, still stroking the white hair with trembling fingers. And, as I look, the wild glare dies out of his eyes, his features soften, and, presently, the old man falls into a fit of tremulous sobbing.

These are daily scenes. Can one wonder that Eula grows white and thin; that lines of patient suffering are creeping about her sweet mouth; that her eyes are wistful and anxious? Shall I tell you how this phantom came to be in our home? All the details are indelibly fixed in my memory.

There are nights when I live over again that black horror; when, through all the ghastly hours, I shudder, and pray, and beseech, inarticulately, and, at last, breaking the fetters of sleep, bless God that it is only a dream.

It is now five years since I was graduated from a medical school, in the city of P——, and, pilgrim-staff in hand, wandered out into the country to gain the repose and relaxation which I needed. I was no artist. If I had been, I might have won immortal fame by fixing upon canvas the rare combinations of all shapes and hues of loveliness, which daily, for many weeks, swam before my excited gaze.

But though I had not the artist's skill, I possessed the sense which discerns beauty. I traveled among the mountains, finding my bed, at night, upon some bare ledge, where jagged

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cliffs, purple-gray in the twilight, rose over my head, hundreds of feet sheer into the lucent heaven.

At midnight, winds breathed about me. Lyra shone down with eye of lustrous fire. I penetrated the darksome depths of the primal woods. I laid down upon couches of moss, softer than velvet, green as emerald. From the humid mould a subtle fragrance steamed up and intoxicated me with a dangerous, strange sweetness. I folded myself in the lonesome silence. Day after day I traveled onward. The splendor of summer vanished. Autumn queened it in the woods. The ripe sunshine filtered through gorgeous masses of ruby and golden effulgence. The forest glooms grew luminous. The amber sunlight shot across the drifts of violet vapor that swung in heaven, and wove a tremulous curtain of purple and gold, veiling the resplendence of the sapphire sky. The stillness was perfect. Not the breath of a wandering perfume invaded the luxurious rest.

I gave myself up, for a time, to this great delight. My thoughts were a maze of exquisite fancies.

But this would not do. Life was rich—beauty, divine; but labor was great—knowledge, godlike.

Before the dream palled upon my taste, I awoke from it.

A fine October day had sunk into a gray and dismal twilight, and I had wandered away from the highway and stood at the divergence of two roads, somewhat at a loss. Before me a hill, shaggy with stunted pines and hemlocks, blackened the evening sky. A long drive between rows of shadowy, mournful firs led up to its base; and from the dark foliage that clustered there, a coil of smoke wound slowly upward and blended with the falling night.

The house did not appear until I had emerged from the drive and entered upon an open crescent, whose hollow side embraced the gray pile before me. It was ancient and massive. Some emigrant from the old world had wrought into his dwelling in the new the remembrances of home.

Sombre evergreens flanked it and crowded close up to the wings. Decay does its work quickly in such an atmosphere as gathered about the old house. The mullioned windows were wet and slimy, the painted glass foul with mildew.

The carven cornices were fast crumbling, and fragments of stone strewed the walk. The American poison ivy, strange guest, threw its crimson sprays about the humid stone pillars. A monotonous, slow dropping of water was the only sound. It fell from the broken shell of a Nereid at the left of the entrance. The rim about the fountain was shattered, and through the rifts little rills of water stole languidly and gathered in stagnant pools at my feet.

I knocked at the door somewhat loudly, and the echo seemed to travel down long halls and die away in the far distance. I knocked again, several times, but no one came. I went down the steps and drew back a pace or two. Just as I did so, the face of a young girl appeared at the window over the door, shone for a moment, and vanished, like a vision of the overwrought fancy. Was it not? There was a strange influence haunting the place. I stirred —looked about me. But that fair face, haloed by a cloud of sunshiny hair, was not spectral.

I knocked again; and this time, after a silence of a few minutes, I heard a slow step approaching the door. Bolts shot back—bars were removed—the door swung open—and a man of an appearance so singular stood before me, that the impression he produced is yet vivid and real.

His tall figure was bent and shrunken, so that the shabby dressing-gown he wore hung loose and slouching. Restless gray eyes, that avoided mine, and roved aimlessly over the floor, lighted a bloodless, thin face; long shreds of fine white hair, soft and silken as a child's, swept about his temples. His manner was abstracted, a little haughty; yet it bore a shy courtesy, doubtless native to the man, which eccentricity and habits of seclusion could not overpower.

"Could I stay at this house to-night?" I asked.

His eye sought my face for an instant, and then wandered away into the distance behind me. When, after a moment, I repeated my question, he started, as if he had forgotten my presence, and made some slight apology.

"I had already traveled a long distance, and was tired," I added. "It must be several miles to the next town?"

"It was five miles to Valissy," he answered, indifferently.

I hesitated. Suddenly he said, much more cordially,

"You can stay here, if you like. You are quite welcome. Come in."

I followed him through the long passage-way into a large apartment, where a few sticks of wet wood were feebly burning in an open fireplace. He gave me a chair, put up the dying

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brands, and added more wood; and then sat down, letting his eyes fall listlessly and dreamily upon the dull flames. I glanced around the room. It was strangely comfortless. Its one long and narrow, undraped window was heavily shaded by a tall fir, which brushed its panes, and gloomed black in the dusky nightfall. Not a flower, not a book or picture, not a cushioned chair or cozy couch gave pleasant suggestions of comfort and ease.

Few things are so depressing as a room destitute of all the graces and charms which commonly cluster around the ingle. The open fields or the solitude of the woods would have seemed far less desolate to me.

"It is but poor hospitality that I can offer you," said my host, breaking the silence, "and even that little I can tender with but indifferent courtesy—still, such as it is, you are welcome. What news is stirring abroad?" I mentioned a few notable events, and was going on to speak of political affairs, but he hastily waved his hand as if to deprecate their discussion. "What is there new in scientific circles? Has the summer announced any new discovery?" Magnetism with its kindred psychological marvels was just then claiming the attention of the world, and clamoring for admission to the ranks of the true sciences. I spoke of this, and his eye—listless and wandering no longer—fastened itself upon me with an embarrassing and painful persistency. It was evident I had touched a chord that vibrated with passionate interest. I related a case of temporary suspension of the physical faculties, accompanied by abnormal spiritual action, which had lately induced discussion and stimulated inquiry.

"How do the sceptical savans dispose of the phenomena?" asked my listener.

"By positive denial of the facts, or oftener by puerile attempts at explanation. Only a few wait and seek."

"Wait and seek! You have said it. You have uttered the words that have been my loadstar for years," he said, his face kindling.

"You are then a seeker for new truth?" He rose and leaned his arm upon the mantle-piece.

"I am!" he said, reverently. "I wait humbly at the portals beyond which the arcana of nature lie concealed. I seek patiently, nay, impatiently sometimes, but always I seek. I lie in wait for the revelations with which she but rarely favors her worshipers. I believe that to me will be given the solution of a great mystery." He stopped abruptly. I remained silent and waited for him to proceed—but he did not.

"You, then, credit this suspension of the physical powers. Is it a natural, involuntary status, or abnormal and superinduced?" He shook his head, glanced around stealthily.

"There are certain essential conditions to be regarded—certain processes to be gone through," he said, hurriedly. "Man is tripartite and composite—the Pneuma, Psyche, and Soma combining to make up the man—combining, not *fusing*, for then the soul could never shake off the body, as surely it does when dissolution occurs. This admitted, if Psyche dwells in the coporeal form as a transient guest, what is to prevent her from abandoning it at her own volition and resuming it in like manner—granting the Pneuma to be, as I conceive it is, an animating and connecting medium, inadequately represented in the Scriptures as the breath of life."

He had spoken so much when the door softly opened and a young girl came in, drew out a table, and proceeded to arrange it for supper. My host took no notice whatever of her entrance, but apparently wrapt in his theme continued to talk in a similar strain.

"Will you have tea, papa?" said the girl, after noiselessly passing in and out of the room a few times. He mechanically took the chair she set for him and indicated another to me. The young girl poured out the tea, set the urn upon the table, and vanished.

The thread of my entertainer's thoughts was broken, and he made no attempt to reunite it. We ate in silence. At the conclusion of the meal, he rose and said abruptly,

"You are tired. Shall I show you to your room? In the morning, if you like, we will pursue this subject farther; to-night you must excuse me. The office of an investigator of science is not a sinecure," he added, with a faint smile.

He took a lamp from the table, and I followed him up a broad, sunken stairway, and, at the door of the room assigned me, received the lamp from his hand, held it over the banisters that he might see his way back; and after listening till I heard the door of the supper-room creak as he closed it, entered my room.

It was a ghostly-looking chamber enough.

It was lofty and spacious. The feeble, flickering light of my lamp in vain strove to penetrate the darkness which lurked in the corners. Gusts of air broke in around the windows, and slowly waved the torn curtains, as though some invisible hand were behind them. The wind had risen and moaned drearily around the house, the branches of the tall firs creaked against the outer walls, the loose shutters clattered.

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There were no stars, and the young moon swam in mists. But I was not nervous, though the talk of my entertainer had stirred some strange thoughts, and I slept—slept soundly—despite the grim fantasies which glided through my brain at the last waking moment.

It was light when I awoke, and the rain was dashing against the window-panes. The wind blew hard, and the solemn firs swayed back and forth with a deep, sobbing moan. The pale daylight stole shyly in, and shining faintly upon the carved oaken paneling of my chamber made its desolateness doubly oppressive. Dust lay thick upon the worn carpet. The crimson hangings around the bed were faded to a sombre, opaque brown, and their heavy fringes hung in shreds upon the floor. Decay was everywhere at work.

I found my host in the room where we had supped. Some new feeling possessed him this morning. His face was flushed; his eyes glittered; his motions were hurried and erratic; his talk excited and desultory.

"You will not be able to leave us to-day," he said. "The Fornay will be flooded by the rain, and it is a day's journey around by the northern bridge."

"I am afraid I shall tax your hospitality too far," I replied.

"Not at all. I recognize in you a congenial spirit. I know by an interior knowledge that never deceives me, that it was no ordinary chance which led you here last night. You possess the sublime capacity of devoting yourself to science. Stay here! I have books, new and old, apparatus, material. Here you can study, experiment, make comparisons. My library is open to you, my laboratory at your service." He stood by the fire-place as he spoke, where he had stood the preceding night, but with what a different air! Then he was bent, depressed, low-voiced; now he spoke in a clear, ringing tone, his bearing was manly and noble, his manner enthusiastic and confident.

If I was surprised at the inclination he showed for me, I set it down as one of the singular movements of an eccentric mind, and did not presume to judge it by the ordinary principles of conduct. It was true that I was fond of investigating natural science, and especially I liked to follow those by-paths which lead out of the trodden ways, and, as I fancied, into novel fields, and to unfound truth. I told him so, and his keen eyes shone with unconcealed gratification.

"I knew that my intuitions could not play me false. You will stay here then; is it decided?" he said, anxiously.

As I was about to make some evasive reply, the young girl, whom I had seen the night before, entered with some part of the breakfast service in her hand. I went forward to assist her, and my host, without heeding the interruption, went on with some new theme.

Presently we were asked to breakfast; but now, as the girl turned to leave the room, he looked up and uttered the single word, "Remain!" Then, as she passed around to the other side of the table, he said, "My daughter, Eula!"

For an instant her eyes met mine, and a sweet, shy smile, which had as much pathos as sweetness, flitted over her face.

At breakfast the conversation was more personal. Eula joined in it with a timid grace.

"Come to my laboratory!" said Reigner—for that I found was his name—when we had breakfasted.

We went through several empty and dilapidated apartments, and at length, descending some steps, passed along a narrow corridor which conducted us directly to the laboratory. It was a large room, but so crowded that its spaciousness was not at first apparent. The floor was below the level of the ground, and the windows were necessarily small. A swinging lamp over a table in one corner was burning. Upon one side a door opened into a smaller room, whose walls were lined with books. My host moved about, showing me different experiments in process of evolution. While we were thus employed, Eula came in and took her place at a table.

"My daughter works with me—I find her useful," explained Reigner, in an indifferent tone.

We passed into the library. I have a fancy for bibliographical curiosities, and Reigner, quickly detecting it, brought out an ancient missal, written upon parchment, bound in vellum, golden-clasped, and illuminated by quaintly embroidered pictures, done by the skillful fingers of the monks of old—a treasure to delight an antiquarian's heart.

A sofa, upholstered in green leather, stood in one corner. This my host wheeled nearer the fire, and left me to the enjoyment of the rare old volumes. For hours I pored over the treasures I found upon the shelves, dimly conscious all the while of low sounds in the adjoining apartment, such as are heard in a chemist's laboratory. At length dinner was served by a frightful old woman called Gretchen, who could

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or would speak no English; but with whom Eula contrived to maintain an interchange of ideas by means of a system of original, domestic telegraphing.

Again Reigner and Eula went to the laboratory, and I returned to the library. It was strangely quiet there. Save the wind that shrieked without, there was no sound. Old Gretchen seemed to be the only other living thing about. Not even a dog crossed the courtyard.

Evening shut in black and stormy. Eula brought some dry billets of wood and threw them upon the fire. The vivid splendor flashed out, and laved the gloomy walls with a joyous if evanescent glow. We gathered around the fire.

Sometimes Reigner talked with much enthusiasm of his favorite theme; but often he listened in gracious silence while I drew Eula out of her graceful reserve and moved her to talk.

For nights the sun set in gloom; many mornings he rose shrouded in mist. But one night the wind glided into the south west, it climbed up the heavens and swept the empyreal spaces clear from the leaden clouds. Orion flashed his jewels low down the East—Aldebaran spilled golden rays from out the zenith—the Pleiades wavered in tremulous sheen.

The next day was steeped in sunshine. Still I did not go; but at noon I wandered out into the woods below the house. The sky was lucent; the violet haze hung no more in heaven. The forest floor was laid in mosaic—opaline tints gleamed under my feet. The south wind tenderly lifted the fallen leaves and bore them into damp hollows, where they lay dying by thousands. The crimson was gone from the maples; one by one the sumachs had let fall their wands of scarlet flame; but over the pathway the golden beech swung its orient arms, and far down the long vista the splendor shone royally.

But that was not a yellow leaf that fluttered in the distance—that was not a bird-song which shook the restful air. I hurried on and presently caught a nearer glimpse of Eula's golden curls. The song died away as I approached. She was sitting upon a gray stone, her crimson shawl drawn closely about her.

"Eula, I shall envy the solitude. Why do you stop singing when *I* come?" She threw back her shawl, and I saw a white rabbit nestling with timid eyes under its folds. One little hand clasped him firmly.

"I was afraid you would frighten him," said Eula, simply.

"It is a pretty creature," I said, touching the pinky, translucent ears. Why don't you take it home? It is your pet, isn't it?"

A slight shiver passed over her. "Oh! no, I should lose it then. Everything gets lost at home. I had a canary bird, and I lost it; and I had a kitten, and that went away, too. Once I had another rabbit, but something happened to it, and so I brought this one out here, and I come here and feed it." She spoke in a low tone, and as if there was a mystery attending the loss of her pets. Presently rising, she put down the little creature, and it darted away among the dry leaves.

"I must go now," said Eula. "Papa will want me."

"Do you like to stay in the laboratory, Eula, manipulating drugs and fusing metals?" I asked, as we walked along. An expression of extreme distaste passed over her face.

"No. I don't like it."

"Was your father always absorbed in the same subjects that interest him now?"

"No, not so much, though he always liked study. But he lost his place in the university at home and came to this country; and then mamma died, and he shut himself up in the laboratory, and now for a great many years he cares for nothing else. No one ever comes here now. It is strange papa likes that you should be here."

"Strange!" I echoed.

"Yes, because he has sent every one else away."

The days swept on—still I lingered. Eula's shyness had vanished, and her gracious, tender mirthfulness, her child-like trust, her entire unworldliness, and a sweet, glancing wit, altogether indescribable, were something quite unique.

She was a very Undine with the woman's soul added—delicate and ethereal and sparkling as the foam upon the ocean waves—but withal sad and sweetly tender, at times, as a sorrowing angel. There were, too, intimations of a hidden richness and force of nature, which deepened and strengthened the charm of her more superficial graces.

I fancied that I loitered here to gain a deeper insight into certain scientific truths. I *was* fond of experiment, as I have said. I spent my days in the laboratory—my evenings with Reigner and Eula.

The season advanced, cold came on apace; and one day Eula told me that Gretchen had arranged a room for me over the laboratory. One could have a fire there, she said, and in

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this damp, shaded house such a luxury was essential.

I am not a nervous person, starting at slight noises and seeing a ghost in every shadow; but the first night I occupied my new apartment, I was awakened from sleep by a succession of very peculiar sounds. Apparently, directly under my room, there was a noise as of a number of small stones falling rapidly upon one another when poured upon the ground. A second of similar character succeeded it. Then there were muffled, indistinct movements—then a sound yet more unaccountable and peculiar, like blows upon some soft, inelastic substance recurring at near intervals. I sat up and listened. I was sure I was broad awake. Presently it was repeated—those dull, plashing strokes. I hesitated. Should I arouse the house? But it was not likely that robbers would attempt to effect an entrance at the wing, since the windows in the front part, which was quite deserted at night, were equally accessible.

Was the house haunted? If ever a house might claim such a distinction, this dilapidated, strange old pile, with its eccentric master and his lovely daughter, as unlike him as seraph to ghoul, might do so.

I listened some time longer. At length the sounds suddenly ceased, I distinctly heard steps beneath me, then a door closed heavily, the retreating footsteps died away, and it was still.

Dawn was creeping up the east when I fell asleep, and when I again awoke it was broad day. Affairs wear a very different look in the sunshine; and as I thought over the night's experience, the conviction grew stronger that the whole was referable to some natural cause. The wind at play with a loose shutter will produce strange effects sometimes.

The next day I was sitting upon the library sofa with books about me. The door leading to the laboratory was open, and I could see Eula employed about some task. Reigner had gone out—a rare event. As I glanced up from my book at intervals, my eyes by chance fell upon the door at the opposite side of the laboratory. Suddenly it struck me that my room was larger than the laboratory, and that the part of it in which my bed was placed must be directly over the apartment to which this door conducted. It occurred to me that in all my stay I had never seen it open.

"Eula," I said, rising, and walking toward it, "where does this door lead—may I ask? You have shown me all the rest of the house; but I am like Fatima—my curiosity is unappeased."

"Do you suspect papa of being another Bluebeard?" said Eula, playfully, but with some embarrassment. "I believe it is used as a cellar, or something like it. You see, that, like the laboratory, its floor must be lower than the level of the ground; but I don't remember that I ever saw the door open. I dare say the place is filled with queer old rubbish." Standing near the door, Eula carelessly tried the latch. It did not yield. It was locked. That was odd, I thought.

My next night's sleep was uninterrupted, and in a day or two the subject passed from my mind.

I was interested in Reigner's speculations and experiments, illogical and unsatisfactory as many might have regarded them. I knew he was oversanguine, and pushed his views to extremes; but I was not ignorant of the power with which one idea will act upon the mind where it is almost the sole influence exerted upon it. It was not strange if he was a little visionary. He had his moods, as dreamers do.

Sometimes he was extremely unsocial, at others he was communicative. I found him, one morning, in his talkative humor. Eula was out, and I had always fancied that he talked most freely in her absence. Indeed, the most remarkable thing I had noticed in my eccentric friend was the feeling of indifference with which he regarded his daughter. It was nothing except simple indifference. She came and went unnoticed. So that she performed whatever service he desired, her absence seemed to give him as little concern as her presence did pleasure. But I knew that Eula was hungering for love, longing to find her natural home in his heart. But this *en passant*.

I was by this time aware that the possible temporary suspension of animal life was Reigner's pet theory, and that he was constantly in search of means to test and verify it. But this morning he gave me a clearer exposition of his theory, and a more detailed account of his experiments in that direction, than I had hitherto had.

"It is not a new thought," he said. "That the soul can voluntarily abdicate its throne—that Psyche has the power temporarily to withdraw from her temple, and re-enter it at pleasure, was well known to the ancients."

"I have read that a certain Hermotinus of old is said to have been in the habit of wandering about in the spirit, while his body lay apparently dead; but, in his case, this erratic proceeding led to a most unfortunate result: for his wife, quite willing to part with him permanently, took advantage of one of his

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absences, and performed the rite of cremation," I said, playfully, not supposing him entirely in earnest.

A shadow crossed his face. I perceived it and begged pardon. He made a slight, deprecating gesture and went on.

"The case of Col. Townshend is also well known. He could die, apparently, and retake his life. When in this state of bodily unconsciousness, he was rigid, cold, breathless. His heart was stilled, the pulse imperceptible, respiration stopped. The condition of the Indian dervise, who could, at will, suspend all the animal functions, and who, at one time, was interred during ten months, was analogous. And this case is still more interesting to me, because the preparatory process is also minutely detailed."

"I have read of fishes, which, having been frozen up in ice, and transported a long distance, were found alive after months of incarceration; and I think there was an experiment instituted, by a Swedish professor, to ascertain if the human being would undergo a similar test. The subject was a young girl, who had been condemned to death for crime." Reigner gravely shook his head.

"Rof was entirely wrong in the method he adopted. Extreme cold may not only suspend the animal functions, but impair the bodily organs. There is no probability of such an experiment succeeding. I have studied that case attentively, and I am convinced that *I* have discovered the true way. You know that animals of the lower orders have lain inhumed for centuries in the solid rock, and, when the walls of their cell were burst, sprang forth as full of life as if they had only rested there an hour."

"Well?" I said, after a pause.

"Well!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Don't you see to what conclusion these facts point?" Then, coming nearer, and sinking his voice to a shrill whisper, he added, "Deprivation of atmospheric air! That is the secret!" His eyes were glittering with a singular, lurid light. I was startled. "Yes, it is atmospheric air, always, in all instances, that induces decomposition!" he continued, with passionate energy, and looking at me with a strange, eager gaze that astonished and disconcerted me. "If now any person in sound health, after undergoing a certain preparatory process, which I can explain to you, were to be deposited in a perfectly air-tight apartment, and it were then hermetically sealed, I am sure that, after some years—fifteen, twenty, perhaps—he could, upon being exhumed, be restored to life. *Restored* to life, I say! One must use the common forms of speech; but you see how inadequate language is to express the wonderful truths of nature! Do you catch my idea?"

"Yes," I said, wondering, and still doubtful if he were quite serious. "But if the experiment should fail?"

"It will *not* fail!" he returned, angrily.

"I'm afraid you will not find a willing subject. We Americans are too fond of the business of life to consent to an abridgment of our years. You should go to some European despotism, where nothing is of less value than a man's life. I dare say scores of poor fellows would be placed at your disposal," I said, still thinking it best to treat the mattef lightly.

"But you forget my parallel thought. While the body lies thus awaiting its subsequent resuscitation, the soul is at liberty, free to visit other worlds, free to learn all the secret marvels which the veil of flesh conceals. A great mind is needed for such a work." Again he bent his keen eyes upon me, with that singular, wistful expression looking out of their depths.

"Have you ever experimented upon any of the lower orders?" I asked. He hesitated—seemed embarrassed.

"Why, yes. I have made two or three partial experiments in that direction; but, doubtless, the exclusion of air was not perfect."

"And what resulted?" I persisted.

"Why, of course, death!" he replied, reluctantly. "But the fault was mine, you understand, not that of my theory. My experiments taught me care, and now I am convinced failure would be impossible!"

I rose to go out. Intolerable thoughts had been suggested. The place was like a charnel-house. I went out into the fields. The first snow was falling, and the cool, humid air was soothing. Was Reigner a monomaniac? Or had he been influenced by a temporary mental excitement this morning? A bad night—overstrong coffee at breakfast—a superfluous glass of wine! Doubtless, one of these was the occasion of the singular exhibition I had just witnessed.

At tea-time he was morose and silent.

Eula tried vainly to charm him out of his odd humor. By-and-by I brought out the chess-board, a quaint, antique affair, which Eula had found buried in the rubbish of a forgotten closet.

That night I went to my room in a peculiar frame of mind. The unpleasant impression of the morning had quite passed away, and left me joyous, but singularly calm and free from

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any nervous exaltation. I was never in a less fit mood for becoming the subject of a hallucination. I did not go to sleep at once. One thought, one radiant fancy shone steadily in my mind. The moon rose at length, and, broad and white, looked in at my window. She climbed higher, and tipped the sprays of the spectral firs with crystal. The night was very still. The new-fallen snow lay motionless.

It must have been past midnight when a slight noise aroused me. All my senses were alert in an instant. I listened intently.

A door creaked softly, and then shut with a suppressed clang. It was just beneath me. Some one moved about, the door opened again, closed, and the intruder seemed to have passed into the laboratory. Who could this be? Not Reigner; for he had retired before me. Not Eula, nor old Gretchen. I sprang up, and, throwing on a dressing-gown, hurried down. The stairs terminated in an entry leading directly to the laboratory. A beam of light shone out under the door. I opened it. A man, who stood at a table on the farther side of the room, turned hastily, and I confronted—Reigner.

"I beg pardon," I said, retreating. "I heard an unusual noise, and hurried down, expecting to surprise a robber."

"I should ask pardon, too," he replied, quietly enough. "I disturbed your sleep, it appears. I was not aware that you could hear any noise made here—eh?" and he gave me a keen glance. I said something about not having been asleep, and returned to my chamber. After all, what more natural than that a man possessed by one idea should sit up at night at his occult studies?

I had thought of going the next day; but in the night snow again commenced falling, the storm increased during the morning, and, by mid-day, along those hilly, unfrequented roads, huge drifts blocked the way. In a day or two the sunshine returned, the roads were broken out, and there was but one reason why I should linger. I could not leave the thought which haunted with its sweet presence unspoken. I went to the laboratory. Reigner was not there. I knew I should not see Eula until evening, and I resorted to the library as the best place to while away the hours.

My books sufficed me for awhile, but one tires of them at last. I threw them aside. By the merest accident my eye fell upon the door conducting to the apartment where the nocturnal noises were heard. Some impulse made me rise, cross the laboratory and approach it. Without stopping to reflect, I tried the latch. To my surprise it yielded. The door swung open and revealed a somewhat large, oblong apartment, unlighted, except by a single candle, which threw a sickly glare over the damp, mouldy walls. The floor was of earth, wet and clammy. In one corner there was an odd, box-like projection, built out into the larger room. I examined it closely. It was, perhaps, six feet square, and four or five in height, and constructed of brick. One side had been left open, and a massive iron plate lay on the ground near by, apparently designed to close the aperture. The interior was somewhat roughly but thoroughly plastered; not only the walls and ceiling, but the floor. But what surprised me most was the fact, that, while the rest of the vault was blue with mould, and dripping with damp, the brick-work of this cell was bright and new, and seemed as if freshly laid; and, besides this evidence of its recent erection, there was an unmistakably plain odor of fresh, wet plaster, and, upon touching the interior ceiling, I found it was not yet wholly dry. What singular crotchet was this? Doubtless some device of my eccentric friend. Was it—I shuddered—cold chills quivered over my flesh—was it a dungeon, where he designed to immure some victim to test his insane theory?

Nonsense! Fanatical he certainly was—erratic—a little wild, if you will—but not mad!

Still the thought was horror. I went hastily out, shut the door carefully, and, returning to the library, threw myself upon the sofa. I could not shake off that appalling fancy. I felt faint and sick. The air of the vault had been stifling and nauseous. I lay still thinking that presently, when this faintness should pass away, I would go out. Soon a drowsiness crept over me. The air was always heavy with the sickly odor of drugs. Perhaps this was what made me fall asleep. But I slept—hours must have passed—then I awoke, if that dreamy, uncertain knowledge of real things was waking, and I saw dimly a figure bending above me. A fearful, indefinable terror seized me; my thoughts swam in a sea of agony, and dread, and horror. I tried to rise, I tried to shout, but a deadly paralysis chained my limbs. A strong hand pressed me back—a subtle, etheric odor floated over me—something touched my lips—some liquid flowed over them—the vague consciousness wavered—was gone.

Darkness, black, palpable darkness all around me! A heavy odor sickens me, my brain reels, horrid phantoms dance before my eyes, a leaden weight oppresses me. The black darkness crowds upon me, presses me down.

Air! I suffocate.

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Great heaven! Where am I? What is this horrible gloom? This agony, this uncertain respiration—what is it? I grope about, I stretch forth my arms wildly. A thrill of pain quivers through me. I draw back my bruised hands. I try to rise—but, merciful heaven! I cannot stand erect. The horror quickened my dulled faculties into action. Am I buried alive?

Tearful remembrances of others who had suffered that dire agony flashed upon my mind. This darkness, this noisome odor, this death-laden atmosphere—they were like the tomb. The cold sweat rained from my forehead. I burned in my helpless misery, I clutched at the substance upon which I lay. It was soft, smooth, and yielding.

My hand slipped over its edge, strayed down and touched something cold and hard. My clouded senses were becoming clear. This was not—oh! horror—the narrow house; these were not grave-clothes.

Oh! the appalling silence. I could hear my heart beat. I passed my hand over it—it touched my watch. I tried to think where I was when I wound it last. Then the whole truth rushed upon me, overwhelmed me with a flood of hopeless terror.

Ay! Buried alive. The victim of a madman!

Ah! poor fool that I had been! How quietly I had examined my living grave! With what thoughtless curiosity I had speculated upon the strength of its walls, the smallness of its size!

How long had I lain there? Twenty-four hours must have passed, for my watch was stopped. I groped about for the key and wound it up. Its ticking gave me inexpressible relief. My mind grew calmer. Was there any hope for me? How long could I hope to live without air?

Was there not ever so small a crevice in my dungeon? I felt about me, I got off the couch—the green leather-covered couch where I lay when the madman stole away my senses—I crept around the cell. The opposite wall was scarcely an arm's length from where I lay. It was ice-cold. Was it iron? I struck it madly.

There was no metallic ring. But perhaps earth had been piled against it on the outside.

Buried alive—hopelessly buried alive!

But I went carefully over the walls and ceiling. It had been too securely fastened.

A deadly faintness came over me. I crawled back to the sofa. Oh! for one breath of fresh air! My temples throbbed, my heart beat faster. Was I going mad?

Strange visions glided before me—skeleton faces leered horribly. Anon, dreams of wild, fresh breezes swept over me. I thought how the air blew up from the sea at nightfall. I saw the white sails flap in the wind, and the waves curled into sparkling foam before it. How the wind rioted upon mountain tops, how cool and soft it whispered through the valleys! Haunting the forest glooms in midsummer, it rustled in the trees, stirred the dead leaves in the hollows, and swung the bending bells of lowly flowers.

It rode over the wide fields and shook the snow into pearly drifts.

It stole into poor men's dwellings and whispered a benediction over the dying.

Oh! for one breath of its lavish affluence!

The fearful darkness weighed upon my eyelids like a pall. How the lucent sunshine flooded earth, and sea, and sky! It crept in the dreariest places, it slept on graves in the church-yard.

And I was dying in darkness, starving for the fresh air. Eula! Eula! Will no one come?

Well, one can die. I grew very faint. Stupor was fast palsying my senses.

Was that a sound? My ears ring, I can perceive nothing distinctly. But that is not a delusion of my failing senses. I hear a sharp, metallic clink.

A confused medley of voices succeeds—I try to shout, but the words die in a whisper.

"Ah, heaven! can it be? Light? Air? I gasp—I die of joy. A wild, maniacal roar curdles my blood and I sink again into unconsciousness, but not until I have seen pitying faces around me, and know myself lifted out of my living grave by tender hands.

There is not much more to relate.

I owed my deliverance to Eula.

As I did not come to dinner that day she inquired for me, and her father promptly answered that I had left the house. But something in his manner startled her. It had triumph, exultation, an assured self-complacency as from a cherished purpose accomplished.

On going to the library that night, she discovered, to her surprise, that the sofa was missing.

Suddenly turning, she met her father's eye glaring upon her in fierce anger. She had before had dim intuitions of his designs. Some suspicion of the truth flashed upon her. That night she left the house secretly—for old Gretchen was not to be trusted—walked to Valissy, and in the morning returned with aid.

Reigner followed them to the cellar, hovered around silently, would explain nothing; but when the earth he had heaped around the door was thrown down and the brick-work broken away, he burst into a yell of chagrin and rage.

It was hopeless lunacy.

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CONSTITUTIONALLY BASHFUL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I SUPPOSE there is no doubt but I was born with bashful tendencies, and "What is bred in the bone, stays long in the flesh," to use the words of some wise individual, who, like many another great genius, shunned notoriety, and had for his *nom de plume*, Anonymous.

My mother tells me that, when an infant, I had the ridiculous habit of turning over on my face in the cradle, when there was company; and if the visitors happened to be ladies, I turned red in the cheeks, and purple about the eyes, to such an alarming degree as could not fail of exciting wonder and awe in the heart of the most indifferent beholder!

I remember that, when a child of four or five years, I used to take refuge behind the great eight-day clock whenever my mother had callers; and once I came near being frozen to death in the refrigerator, where I had ensconced myself on the appearance of a couple of lady visitors.

Throughout my boyhood it was the same, only decidedly more so. My *debut* at school was like an entrance into the ancient halls of torture.

The austere schoolmaster, with his dread insignia of birchen rod, steel-bowed spectacles, and swallow-tailed coat, was bad enough; the grinning, mischief-loving, and, at times, belligerent boys were worse. But the girls! Heavens! I feared them more than any suspected criminal of old did the terrible Council of Ten! All on earth they seemed to find to do was to giggle at me! Of course, I was the object of their sport; for they peeped at me over the tops of their books, from behind their pocket-handkerchiefs, through the interstices of their curls—and made me hopelessly wretched by dubbing me "Apron-string."

The third day of my attendance at school was stormy, and, my home being at some distance, I was obliged to remain, with most of the others, through the noon intermission. The little girls got to playing at pawns. I retreated to a corner near the door, and stood a silent and not unterrified spectator.

By-and-by, a cherry-lipped little girl had to pay a forfeit, and one of her schoolmates pronounced the sentence, in a loud voice,

"Kiss Apron-string Sunderland!"

That meant me. There was a wild scream of laughter, in which all joined, and I took ingloriously to flight, with little Cherry-lips close at my heels. I strained every nerve and sinew—it was a matter of life and death to me—and I have no doubt but I should have won the race in fine style, if I had not, unfortunately, in my blind haste, run against Miss Patty Hanson, the primmest and most tempered spinster in Hallswell.

My *momentum* was such that I knocked Miss Patty from *terra firma*, very much as the successful ball knocks down the nine-pins; and from the *debris* of the wreck—consisting of a fractured umbrella, a torn calico gown, and a fearfully dislocated bonnet—Miss Hanson rose up—a Nemesis! And such a thrashing as I received, at her hands, would have made the blackest villain out of purgatory confess his sins without prevarication!

I had heard my mother say that no one died till their time had come, and I felt satisfied that my time *had* come. I vainly endeavored to repeat,

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

as both fitting and appropriate to the occasion; but Miss Patty thumped the words out of me, to the tune of the Umbrella Quickstep, in staccato.

Little Cherry-lips came nobly to the rescue.

"For shame! Miss Hanson," she cried, "to beat a little boy at such a rate! It won't mend your umbrella, nor straighten your calash! And the perspiration is washing the paint all out of your cheeks!"

My enemy left me to fly at my defender, whose name was Florence Hay. But Florence was a little too agile for the old lady, whom she speedily distanced, while I made good my escape into the sheltering foliage of an apple-tree, where, securely perched on a strong limb, I remained until school was out, and the girls had all gone home.

After a time, at my urgent entreaties, my parents removed me from the village-school, and placed me at an institute for boys. I had thought, previously to the change, that I should be perfectly happy when it was effected; but I had, somehow, miscalculated. I missed the

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bewitching faces of the girls I had fled from, and, for the first time in my life, I realized that the world would be a terrible humdrum sort of a place if there were nothing but men here.

To confess the plain truth, I had discovered that, in spite of my bashfulness, I loved every single girl I had ever seen—not even excepting good black Bess in my mother's kitchen, who concocted such admirable turnovers and seed-cakes. But at that time, sooner than have acknowledged such a weakness, I would have been broiled alive!

As I grew toward manhood, my bashfulness got no better. It was confirmed; it had become a chronic disease, as irremediable as the rheumatism, and a thousand times more distressing.

I was frequently invited to quiltings, apple parings, huskings, etc.; but I never dared to go, lest I should be expected to have something to say to some of the feminine portion of the company.

If my mother sent me on any errand to a house where there were girls, I used to stand a half hour on the door-step, waiting for courage to rap; and if one of the aforesaid girls happened to answer the summons, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could restrain myself from taking refuge in flight. And after I had got in, and made known my business, I knew no more what was told me in return than we know why the comet of last summer had a curved train.

At church, I habitually sat with averted face, and cut my finger nails; in fact, I had performed that operation for those digital ornaments so often that there was very little left of them to practice upon. I most devoutly wished that it had been so that folks could have been created with knitting-work, or something of the kind, in their hands—it would have been so nice when one didn't know what to do with his upper extremities.

As for my feet, though not remarkably large, they were constantly in the way. I have often seen the time when I would have given all the world, had it been mine to give, if I could have taken them off, and consigned them to the obscurity of my pocket.

One eventful day, my mother took it into her head to have a quilting. Early in the afternoon I retired to the garret, as the most isolated spot I could think of, and ensconced myself in bed. All the girls in the neighborhood were invited, and I would sooner have faced a flaming line of armed batteries.

Such a gay, joyous time as they had of it, judging from the sounds of merriment that occasionally floated up to my retreat! I longed to be a witness of the frolic I knew they were enjoying, but I could not summon resolution enough to venture from my concealment; and so I wound the sheets round my head to shut out the gay peals of laughter, and tried to think myself highly satisfied with my achievement. I was comfortable, and safe, so far as I knew; but the hours were long ones, and I prayed Time to jog on his team a little faster, if convenient.

By-and-by, the merriment grew louder; there was a pattering of eager feet on the garret stairs, considerable loud whispering in the passage, and an infinite amount of giggling. Good heavens! What were they going to do? I clutched the bed clothes with frantic hands and drew them around my head, to the utter neglect of the rest of my body, probably believing, like the ostrich, that so long as I saw nobody, nobody would see me.

Directly the door was thrown open, and, evidently, there was a consultation on the threshold.

"Go in, Flory!" said the gay voice of Kate Merrick, the pride and tease of the village. "Go in, I say! What on earth are you afraid of? Roy Sunderland won't eat you, if he is a bear!"

"But what will he think?" asked Florence Hay, softly. "He is so bashful! Goodness! Kate, how can I?"

"Nonsense! You must pay the forfeit, or your thimble remains in my possession! I won't be coaxed over, this time!" returned Kate, decisively.

There was a slight scuffle, and then the eager hands of the coterie began to pull away my fortifications. I resisted with the strength of desperation, but I was no match for a dozen frolicsome girls. They unswathed me, and, while four of them held my two arms, Florence Hay kissed me. Mahomet! Such a thrill as went through my heart! I devoutly wished that she would repeat the experiment; but, instead of doing so, she scampered from the room, followed by her boisterous companions. Completely overcome, I crept under the bed, where I remained until nightfall sent our merry visitors to their several homes.

Well, the years passed on, and brought my eighteenth birthday. I had lost nothing of my besetting difficulty. My mother was thoroughly mortified by my conduct, and did not hesitate to lecture me soundly on my folly; and my aunt Alice emphatically declared I was the most consummate fool that she had ever seen! I knew

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it was true; but—so perverse is man—I did not feel at all obliged to her for uttering it.

One day it rained a little; in fact, it often does so. Florence Hay was returning home from the village just as the shower came up, and, partly out of regard for my mother, with whom she was a great favorite, partly from the fear of ruining her new spring bonnet, she stepped into our house.

My mother was delighted to see her, and made her quite at home directly. It was no new thing for the little maiden to visit my mother; but on such occasions I had always, hitherto, taken flight to the fields, or the haymow. Now, however, it was raining hard, and I was holding silk for my mother to wind; and a retreat was impossible.

Though in exquisite torture, every moment, lest the pretty visitor should address some question to me, and oblige me to speak, yet I enjoyed being where I could look into her bewitching face immensely. She had such blue eyes! and such cherry lips! And those lips had kissed me! I blushed red-hot to think of it, and my good mother anxiously commented on my high color, saying she was afraid I was going to have the erysipelas. Erysipelas, indeed!

It rained all the afternoon. Florence stayed to tea, and, by the time the meal was over, I had broken two plates, knocked down a saucer, upset the cream-pitcher, and nearly cut the end of my thumb off with my knife. Also, the rain had ceased, and it was dark.

Florence declared she could not stop another moment. Her friends would be alarmed about her; she must go at once. My mother urged her to remain all night. But she could not think of it; and, while she was arranging her wraps, my mother beckoned me into the entry.

"Roy," she said, decisively, "Florence should not go home alone!"

"I can't help it!" said I, doggedly. "I guess nothing will devour her on the journey."

"My son!" she exclaimed, with just severity, "I cannot permit you to speak in that way of one whom I so highly respect! It is ungentlemanly! Your father is absent, the servant is busy, and Florence has a full half-mile to walk. You will attend her home!"

My limbs trembled under me. I should have darted from the back door, and left my mother's favorite to shift for herself; but my austere relative had kept a firm hold of my arm, and, without further parley, drew me back to the parlor.

"If you must go, dear," she said to Florence, "I will not urge you. Roy will walk home with you."

Florence opened wide her blue eyes in evident astonishment; and, as for me, the whole creation was in a whirl! The room went round and round like a top—I was obliged to grasp the back of a chair to keep from falling—I was penetrated with speechless dismay.

"Roy! Florence is waiting!" said my unrelenting mother.

There was no appeal. To use a vulgar, but expressive phrase, I was "in for it;" and, nerved by a sort of desperate courage, which sometimes comes to the aid of the weak in great extremities, I flung open the door, blundered down the steps, and out into the street. Florence followed leisurely behind, shut the gate after her, and fastened the latch. How I envied her her provoking coolness!"

We went on: she one side of the road—I the other, and about three yards in advance of her. By-and-by, when we had proceeded in utter silence for a quarter of a mile, my companion said, demurely,

"Roy, you can get over the fence, and go in the field; and I will keep the road."

The little jade was quizzing me! I could not endure her ridicule, so forthwith I made a sort of flying leap to her side of the street, spattering the mud in every direction as I alighted beside her. I had just begun to think how much better the footing was on that sidewalk than on the one I had just left, when I heard somebody whistling, and, looking up, I saw Will Richardson, a mutual acquaintance, approaching. The cold perspiration started to my brow—how could I endure to be seen going home with a girl? I could not! No, never! The idea was out of the question! I flew to the wall, sprang over, and threw myself down behind a pile of stones.

I heard Will and Florence laughing together in a vastly amused way—and then she took his arm, and off they went! I shook my clenched hand after them; at that moment, I think, I could have cudgeled Will without compunction.

The ridiculous story of my adventure got wind; no doubt Will spread it, and I was the laughing stock of the village. My mother gave me a sound berating, and my staid, punctilious father administered the severest rebuke of all—he said I was a disgrace to my ancestors.

I managed to live through it, though, and a few months later entered college. I will not linger on the days spent with my Alma Mater; the history of the scrapes which my mischief-

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loving fellow students got me into during those four years, would fill three volumes of octavo.

At the end of the prescribed time, I graduated with the highest honors, for I had always been a most determined bookworm; and, with my diploma in my pocket, I returned home.

My friends were rejoiced to see me, they said; aunt Alice informed me that I had improved wonderfully in manners, as well as looks; she thought me decidedly handsome, she said, which remark, I privately concluded, was the most sensible of any I had ever heard her make.

The day following my arrival at home, my mother spoke of Florence. I had been longing to ask about her, but dared not hazard the question. My mother thought that I ought to call on the Hay family, we had always been intimate, she said, and it would be no more than courteous for me to surprise them with my presence.

I told her the truth. I should be extremely happy to do so, but I lacked the courage.

"Mother," said I, frankly, "you know my cardinal failing. Be merciful unto me. I should only make a fool of myself."

"I will make an errand for you," she replied, quickly; "Mrs. Hay is troubled with a cough, and she wanted some of my tomato preserves for it. You shall carry them over."

Ah! it takes a woman to manage things; depend on that.

I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtruded between my eyes and endless Greek roots a great many times during the past four years. I was glad of an excuse to see once more the face itself.

Armed with my letter of introduction, a glass jar of tomatoes, and, arrayed in my best suit, I rang the bell at the door of Mr. Hay. A servant girl admitted me, and showed me directly into the room where Florence was sitting.

How very beautiful she had grown during my absence! I had never seen so fair a vision! She rose at my entrance, and, bowing with inimitable grace, extended her hand.

"Am I correct in believing that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Sunderland?" she said, with gentle politeness.

I bowed—the jar slipped from my grasp and fell to the floor; I made a hasty movement to take the hand she had offered me, and in so doing put my foot on the jar; it was crushed to atoms, and the seeds and syrup flew in every direction! The obstacle beneath my feet made me stagger; I grasped the folds of a window-curtain in the hope of saving myself, but my equilibrium was too far gone—down came the curtain—over I went, head first, against a flower-stand, on which were a nondescript array of flower-pots, a canary bird in a cage, and a big Maltese cat in a basket.

The force of my fall upset the stand, and, with all its favorites, it turned over on the carpet! Plants, cat, bird, cage, and Roy Sunderland, all lay in one mass of ruin together at the feet of the astonished Miss Hay. The cat was the first to recover her presence of mind, and with a "midnight cry" which would have appalled the stoutest heart, she sprang into my face, tearing up the skin with a violence worthy the admiration of all persons who believe in the wisdom of "getting at the root of a matter" at once.

I scrambled up—gave the animal a blow that sent her to the other side of the room—and hatless, and bloody, made for the door. With frantic haste I seized the handle—it did not yield; the door was fastened by a spring lock, and I was a prisoner!

Imagine my dismay! Florence stood looking at me, and there was a smile on her face that she, with great difficulty, restrained from breaking into a decided ha! ha! Just then I would have sold myself to any reliable man for a sixpence, with thirty days credit.

Mortified and crestfallen, I was strongly inclined to follow the example of the heroines in sensation novels, and burst into tears; but crying, it is said, makes the nose red, and, remembering this, I forbore.

I suppose Florence pitied me; she must have seen from the woebegone expression of my face that I was in the last stages of human endurance, for she came quietly to my side and laid her hand on my arm.

"Come in, Roy," she said, kindly—almost tenderly, I thought—and drew me into a small boudoir opposite the sitting-room. Things in the latter apartment were too nearly wrecked to make it pleasant for occupation, I suppose.

"There," she said, seating me on a sofa by her side, and speaking in the consoling tone one would use to a child who had burnt his apron, or broke the sugar-bowl, "don't think anything more of it." She was wiping the blood from pussy's autograph on my face with her handkerchief—"Accidents will happen, you know?"

She was so close to me—her sweet face so very near mine—and the temptation was so great that I trust I may be excused, especially as I am a bashful man, and not in the habit of committing such indiscretions.

I threw my arms around her, and paid back,

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with interest, the kiss I had kept so long. A burning blush overspread her face.

"Oh, Roy! how could you?" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

I had gone too far to retreat; the words which for years had filled my heart struggled up to my lips and clamored for utterance.

"Florence!" I cried, passionately, "I love you! and I want you to be entirely mine! Take me, and cure me of the bashful folly which has been the bane of my life!"

She did not reply. I was in a tumult of fear and hope, but a sort of desperate courage kept me firm.

"One word, Florence, only one word! Am I to be consigned to Hades, or Paradise? Do not keep me in suspense!"

She nestled closer to my side; her soft cheek rested against mine; her breath swept my lips. She spoke but one word in accents of deepest tenderness, and that word was my name—

"Roy!"

"Florence! my darling!"

I trust that everybody will forgive me, and feel charitably toward me, when I declare on my honor that I was happier, at that moment, than I had ever been in my life before! "Popping the question" is acknowledged by all to be a serious piece of business; and if ordinary men find it a serious business, how much more terrible must it be to a bashful individual like myself?

A silence fell between Florence and me; perhaps I was holding her so close to my heart that the effort of speaking was difficult. I should not wonder. By-and-by she lifted up her face, and said, quietly,

"Did you mean for me to marry you, Roy?"

"Marry me? Yes, dearest, and that, too, before many days have elapsed! I have been a fool so long that now I cannot afford to wait!"

"Yes; but if I promise myself to you, how can I be sure that, on the way to the altar, you will not jump over the fence, and leave me to fate and Will Richardson?"

"Confound Will Richardson! Florence, forgive me! I was little less than a brute! Is there peace between us?"

"Both peace and love," she whispered, softly; and my heart was at rest.

My mother was overjoyed by the turn affairs had taken. Everything had happened just as she had wished; and, to this day, the good lady idolizes tomatoes, insisting upon it that it was through the agency of those preserves that Florence and I came to an understanding. It might have been—I cannot tell—great events sometimes originate in small causes.

Florence—dear little wife!—for five years she has sustained to me that relation; and if she has not cured me of my bashfulness, she has at least broken me of its extreme folly.

To other men afflicted as I was with constitutional shyness, I can conscientiously recommend my course. Don't be afraid; the ladies admire courage, and "None but the brave deserve the fair."

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

ANOTHER year will fade to-day,
Another year will flee away,
With all its pleasures, hopes, and fears,
To swell the list of by-gone years.

'Twill drift away to "Isles that were,"
And rank among the treasures there;
Be one, amid the banished throng,
The waves of Time have borne along.

'Twill bear away some fairy scene,
Some gilded hope, some cherished dream,
Some pearly shell from off life's shore,
That wind and wave will not restore.

'Twill leave its traces on the heart,
And write its records on the chart,
That Mem'ry hangs for one and all,
Amid the pictures of her hall.

Another year has gone astray—
Has glided to the Past to stay,
And left its ruins scattered o'er
The shining sands along Life's shore.

And years on years will follow on,
Be added to the moments flown;
And each shall steal some joy away,
Some cherished dream like this, to-day.

And each shall blight some bud of bloom,
Shall bear some loved one to the tomb,
Shall hush, for aye, some harp of song,
And scatter rust the chords among.

Then let us ever strive to live
So that each fleeting year may give
Some good report of labor done,
Some glad account of battle won.

That when the last on earth is fled,
And we all numbered with the dead,
We'll meet where "parting are unknown,"
An angel band around God's throne.

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THE JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 381.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITH the same false kindness which had characterized him during their whole interview, Lord Lovat conducted the unfortunate Prince to an apartment which had ever been kept sacred to royal guests at Dounie.

The last salutations were exchanged—the door closed—and the crafty old lord stood alone in the corridor, looking in deep thought upon the floor, the wicked smile about his mouth giving place to an expression of hard, relentless cruelty.

A step startled him; for, like some wild animal, he was constantly on the look-out for surprise or treachery, and, in spite of his age, his senses were singularly acute. He looked up, and, by the wavering light of the torch, saw Luke coming along the corridor.

He made a sign to the young man and turned down the gallery toward his own apartments, followed by the hunchback. Once within his inner room, whose luxurious appointments presented so strong a contrast to the grim desolation reigning in the rest of the castle, he settled himself in his easy-chair and again beckoned to Luke, who had remained standing near the door.

"Now is the time, laddie, when the old man must test your fidelity," he said, in his low, alluring voice. "Don't lose a word of what I say. You are quick to understand when you please——"

"And I have been as quick to act, too, as you will confess," interrupted Luke, with sudden impatience.

"True, bairn, true! I can trust you, if no one else."

He drew toward him a heavy silver casket, placed it upon the table, unlocked it with a key attached to his watch-chain, and took out several papers. Luke watched him keenly, and across his lip there flitted a smile so like that which had distorted the old man's mouth, as he stood in the corridor, that it gave the two faces a strange resemblance in that half-light.

"These are the papers," muttered Lovat, drawing out a little package from a secret drawer at the bottom of the casket. "I hold him now. The old fox—as the rascals call me—hasn't forgotten his cunning. Luke!" he added, aloud, "here, Luke!"

The hunchback approached the table, and stood looking in his face without a word.

"You must ride to Culloden—find the Duke of Cumberland—obtain speech with him. Listen now! This errand is one of life and death—no mistakes!"

"I never mistake anything I undertake," he answered, sullenly.

"Tell the duke that I am keeping guard over his prisoners at Dounie. At early dawn, if he can reach the castle so early, the Prince and a band of his chief followers will fall into his hands."

"What conditions?" asked Luke. "I know there are conditions."

"Ay, ay!" returned Lovat, with his low, wicked laugh; "conditions! Right, laddie; everything has its conditions. In return for these papers, and the information they will give, I am to remain, in my person and estates, untroubled. This is the pith of the matter. Carry on the negotiation as your sharp wit will direct. But another word, close in your ear!"

He grasped Luke's arm and pulled him close down, adding many whispered directions, as if he feared to trust even the walls with this detestable craft and treachery.

"You understand now, Luke," he said, releasing his arm; "you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. Lord Lovat, you shall be satisfied."

"Above all, make clear the treason of the Master of Lovat, Luke. Remember that I urge no conditions for him—not one, if it would keep him from the scaffold!"

"Your own son!" ejaculated the hunchback.

"Tush! tush, fool! One's blood, of course, is very dear; but that in a man's own veins is the dearest of all! In sacrificing my own son,

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I become a second Brutus. Don't you see, Luke?"

The hunchback offered no opposition. Indeed, his senses were so engrossed by one painful duty before him, that it is very doubtful if he half took in the extent of the guilt which the old man, in his greedy love of life, was ready to add to the blackness already upon his soul.

"And Dougal?" exclaimed Luke. "Some plea for him! My brother's life and safety must be put among the conditions!"

"You will do nothing so rash!" exclaimed Lovat, angrily. "Would you overload a sinking boat? The craft which will carry one man across a whirlpool in safety, might swamp with two."

"Let Dougal perish!" exclaimed the hunchback, fiercely.

Something in his tone roused the old lord to a sense of the danger he ran in angering the young man.

"No, no," he said, catching his breath, "not for worlds! But one thing at a time, Luke, one thing at a time! The duke's brain is of the dullest—we must not overload it. Once let my own safety be settled, and I can easily make terms for the laddie, and good ones too."

From under his knitted eyebrows, Luke Carr watched the old lord narrowly. He read in that smooth face the treason so ruthlessly meditated. The hunchback's right hand stole up to his breast and touched a packet hidden there. One other trial—and the old man's fate would be decided.

"We must not leave any uncertainty," he said, hoarsely. "Secure Dougal's safely beyond a doubt! I have a right to ask it."

"I tell you that will ruin everything!" exclaimed Lovat, angrily. "Do you bandy words with me, your chief? Imp, I will hear no more!"

"I love Dougal better than my own soul—more than I fear you, Lord Lovat!" he said, his voice growing soft and musical with those words. "No harm must come to him! I will not permit it!"

"Curse you for a nameless brat!" exclaimed Lovat.

A smothered sound from Luke, a look at the pale face and gleaming eyes bent upon him warned the old man that he had gone too far.

"I did not mean that," he said, coaxingly. "But you are wasting time, Luke. Away to the camp! I tell you, leave Dougal to me; he shall be safe enough, I promise you."

Not another word of remonstrance or persuasion did the hunchback attempt. He received the lord's last orders in cold silence and turned to go.

"You know how to obtain entrance to the camp? I can trust your head for some scheme?" said Lovat.

"Easily enough found," he said, coldly. "I have the dress of an English soldier, in my room, who fell at Preston Pans."

"It is all settled then. Take the swiftest horse in the stable and go. Not a moment is to be lost—not a moment!"

The hunchback hurried from the room; but in the passage he paused, and shook his clenched hands menacingly at the door.

"Do you feel the edge of the axe on your neck now, old man?" he muttered. "I can, I can! I betray the Prince—leave Dougal to his fate? I will go to this English duke; show him how to catch the old rat in his falling house. But, as to Dougal and the Master of Lovat, they shall tear me to pieces before I speak, if their safety is not secured!"

With these thoughts Luke went forth, mounted his horse, and rode swiftly down the valley.

Lord Lovat sat in his room, congratulating himself upon the success of his treachery, and clinging more tenaciously to life from the very fears which had been upon him during the last few hours.

Streaks of gray were stretching across the eastern sky, when Luke reached the battle-field where the English army was encamped, on the scene of its victory. He succeeded in passing the intoxicated sentinels, and found himself in the midst of a scene of riot and devastation which no pen can describe. A general carouse seemed to have been going on all night. Groups of drunken soldiers lay around their camp-fires, side by side with the unburied dead. Here the face of a corpse glared out, white and deathly, close by the crimson countenance of the soldier who had given the death-blow. Away in the shadows of the moor the lifeless Highlanders and drunken Englishmen lay heaped together—the victors soulless almost as the dead.

As Luke passed over the heath, his garments brushed drops of blood, instead of the sweet dew of heaven, from the heather, and the smell of smoke and carnage stifled all the sweet, pure breezes of the night.

A vast central tent, emblazoned with the royal arms of England, stood conspicuous in the very center of the battle-field, marking the presence of Cumberland in the field. This tent had also been the theatre of a grand carouse, and, even at that late hour, tumultuous voices and

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wild, riotous shouts rang through its canvas walls.

Luke made his quiet way toward this tent, and stood awhile before the entrance, searching among the group of reeling officers for the person he came to seek.

There was little of royalty about the Duke of Cumberland; but the diamond star worn by a stolid, heavy-featured young man, who sat at the camp-table, pointed out the object of his mission. The table on which he leaned, with both elbows, was crowded with silver goblets, empty wine flagons, and broken flasks, crowded promiscuously among loose papers, maps, and charts that had received many a rent and stain in the night's carouse. The young commander had been drinking with the rest, enough to flush his coarse features, but was left in full command of his faculties, such as they were. The officers of his staff were taking leave of him after their carouse. As they passed, singly and in couples, supporting each other, from the tent, Luke drew back into the shadow, waiting for their disappearance with some impatience, for the night was almost at an end.

When the Duke of Cumberland was left alone—for the sentinel had dropped into a drunken sleep before the entrance of his tent—Luke walked quietly into his presence.

Cumberland started up and took his sword from the table with a quickness that sent one of the goblets rolling to the ground.

"Ho! ho! What is this?"

Luke lifted a finger to his lips.

"Hist! hist, your highness! I am from the rebel camp, and bring tidings you will like to hear."

Cumberland sunk slowly back to his seat and motioned Luke to pause at the table opposite him.

The hunchback obeyed, leaning over the table, and speaking in a low, eager voice. More than once the prince interrupted him with angry exclamations. Then he denied something that the hunchback seemed to demand. But Luke's firm white face bespoke success against every outbreak of opposition; and when the duke glanced over the packet, which the hunchback had worn so long hidden in his bosom, his heavy features kindled into a triumphant and cruel smile.

"This time the old fox shall not escape!" he said, dashing his clenched hand on the table. "We will take him in his den. Remain here; you shall accompany my soldiers back to the castle."

Luke made no objection. But it was no part of his plan to be detained in the English camp until the soldiers were ready to start for the castle.

He had left his horse fastened in a thicket outside of the lines, and succeeded in reaching him unchallenged. In less than an hour from his entrance to the camp he was flying across the country, and, by the time the sun lay warm and bright upon the castle-towers, he had once more drawn rein in the court-yard.

He hurried through the long halls until he reached the chamber that Flora Macdonald occupied. The signal he made at her door was quickly answered; for he had warned her that, in case of danger, it was the one which he would employ.

"What has happened?" she cried, drawing him into her room. "Quick, Luke! Is he in danger?"

"The English soldiers will be here in an hour. Lord Lovat has betrayed the Prince!"

For some moments Flora Macdonald stood breathless and appalled. The hideousness so suddenly revealed to her was beyond instant comprehension. But she understood it at last, and attempted to speak, but with a shudder of the whole frame.

"Don't shriek, don't faint!" said Luke, rudely. "We have work to do. Look natural, I say! Will nothing drive back the blood to your face? I want help, and you must give it—brave help!"

The hunchback stamped his foot, and ground his teeth with impatience.

Flora made a great struggle, and brought her soul out of its torpor.

"I am ready, sir. I am calm and prepared for anything. Try me."

"I will. Where is Dougal?"

"With the Prince. His highness is in council with the Master of Lovat."

"And Clanranald?"

"I saw him a moment since in the upper hall, talking with Kate. But, tell me what is wanted. I am ready. I have not been in bed to-night. I felt that something would happen."

"You must save the Prince, Dougal, and the rest. His room gives entrance to a secret staircase that even Lord Lovat has not traced to that point. It leads to the vaults below."

"You will go with us?" she pleaded. "Dear Luke! we shall be helpless without you!"

"I will meet you there when I have found means to ensure their escape. Find Dougal at once. There is not a moment to lose. If Lord Lovat hears that I have come back, he will come in search of me."

He hurried her out of the chamber, and along the corridor, till they stood before the

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state-chamber. The hunchback's hasty knock was answered by the young man himself.

"Flora Macdonald!" he exclaimed, in wonder. But Luke gave him no time for further expression of his surprise.

"Take this key," he said, "and unlock the door you will find under the tapestry of the Prince's chamber. Let him follow this lady, without question or delay."

"What has happened? What does all this mean?"

"Wait ten minutes, and the English soldiers will tell you!" cried Luke.

"Let me in, Dougal. Go, Dougal!" pleaded Flora. "Lord Lovat has betrayed us. For the love of heaven, hasten!"

Dougal stayed not for further question, but led Flora at once into the state chamber; Charles Edward sat there, fully dressed in his military garments, earnestly conversing with the Master of Lovat. There was little time for courtesy or explanation.

"We are betrayed!" Dougal exclaimed. "There is still time to save your highness; follow me."

The unfortunate Charles Edward had dared too many dangers, essayed too many disguises and escapes to pause for words. Only as Dougal paused to lock the doors behind them, young Lord Lovat asked, "Who has done this?"

The answer came hollow and low, striking his heart like a blow. "Your father,—your life is forfeit too."

When they reached Dougal's chamber, Luke had opened a secret door in the wainscot, and stood there with a lighted torch, which showed a winding stair-case evidently leading to the vaults under the castle from the chill wind which came up through the opening.

"Not a moment—not a word!" cried the hunchback, who had followed them, as the Prince started back at the sight of Flora. "Dougal, take the torch—down all of you. Wait till I come."

"Come with us," Dougal said.

"I must keep the old lord quiet, otherwise he will be looking after his birds. No black looks, Master of Lovat—I speak truth. If you knew all, there would be no pause here. Flora Macdonald, urge them away, or their blood will be on your head."

"For heaven's sake, come!" she pleaded. "Your highness, he speaks the truth; Lovat, oh, be quick!—be quick! I hear the tramp of hoofs."

Luke put the torch in Dougal's hand—almost pushed them toward the stair-case, and stood looking after them.

"The way is plain enough," he said. "Whatever happens, don't stir till I come to you!"

He closed the secret door, and darted out of the room and along the gallery.

"Now for the old lord!" he muttered.

At that instant there was a sudden tumult in the court-yard. Luke sprang to a window and looked out. A band of English soldiers were just filing through the great gates; more swarmed in the distance.

"Just in time," he thought; "they are safe!"

As the thought was in his mind he paused with sudden consternation. Lady Clanranald with her mother was crossing the hall; Clanranald and Kate Fraser followed them, holding that low, sweet conversation for which lovers will find opportunity even in the most pressing danger. Old Macdonald of Boisdale, with a group of fugitive officers, stood lower down the hall, waiting the appearance of the Prince.

"What, ho!" cried Luke, pale with excitement. "Come with me at once, or you are all prisoners to Cumberland this hour. His troopers are now in the valley. Hark!"

A moment of dead stillness, through which came the measured, but swift tramp of many horses. The fugitives looked wildly in each other's faces; Lady Clanranald and her mother stood mute! Kate Fraser clung to her lover; old Macdonald of Boisdale broke out, "If there is danger, on to the Prince. Let us guard him with our lives!"

"Yes, on, on, I will guide you," cried Luke. He ran to the state chamber and flung open the door, flung aside the tapestry and unlocked the secret door.

"Down, down with you at once. The Prince is safe. Follow him."

Old Boisdale passed through the narrow door after all the rest; he turned on the top step, and looked sternly in Luke's face.

"If there is treachery in this, I will find a time for the reckoning," he said.

"In the name of your king, I charge you follow him," said Luke, shaking in all his limbs, while great drops of sweat fell from his brow. "As God is my judge, I am acting truly!"

The old man was satisfied, and, turning slowly, allowed the secret door to close after him.

"Now for the old lord!" exclaimed Luke, dropping the tapestry, and passing through the stately grandeur of the royal chamber with the tread of a wild deer. The rest are safe. Let me be sure that he is so also. Ho! ho! we will smother the old fox in his hole. He must have no warning till they pour in upon him."

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Luke reached Lord Lovat's chamber, and opened the door softly as was his habit. The room was empty. The bed had not been slept in that night, its counterpane of purple velvet was undisturbed. The curtains were gathered back around the massive posts, swathing their rich carved work with their glowing folds. There was no pressure of a head upon the pillows, no derangement of its sumptuousness in any way.

Luke uttered a sharp cry of disappointment; the brasier was still burning ashes, and blackened scraps of paper lay thickly around it; torn parchments strewed the floor. It was evident that the old lord had fled, for the strong box which held his gold had disappeared.

There was a noisy mustering of troops in the court-yard. The great portals were flung open, and Luke could hear the English troopers pouring into the hall; the clang of their feet and rattle of their arms echoed through the whole castle. Luke stood motionless, and his quick mind sprang to its conclusions. Lord Lovat had not taken refuge in the secret caverns; so far as he knew, they had been blocked up many a day. Luke had himself cleared away the rubbish from pure curiosity, when Lovat had been on one of his long visits to Edinburgh. It was a good week's work, and had taxed his strength to the utmost. This had not opened a means of escape for the old noble, but he had fled nevertheless. Where?

"I see—I see it all," he said, aloud. "I must lead them to him, or they will rend me like wolves. Thank God! I gave them no token that the Prince had come this way!"

Bold to act as he was quick to think, Luke descended at once to the great feudal hall. It was crowded with armed men. The servants had been taken prisoners, and were cowering in the hall, protesting that their lord, with some strange guests that had come in over night, were still in the castle.

When the English troopers saw Luke, a cry of recognition rang up to the blackened rafters. They had been warned that a person like that would be their guide. The leaders of the English band drew around him.

"Yes," said Luke, steadily, "Lord Lovat is gone. He fled from the castle last night; but mount a party of men and I will show you where he is."

The English troopers, but half-sobered from their carouse of the night before, broke into murmurs; their leaders looked distrustful.

It was a terrible moment for Luke Carr, for well he knew that Lord Lovat or himself would be carried prisoner to the Duke of Cumberland before another sun rose.

"Come," he shouted, moving toward the door, "I promised to place the old fox in your hands before midnight, and I will. Follow me."

The leaders gave a signal of command, and a file of men followed. Luke mounted and rode away to the mountains.

CHAPTER XX.

It was true, Lord Lovat had fled from his own half-regal home. After Luke left his chamber, the old man had been seized with a vague distrust that gradually deepened into absolute fear. The wicked have no faith; the curse of a false heart seized upon this miserable old man. What if Luke should betray instead of serving him? What if Cumberland, always cruel and treacherous, should send troops to arrest him as well as the Prince?

While the old man sat pondering these fears over and over in his mind, a dull, heavy night set in, enveloping Dounie castle with blackness and gloom. Prince Charles lay in a stupor of exhaustion, in the state chamber, where many an unfortunate of royal blood had slept before. Dougal Carr guarded the door while he slept; and on the stone pavement of the great hall beyond lay many a stalwart knight, breathing deeply as if despair had brought rest not altogether unlike death. It was to guard their sovereign that these brave, desperate men had cast themselves down upon the hard stone floor. One man sat in a ponderous chair of carved oak, wakeful and vigilant. His dark eyes wandered over the dimly-lighted hall, returning constantly to the door which shut in the unhappy Prince. One by one the silver sconces on the wall went out, and slow darkness crept around him, leaving the stalwart sleepers dimly visible, like the monuments of recumbent heroes carved on their own tombs. This was old Macdonald of Boisdale. Grim, stern, and wakeful he presided over that sleeping assemblage, now and then bending his head down to the basket-hilt of his sword, grasped firmly by his right hand, with its point planted hard on the stone floor.

As the old man sat with his heavy forehead bent downward, the person of Dougal Carr stood directly within range of the only sconce now in full brilliancy. The young man's face was bent, and the clear outline of his features was clearly limned upon the blackness of the stone wall behind.

Perhaps the old chieftain had slept a moment,

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for as he lifted his head from the basket-hilt of his sword, and the sharp black eyes brightened wildly under their bent brows, he started up as that young face presented itself so distinctly and strode toward the door. The young man heard his approach and changed the position that had been so striking.

"What is this? In our Lady's name, who are you?" he exclaimed, laying one hand heavily on the young knight's shoulder.

"You should know," answered Dougal, cheerfully, "for it was your hand which gave our Prince the spur which he buckled on my heel at Preston Pans."

The old man of Boisdale stood a moment bewildered. Sweeping one broad hand over his massive forehead, he muttered to himself,

"I have been sleeping, or this is an evil omen; before death the dead come back. Young man," he added, gravely, "we have a fearful trust between us; while others sleep you and I must watch."

With these words, the old man strode back to his seat again, and, taking up his sword which had fallen to the floor with a clang, resumed his watch.

All this time Lord Lovat was busy in his private chamber sorting out papers, burning some, and leaving others in conspicuous places where a search was sure to expose them. He had kindled a brasier in his room, and, from time to time, the flame of some burning document would leap up, and reveal the whole chamber and the crafty features of that old man with repulsive distinctness. His face was grossly eager, his eyes blood-shot, and his plump white hands shook among the papers he was gathering up to save or destroy. Now and then a muttered word fell from his leering lips, and beads of sweat broke over his forehead; since nightfall he had been hard at work, and the luxurious habits of his life fitted him badly for the toil he was passing through.

At last the old lord came to a small package of yellowish papers, which he took from a secret drawer of his desk—old neglected papers that he clutched eagerly as a miser snatches at money.

"They are here—they are here!" he exclaimed, thrusting the package in his bosom. What if they had been destroyed, as I feared? But I am seldom mad or careless enough to destroy writing—so here it is safe. She would give her life for these; but, what is better, they save mine!"

Lord Lovat ended this speech with a low, prolonged whistle, which brought a retainer into his room. The man came so noiselessly from behind the tapestry hangings that the old man did not hear him.

"My chief, the litter is ready!"

The old man started and began to tremble.

"Yes, yes! How many men?"

"Twelve. The stoutest of the clan."

"That is well. Have you brought forth the horses?"

"They are ready."

"Well again. You will ride before the litter, carrying your box on the saddle-bow. Take it out while I put on these garments."

The servant lifted the brass bound box from the floor with great difficulty, and, staggering under its weight, left the room.

Lord Lovat invested his person in a coat lined with sable, filled a goblet with wine from the silver flagon on the table, and followed his servant from the room. He paused one moment and gave a despairing look over the room; then disappeared with a moan, which was, in reality, a suppressed curse against the man and cause which had drawn him a fugitive from his home.

At daybreak, the next morning, while the mountains were wrapped in cold mist, and everything was gray and coldly indistinct, Mrs. Carr saw from her window a litter, surrounded by horsemen and followers on foot, winding up the mountain path which led to her dwelling. She was struck motionless by the sight. Who was coming? Had Luke met his fate? Was Dougal dead, and were those people bearing him home for burial?

No; that movement was scarcely a funeral one. The men walked on too quickly with their burden; the horses increased their speed. Mrs. Carr went to the door of her dwelling; whoever the guest was, he or she must be courteously received.

The litter came up, a white hand put aside the curtains, and the woman turned pale as she saw Lord Lovat, her arch enemy and mocking friend, reclining on its cushions.

"Dear lady!" he said, rising with difficulty from his recumbent position, "I have come to crave a shelter from you."

"A shelter from me!" exclaimed the woman, with a haughty frown. "I marvel you should deign me so much honor."

"Nay, nay, be generous. If I have done you some wrong, remember that I am beset now and fleeing for my very life; Cumberland's hounds may be after me now, for aught I know."

"If you are hunted down and in trouble, enter in our Lady's name; such shelter as I

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have shall be given you freely. But where is my——where is Dougal?"

"Both safe; have no fear for them; but find me some sure hiding-place till this storm blows over!"

"Lord Lovat, you have deserved no kindness at my hands."

"I know—I know you are thinking of that certificate, of her; but I will provide for the boy after a princely fashion, if these hounds will only give me a chance. Then as for the scrap of parchment, I brought it with me. Old Macdonald of Boisdale, the laddie's grandfather, is down at Dounie just now."

"What, my husband's father? The paper, the certificate, my Hugh's letters? Old man, give them to me, and I will hide you so safe that Cumberland with all his army shall not have power to reach you."

The old lord thrust both hands into his bosom, and drew forth the papers that rattled and shook in his trembling grasp.

"They are here now; hide me—hide me!"

"All, all," cried the woman, searching the papers eagerly. "Lord Lovat, I forgive you—I will die rather than give you up."

Her eyes flashed brilliantly; she stood erect, and seemed taller by many inches than when he first addressed her.

Lovat laughed. He saw by her face that he was safe.

"Now show the old fox his hole!" he cried, rubbing his hands that trembled still spite of himself.

Mrs. Carr led the way into her humble dwelling, grasping the papers in her hand and walking like an empress. She went up to the great yawning fire-place and touched a slab of stone in the chimney. It wheeled slowly on a pivot and revealed a yawning void behind.

"Go in," she said. "It is safe; I will bring you food and wine."

The old man trampled over the white ashes on the hearth, for the fire was nearly out, and thrust himself into the black square hole thus suddenly revealed, chuckling to himself as he went. When once on the steps which led he knew not whither, he turned and looked through the opening.

"Do not fail to send for wine and choice meats from the castle; and if Luke comes, tell him nothing till you are sure of his honesty; I doubt it. The Macdonalds are a crafty race."

Lovat uttered the last words under his breath, accompanied by a low laugh, which ended in words so cruel that it was well the woman above did not hear them.

"She must go quick with her papers if she finds the old lion of Boisdale with his head on."

Mrs. Carr was on the alert now. She gathered up food and ale, all the luxuries her dwelling afforded, and carried them down to the vault where Lord Lovat had taken refuge. It was a dry and not uncomfortable cellar, ventilated from the rocks above, and with a few articles of furniture introduced, made a habitation far more desirable than the exiled Prince was glad to shelter himself in long before the month was out.

When this was done, Mrs. Carr put on the black cloak and hood with its crimson lining, which were her out-door holiday garments, and, with the precious papers held close to her bosom, descended the mountains toward Dounie. She took a sheep-path which led to the castle by a short route, thus escaping Luke, who came stealing along the broader path with a train of English soldiers behind him. It was a case of life and death with Luke Carr then. He must place Lord Lovat in the hands of those black browed soldiers, or swing on the nearest tree, as they had threatened him more than once.

The hunchback was deadly white when he came near his mother's dwelling. It was strangely silent; faint traces of smoke came from the chimney, and this gave him courage. It was an unusual thing for the fire to go out on his mother's hearth-stone; usually the open-mouthed cranny belched forth embers as well as smoke. He remarked also that the road had been recently traversed by a crowd of feet, for fresh tracks appeared confusedly on the soil. With his sharp eyes he traced these footprints up to his mother's door, and saw, near the threshold, where the four supporters of a litter had left their marks on the ground.

Luke said nothing of these signs; but, slipping from his horse, dropped like a cat on the threshold stone and entered the house. It was empty.

"Ho! ho! this looks like a covert for the fox!" cried the English leader, mockingly. "Why, sirrah, one could not hide a mouse in this place! This is dangerous trifling."

Luke was looking at the fire. The trampled ashes had been carefully swept back and a fresh log placed against the chimney. He went up to the log, seized it by one end, and, hurling it out upon the hearth, pressed his blackened hand against the back of the chimney. The stone-work gave way. Pointing to the black cavity within, Luke called out,

"There is the hole, hunt out the fox yourselves."

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There was something in the young man's heart that would not let him see his old lord, and, in some sort, benefactor, torn from his hiding-place. He went out in the open air, and, sitting down on a rock near the door, covered his face, and began to shudder at the deed he had accomplished. The tramp of soldiers falling into line, the low, querulous voice of an old man, protesting against harsh treatment, forced him to look up. His eyes met those of Lord Lovat, not harsh and sneering, as he expected, but full of mournful reproach. His heart swelled, his lips began to tremble.

"Luke, Luke! What is this?" cried a voice at his elbow. "What have you done?"

Luke looked up. It was his mother.

"I have given your enemy and mine up to his fate. Why not? It was just!" he answered, shaking the hair back from his eyes.

"Then," answered the woman, solemnly—"then, unhappy boy! you have given your own father to his death-doom!"

A long, sharp cry, like that of an animal in pain, broke from the wretched boy. He sprang up, confronting his mother fiercely.

"Is this true?"

"As God is true!"

"Then you are not my mother?"

"You are my sister's child. I promised that Lord Lovat should never claim you as his son—never have power over you."

"And so gave him power over Dougal, your own son."

"It was his own delusion. When he saw the two children, his egotism chose the most beautiful. I said nothing. His delusion made it easy to redeem that promise to your mother."

"Woman—woman!"

Luke had intended to say more, but the great passion of his grief could only frame these two words. But they never left her memory—never!

He turned slowly, with his head bent and his limbs bending under him, walked a little way, and came back.

"Woman! Mother! Your son is safe, with his grandfather, in the secret vaults under Dounie Castle. This day is yours; to-morrow it may be too late. When the English soldiers are gone, go down to the castle. Here is a key."

Luke had spoken with baited breath, like a man wounded in some vital part. In the same low voice he told her the secret of the private door, and the passage by which the fugitives might leave their hiding-place. She heard him in silence, for the anguish in his face awed her. When he had done, she spoke.

"And where will you go?"

"To the scaffold, with my father!"

With these words, the hunchback turned from the woman who had wronged him, and went down the sheep-path. She never saw him again.

CHAPTER XXI.

The old house of South Uist stood up more grim and imposing than ever in the twilight of that cold, dreary day. It seemed almost as if the proud old dwelling shared the grief and desolation which had overtaken the cause in which that noble family partook so deeply.

Two female forms were hovering around the path which the old man of Boisdale had mounted on the day when Prince Charles Edward landed in the Isles. They were anxiously looking across the water, where a small boat was just discernible, making rapidly toward the island.

"They are coming—it is surely they!" exclaimed Lady Clanranald. "I knew that I could not be deceived, even at this distance."

Katharine Fraser shrank back a little at the words, and a beautiful glow shot into her face. Lady Clanranald seized her hand and drew her nearer the water's edge.

"You tremble," she said; "you are afraid! Silly child!"

"To be waiting here," murmured Katharine, "as if——"

Lady Clanranald turned and looked into Kate's glowing face. She understood the feeling which prompted the girl's emotion.

"This is no time for girlish fancies," she said, kindly, but with an almost stern undertone in her voice. "In an hour you will be my son's wife. We are all fugitives now. Surely, we need not hesitate to show every feeling in our hearts to one another. God keep us from all harm!"

She wound her arm about Katharine's waist, and the girl clung to her, forgetting all her timidity in the thoughts to which the lady's words had given rise.

"I can distinguish them!" cried Lady Clanranald. "The Prince—my son—oh! thank God! safe at last!"

Katharine's lips repeated the prayer, moved by the same impulse. Her eyes turned seaward, and far off, through the gathering mists, could be perceived a ship, riding at anchor."

"The haven is almost reached!" exclaimed the lady. "My Kate, before this night closes in, we shall, with our Lady's good grace, be safe on yonder vessel!"

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"If my father were only with us!" murmured Katharine.

"He is safe, my daughter, in the land to which we are going; his care sent that good ship to our rescue," she replied, pressing her lips to the girl's forehead. "It is but a sad bridal, I know, without him. Still, we are but obeying his wishes. Remember that, and be content. The boat, Kate, the boat!"

It was nearing the landing-place. They saw Clanranald standing up in the bow and waving his cap toward them. In another moment he had clasped the two ladies to his heart, and then they turned to receive the Prince.

In spite of his disguise, of all the hardships he had endured, Charles Edward betrayed, in every movement and look, his high rank still, and the salutation of those faithful adherents was only more respectful from the remembrance of his misfortunes.

The Prince supported Lady Clanranald up the ascent, and her son followed, with Katharine Fraser leaning fondly on his arm.

"This is a sad bridal for you, my Kate," he whispered. "But, in spite of defeat and exile, I cannot control the happiness I feel in thinking that you are to be mine, all mine, at last!"

"The Prince is safe, here," she answered; "surely, there can be no danger now?"

"I think, none. But we must make for the ship as soon as possible. English cruisers are abroad all along the coast."

The party reached the castle, and, as it entered the great hall, the old lady came out to meet her daughter's guests, followed by Flora Macdonald. The poor old woman was greatly changed. Her hair had grown snow-white, and her form was bent and feeble. The light in her eyes was fading now; you could see that through the tears which filled them, as, trembling in every infirm limb, she came unsteadily forward and bowed her knee before the Prince.

"My faithful friends!" he exclaimed, in a sad, broken voice; for he was deeply affected by the greetings bestowed upon him. "Alas! even my thanks almost bring trouble upon those who receive them kindly!"

His eye fell upon Flora's, as he spoke. She met the glance with gentle dignity, giving back a world of respectful compassion, but nothing more.

He bowed over her hand, but was too deeply crushed by trouble and misfortune even to utter a syllable in keeping with his former gallantry, although the feelings, which her beauty had stirred in his heart, had only leaped up more tumultuously during that season of trial.

Lady Clanranald drew her son apart and whispered a few words in his ear. As they entered the inner rooms, he said, aloud,

"My Prince, we have little time to lose. A signal has been made to the vessel. The boats wait to bear us there."

"But we have just a little ceremony to witness," returned the Prince, smiling with his old grace. "Then we must give ourselves to the elements, never the friends of our house."

He went up and took Katharine's hand.

"Fair lady," he said, "you will consent that my hand, poor as it is, shall give you away to yonder faithful friend. I had thought to have witnessed this ceremony within my own palace of Holyrood; but heaven wills otherwise. Charles Edward, homeless and bereft of everything, can only give you his blessings and his prayers."

Kate made no reply; for the tears swelled into her eyes, and her heart was full. The Prince held her hand, while they moved silently through the gloomy apartments and entered the chapel, which was already lighted up, and the priest waiting before the altar.

The holy words were spoken—every knee was bent, as the last blessing was pronounced by the priest; but, as they rose, while Clanranald was bending over his bride, the chapel-doors were flung open, and one of the old servants rushed in, crying out,

"The soldiers! the soldiers! The English are upon us!"

Instinctively, the little group threw themselves before the Prince, as if their feeble strength could protect him. He stood silent, almost immovable—perhaps, at that moment, so worn out by fatigue and broken hopes, that he hardly cared to escape the imprisonment which menaced him.

Before the women, heroic and noble-hearted as they were, had recovered from their first stupor of amazement and horror, Clanranald started forward with a decision which was remarkable in one of his years.

"My Prince, they have hunted us like dogs from the Highlands, and now hope to hold us at bay here in my father's house. But we may yet escape!" he exclaimed. "Mother, go with these ladies into the hall; the soldiers will not harm women. My Prince, follow me. They shall not trap us under this roof."

"Which way—where?" cried Lady Clanranald.

"Across the bridge, and down the rocks! I know the path. They cannot follow. We can reach the woods. Mother, I leave my soul with

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you. Katharine, my wife! God bless you—and farewell!"

He strained the pale young creature to his heart. The mute embrace lasted only a moment—and the newly-made husband and wife were severed, perhaps, forever!

Not one of those women shed a tear. There was no room for weeping, moans, or protestations.

The ladies made their way toward the hall, and Clanranald drew the Prince out of the house toward the stream, which came rushing down the rocks, close by the dwelling. It was swollen, by recent rains, into a formidable torrent; but, once across the bridge, Clanranald knew a path which would lead them in safety.

As Lady Clanranald entered the hall, followed by her companions, the outer doors had been forced open, and a band of soldiers half-filled the hall.

"Madam," exclaimed the leader, hurrying toward the lady, "the Pretender is here—it is useless to deny it! Give him up, and ensure your own safety!"

In spite of the danger they all ran, of the horror and despair which had unstrung her soul, the lady's great pride rose up.

"It is false! The Stuart was here," she cried, "the Pretender is safe on his stolen throne!"

Before any one could move or answer, a shout rang from outside the castle.

"They have caught them—they are taken!" groaned Katharine.

The soldiers rushed through the door, and the women followed. When they gained the side-entrance, they saw, through the gloom, that Clanranald and the Prince had just crossed the frail bridge, composed of a single huge log cast over the torrent.

"After them! after them!" cried the leader.

The cry reached Clanranald. He raised an axe, which he had caught up in his flight, and, with a succession of vigorous blows, cut the log through the heart. Before one of the soldiers could reach the bridge, it fell.

"Mother! wife! farewell!" he cried. "Have no fear for us; we can defy them yet!"

Clanranald's voice came toward them above the roar of the torrent, and was answered by the imprecations of the soldiers; but the Prince and his noble guide had already disappeared.

The old woman fell upon her knees—her white hair broke loose, and was fluttering in the wind—her small hands were uplifted; but when she saw the bridge fall, and knew that the Prince and her grandson were safe, she gave way to a burst of exultant tears.

"You will only war against women, here," said Lady Clanranald, turning toward the captain of the band. "Do with us what you will. Our Prince is safe. You cannot follow or find him. But we are in your power."

"Lady!" exclaimed the young man who led the English soldiers, doffing his cap with involuntary respect, "my errand here is done! I thank heaven you did not have the grief of witnessing their capture!"

He summoned his men, and they filed out of the castle; but those left behind were relieved, at least, from the agony of present fear, for they knew that no stranger could discover the retreat to which Clanranald would bring the helpless Prince. Far around South Uist there was many a safe hiding-place which no English soldier could even fathom, and on all that island there was not a Scotsman who would not have perished rather than act as a guide to the Hanoverian soldiery.

The vessel that had hovered around South Uist, on Kate Fraser's wedding-day, still came and went along the coast—now fleeing oceanward like a gull, now creeping into some safe harbor; but always keeping clear of the English cruisers. About three weeks after her first appearance, she was seen on the horizon again, and, from the old house at South Uist, three anxious women were watching her movements. It was the same party which had aided in the escape of Charles Edward, that eventful day. Lady Clanranald, Kate, and the old lady, who had now fallen away to a delicate shadow, of which the only substance seemed to be a halo of soft white hair, composed this anxious group. The old woman watched with the rest.

Flora Macdonald was absent. She sat on a shelf of rock, on the other side of the water, overlooking the sea. Behind her was a deep cave, festooned with wild vines so thickly that no stranger could have guessed at its existence. By her side sat a pale, weary-looking young man, who was regarding the distant ship with a sort of dreary expectation. More than once tears filled his blue eyes, and he turned away his face that she might not see them.

"Be firm!" she said, gently. "Be hopeful! This project shall not fail. I brought the disguise. At nightfall, when the shadows fall, be ready! Then we will make the attempt. Clanranald waits on the opposite shore. My uncle of Boisdale, and Dougal, his grandson, are with him. If you can but reach them in safety, all will be well."

Charles Edward laid his hand gently on hers.

"Sweet lady," he said, "if I live, it will be

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to your courage and goodness that I am indebted for the poor boon of existence. While I have the power to feel, your dear image will fill my memory. Had I been more fortunate——"

The Prince shaded his eyes with one hand, while bright, large tears, which he was ashamed to let fall, gathered in them.

Flora arose, her fine eyes brimming with pity, her mouth all in a quiver of emotion.

"At sunset!" she said, gently. "Forgive the woman's disguise; it is the only safe one. Our Lady grant you a speedy deliverance."

With this gentle prayer, Flora went away, and Charles Edward stole back to his hiding-place in the rocks. That night, two boats put out to sea from South Uist; both were filled with ladies and their attendants. The first moved boldly out, almost challenging detention from the English guards that swarmed around the island. The other crept out more stealthily, in the crimson twilight, hugging the shore for a long distance, and keeping as far as possible in the shadow. This boat contained, besides the oarsmen, two females: one, in the coarse garb of a house-servant—and the other, a fair young girl, who will live in history, for all time, as a heroine, to whom each new generation shall do homage—Flora Macdonald.

The larger boat, which contained the ladies of the Clanranald family, made directly for the vessel which lay off in the crimson distance. The other crept into a cove of the Isle of Skye, and, a week after, crossed over to the main-land, in one of the darkest nights of that dark time. On this last voyage, it carried no female, but the priest we first saw on that French vessel when the old man of Boisdale visited it.

For weeks and weeks that French vessel hovered on and off the shore, sometimes running far out to sea, and remaining invisible for days and days. In the night time, boats would creep out from the inlets, glide off, like shadows, toward it, and go back empty. At last, deep in the blackness of a stormy midnight, one came from the direction of a house which Clanranald owned on the main-land, drifting up toward the vessel with ghostly stillness.

A young man stepped on board. As his feet touched the deck, a shadowy little figure came flitting across the deck, with outstretched hands, and fell at his feet, with a faint cry that was lost in a smothered shout, half triumph, half thanksgiving, with which Charles Edward was received by that group of loyal fugitives.

The morning light found this vessel, outward bound, far on its way to France. Charles Edward, in his own royal character, stood bare-headed amid his faithful friends. Clanranald and his household, the Master of Lovat, and many another unfortunate noble, crowded the deck. Among them was the old Macdonald of Boisdale, looking far more cheerful, in his misfortune, than he had been when first urged into the desperate enterprise that had cost his house so dearly. By his side stood a dark woman of splendid presence, wrapped in a black mantle and hood, lined with red silk, whom he presented to the Prince as the widow of his son, Hugh, who had died in exile, after the wars in '15. Another person he introduced, whom the Prince recognized with a flash of gratitude.

"What! this young man your grandson!" he cried. "A Macdonald of the Isles! Why, old friend, who thought of this when we buckled on his spurs at Preston Pans?"

The old man laughed.

"Yes, my Prince, I have found an heir to my poor lands just as we are leaving them. Tush, tush! Do not look distressed at my heedless speech, my liege. I would rather have this brave laddie and his mother by my side than be the lord of every isle in this group."

The Prince smiled and spoke to Dougal.

"I doubt, young sir, if you have not left something, in yon isles, dearer than land or home! But, keep of good cheer; every cloud has its silver lining."

A little more than a year after that vessel, with its unhappy freight, left the shores of Scotland, the old man of Boisdale, and his grandson were called from exile by a beneficent act of the government, and Flora Macdonald—not the less a Macdonald because she had become the bride of Dougal—took her place as mistress of the home, which was now, by right, her husband's. A dark-browed woman also found honorable place in that tranquil home, and, from that hour, the rigor of her countenance settled down to an expression of benign content, which carried her beauty forward into extreme old age.

Old Sir Alexander of Skye, who had kept aloof from the war which had ruined half his family, pleaded with success for the brave offenders, and, one by one, the Lords of the Isles came back and took possession of their estates. Last of all came Macdonald of Clanranald, with his fair wife and stately mother. But the grandmother—that most devoted of patriots—had dropped asleep on the day Charles Edward reached the shores of France—and they had made her lone grave in a foreign soil.

The very morning on which the Clanranalds reached South Uist, a terrible scene was going on at the Tower of London: for the last head

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that ever fell under the axe, in that blood-stained pile, rolled upon the scaffold that day.

Through a multitude of idle spectators that crowded every inch of his way from the tower where he had been imprisoned, old Lord Lovat was led to execution. With the same half-mocking smile on his heavy lips, he passed through the crowd, uttering jokes as he went. Behind him, creeping forward among the rabble, sometimes pressing so close that he was beaten back by the soldiers, came a thin, hunchbacked creature, with long, unkempt hair, and eyes that bore a look of that continued corroding pain that is sure to end in death or insanity. They placed the old man on the scaffold, and allowed him to rest on a chair, while the eager crowd swarmed up to the scene of execution, and would have pressed upon the scaffold itself but for the cordon of bristling pikes that surrounded it. One man did essay to break through this wall of steel. It was Luke, the hunchback. With a desperation that seemed superhuman, he tore through the guard, and sprang like a panther upon the scaffold, calling out, "Father, father!" with a cry that made the very executioner recoil, with the ponderous axe in his hand. But it was only for a moment. While the unhappy old lord held forth his arms, with a warm, human impulse of forgiveness, his wretched son was hurled back upon the soldiers' pikes, and, pierced with a dozen mortal wounds, was tossed heavily to the earth just as the ghastly head, crowned with masses of gray hair, rolled upon the scaffold.

THE END.

ALPHABET IN GERMAN TEXT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE beauty and style of the new fashions, this season, are particularly noticeable. In every department novelty and elegance go hand



in hand. Some of the choicest novelties we give here. First is this very handsome house dress; the sleeves and boddice of which are



especially pretty. Next is a bridal veil, showing the manner of dressing the back hair, etc. Then come two very elegant head-dresses, both

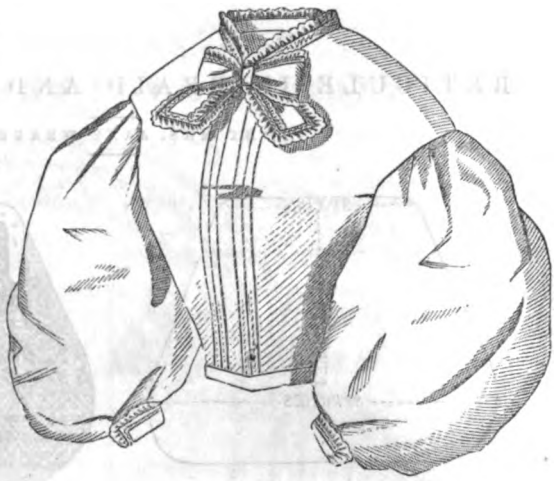


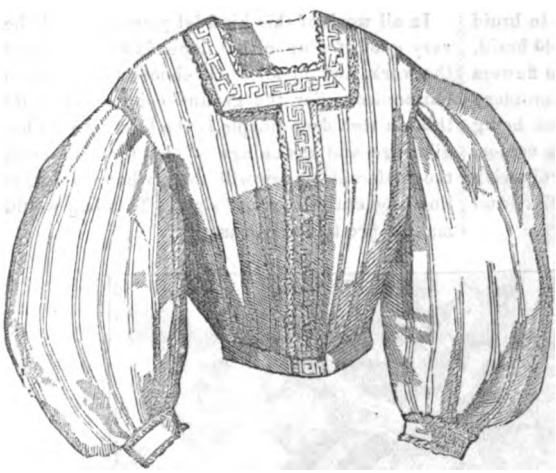
Parisian. The first is a dress-cap: the hair worn in curls. The second is also a dress-cap, but entirely different in style, though equally fresh and charming in effect. The next is a

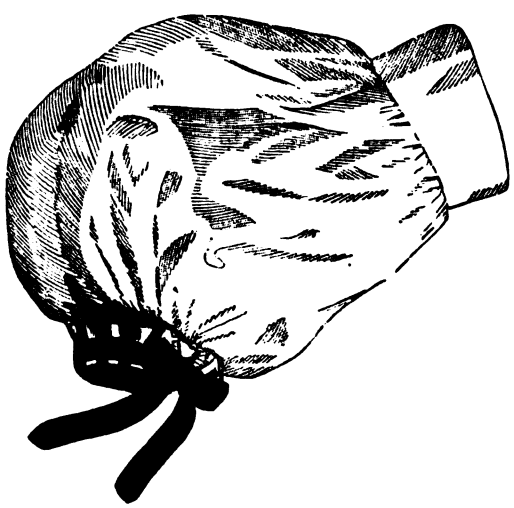


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chemisette to be worn under a Spanish Jacket. It is an article which almost any lady can make for herself, with the assistance of this pattern: and there are few articles of dress which are at once so graceful and stylish. The Spanish Jacket is very fashionable this season, and has almost entirely supplanted the Zouave Jacket. On another page we give a diagram for a Spanish Jacket. This particular one is called the Figaro, and, when braided according to the pattern, (see page 471) makes the most striking of all the various Spanish Jackets that have appeared. The advantage of these Jackets is that they may be worn, like the Zouave,







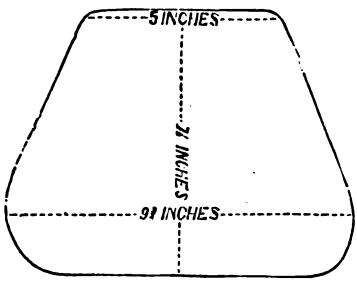
with an old skirt: thus enabling a lady to give greater variety to her costume, without being extravagant. Now follows a muslin body, cut somewhat in what is called the Raphael style, only less deep on the throat, and therefore more desirable, at least for many figures. The embroidery of this body, which is the now popular Ionic style, adds greatly to its effect. This also is an article, which any lady of taste, accustomed to making up fancy articles of dress, can make for herself. Finally, we give an under-sleeve of muslin, which is the latest novelty out of its kind. In the front of the number, in addition to what is given here, we give a pattern for another new sleeve, several new bonnets, new caps, new collars, etc., etc.; but which require no further mention, as the engravings are sufficiently descriptive of the several articles.

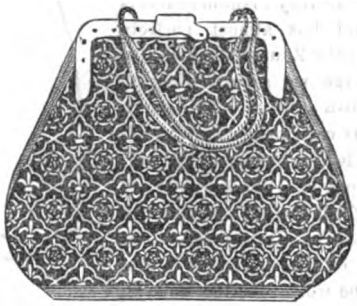
It shall be our purpose, next year, so far as is possible, to make our department of "Peterson" even more complete than it has been heretofore. The publisher's arrangements for receiving the Paris, London, New York, and Philadelphia fashions are unusually complete, and certainly exceed those of any other publisher whatever. We have, therefore, a far greater variety to select from than other fashion editors; and we think we may safely say that "Peterson" will be unrivaled.

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RETICULE IN BRAID AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





THIS beautiful pattern is a Reticule in braid and embroidery. The fretwork is in gold braid, the breadth of the large pattern. The flowers are worked in silk in the usual embroidery stitch, and of different colors, the rose being in red silk, with five gold beads in the center. The shamrock in green silk, of a yellowish tint. The thistle flowers in purple silk, and the leaves of green of a bluish tint.

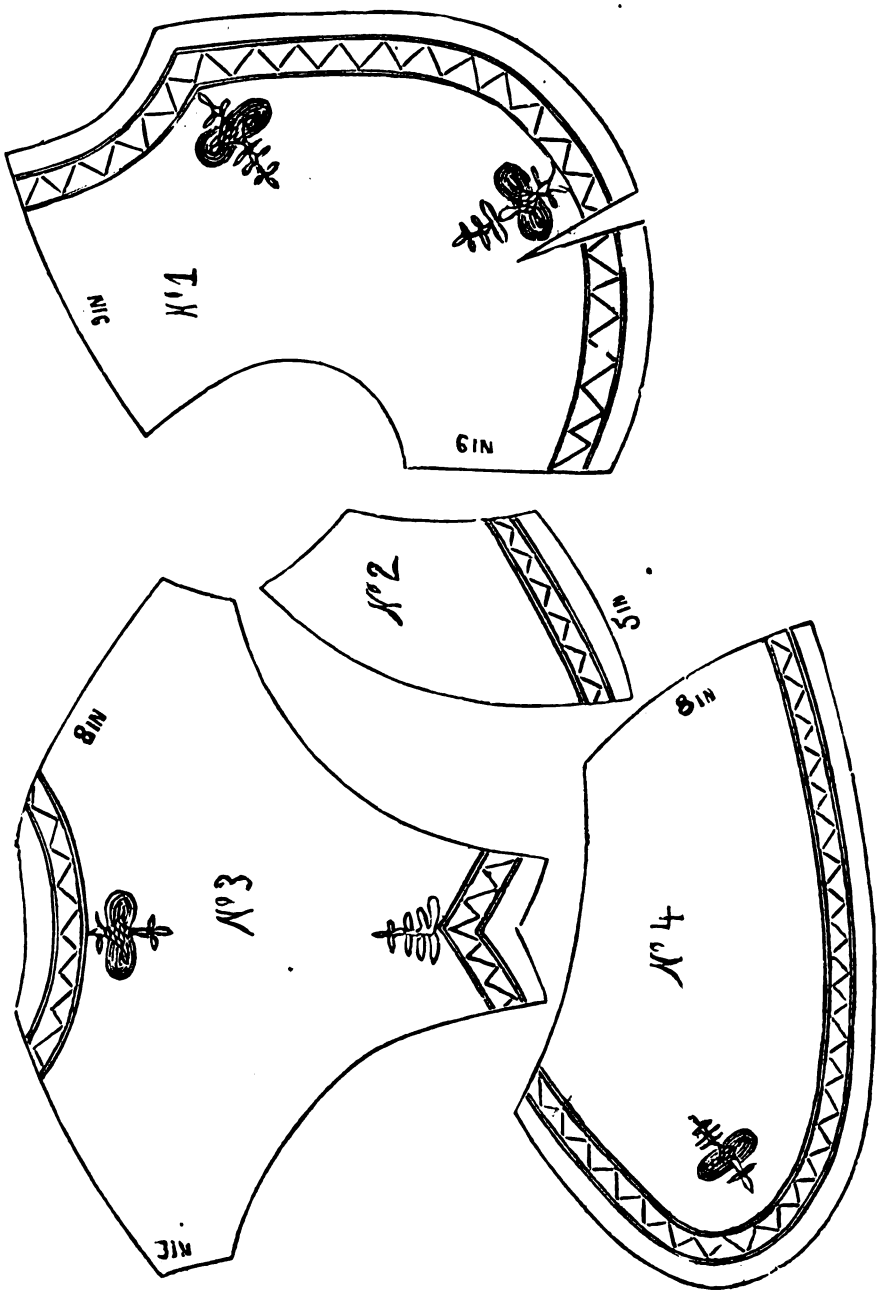
In all work of this kind let your materials be very good, for upon that depends the beauty of the work, and in all work choose the colors to harmonize. For the ground color of this, we think a rich deep purple is the best. In all beginnings and fastenings off, let them be from the underside; they will then, when the bag is lined, be entirely out of sight. This bag would make a pretty Christmas gift.



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THE FIGARO JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE Figaro Jacket, one of the most fashionable patterns of the now popular Spanish Jacket, being a novelty in great demand, we give a diagram by which it may be cut out.

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The diagram also shows the style of braiding to be employed.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. SIDE-PIECE.

No. 3. BACK.

No. 4. SLEEVE.

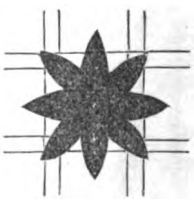
This jacket is made of cloth and braided, of velvet with gold braid, or of silk braided of another color, etc. Its effect, when made up, in velvet and gold braid, is very fine.

SOFA PILLOWS IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—No. 20 canvas and twelve-threaded wool.

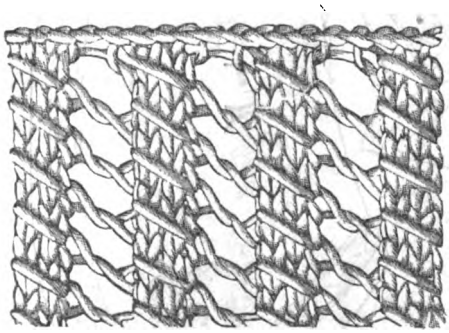
In the front of the number, printed in colors, are given two very beautiful patterns for sofa pillows. They are done in a new stitch, which is now all the rage, partly because of the striking effect it produces, partly because of the ease with which it is worked. The stitch may be called a cross stitch, but instead of the old-fashioned stitch covering two threads of canvas each way, this stitch covers four threads each way, as will be seen from the accompanying pattern. Every stitch in this design is to be done in the above manner, which will make the cushions the proper size. If there is any difficulty as to the number of canvas, decide by counting the number of stitches on the pattern, then count four times the number of threads of the canvas. This will determine for you the quality of the canvas.



This being a new kind of work, some difficulty may, perhaps, be found, in the remoter country districts, in buying the proper wools and canvas. Persons, who desire materials, therefore, and have no city friends to apply to, may write to Jane Weaver, care of "Peterson's Magazine," Philadelphia, who will purchase what they need and forward it by mail to their address, provided the money is enclosed. Or she will answer questions as to cost, if addressed, post-paid, a stamp enclosed.

KNITTING PATTERN FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

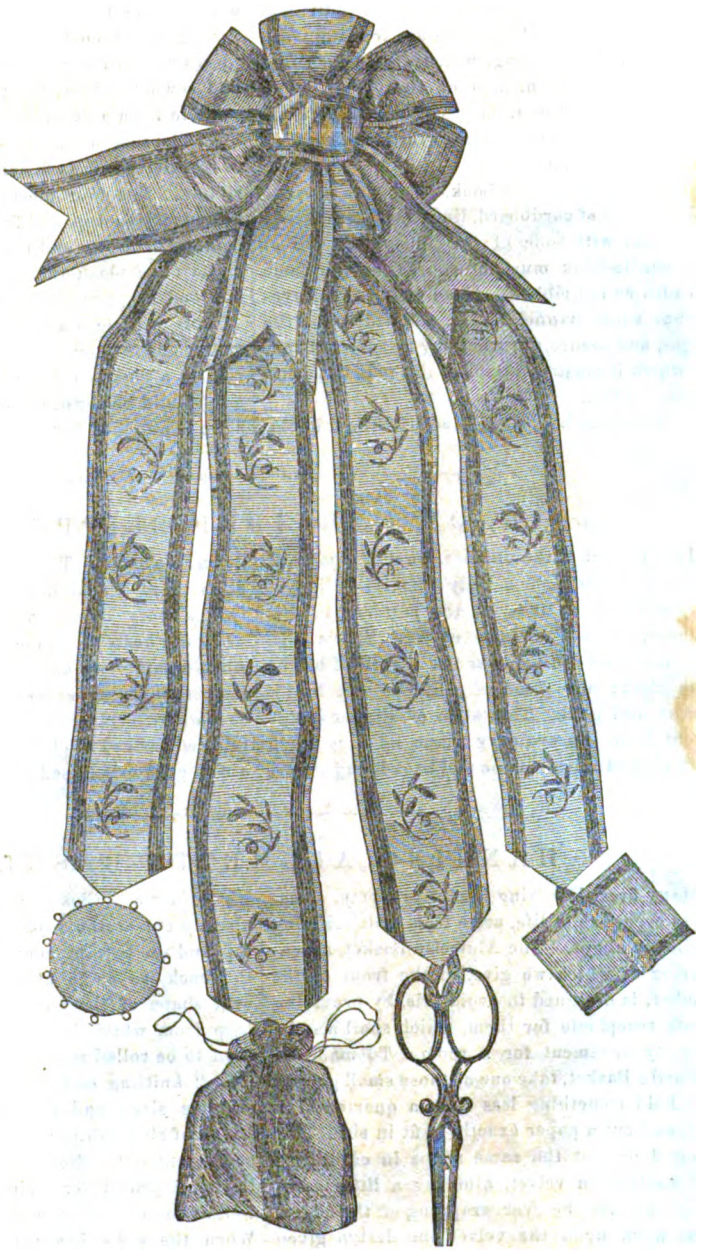


THIS pattern is suitable for making many useful little articles. It is pretty for babies' berceaunette blankets or cot covers, lined with silk, or knitted in very coarse wool for traveling rugs. Different kinds of wool must, of course, be selected, according to the purpose for which the knitting is intended. We will give our readers the directions for knitting the stitch, and they can then make use of it for either of the articles just mentioned. We would advise them to select, for a baby's blanket, white fleecy wool; for a cot cover, double Berlin; and for a traveling rug, 8-thread fleecy. The following directions will be found correct for knitting the stitch:—Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by four, and allow besides one for each end. 1st row: Slip 1, * make 1, slip 1, knit 3, draw the slipped stitch over the three knitted ones, repeat from *, knit 1. 2nd row: Knit 1, purl all but the last stitch, which knit plain. 3rd row: Same as 1st. 4th row: Same as 2nd. It will be seen that the pattern is very easy to knit, and is very quickly executed.

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LADY'S NECESSAIRE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—3½ yards of sarsnet ribbon, about 1½ inch wide; 1 skein of fine black purse silk; quarter of a yard of black elastic, etc., etc.

In contributing nick-nacks to fancy fairs, or preparing Christmas presents, ladies are frequently puzzled to know what to make, and we are happy to be able to supply a pretty and useful little article suitable for this purpose. It combines all a lady's needle-work apparatus, including scissors, thimble, needle-case, and pin-cushion, and is at the same time rather ornamental to an in-door toilet, being attached to the waistband by a small hook. The model from which we have had our illustration made is larger than the design, and is made of green sarsnet ribbon with a satin edge; the edge to which the working implements are attached being embroidered with a simple pattern in black silk. The taste of the worker may be developed in selecting the colors or the pattern for embroidering, which latter may altogether be omitted, if desired, and a plain ribbon used instead. Brocaded ribbons, which are now so beautifully manufactured, would answer all the purpose of embroidery, and would

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have an equally good effect, but it is especially necessary to purchase a good stout ribbon, and one of the best quality. These necessaires may also be made in black ribbon velvet, which can be ornamented in a variety of ways, in gold, silver, silk, or beads; but these little matters of detail must, of course, be left to individual taste. The four ribbon ends are from fourteen to sixteen inches long, which are turned in at the bottom to form a point, the ribbon being embroidered or not, at pleasure. The little articles forming pendants to them are made in the following manner:—

1. The little needle-book. For this purpose fold a piece of cardboard, line it with white silk, and cover with some of the ribbon; the half of the needle-book must, of course, be the same breadth as the ribbon. Then fasten two leaves of fine white flannel inside, notched round the edges, and secure the whole by an elastic band, by which it must be attached to the pointed end of the ribbon.

2. The little bag, a receptacle for the thimble, reels of cotton, etc., etc., is likewise made of two pieces of the ribbon joined together, with a narrow runner made under the frill at the top, through which a fine silk cord is passed to draw and undraw the bag. It should be about three inches long, and fastened on one side underneath the frill to the ribbon.

3. The pin-cushion is made of two round pieces of cardboard, covered with the ribbon, and sewn together, the pins being stuck in the seam to form a decoration for the outer edge.

4. The scissors are merely hung on to a piece of elastic, which is fastened to the point of the ribbon. The four pieces of ribbon should be united at the top and finished off by a rosette made of six bows and three ends, arranged in a circle on a net foundation. Each of the bows and ends require about three and a half inches of ribbon, besides a small piece to complete the center of the rosette. On the wrong side of this rosette a common dress-hook of rather a large size should be sewn, by which means the necessaire is attached to the waistband.

LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in black, for a Lady's Braided Slipper: very suitable, as most of the patterns in this number, for a Christmas or New Year's gift. The materials are a quarter of a yard of bright blue cloth; one piece of Alliance silk braid, scarlet and gold. This style of slipper is different from the ordinary shape, as it is made with shaped sides, the toe and back being sloped down to a point. These slippers are often made up with rather high heels, which give to the foot a very dainty appearance, particularly when the heels are made in bright scarlet. For warm weather we can recommend this style of slipper as being exceedingly comfortable and cool wear. Velvet or bronze leather might be selected instead of cloth for the foundation, and a rich gold braid used instead of the silk.

HANGING ALUMETTE BASKET.

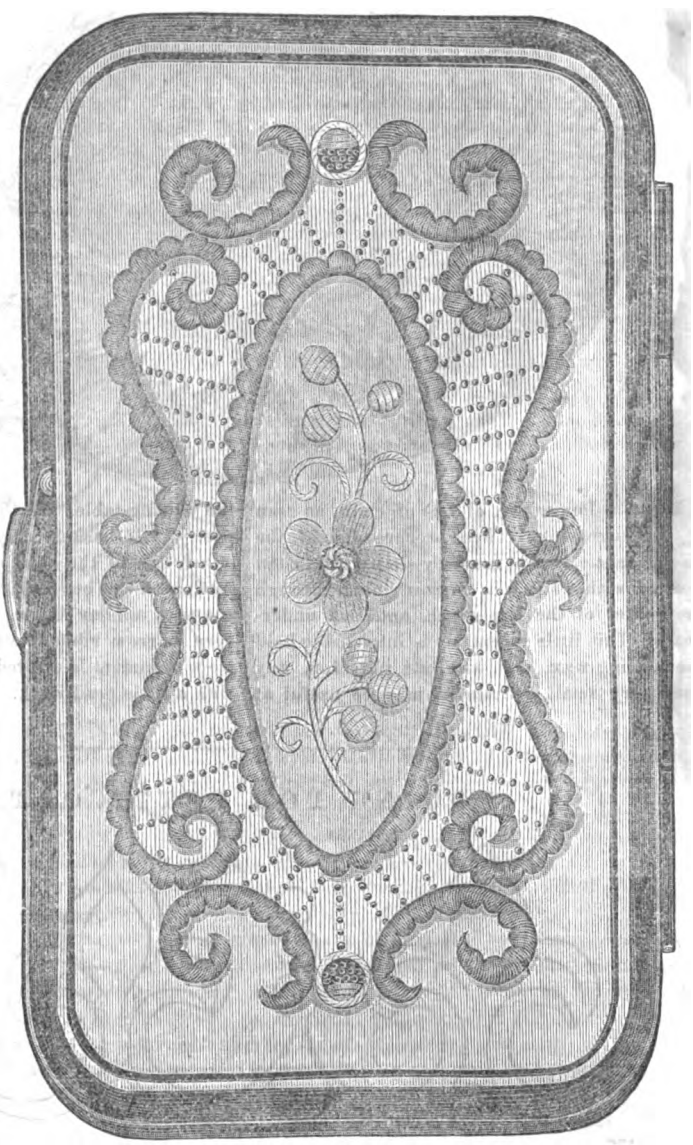
Many fires, involving loss of property, sometimes even loss of life, arise from matches lying carelessly about. The Alumette Basket, an engraving of which we give, in the front of the number, is designed to avoid this, by providing a safe receptacle for them, which shall also be a pretty ornament for a room. To make an Alumette Basket, take one of those small glasses that hold something less than a quarter of a pint, and cut a paper exactly to fit in size. This being done, cut the same shape in cardboard and another in velvet, allowing a little additional size for the over-wrapping of the edges. Then work upon the velvet the design given in our illustration, in a mixture of clear and opaque-white beads, which may or may not be enlivened with a few gold or steel beads, according to taste. Close up the cardboard shape already cut at the back, sew a wire round the top and the bottom, continuing the latter up at the back, so as to cross again and form the oval shape of the back, surmounted with the loop from which it is to hang. This wire is then to be rolled round with very coarse cotton (No. 2 knitting cotton will be found the most suitable size), and then rolled round with a string of clear-white beads, so as to conceal the cotton entirely. No. 12 crochet cotton will be the most proper for stringing these beads, as well as for working the design on to the velvet. When the work has proceeded thus far, the velvet must be stretched upon the cardboard shape, its edges being turned over and stitched through a quarter of an inch from each rim,

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the border of beads which is next to be added hiding the stitches. The larger central bead which appears in this border may be imitation pearl; the ring of beads which surrounds it being either of gold or steel. The oval at the back is of emery paper, for the ignition of the matches, and should be laid on another piece of cardboard slightly larger, and bound with ribbon, being fastened in its right place within the wire frame of the back with a few stitches. It only now remains to slip the glass into the inside, care having been taken that the shape should exactly cover it, and this useful article for the home service will be completed.

CIGAR-CASE IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



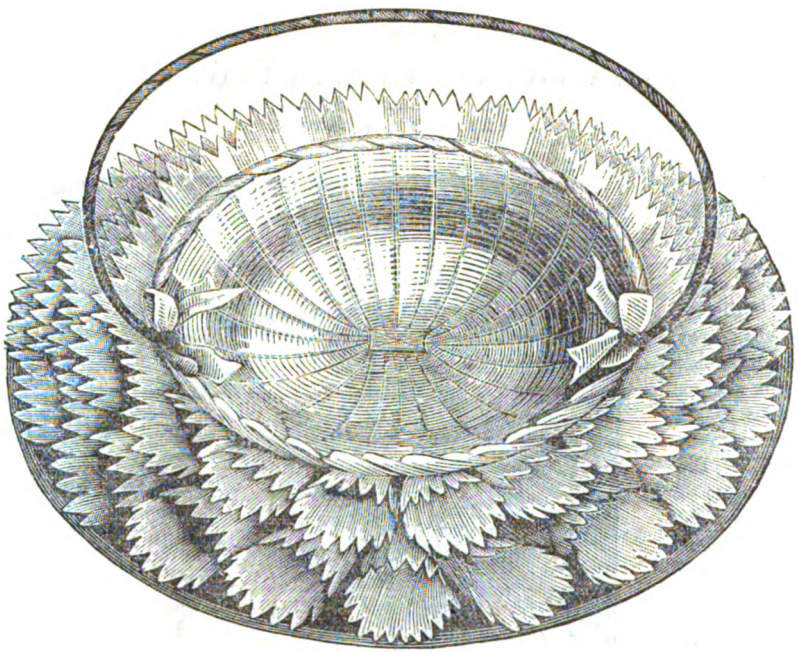
MATERIALS.—Fine gray leather; brown satin; brown embroidery silk; gold bullion; fine gold cord; small gold beads.

Place the gray leather in a frame, a piece long enough for both sides. Baste the brown satin in the center of the half of the piece of leather, that is, what is intended for one side. Then trace the pattern. The arabesques are done in button-hole stitch, and with the embroidery silk, which should be a shade lighter than the brown satin. Fill the arabesque pattern with brown zephyr before embroidering it: to raise it the effect is much richer. The flowers entirely in gold cord, the acorns in bullion, the stems in gold cord, the little dots are gold beads. The round pattern at each end, the outside is of gold cord, the point bullion, and the center black beads. Send it to the portmonnaie manufactures to be made up.

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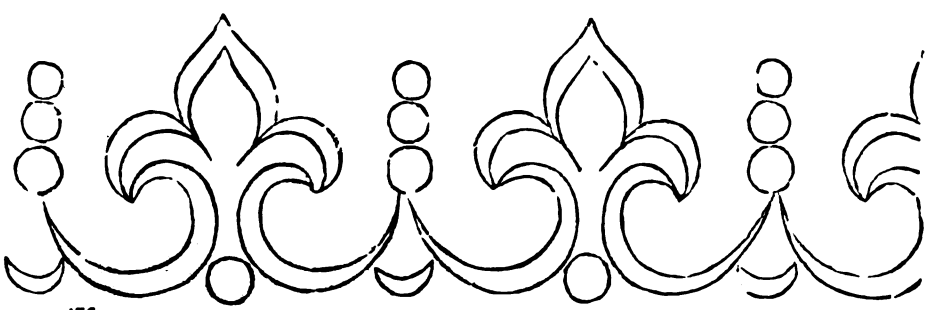
THE BASKET PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE a Pen-wiper, of bits of cloth, as seen in the engraving. Then procure one of the small baskets, sold at most toy-shops, and fasten it down with a stitch in narrow ribbon through the center of the Pen-wiper, and tied underneath. This little receptacle is intended to hold the sealing-wax, seal, etc., etc.; in fact, any such very small articles as may be useful at the writing-table. In the country, where these pretty little baskets may not be so easily procured, one of the same size made in perforated cardboard can be substituted. The parts being cut to a similar shape, must be bound with a very narrow ribbon, and sewn together. If more ornament is desired, they can be enriched with a little bead-work.

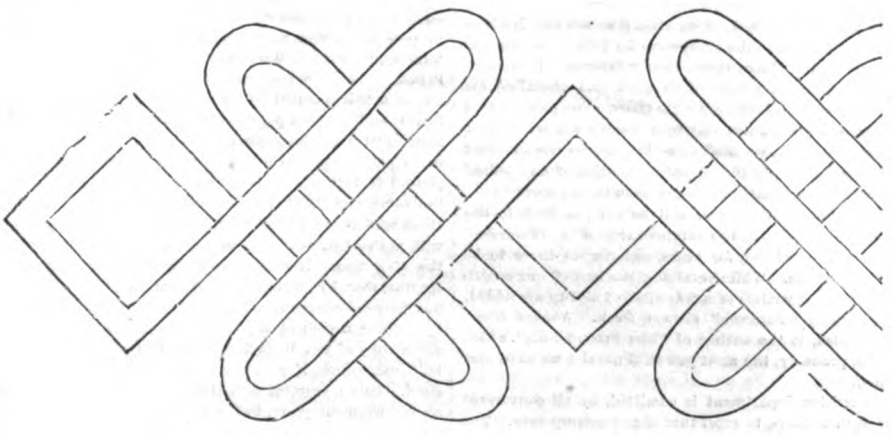
EDGING FOR PETTICOAT.



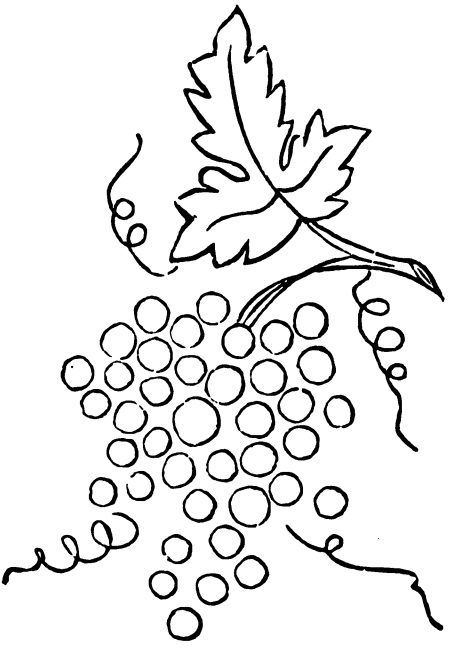
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VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY, ETC.

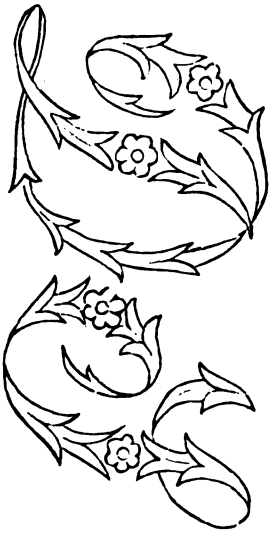
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



PATTERN FOR SYRIAN BRAID.



IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS.



NAME FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1863. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES.—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1863 to be found on our cover. We claim, there, that "Peterson" is cheaper than any other magazine of its kind, and, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* The proof of this may be established, not only by a comparison with other magazines—which we challenge—but also by the fact that "Peterson" has now *the largest circulation* of any ladies' periodical in the United States, or even in the world.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1863, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found elsewhere. While retaining the best of our contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh. Among these, lately added, is the author of "The Second Life," which will be, probably, the most powerful novelet we have ever printed.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions are faithfully reported: "*Peterson*" *never descends to be a merely advertising medium* for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

CLOSED SLEEVE FOR WALKING DRESSES.—This style of sleeve is very becoming to thin, slim figures requiring a little more width at the shoulders. It is made with a seam at the back, down which the trimming is laid, which in our illustration is composed of narrow lace and silk ruching. It is closed at the wrist by means of hooks and loops, or buttons and loops, underneath the trimming, and is pleated at the top to the size of the armhole of the dress. In cutting the sleeve out, the pattern should be laid on double material, the straight portion being laid evenly with the straight part of the sleeve, so doing away with the necessity of having two joins.

A BEAUTIFUL DRAWING-ROOM TABLE COVER may be arranged by working a group of flowers in wool-work on cloth in the center, and adding a deep border, also in wool-work, to fit tight round the table, sewn to the circle of cloth. The border should be in a deep scallop, and between each a tassel should be placed. The outer edge of the scallop should be finished with a cord.

A TOUGH SUBJECT.—This graphic engraving tells its own story. Master Obstinacy won't study, he tramples on his books rather; and, shut up on bread and water, he thrusts his hands in his belt and doesn't give in.

A NEW AND SPLENDID PREMIUM.—Two years ago, it will be recollected by old subscribers, we gave, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, a large-sized mezzotint for framing, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison." The picture from which it was engraved was one of a pair, painted by an eminent English artist, T. G. Duval; and its great popularity has induced us to have the match-picture, "Bunyan's Blind Child Parting from Him in Prison," engraved also. In some respects this second picture is better than its predecessor. It is engraved of the same size, twenty-seven inches by twenty. Most of those who have received the first mezzotint for a premium, will prefer this match-picture even to the extra copy of the Magazine. It will be seen, by referring to the Prospectus, that by getting up a club of three, five, or eight, any person becomes entitled to this splendid premium. Or by getting a club of sixteen, this mezzotint, and also an extra copy of the Magazine, may be earned; or a copy of both mezzotints, if no extra copy of the Magazine is desired. This mezzotint is neither a catch-penny affair, nor an old worn-out plate, but a first-class engraving, costing a thousand dollars to engrave. Such a mezzotint, when framed, would be an ornament to any room. The prospect of obtaining it, for a premium, ought to stimulate thousands, in a country so populous as this, to get up clubs. Anybody can secure, with little, or no trouble, three, five, or eight subscribers for "Peterson," at our astonishingly low prices, by exhibiting this, or any other number, as a specimen.

WINDOW AND BEDSIDE MATS.—When attention is drawn to the subject, it is wonderful to see in how many ways the Work-Table may contribute to the convenience and elegance of the home dwelling. Tasteful decoration and substantial comforts come equally within the range of its dominions, and we have lately been much pleased with one of its productions, which we think equally recommended by these qualities. The French window, opening out on to a balcony, generally subjects the carpet within each recess to great damage, for which some remedy is most desirable; while for an elegant sleeping chamber, or for the use of an invalid, the mat, or mattress mat, as it ought more properly to be called, will be found a great acquisition. To supply these wants articles may be made in the following way:—Take a piece of either Utrecht or German velvet—the first-mentioned being, of course, infinitely the best, lay it over a lining of baize or coarse strong cloth, placing between the two a layer of well-combed wool. Take a small silk cord, and cross it regularly into diamonds, and at each of the crossings place a small tuft of cut silk, which being stitched through, the cord being tight, shows the form of the diamond well raised up. Then gather the velvet round the edges, draw it in to the under side, or lining, which should be smaller than the upper side of the velvet, stitch the two through together, and bind round with a binding of the same color as the velvet. The velvet may be a rich deep blue, violet, crimson, claret, or green, and the cord a maize-color, with tufts of silk to match. These mattress mats are also very eligible as hearth-rugs. In this case the materials ought certainly to be the Utrecht velvet.

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY NOTES.—These are the best things to remit in, unless you can get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, which we prefer to all other ways of remitting. Deduct the cost of the draft from your remittance.

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OUR TITLE-PAGE FOR 1862.—This very beautiful embellishment was designed for "Peterson" by Jane Weaver, the editress of our Work-Table, a lady who unites artistic genius (as the title-page shows) to a thorough knowledge of her department. The center-piece represents a sentinel on duty at night, a very appropriate subject for these times of war, when so many of our subscribers have brothers, fathers, or sons in the army. The medallions, in which the portraits are placed, are surrounded by the wild grasses, etc., of America, from the graceful wild oats, to the long, pendulous, swamp moss. The portraits are arranged as follows:

ANN S. STEPHENS.

M. A. DENISON.	F. L. BENEDICT.
L. C. MOULTON.	V. F. TOWNSEND.
C. J. PETERSON.	CARRY STANLEY.

We shall, probably, on some future occasion, give portraits of others of our contributors. Those now given have been frequently solicited.

RIBBON TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, ETC.—Materials: Two shades of silk ribbon, half an inch wide; some fine black purse silk. This ribbon trimming ornaments a dress very prettily, and is not at all difficult to arrange. It consists of two shades of ribbon, tacked on the material in the same manner as seen in the illustration, and secured by means of an open kind of herring-bone stitch in black purse silk, the edge of the ribbon being caught down by button-hole stitch in the same colored silk. The dots in the center of the diamonds are also in black purse silk, worked in the same manner as the raised stitching in the embroidered collars. The colors of the ribbon should be selected to accord with the dress the trimming is intended for. If a green dress is to be ornamented, two shades of green should be selected, one darker and the other lighter than the material to be trimmed. The width of the ribbon we have given answers nicely for children's frocks; for ladies' wear the ribbon should be selected somewhat wider.

A CHRISTMAS NOSEGAY.—Take a wooden box, large enough to hold as many flowers without pressure as you intend to preserve; if there be any chinks in it, paste over them paper enough to prevent any light or air coming through; place at the bottom a sheet of white paper, then a layer of nice young cut flowers, next another sheet of paper, and so on, alternately, flowers and paper, till the box be full. Be careful, in closing down the lid, so that neither light nor air be admitted; place the box in a damp place (say in a cellar). At Christmas you will have a nosegay as beautiful as in the middle of summer.

PLANTS IN WINDOWS.—Keep the plants in the window constantly free from dead leaves, or any mouldiness, as, if this be allowed, it will, to a certainty, prove fatal. Give them water as often as you consider necessary, and, when you do water them, do not do it by halves, but let them be thoroughly soaked. The poet says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" and we say, "A little water is equally dangerous;" and recommend our readers to avoid it, by giving plenty at one time, in preference to a little every now and then.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the first of December, and will, we think, be considered the most beautiful number we have ever issued. The mezzotint in it will be by Sartain—a superb picture! Remit early.

WAITING AT THE STILE.—This is from an original picture, painted expressly for this number by J. Sanford Mason.

HAIR NETS made in netting of white braid are preferable to night-caps, because they keep the head cool and help to preserve the hair.

OUR HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS, this month, and our editorial varieties generally, are much fewer than usual. This is because the Index has crowded them out.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—A series of essays, somewhat in the style of "The Country Parson," but exhibiting more fancy, more humor, and greater versatility of style. The essays are on various subjects: "Moving," "My Birds," "The Bank," "Boston and Home Again," "My Flower-Bed," "Lights Among the Shadows of our Civil War," etc., etc. The author is said to be a woman. She is a little too fond, perhaps, of quoting Latin; but she is an unusually vigorous and eloquent writer. The volume is beautifully printed, on thick, cream-colored paper, and is bound, tastefully, in antique boards with red edges. Delightful reading are these essays. When shall we have more of them?

History of Frederick the Second. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a continuation of Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great, two volumes of which appeared several years ago, and were then noticed in these pages. The interest of the narrative increases, we think, as the story advances. Carlyle has a rare faculty in deciphering and illustrating character: from piles of musty documents he extracts, at last, the truth as to his actors; and then he flashes that truth on you in a word or two. The history is colored, however, with the author's peculiar prejudices. Carlyle is a wit, a satirist, and a genius; but he is not, by any means, infallible. The volume is printed to match the preceding ones of the series.

Les Miserables. Vol. V. Jean Valjean. New York: Carleton.—In this concluding volume of "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo exhibits all his power. The story of Cosette and Marius terminates happily, in the reconciliation of the latter to his grandfather, and in his marriage with Cosette. Jean Valjean dies peacefully in his bed, in the last chapter, blessing the married pair. So much for the story. Other merits of the volume are a curious description of the sewers of Paris, and various incidental pictures of the social condition of the poor. The five volumes of "Les Miserables" can be had singly or together.

The Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is an edition, in "blue and gold," of the poems of that literary Crichton, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It contains, not only all that is in the duodecimo edition, which we lately noticed, but also several new poems. It is impossible to praise too much the very elegant manner in which this volume is got out. A full length portrait of Mr. Holmes faces the title-page.

Eyes and Ears. By Henry Ward Beecher. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—A series of fragmentary essays, intended to cultivate a love for nature. They have, evidently, been hastily written, and are slovenly in style, but are still full of talent, as nearly everything is that Beecher writes.

Andree de Taverney. By A. Dumas. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is the concluding fiction of that brilliant series of Dumas' novels devoted to the French Revolution. It has just appeared abroad, and was translated expressly for Peterson & Brothers. Price, in cloth, $1.25; in paper, $1.00.

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TABLE RECEIPTS.

Pigeons in Jelly are a beautiful dish, and are prepared thus:—Save some of the liquor in which a knuckle of veal has been boiled, or boil a calf's or a neat's foot; put the broth into a pan, with a blade of mace, a bunch of sweet herbs, some white pepper, lemon-peel, a slice of lean bacon, and the pigeons. The heads and feet must be left on, but clip the nails close. They must be trussed, with the legs bent as if sitting upon them, and the neck propped up with skewers, to appear in a natural state. Bake them, and let them stand to be cold; season them as you like before baking. When done, take them out of the liquor, cover them close to preserve the color, and clear the jelly by boiling with the whites of two eggs; then strain it through a thick cloth dipped in boiling water, and put into a sieve. The fat must be perfectly removed before it be cleared. Put the jelly over and round them rough.

To Roast Pigeons.—Scald some parsley, chop it with the livers, mix them with a piece of fresh butter, season with pepper and salt; put a portion inside each pigeon; cover the breast with a slice of bacon-fat; roast them; serve with parsley and butter in the dish. *Or:*—Stuff the whole of the body of the pigeon with veal stuffing. A fine *farce*, made of pounded veal and bacon, and bread steeped in milk, is an excellent stuffing for pigeons. *Or:*—Boil, pare, and pound chestnuts in a mortar, with equal weight of fat bacon finely rasped; fill the pigeons with this stuffing, cover them with slices of fat bacon, and wrap them in young vine-leaves; roast the whole together, and send them up with bacon and vine-leaves, which impart a fine flavor to the pigeons. Partridges may be dressed the same way, and truffles substituted for chestnuts.

A Shoulder of Venison—stewed.—If you should have a very lean shoulder, stew it in preference to roasting; bone it, cover it with slices of mutton-fat, which, sometimes, are first steeped in port, to give a richer flavor, roll it up, and bind it tightly. Lay it in a stewpan, with a quantity of beef gravy, and the bones you have taken from the venison, adding two glasses of port, a dessertspoonful of whole pepper, and the same quantity of allspice. Cover down closely, and simmer until the venison is tender, then take it out and remove the fat, thickening the gravy with flour and butter, and strain it over the meat.

To Fry Rabbits.—Clean and wash thoroughly, scald ten minutes, cut up into joints, coat with egg and bread-crumbs, sprinkle over a little pepper and salt, and fry over a clear fire; a quarter of an hour will be enough; serve with a gravy made with the liver of the rabbits and the gravy in which the rabbit is fried when done, pour it into the dish, letting it run under the rabbit.

Malt Liquors are much improved by bottling. This, however, should never be done while the beer has any tendency to spirt from the vent-peg, but yet done before fermentation has entirely ceased. When beer is somewhat too flat, a teaspoonful of sugar, or a raisin or two, will afford new food for fermentation, and set the carbonic acid free, as is necessary for the purpose.

To Keep Grapes in Brandy.—Take some close bunches, black or white, not over-ripe, and lay them in a jar. Put a good quantity of pounded white sugar-candy upon them, and fill up the jar with brandy; tie them down with a bladder, and keep in a dry place. Each grape should be pricked thrice. They make a beautiful middle dish in a winter dessert.

Boiled Rabbits.—A rabbit should boil only about twenty minutes, and boil slowly; if larger than common, an extra ten minutes may be allowed; it should be sent to table smothered in onion sauce, and the water should be kept free from scum. It is trussed differently for boiling to what it is for roasting.

Ham Toast.—Grate or pound the cold ham; toast and butter a slice of bread; mix the ham with the yolk of an egg and a little cream, until it is thick and rich; warm it over the fire, and serve it very hot upon the toast. Tongue may be employed in the same way.

OYSTERS, ETC.

Stewed Oysters—White.—Beard the oysters, wash them in their own liquor, then strain it, thicken it with melted butter, or white sauce made of cream, not milk and flour; season it with a blade of mace and a few whole peppercorns tied in a muslin bag. Simmer the oysters very gently, and serve up with sippets of bread: they will require only a few minutes, and if allowed to boil will become hard. *Brown.*—Wash the oysters in their liquor, and then strain it, add a glass of wine, two spoonfuls of beef-gravy, some whole pepper, a little salt, a piece of butter, and a spoonful of lemon-juice; boil the whole, stirring it until it is smooth, then put in the oysters, and warm or plump them up without boiling.

To Roast a Beef Tongue.—Take a fine large fresh tongue, scald it, and take off the skin; cut it off at the root and trim it neatly; stick a few cloves here and there in it, and put it in a cradle-spit; sprinkle it with salt, and baste it well with butter. Serve it with a sauce made as follows:—Put into a stewpan half pint of port wine, with about half the quantity of well-seasoned gravy; reduce it to one-half; then stir in a good piece of butter and a tablespoonful of flour; add a squeeze of lemon; place the tongue in a dish, and serve hot with the sauce poured round. In Spain, the sauce is strongly impregnated with saffron.

Scalloped Oysters.—Put the oysters into scallop shells; strew over them bread-crumbs, with a bit of butter. Then put in more oysters, and over them bread-crumbs and a bit more butter at the top. Set them in a Dutch oven, and cook them till they are of a nice brown. *Or:*—They may be put singly in their under shells along with their own liquor, a little minced parsley and spice, and a bit of butter, and thus put upon the gridiron, to be taken off when thoroughly heated.

CAKES, DESSERT, ETC., ETC.

Apple Jelly.—Pour a quart of prepared apple-juice on one pound of fresh apples pared and cored; simmer them until they are well broken; strain the juice, and let it stand until cold. Put a pint and a half into a stewpan with a quart of calf's-foot stock, nine ounces of sugar broken small, the rind and juice of two lemons, with the whites and shells of eight eggs. Let it boil for about a quarter of an hour; strain it through a jelly-bag, and when cool put it into moulds. Good baking apples should be used, and the quantity of sugar must vary according to the tartness of the fruit.

Lemon Dumplings.—Add the juice of one lemon to the rind, which must be chopped fine; mix half a pound of suet, also chopped, with half a pound of bread-crumbs, one egg, enough milk (or water) to make a stiff paste; add the lemon, sweeten to taste, divide into five or six equal parts, and boil in separate cloths for three-quarters of an hour, and serve up with wine-sauce.

Port Wine Jelly.—A pint of port wine, one ounce and a half of isinglass, three-quarters of an ounce of gum arabic, four ounces and a half of powdered loaf-sugar; stand it on the hob until dissolved; when cold, it is fit for use.

Rock Cakes.—Take a pound of flour, rub it into half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar; mix with it a quarter of a pound of lemon-peel and the yolks of six eggs. Roll into balls, and bake on tins.

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Scotch Short-Bread.—Mix two pounds of flour, dried and well-sifted, with a pound of powdered sugar, three ounces of candied citron and orange-peel cut into dice, and half a pound of caraway seed; mix these with half a pound of butter melted in a saucepan; then make the paste, roll it out the thickness of half an inch, cut it into cakes, place them on white paper, prick, and bake them of a pale color.

Sponge Cake.—Weigh ten eggs, take their weight in very fine sugar, and the weight of six in flour, beat the yolks with the flour, and the whites alone, to a strong froth, then gradually mix the whites with the other ingredients, and beat them well half an hour; bake an hour in a quick oven.

Tipsy Cake.—Take a savoy cake; stick almonds, cut in fillets, regularly in it; pour equal quantities of wine and brandy over, as much as it will imbibe. Smother it with a rich thick custard. Lay preserves at the bottom of the dish.

Rice Cake.—Mix six ounces of ground rice, the same quantity of flour, three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar sifted, nine eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately), grate in the rind of a lemon, and beat it well half an hour.

Rice Pound Cakes.—Four ounces of flour, eight ounces of butter, six eggs, twelve ounces of sugar, eight ounces of ground rice, the peel of a lemon if you like, which improves it, or thirty drops of essence of lemon.

Baked Rice Pudding.—Two cups of rice, two quarts of milk, half a cup of sugar, a large teaspoonful of salt; bake it two hours; serve it up with butter.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, ETC.

Face-Ache.—A cabbage-leaf well warmed before the fire, and applied to the face as hot as possible, will be found a certain cure for the face-ache. *Or:*—Take twelve grains of sulphate of quinine, one ounce of white lump sugar, and pound them well together in a mortar; then divide it into twelve portions, two of which should be taken each day, either in wine or water. *Or:*—Take half a teaspoonful of carbonate of iron, in water, three times a day.

Rheumatic Pains in the Face and Teeth may be greatly alleviated by adopting the following course:—Take two teaspoonfuls of flour, the same quantity of grated ginger, and incorporate them well together with sufficient spirits to make a thin paste. Spread this on a linen rag, and apply it to the part affected on going to bed, wrapping a piece of flannel over all, and it will effect a cure.

Chilblains.—Use cold water and warm frictions. Give the hand a strong cold shock by placing it under a stream of water, and keeping it there until benumbed; then immediately restore circulation by gentle rubbing with dry mustard or a little brandy. Do not go near the fire; but make the hands perfectly warm.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Turkey Carpet—to Clean.—Beat it well with a stick in the usual manner until all the dust is removed, then take out the stains, if any, with lemon or sorrel juice. When thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf, and if the weather is very fine, let it hang out in the open air for a night or two. This treatment will revive the colors, and make the carpet appear equal to new.

To Pickle Hams.—Three pounds of salt, six ounces of saltpetre, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, two drachms of cochineal. When the ham is put in, rub well for twenty minutes; turn it every day for three weeks. Wrap in newspaper, and smoke. N. B. The same pickle will do for tongues.

To Make Cold Cream Pomatum for the Complexion.—Take an ounce of oil of sweet almonds, and half a drachm each of white wax and spermaceti, with a little balm. Melt these ingredients in a glazed pipkin over hot ashes, and pour the solution into a marble mortar; stir it with the pestle until it becomes smooth and cold, then add, gradually, an ounce of rose or orange-flower water; stir all the mixture till incorporated to resemble cream. This pomatum renders the skin at once supple and smooth. To prevent marks from the small-pox, add a little powder of saffron. The gallipot in which it is kept should have a piece of bladder tied over it.

To Polish Glass.—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk-warm, into the decanters, upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearlash; by well working this about in the decanter, it will take off the rust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish.

To Preserve Pictures from Decay.—To strengthen a decayed canvas, and to preserve sound canvas from decaying, let the back of every picture receive two or three good thick coats of white-lead, or whatever other cheap pigment is most recommendable for tenacity and strength.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS AND LONG SACQUE OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with Vesuvius color. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with the same color as dress.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—This dress is of the *Gabrielle* style—skirt and waist cut in one. There is no fullness at the waist, but the skirt is made wide enough by putting in small gores, which are gathered together under a rosette of silk. A narrow ruffle finishes the bottom of the dress. The sleeve corresponds with the skirt. White silk bonnet, with green plume.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF CRIMSON MERINO, WITH THE YOKE.—Medici waist, epaulets, and cuffs of black merino braided in crimson. Gray, blue, or purple, or a pretty shade of green would look equally well for a dress of this kind, with the braiding in corresponding colors, or white. For an evening dress, the material should be thin white muslin, the yoke, etc., of black velvet, braided with white.

FIG. IV.—BASQUE OF BLACK SPOTTED LACE, trimmed with a very deep fall of lace on the skirt, and with narrower lace on the body and sleeves.

FIGS. V. AND VI.—BACK AND FRONT OF A GRAY CLOTH CLOAK, BRAIDED.—Between the rows of braiding is a row of chain-stitch done in coarse black silk. This is a Paris pattern.

FIGS. VII. AND VIII.—BACK AND FRONT OF FAWN-COLORED SACQUE.—This is braided with three rows of braid, the middle row being much wider than the other two. This also is a Paris pattern.

FIG. IX.—THE MATILDHE CLOAK, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. A brown aquastrutum cloth circular, the cape and armholes are trimmed with a plaiting of the cloth, bound with black silk and striped on either edge with white. It is fastened up the front by three black buttons.

FIG. X.—FRINGED CLOAK OF BLACK BEAVER CLOTH, from Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York. It has a sacque front and plaited back, the joining of the plaiting to the yoke is covered by a gimp bertha with a deep fringe, which is deep in the back, but slopes toward the front. The plaiting of the back is brought forward so as to form a graceful sleeve; the edge of the whole is bound about two inches deep with black Natlasie silk.

FIG. XI.—MISSES' WINTER HAT, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, and 521 Broadway, New York. It is of black felt, with a sloping brim both back and front. The edge

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is bound with white knotted uncut velvet. On the right side is a cluster bow of white velvet like that on the brim, intermingled with black velvet bands. A splendid white ostrich feather starts from this bow, extends around the front of the brim to the left side, curling over toward the back. It is fastened under the net, in the back, by an elastic band.

FIG. XII.—WINTER BONNET OF BLACK VELVET, also from Mrs. Cripps. The material is laid perfectly plain on the foundation. The cape is of white tulle, bound on both edges with narrow bands of flame-colored velvet, covered with the tulle. Over this tulle foundation the cape is covered with a fall of fine thread lace of a rich open pattern. This lace falls a little over the edge of the cape. The trimmings are a full plaited bow of black velvet placed on the right side of the bonnet, fastened in the center by jet pins connected by a delicate jet chain. The front is ornamented by a singularly elegant *plume de coq*, heavy in the center, and of a rich flame-color shading off to black at the extremities. On the right, this feather curves inside the bonnet; on the left, it sweeps back on the front. The face trimmings are a black ruche on the top; on the left, a flame-colored rose, with two moss rose-buds. The strings are heavy black ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For the house, skirts are still made very long, wide at the bottom, but narrower at the top, and nearly all are trimmed—some with bias bands of silk of a contrasting color, richly braided—some with three or four narrow-quilted flounces, ruches, puffings, etc. A novel style of trimming has, however, just been introduced. It consists of crescents, lozenges, and other figures, cut out in silk of a color different from that of the dress, and stitched on at the bottom of the skirt. Yet, for very rich silks, plain skirts are the more distinguished-looking, and some ladies have become so tired of trimmed skirts, that they are wearing plain ones altogether.

FOR WALKING-DRESSES, braiding is very much in vogue, and it is sometimes mingled with embroidery in silk, which adds very much to the richness of the garment. Embroidery alone is also very fashionable, but is not nearly so quickly accomplished as braiding, and is much more expensive. For useful wear there is nothing so suitable as a drab, gray, or stone-colored alpaca, or merino, as none of these colors show the dust, and, braided in black, have really a stylish and elegant appearance. With this kind of dress there are two sorts of out door garments which appear to be equally in favor: one, the *saute-en-basque*, or short paletot, with *revers*—a delicious, coquettish little article—and the other, the short circular cloak, which, although only a revival of a fashion that was much in vogue a few years since, is now very popular. These garments are quickly put on, and have, besides another recommendation, that of being easily made.

Any young lady, industriously inclined, could, at a very trifling cost, arrange for herself a pretty costume, by purchasing a few yards of alpaca, or merino, and some narrow black worsted braid. The skirt should be plain and gored, and ornamented, above the hem and up the front, with a pretty braiding design; or, if this be considered to involve too much labor, the braiding up the front may be dispensed with. The body of the dress should, of course, be braided, as also the sleeves.

The new-shaped short circular cloak we recommend for this toilet, as being the easiest to make. This should be braided down the front, round the bottom, and round the neck (these circulars being arranged without collars), in the same design as that which ornaments the dress.

BODIES are being made with either the short point, or two rather longer points similar to a waistcoat; some are perfectly plain, buttoning to the throat, others trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

The short cut-away JACKETS appear to be now the prevailing mode for dress bodies, in many materials, both for ladies and children; and the fashion certainly is stylish and becoming. These Spanish jackets reach to the waist behind, fasten about half-way down the front, the bottom portion being very much cut-away, to show the muslin chemisette and pointed band. This chemisette may be allowed to hang slightly full in the front, something like a Garibaldi shirt, or may be drawn tightly up—the latter mode being certainly the more graceful, unless for very thin, slim figures. A waistcoat worn with these jackets makes a very charming toilet, and is better suited to stout figures than the chemisettes. Plain pointed dress bodies are now being trimmed to imitate a jacket and waistcoat, the points of the dress forming the waistcoat portion, and the trimming representing the jacket.

SLEEVES, except those intended for walking-dresses, will be mostly made open, and have quite a tendency to increase in width. Those wide ones are usually flowing, and cut in a point, though some of the smaller are rounded, and open on the back of the arm. For full dress toilet, we have slashes of silk, with a mixture of illusion tulle or blonde, protruding through openings, the sides of which are held together by bows of ribbon: the effect is very graceful. Evening toilets are all made with short sleeves, and the trimming consists of ruches, blonde, and ribbons to match the flowers in the head-dress.

CLOAKS AND BASQUES are worn of medium length, much longer than was fashionable last year, but not so long as they were worn a season or two ago.

THE NEWEST BONNETS are much less thrown up in front than those which have been worn for some time past. This is a decided improvement. The raised front has of late been exaggerated to an extreme which rendered it anything but becoming. These bonnets, however, continue to be very fully trimmed in front, and, when the trimming is placed at the sides, it will be but sparingly employed. Flowers and feathers still continue in favor. The material of which the bonnet is composed is usually in folds, or bouillonnes, and seldom put plain on the frame. Velours imperial and plain velvet are likely to be the most favorite materials. With regard to colors, dark-blue, green, black, purple, and the shades of brown known as leather-color and wood-color, will be fashionable.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The dress and sacque are both made of fawn-colored merino, braided with black. The sacque is made with revers, which may either fold back, as in the plate, or fasten close up to the throat.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is of blue poplin, trimmed with three bands of velvet of darker blue than the dress, the middle being the widest. The body may either be made with a Garibaldi waist, like the dress, or with a white waist, over which may be worn a Zouave jacket. Sacque of gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet. Gray felt hat, bound with blue velvet, and trimmed with gray feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Braiding is universally employed for children's dresses. Skirts, jackets, cloaks, in fact, almost every article, on which it is possible to put braid, is ornamented with it. Even the sides of the Knickerbocker pants worn by little boys, as well as the jackets, are braided. Infant's cloaks, and cashmere caps, are very much trimmed, mostly with white silk braid, but very frequently with black braid.

FELT HATS are universally worn by small children, some only trimmed with velvet bows, and a steel or jet buckle, others more ornamented with plumes.

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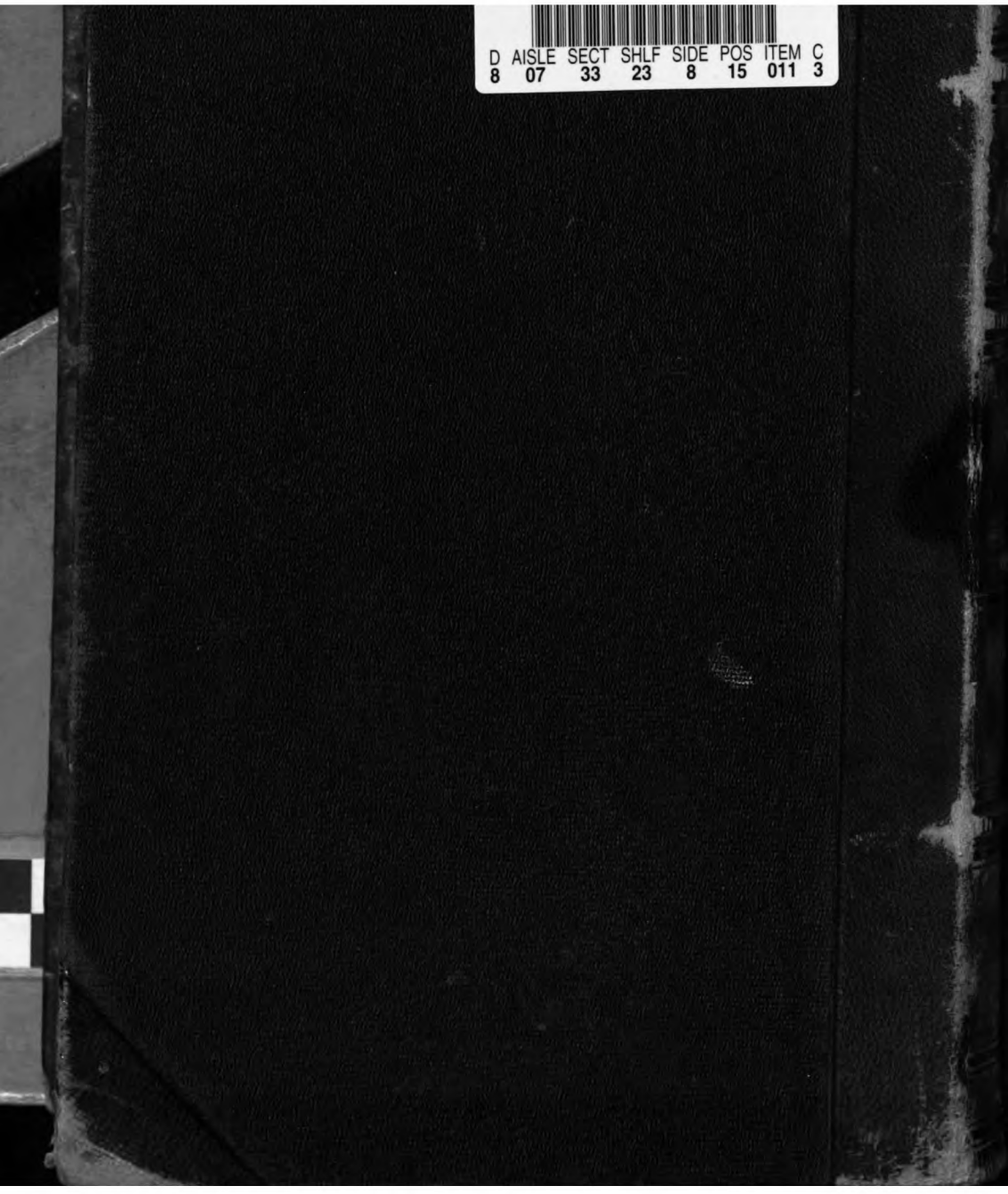
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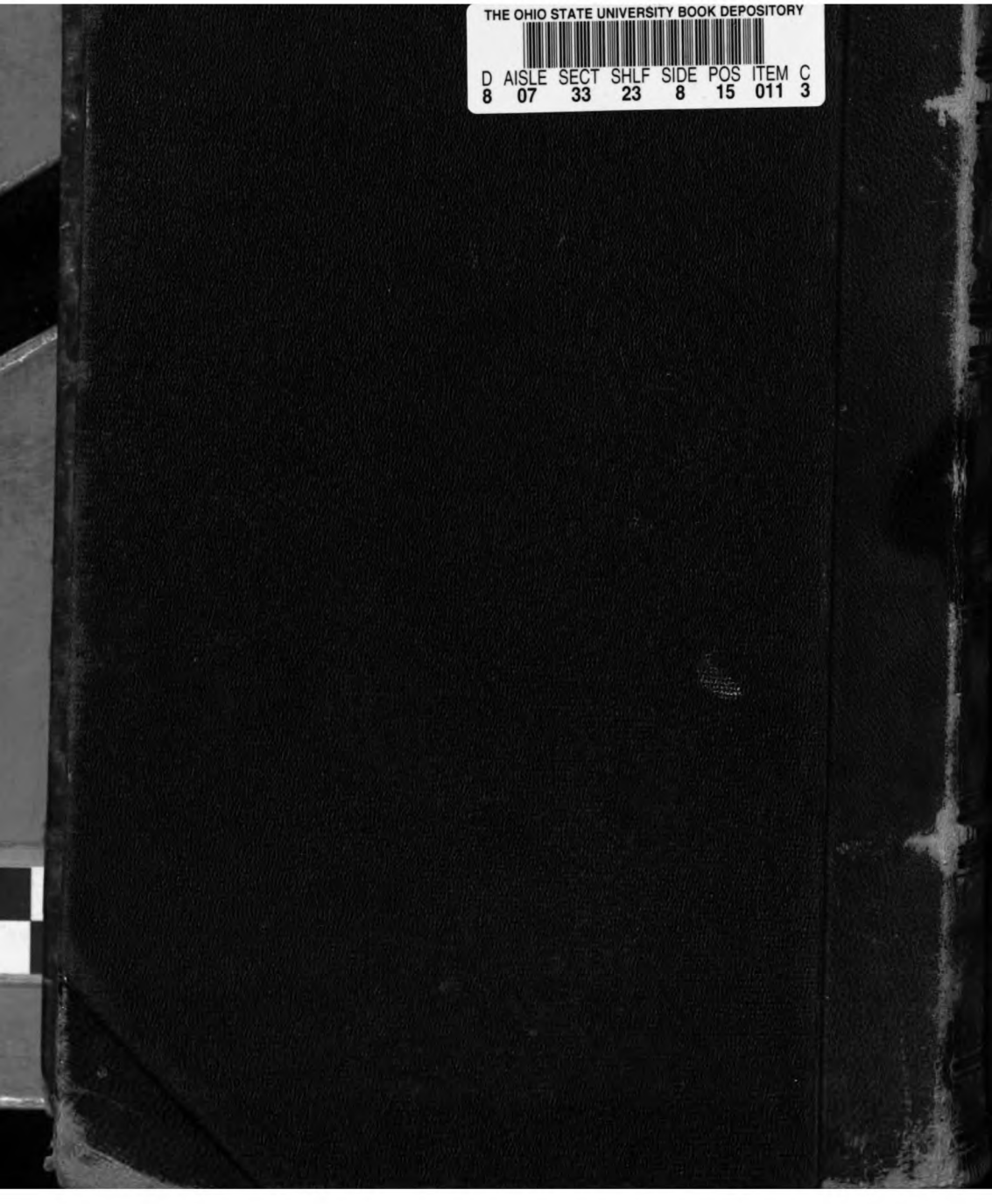
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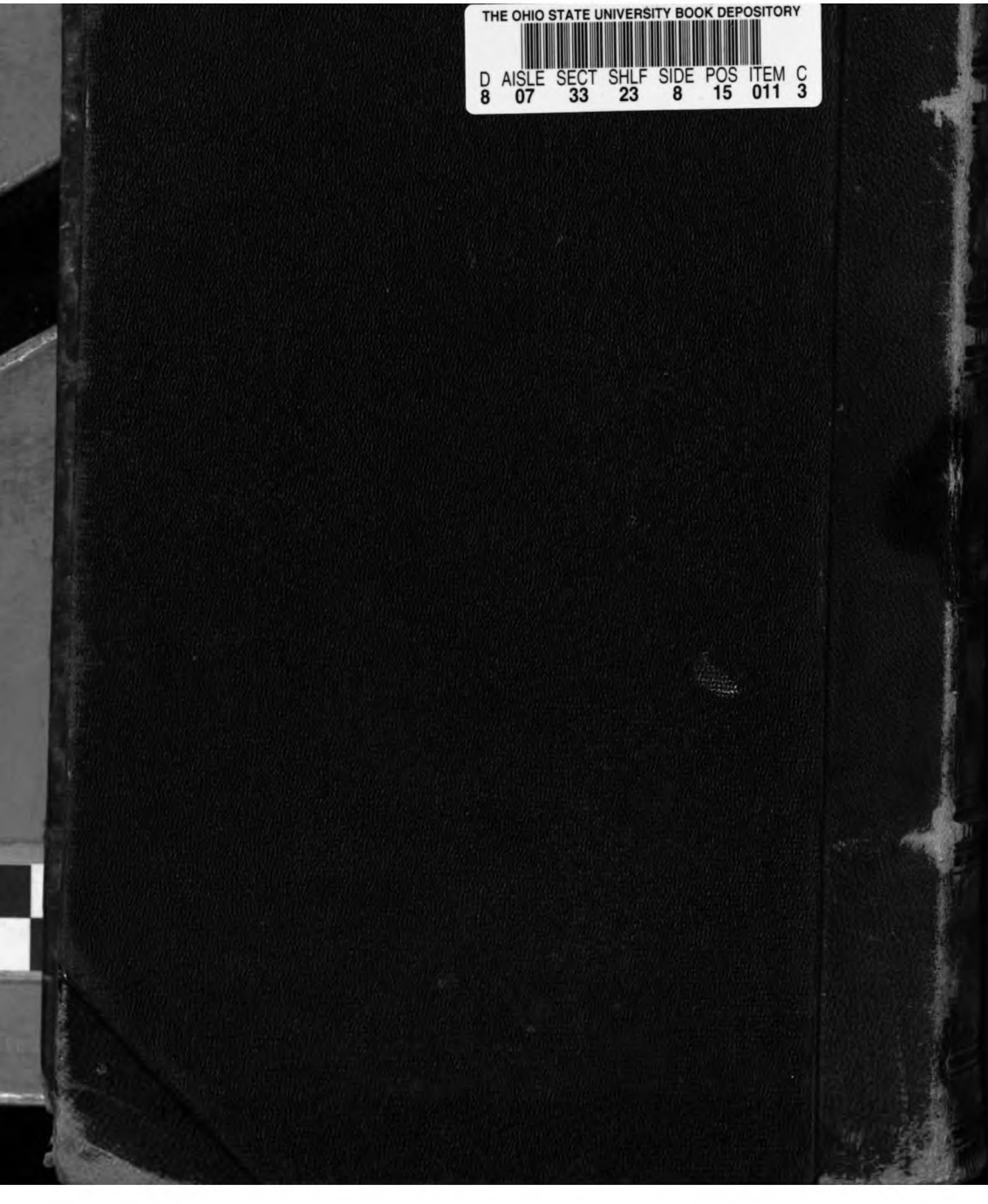
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